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THE ILLUSTRATED
DUBLIN JOURNAL

A MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT

AND

POPULAR INFORMATION.

BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS.



COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

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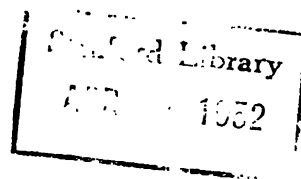
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of me when you're gone? who will be here to take care of me? No hand but that of the stranger will be about your voice, my darlin' child, and I'll miss you to bed wid a lonely heart, and one."

DUBLIN JOURNAL

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF AMUSEMENT AND POPULAR INFORMATION

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE MILLER OF MOHILL.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.
BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAP. I.—THE MILLER AND HIS DAUGHTER—THE TWO BROTHERS AND THE THREE TIPPERARY MEN.



AMONG the Irish peasantry there is no trade or calling so popular, and, indeed, so inoffensive, as that of a miller. His business is always associated with a merry and festive spirit. The conveyance of a *meldre* or *kilncast* of grain to be ground, is among the people a kind of holiday labour, inasmuch as it is always

accompanied with more or less of conviviality. The man of meal is generally a droll good-natured individual, full of anecdote and rough humour, always ready either to give or take a treat, as the case may be, but still shrewd enough to make his jokes and treats subservient to his own interests. This in some degree is necessary. There is no parish without at least three or four mills within its limits, and the spirit, consequently, by which their proprietors are animated, is one of strong competition for public favour.

This principle is looked upon with so much importance, even by the landlords of the country, that it was usual some time ago,

whenever a man possessed an estate on which a mill stood, to insert a clause in his leases, by which his tenantry were bound to get their grain ground in that particular mill, and no other. We believe there never was a penalty attached to this clause; but, be that as it may, it was looked upon and treated as a dead letter, the principal motive for supporting any particular mill being the popularity of the miller, and his power of conciliating good will. Formerly a great degree of bodily strength

was an essential and in dispensable quality in a miller, especially in remote districts, where improved habits of agriculture and the more civilized usages of life had not reached. We remember, ourselves, when even the common, low-backed car, with solid wheels of wood, could be seen only with a few of the wealthiest farmers of the parish. At that time oats and other grain were carried in large sacks, thrown across the naked backs of the horses, as they were conveyed either to the mill or the market, and the usual seat of the individuals who conveyed them was on the top of the sacks, for the purpose, they said, of keeping them balanced, so as that they might not *pitch* to one side and fall off. Now, when the grain was turned into meal, it was the duty of the miller, as soon as it was put into the sacks once more, in cases where the owner of it was a weak and feeble man, to "back the sack," and throw it across the horse in order to be carried home. All these old usages, however, have nearly disappeared—the *slide car* is gone,

except in mountain districts, where no other can be used; the wooden-wheeled car too is gone, and in its place has been substi-



tuted the more convenient common cart. A country mill in Ireland—and we presume everywhere else—was always the scene of much fun, bustle, and drollery. All the news and scandal of the parish were generally discussed in it—the miller himself, however, for prudent purposes, always making it a point to defend the absent, whenever they happened to be illspoken of. This was his invariable rule, because he took it very correctly for granted that his defence would reach their ears, and that, as a natural consequence, he was certain to secure their custom, if he chanced not to have had it already.

No man ever thought of going to the mill without money in his pocket. It was a central point, where neighbours and acquaintances met, and it is not to be supposed that they could swallow so much dust without something to wash it down. Many a bottle of whiskey and many a huge can of ale and porter were discussed, amid the laugh, the song, and the jest; and it was always during these friendly computations that the jolly miller shone to most advantage. His stock of songs and anecdotes was always at the service of his customers, his laugh a ready chorus to their humour, and, to crown all, his treat always closed the convivialities, when he was sure to give them the old song of "Tarry hi ho the grinder," or "Merry may the maid be that marries the miller."

In general there was a string or two of small huts or cabins in the immediate vicinity of the mill, which went by the name of Milltown, and which were inhabited by the very poorest wretches of the community. Some of them were day-labourers, but the greater portion of them lived upon scraps and fragments, and eleemosynary portions of meal given them by those who were grinding their corn in the mill, in recompense for their services in doing odd jobs for them, in carrying about winnow-cloths, sacks, and riddles, while the shelled grain was bolted and winnowed upon what was called the shelling-hill, an elevated spot near the mill, where they could get a fair blast of wind, for at that time such a thing as a winnowing machine was scarcely known. These wretched creatures never used any other fuel to dress their victuals, but what was termed the "shelling seeds," which they got in sacks full from the good-natured miller, who always treated them with great kindness and indulgence.

The name of the miller, of whom we are about to speak, was Frank Kennedy, a man of powerful strength and great size; but like most of his class, kind-hearted and jovial. He was, however, though of a peaceable disposition, a man of the most determined courage and resolution. He had never entered into a quarrel more than once or twice during his life, and on those occasions the quarrels were none of his own seeking. He saw a weaker party assailed by one that was stronger and more numerous, and immediately threw himself into the ranks of those who felt themselves overpowered more by numbers than by courage. His prowess and popularity, aided as he was by many friends, soon turned the scale, and the ungenerous ruffians, who were three to one, found themselves, in a short time, obliged to retreat.

Frank's mill, however, was a lonely and solitary building, which from its position, could not be surrounded with anything like the Milltown population we have described. It stood upon the only spot where a dam could be secured from the little river which fed it, and from its remote and isolated position there existed no temptation for the miserable class alluded to to squat in its vicinity. His own dwelling-house was consequently the only habitation within a mile of the mill. Up about half a mile above it was a deep and precipitous valley that lay between two sharp, wild, and bleak mountainous hills, which terminated a range on each side, that stretched away into a high sweep of barren moor in which the river had its source. To the left of the mill, as you looked towards the north, lay a low level bog, which was generally

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came . . . beautiful demesne, . . . was built. Along this way, . . . and rugged road by which the mill was . . . the windows of the loft of it a magnificent view of the demesne in question, and of the rich inland country for a distance of many miles, could be commanded.

Frank Kennedy was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, of exceeding grace and beauty, considering her situation in life. At the period of our story she was only nineteen, a tall, fair girl of slender make but naturally elegant, and giving evident promise of that fulness of outline, which, taken in connexion with her present symmetry of figure, constitutes, when associated with beautiful features, all that the heart of a fond parent could desire. To say that he loved her with surpassing tenderness and affection is only to tell a tale that has been told a thousand times—a tale which every person possessing a heart must at once understand. She was, however, worthy of all his affection, and returned it in a spirit which was perfectly congenial with his own. They were, in fact, all in all to each other. The kind-hearted father looked upon Anne as the principal solace of his life, and Anne loved him with an affection which was only next to that which she bore to God himself. The miller was a wealthy man, and bestowed upon her as good an education as his position and the remote situation in which they lived could enable him to do. Music, French, and other accomplishments were out of the question, because there existed no means of procuring them for her. So far as a plain English education however went, she had been admirably instructed, and in general conversation the want of the "accomplishments" could scarcely, if at all, be noticed.

It is not to be supposed that a country girl so amiable, so beautiful, and every way so interesting, could be without a variety of suitors, and neither was she. Many of those, it is true, loved her with a generous and independent passion, whilst the attachment of others was mixed up with a sordid and selfish love of the wealth which they knew she would possess. One of the former class was a young man who lived about a mile-and-a-half from Mohill, the name of the townland in which the mill stood. He was the son of a wealthy and respectable farmer named Cavanagh, and as stout and handsome a young fellow as ever attended the chapel of Rathcullen, in addition to which he was the accepted lover of the fair Anne Kennedy. Indeed their attachment and the future relation which they would soon bear to each other were generally known throughout the parish, and their expected marriage was hailed with universal goodwill and approbation, with one exception only. Young Tom Cavanagh, who, although he lived in his father's house, held a good farm at a moderate rent adjoining Lark Hill, which was the name of his father's place, was there preparing to build a becoming residence for his future wife. The foundations of the house were laid; the situation of the garden and out-offices marked out, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place as soon as those necessary projects should be completed, and the new house furnished and made fit for her reception. The miller would have been doubly delighted at the contemplation of this union, if he could have prevailed upon Cavanagh and his daughter to live with himself. His heart had been so completely habituated to his affectionate child, that the very idea of her departure from him, and the solitude of spirit in which he felt he must spend the remainder of his life, depressed him deeply. Many a time, when thinking of this and looking on his daughter, his affectionate breast would heave with emotion, and the tears would rush to his eyes.

"Anne," he would say, "what will I do, or what will become

of me when you're gone? who will be here to take care of me? No hand but that of the stranger will be about me. I'll miss your voice, my darlin' child, and I'll miss your step, and I'll go to bed wid a lonely heart, and rise in the mornin' wid a heavy one."

"Indeed, father dear, it's not my wish to leave you, and I have repeatedly urged Tom to give up all notion of building on his farm, and live here with us. For your sake I wish he would do it, for indeed it will be a sore trial to my heart to leave you in such a solitary state."

"Why," replied the miller, "I might pass the day well enough among the pleasantries of the neighbours that attend the mill, but it's at night when I come in that I'll feel what it is not to have you before me."

"Well, but as we cannot get Tom to comply," she said, "sure you ought to reflect that I will be almost your next neighbour; wout we see each other nearly every day. Wouldn't it be a different case if I were to go to America with him, or to die, for instance. Come, dear father, keep up your spirits, and don't fret; sure, after all, I can scarcely be said to leave you."

In this manner she would soothe and comfort the good man, until she succeeded, to a certain extent, in reconciling him to a separation from her.

We have said that the expected marriage between her and Cavanagh was hailed with universal satisfaction, if we make allowance for one exception—perhaps two. There lived in the neighbourhood, about three miles from them towards the north, a family consisting only of two brothers, both unmarried, and supposed to possess considerable wealth as farmers. The elder of those brothers, a man of about thirty-five, had been firmly, but with great civility, rejected as a suitor by Miss Kennedy. He was, however, a respectable man, well conducted, and exceedingly civil and obliging to his neighbours, by whom both he and his brother were extremely well liked and respected. Their names were Sullivan. Both brothers were powerful men, and the attachment which the elder, whose name was Michael, bore to the younger, seemed to resemble the affection which an indulgent father feels for a well-beloved son, rather than that which usually subsists between brother and brother. James, in fact, was Michael's idol, and nothing recommended them so much to the good-will and esteem of the neighbourhood, as the warm affection which they were known to bear each other. Michael though civil, was firm, if not obstinate in his usual intercourse with the people around him, but with his brother James, he was a piece of softened wax, ready to receive whatsoever impression the young man wished to make upon him. He had, however, two faults; he was vindictive, and loved money, neither of which propensities were in general known to his acquaintances; for in truth he was one of those men who contrive to veil their feelings from the world. In other words, he was much of a hypocrite, and assumed the appearance of many good qualities, which he most certainly did not possess. So far, however, he imposed upon his neighbours with complete success, and the affection which he sincerely bore his brother, rendered him, in their ignorance of his real character, extremely popular among his acquaintances. He and James managed a large farm, and had consequently a numerous establishment, both male and female. Among the former, were three house-servants from Tipperary, who had been living with them for more than twelve months, but about whom the two brothers thought they could discover an appearance of mystery. It was evident, for instance, that the men in question had assumed fictitious names, because it sometimes happened that they forgot to address each other by those under which they had appeared in the neigh-

bourhood. The inference naturally drawn from this by the two brothers was, that the men in question had been concerned in some of those desperate and criminal outrages, which were then peculiar to that unhappy county, and that they were, in fact, obliged to fly from the hue and cry of justice.

In the meantime the rumour of Anne Kennedy's approaching marriage with young Cavanagh was in every body's mouth, and it sometimes happened that Michael Sullivan was bantered upon his want of success with her, as one of her admirers. This, however, was a liberty which at heart he did not relish; he was too cautious and politic, however, to allow any person except his brother to discover the secret impression which his rejection by Miss Kennedy had left upon his mind. To James he was less reserved, and one evening as they sat together in the parlour over a tumbler of punch, he addressed him as follows:—

"James," said he, "I fear this match between young Cavanagh and Anne Kennedy is likely to go on."

"You fear it, Michael," replied the other; "where's the use of fearing it? don't you *know* it well?"

"No," replied Michael; "I know no such thing; I have been thinking over it a good deal."

"And what have you been thinking?" said James; "in my opinion the less you think of it, the better. I never thought a man of your turn of mind could be so much in love."

"In love! you don't know me, boy, and yet I was a good deal in love wid the girl herself; but not so much as to prevent me from marrying any other girl, although maybe not half so handsome, if I got a better fortune with her. I liked the girl, for she's very purty, but I liked her fortune a great deal better, and to tell you the truth, James, it's the fortune I am sorry for. There's another thing, too, that I may as well mention. I hate Cavanagh as I do the flames of perdition, because he has stepped in between me and the money. I remember the time, and it's not long since, when after hintin my wishes to her father, he gave me a kind of encouragement. Cavanagh, however, had not then spoken to his daughter, but he did soon, and that put my nose out o' joint. Well, I say, I have been thinking over it, and do you know that I have a great notion of puttin *his* nose out o' joint."

"Ay, but how will you do it?" asked his brother, "I can't see exactly how that is to be managed. The girl dotes on him, and upon my conscience, I don't much wonder at it, for a handsomer and finer young fellow isn't in the barony."

"That's just one of the reasons why I don't like him," replied Michael—"but still, handsome as he is, I think his nose *could* be put out o' joint."

"Ah, but how, man? Don't keep beatin' about the bush, Michael—let us know *how*, I say."

"What if we took her off to the mountains? and then——"

"And then you get yourself hanged or transported."

"I didn't much care, provided I prevented the marriage."

"Michael," replied his brother, startled, "I didn't think you were such a man—put this nonsense out o' your head—you can get wives enough; there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

"It could be done," proceeded Michael, "without any difficulty. Their house is in a lonely place, and nobody sleeps in it but her father, herself, and the servant-girl. The two men-servants that mind the farm sleep in the mill."

"I know they do—but in the name of goodness put the thing out o' your head, Michael. What good will it do you to prevent a decent young man and a purty girl that loves one another from bein' happy? If Anne refused you, why, she refused you civilly, and said she was obliged to you for the good opinion you had of her, but that you couldn't expect she would marry you when she was engaged to another that she loved, and with her father's consent too."

"Well, no matter," said Michael, "I am thinkin' of it—and

I will think of it; but we will talk more about it soon. I'm not a man that's apt to give up a thing that I once fasten my mind and heart upon."

O'Keefe, in one of his farces, makes two servants who had been each forty years in the same family, when discussing a tankard of ale, drink "to their better acquaintance"—a piece of civility which discloses a closer knowledge of life and character than one might be apt at first sight to imagine. James Sullivan, for instance, had known his brother since he himself was a child, but never until this occasion suspected for a moment that his character contained anything so deadly and implacably vindictive. Michael, perceiving at once that the project of vengeance over which he was brooding stood no chance of encouragement from him, resolved to lay his plans in secret and without his knowledge, and by no means to take him into partnership until the plot should be ripe for execution, when he calculated that the reluctance of the other to participate in it would be too late, and that he could secure his co-operation by a *coup de main*. He accordingly contrived, one evening during his brother's absence at a neighbouring fair, to occasion the three Tipperary servants to drop in one by one, so as to exclude all notion of premeditated design. When they were assembled, and after some chat, he went to a cupboard and produced a bottle of spirits and drinking glasses, after which, with great skill he opened the subject, and conducted it in such a manner as to cause the conception and proposal of the enterprise to proceed from them.

"Well, boys," said he, "how do you like your liquor?"

"Ah ha!" said one of them, winking with a knowing air,—"the cow was worth feeding that gave that drop—pale in the face and clear as crystal, begorra!"

"It's from the same *ruazin** that young Tom Cavanagh got his wedding whiskey from," said Sullivan—"the pure bog and barley, and no doubt of it—here's his health, and a happy marriage to him!"

"And here's wishin' him the same?" they replied—but added one of them, a stout, dark, beetle-browed fellow named Houlaghan—"it's very ginerous in you, Mither Sullivan, to dhriuk *his* health, by all accounts—that is, if it's true that he tack Miss Kennedy from you."

"I'd never believe a word of it," replied another, named Aherne; "I'll go bail if the mather wished to have her, it wasn't Tom Cavanagh nor any one else that was to prevent him."

"He did prevent me, then," replied Sullivan, "and I as good as had her father's consent. Faith, boys, he did so."

"It wasn't he but herself that did it," observed Aherne; "and the blame's more her's than his—and I hope she'll live to repent it, that's the best I wish her, the thief. Peery Hannigan, what do you say?" he added, turning to the third, who had not yet spoken—"what'ud you do, Peery, if your sweet-heart was taken from you before the world?"

"Faix, its more than I know," replied Peery, who was a short active fellow, with a rather good-looking face, but a wild and bitter eye. "I think I could guess, though."

"Tut, never mind, boys; it doesn't signify—take off your liquor. To the ould boy I pitch both o' them. It wasn't to talk about them I brought you into the parlour here; seein' that I had the three o' ye together in the kitchen I thought I'd just give ye a taste o' the new poteen to know how you liked it. Do you brew as good as that in Tipperary?"

"Ay, as good, sir," replied Aherne; "but sorra a dhrop better. That's prime stuff any bow—God bless it!"

During these few words Hannigan kept his fiery but piercing eye fixed upon Sullivan with a steady and penetrating gaze that seemed to read the very soul and purpose within him.

"Mather," said he, "you're not aisy at this marriage; and

indeed that is no wondher—to see such a purty girl, ay, and so rich a girl, whipped like a ripe pear out o' your mouth. Faith, I know how we'd prevent that in Tipperary."

"Why," said Sullivan, with a grim laugh, "how would you prevent it in Tipperary? But come, boys, take off your liquor, I say. You're wrong, however, Peery; I don't care a curse whether they're married or not—why should I?"

"At any rate, there are hedges enough in the neighbourhood," replied Hannigan, not exactly addressing himself to Sullivan, but rather looking into the table—"Ay, and plenty o' them upon his own farm too."

"Come, come, Peery," replied Sullivan, "none of your Tipperary justice for me. The girl preferred him, and you know she had a right to do so!"

"She had," observed Aherne; "but still—oh, no, Peery—no hedge work; but, if I was in the mather's coat, devil a ring ever I'd allow her to put on him—no, no, there has been enough of blood-shed—hem—in the counthry—enough, and too much—but still, I say, the mather, if he had spunk, might secure her, or, at all events, prevent the marriage."

"Come, boys," said Sullivan, "dang it, take your drink while it's before you, and don't be afraid that there's not plenty where that was;" he accordingly made them fill their glasses once more.

"Boys," said he, laughing again, "I see you're on for some fun—but, upon my word, I'm not; at least I'd have no blood-shed—no hedge firing."

"Neither would I," said Houlaghan; "still it wouldn't be a bad joke to prevent the marriage for all that. He has the laugh against you now, and I think it would be only fair that you should have it against him in your turn."

"Why, as far as a laugh goes," replied Sullivan, with a great deal of good humour, "if we could have that against him I didn't care."

"Faith, and I see nothing to prevent it," replied Hannigan; "it's as easy as blowing your breath."

"Well," said Sullivan, "if it was only for the joke's sake, Peery, let us hear your opinion; sure we may as well amuse ourselves wid that subject as any other. How could I have the laugh against Cavanagh, for, in troth, if it could be done in a harmless way, and as a good piece of fun, I'd like it?"

"Why, to walk up wid the girl one o' these nights into the mountains. Here are three of us, wid yourself and Mither James, all stout men, and who's to defend her? Why, no one but her father? Troth you might as easily take away a child."

"They'd know us," observed Sullivan, "and that would play the devil."

"Lave the disguises to me," replied Hannigan, "and if you wish to keep out o' the clutches of the law, why, hould her a couple o' days and nights in a place that I'll show you—trate her well, don't spake an offensive word to her, and afterwards lave her safely widin a short distance of her father's house, and after that let me see the Irishman that 'ud marry her."

Sullivan knew the force and influence of this prejudice among the Irish people as well as Hannigan did, and it struck him as an excellent way of throwing such a blight upon the innocent and beautiful girl's character, as nothing but death itself could remove.

"Well, sure enough," said he, "that 'ud be doin' the girl no harm; but I'm afear'd my brother James wouldn't come into it."

"Lave that to me," replied Hannigan; "if I don't soften him down, there's no heather on Slievenamon—that's all I say."

"In that case, then," observed Sullivan, "we'll let the subject rest till we hear how he'll take it, because if he sets his face against it we wont go on wid it, let what will may happen; come now, we'll finish this bottle, and when we talk over the business again we'll have another."

* Distillation.

A CHAT CONCERNING OYSTERS.



ARE we presume to remind our readers that oysters are not considered in due season during the four months of the year from which the canine letter, as it is called, is absent—in other words, in May, June, July, and August? As the present month, then, inaugurates the career of the ILLUSTRATED DUBLIN JOURNAL, as well as the annual term during which these delicious and notable bivalves will be transported from their

"beds" on the "Red Bank" of Clare, and the coasts of Howth, Malahide, and Wexford, to be "tucked in" by and what the appetites of the worthy citizens of the metropolis of the "Green Isle," a little of the varied and curious literary gossip connected with them will not be without attraction. On the natural history of this grateful crustacean it is not our purpose to descant, the phases of an individual oyster, from

the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular chord, and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre, having been repeatedly illustrated by the pens of some of the most eminent *litterateurs*. We may say, however, that if an oyster is examined through a microscope, it will be found that its shells are peopled with an innumerable swarm of animals. The liquid contained within them is also alive with a multitude of embryos, covered with transparent scales, and so diminutive that one hundred and twenty of them, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. They likewise contain a great variety of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light.

The poet Gray has sung, that he must have been a daring person who first swallowed an oyster:—

"The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With steel or brass, that on the rocky shore
First op'd the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risked the living morsel down his throat."

There is a mediæval and rather apocryphal legend to the effect that, "once upon a time," a man—his name and nationality unfortunately have not been handed down to an admiring posterity—was rambling by the sea-shore, and picked up one of these fish, just when it was in the act of yawning at the monotonous tenor of its existence. Struck with the remarkable contrast between the polished internal surface and the rough, unprepossessing external, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he inserted a finger between the shells, which immediately imprisoned the intruder as in a vice. At the expense of sundry contusions and abrasions, he at length succeeded in extricating the digit, and, as any of us would have been tempted to do upon a similar occasion, put it in his mouth. Oyster juice was thus, for the first time, brought in contact with the human palate. The deliciousness of the flavour at once assuaged the poignant feelings of the experimentalist, and convinced him that he had made an important discovery. Then and there he feasted to repletion on the novel and tempting fare, and from that day to this oyster-eating has been a universal fashion, appealing with equally pleasurable results to the appetites of king, philosopher, statesman, warrior, and "black-diamond."

According to Pliny, Sergius Orata was the first to conceive and practically form oyster beds. He made extensive reservoirs at Baie, in which he deposited innumerable thousands of these shell-fish. The same distinguished philosopher further enlightens us on the social habits of oysters. He gravely assures us that they have a king, and that their form of government is somewhat of a patriarchal monarchy. In his day, the diver made it his first business to catch the royal oyster, after which the others were entrapped without difficulty, just the same way in which a swarm of bees may be secured when the queen is captured. On this subject Southey, in the "Doctor," remarks: "Seeing, however, that his oyster majesty is not to be heard of now at any of the oyster-shops in London, nor known at Colchester or Milton, it may be that liberal opinions have, in the march of intellect, extended to the race of oysters; and that republicanism prevails at this day throughout all oysterdom, or at least in those parts of it which lie near the British shores." Seneca informs us that he was accustomed to eat some hundreds of oysters weekly, and thus apostrophises them: "Oyster, dear to gourmand, which excites instead of satiating the appetite; which never causes illness, even when eaten to excess, so easy art thou of digestion!" We find it mentioned in the annals of Roman gastronomy, that some of the most celebrated Romans could consume at a single meal hundreds of oysters. The Roman ladies in particular, were so partial to oysters that they ate them to an extent one is amazed there is no record of any of them having died from sheer repletion. If the sex now-a-days were similarly epicurean and insatiable, how ecstatic would be the feelings of Burton Rindon! Callisthenes, the philosopher, a disciple of Aristotle, and the companion of Alexander the Great in his expedition to Persia, was a devoted worshipper at the shrine of oysterdom. It is related that it was after an oyster supper he delivered the offensive speech to his royal master—who, by the way, regarded the world as his oyster, to be opened in much the same fashion in which he discovered the Gordian knot,—which induced the latter to put him to death. The Roman tyrant, Caligula, was also passionately fond of this fish. Horace held the belief that the "increasing moon plumps up the slippery oyster"—"lubrica, nascentes implet conchyliis lunæ"—an opinion also shared by the facetious Melton, who says: "By the increase and decrease of the moone, some creatures are augmented and diminished, as oysters and other shell-fish." Oysters were also anciently much esteemed for their medicinal virtues. Hippocrates highly extols them, and Crato and Zeno, two medical authors who flourished in the time of Plutarch, commend them above all other kinds of fish to their patients, as having less acidity, and more nutritious particles. They add: "Some oysters are better than others, their relative goodness depending upon the locality where they are bred." Gerposius, who wrote on the "Loves of the Fishes," maintained, and by actual experiment proved his point, that oysters are susceptible of the tender passion; and the writer attributes to them still more marvellous qualities, since he affirms that they can distinguish sounds, and have a positive musical ear!

Peter the Great was immoderately fond of oysters, and never sat down to a dinner at which they were not served up in two or three different modes. He was in the habit of calling oyster-dealers his "life-preservers." Napoleon I. also seems to have been exceedingly partial to these shell-fish. The night preceding the memorable battle of Austerlitz, he supped heartily of them. Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," wrote a very sarcastic drama on the oyster-mongers of Spain, although he was so partial to their wares that his enemies accused him of squandering all his substance in riotous feasts on them. An idiosyncrasy of the celebrated Erasmus was, that he was unable to bear the smell of oysters, or indeed of any shell-fish. Alexander Pope was proverbial for his love for stewed oysters; on one occasion he wrote to Lord Bolingbroke to say that he would, with pleasure, wait upon him at dinner if his lordship would indulge him with his favourite dish. Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," died at Richmond of a fever brought on by a surfeit of oysters, although some aver his malady was to be attributed to the effects of a sail in an open boat. Dr. Richard Bentley, the famous classical critic, was so fond of oysters that it is said he could never pass a place where they were exposed for sale without stopping and conversing about, if he could not then eat them. In one of his letters he says: "My great relief and amusement here is my regular supply of oysters. These things must have been made in heaven. They are delectable, satisfying, and un-

tally stimulating, in a high degree. I can indite matter by the yard when I have had a good meal of them. I get them done in all manner of ways, and it is difficult to say which is the best, such are the intrinsic excellencies of the raw material. I have, however, a secret relish for the scalloped fashion above every other." This was written in 1740; exactly two years before his death. A surfeit of oysters, however, does not agree with every constitution. Paracelsus was inordinately addicted to them, but he averred that when he confined himself to a moderate quantity, he beheld the most delectable visions, but an excess, on the contrary, showed him the entire host of the infernal regions.

There is an American story in connection with these exhilarating bivalves, which is too good to be lost. Not many years since there flourished in one of the southern cities of the American coast, a certain original, eccentric individual, whose sole occupation was the pursuit of the oyster trade, of course under difficulties. It was on a grand scale, and "Old Shell," as he was nicknamed, was a prime favourite with all the young bucks, roystering blades, and fast men about town. He was a passionate admirer of oysters in every shape. His food was almost exclusively oysters. He bet oysters. He studied oysters. In fine, he was emphatically an *oyster-man*. "Old Shell," one summer, took it into his head that a trip to the North would be of advantage to his health, moral and physical. To resolve to do anything, and to do it, were with him one and the same thing. He went. On arriving at New York, he put up at a fashionable hotel; and as he was a tall, fine-looking man, dressed well, and spent his money freely, he soon became almost as much a favourite in the North as he was in the South.

There was one thing about him, however, that puzzled every one. On the hotel book of arrivals his name was entered in full, with the following capital letters, in a large sprawling hand, attached—F.R.S. On his cards the same mysterious letters appeared. "Mr. So and So, of such a city, F.R.S." He never would explain their meaning, and great, of course, was the small-talk and chit-chat about it. The "gossip-market" rose above par in the course of three days.

One morning a newly-come English gentleman, of middle age and grave aspect, was looking over the list of arrivals. He was struck by the mysterious letters, as every one else had been.

"F.R.S.," muttered he; "it can't be! yet there the letters are! Who would have thought it?"

The clerk was called up, and requested to explain. He knew nothing more than that one of the boarders and lodgers had put his name down with that handle attached.

"Show him to me!" said the Englishman eagerly.

"There he goes now, sir," said the clerk, pointing to our hero.

The next moment "Old Shell" felt his hand grasped by another hand, whilst his arm went through a rapid and vigorous motion, familiarly known as the "pump-handle action." It was the Englishman, his face beaming with cordiality.

"Delighted to meet you, sir! Had not the slightest idea of seeing one of our Society on this side of the water! When were you a member? My memory is so defective—"

"Member of *what*?" said "Old Shell," half surprised, half angry.

"Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!"

"Modest! the deuce! What society?"

"No bashfulness now! You are a Fellow, I know."

"Dash my buttons, stranger!" exclaimed "Shell," thoroughly indignant; "do you call me a fellow?"

"Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London."

"I am no Londoner, man; I come from down South, I do. I am an oysterman, I am."

"Why, what on earth does F.R.S. mean, then, attached to your name?" said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance.

"Well, stranger, I don't care if I do tell you! You see I like oysters, I do; and F.R.S. means adzackly nothing more nor less than *Fried, Roasted, and Stewed*!"

In conclusion, recommending to the reader's attention a proverb, "don't blunt your razor with opening another man's oysters," the moral of which is obvious, we subjoin, for the benefit of such amateur oyster anatomists who find a difficulty in arriving at the succulent contents, a receipt "How to open an oyster." Take a feather and

tickle the oyster on the shell until you have caused it to laugh, when you can insert a stick, or your toe, or finger, or anything to prevent its closing, until you can get a knife. This requires considerable dexterity, but it is considered a very neat way where it is practised.

NEEDLES AND NEEDLEWORK.

THAT tiny and delicate piece of polished steel ye clept the needle, the importance of which, as an implement of feminine industry, is every day yielding to the magic influence of the sewing machine, was first manufactured in England in the year 1540, in the reign of Elizabeth. Little attention, however, appears to have been then paid to its introduction, and it was long before it came into general use. The manufacture was revived by a Mr. Greeing, who established himself at Long Hendon, in Buckinghamshire, in which town the factory is carried on by his descendants to this day—although now only one out of hundreds, especially in the neighbourhood of Birmingham and Sheffield. The process of manufacture is as follows:—The steel (German and Hungarian, is chiefly used, as being susceptible of the highest polish,) is first passed through a coal fire, and under a hammer, to convert its square form into a cylindrical one. After being drawn through a large hole of a wire-drawing iron, it is returned to the fire, and again passed through a second hole, smaller than the first, and so on from hole to hole, until it attains the degree of fineness necessary for the kind of needle for which it is intended; each time being greased with lard to render it more pliable. When reduced to this fine wire, it is cut into the lengths required, which lengths are flattened at one end, in order to make heads and eyes. Further softened by fire, they are then pierced at each extreme of the flat part, on an anvil, by force of a puncheon, of well-tempered steel, and laid on a block of lead, to bring out with another puncheon the particles of steel remaining in the eye. The corners are then rounded off, a little cavity filed on each side of the head, the point formed with a file, and the whole smoothed with the same instrument. They are then tempered, by being placed over a charcoal fire, and, when red hot, plunged into cold water, to harden them. This is a very delicate part of the process, since too much or too little heat is equally undesirable. When they are sufficiently tempered, they are laid on an iron shovel, on a fire more or less hot, according to the thickness of the needle, moved from time to time, and when thoroughly hot, straightened, one after another, with a hammer, the coldness of the water having, in many instances, twisted them. The needles are now formed, and the remaining process is the polishing. Twelve or fifteen thousand needles are arranged in little heaps, against each other, on a piece of new buckram, sprinkled with emery, which is also thrown over them, and sprinkled with oil of olives. The whole is finally made into a roll, well secured at each end. This roll is then laid on the polishing table; over it is placed a thick plank loaded with stones, which is worked backwards and forwards, incessantly, for a couple of days, by which means the needles are polished. In Germany this process is performed by water-mills, instead of manual labour. From the effects of this operation the needles are then cleansed with soap and water, and placed with hot bran, a little moistened, in a wooden box, suspended in the air with a cord, which is kept swinging until both bran and needles are dry. This is repeated with two or three different brans, the needles then examined to separate the perfect from those whose eyes or points have sustained injury; finally polished with an emery stone, turned by a wheel, sorted, and made up into packets. There is great mortality among the workmen employed in needle manufactories, in consequence of the minute particles of steel and dust which they are continually inhaling. These produce constitutional irritation, sure to terminate in pulmonary consumption, inasmuch, that persons engaged in this kind of work scarcely ever attain the age of forty years. Many attempts were made to purify the air, before its entry into the lungs, by gauze or linen guards; but the dust was too fine and penetrating to be obstructed by such coarse expedients, until—within the present year, we believe—some ingenious person, struck by the motions and arrangements of a few steel filings on a sheet of paper held over a magnet, introduced masks of magnetised steel, adapted to the faces of the workmen, by means of which the air is not only strained, but each obnoxious atom of steel is arrested in its progress.

So highly was the art of needle-work esteemed among the ancients, that the Greeks ascribed its invention to their favourite goddess, Minerva, patroness of the arts and sciences. The fair patri- cians of those days, in the absence of operas, concerts, horticultural fêtes, art-exhibitions, and illustrated or unillustrated journals, had little to occupy their time and attention save needlework, and hence we find that Homer constantly represents his heroines as engaged in this manner. Andromache, he tells us, employed the weary hours of Hector's absence in embroidering

"A splendid texture, wrought on either side,
All dazzling bright with flowers of various hues."

The completion of a piece of needlework for the shroud of Ulysses was deemed sufficient cause for a long delay, even by the impatient suitors of Penelope. The story of the deception she practised is too well known to be more than alluded to here. Each night, we are told, she unravelled the labours of the day,

"Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds the wondrous tale."

It was likewise the custom among the illustrious dames of those classical times to have a rich store of garments, embroidered by their own fair hands, in readiness for any emergency, or for gifts to distinguished visitors. When Telemachus leaves Menelaus, we find that

"His beauteous queen revolved with careful eyes
Her various textures, of unnumber'd dyes,
And chose the largest,"

as a gift to her departing guest. This kind of needlework was, how- ever, also practised among other nations, as we may gather from holy writ. It is a matter of uncertainty whether the garments of the priests were woven or embroidered, but we find Hannah, the mother of Samuel, taking him each year a little coat of her own work. Again, the mother of Sisera says to her maidens: "To Sisera, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, fit for the necks of them that take the spoil." The middle ages were also celebrated for splendid embroi- dery and tapestry work, for which convents were admirable schools, and which, in those times, was much devoted to the use of the Church. Popes Leo III. and IV., and Pope Paschal, had magnifi- cent garments worked by the needle, for their personal use, and also various beautiful pieces of work, as ornaments for the Vatican, and the chapels at Rome. In addition to these ecclesiastical pieces of work, the ladies of those days were much occupied in the embroi- dery of banners, of green scarfs, and other garments worn by the most illustrious personages. The four daughters of Edward the Elder, though carefully educated in the literature of the age, were accomplished needlewomen; and (whether from that excellence we presume not to say) were eagerly sought in marriage by the most powerful princes of that era. The garments worn by Edward the Confessor, on state occasions, were embroidered by his queen, Elgitha. The renowned "Bayeux Tapestry" was worked by Ma- tilda of Flanders, Queen of William the Conqueror, and not, as thought by some, by the Empress Maud, daughter of Henry II. It represents the career of the unfortunate Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, and, apart from being a wonderful achievement in itself, is deeply interesting in a historical point of view. Commenc- ing with that interview with Edward the Confessor, in which he, with some difficulty, obtained permission for his ill-fated visit to Normandy, it next represents him entering a church to implore a blessing on his expedition. Then we find him at a banquet with his *compagnons de voyage*, on the eve of embarking. It proceeds to illustrate his embarkation, capture by Count Guy of Ponthieu; the embassy sent by William to demand his release, and, on that failing, the arrival of the Norman duke at the head of his troops. Then we are taken to Normandy, and see Harold swearing the fatal oath of fealty to William, and betrothment to his daughter—an oath made so much more tremendous by its being taken on a box, covered with a pall, containing (unknown to Harold) the bones of the saints and other holy relics. The scene then changes to England, where Harold finds Edward on his death-bed, and we have depicted his death and funeral, with the offer of the crown to Harold. After that comes the arrival of William in England, with the banquet given him on landing; the headlong mission of a knightly courier to Harold with the news; and, finally, the battle of Hastings, with the death of the last sceptred Saxon, who "foremost fighting fell."

All the figures in this *chef-d'œuvres* of embroidery are executed with singular power and strength of expression, though the fair semp- stresses show a noble indifference to nature in the colour of their horses, which are, from lack of choice, perhaps, indifferently blue, green, red, or yellow. It was worked on white cloth, and where the flesh is represented, a space was left by the needle; it is now preserved at Caen, in Normandy. Romances, lives of the saints, and various other subjects—some very beautiful, others very ab- surd—were commonly represented in tapestry during the Elizabethan era. At this time, also, most exquisite embroidery was profusely bestowed upon coverlets, as, indeed, upon every article of dress, handkerchiefs, bags, etc. Mary Queen of Scots amused her hours of captivity with works of tapestry, some of which are still shown at Hardwicke Hall. In Queen Anne's time the art appears to have fallen into disuse, if we may judge from the humorous remarks in the "Spectator;" who, after commenting on the idleness of the young damsels of that day, (would that he had lived in the pre- sent!) proposes the following rules to amend it:—

"1st.—That no young virgin shall be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover, but in a suit of her own embroidery.

"2nd.—That before every fresh humble servant, she should appear in a fresh stomacher at least.

"3dly.—It is suggested that no girls should be permitted to marry until they had exercised their needles in preparation for the advent of little stran- gers."

Much carpet and tapestry work, however, continued to be done by our ancestresses. Berlin patterns, and work properly so called, were not known till 1804, when the first pattern, on checked paper, was published by a printseller in Berlin. In the year 1810, Madame Wittich, wife of a printseller in the same city, and herself a famous needlewoman, urged her husband to engage in that branch of his business with more spirit; and since his time the number of Berlin patterns published, and of people engaged in colouring and prepar- ing them, is somewhat marvellous. They were first introduced into England and Ireland in 1831.

The sewing machine is, as we have already mentioned, rapidly superseding the works of the needle, and the fact must be hailed with unalloyed satisfaction, seeing that by inaugurating a new source of remunerative female industry, it will undoubtedly ulti- mately tend to ameliorate the moral and social conditions of the many thousands who heroically brave temptation in the naked gar- rets of our most flourishing cities, and

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,"

in unwomanly rags and dreary poverty, ply their needles and thread. In this hope turn we, in conclusion, to a pleasant little picture drawn by William Allingham, one of the few true poets of whom Ireland can now boast, and whose only fault is that his graceful pencil is not more frequently employed. It is entitled the

VENUS OF THE NEEDLE.

O Maryanne, you pretty girl,
Intent on silken labour,
Of sempstresses the pink and pearl,
Excuse a peeping neighbour!

Those eyes, for ever drooping, give
The long brown lashes rarely;
But violets in the shadows live—
For once unveil them fairly!

Hast thou not lent that founce enough
Of looks so long and earnest?
Lo, here's more 'penetrable stuff,'
To which thou never turnest!

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped!
How slender and how nimble!
O, might I wind their skeins of thread,
Or but pick up their thimble!

How blessed the youth whom love shall bring,
And happy stars embolden,
To change the dome into a ring,
The silver into golden!

Who'll steal some morning to her side,
To take her finger's measure,
While Maryanne pretends to chide,
And blushes deep with pleasure?

Who'll watch her sew her wedding-gown,
Well conscious that it is hers;
Who'll glean a tress, without a frown,
With those so ready scissors?

Who'll taste the ripenings of the south,
The fragrant and delicious—
Don't put the pins into your mouth,
O, Maryanne, my precious!

I almost wish it was my trust
To teach how shocking that is;
I wish I had not, as I must,
To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,
Across a street so narrow;
A thread of silk to string his bow,
A needle for his arrow!

GRA GAL MACHREE!

IRISH BALLAD.*

BY JAMES CASSIDY.

I.

My Mary dear, those ruby lips
That cover teeth of orient pearl,
Outvie the rose the wild bee sips
On summer's eve, my own dear girl!
Your modest brow, and mild, blue eyes
Would win a peer of high degree,
From courtly halls, with softest sighs
To worship you, *Gra Gal Machree!*

II.

If Adam in his Eden bowers,
Mid peace and joy, was fain to grieve,
Till heaven, to bless his lonely hours,
Presented him with mother Eve,—
O may not I, my Mary dear,
For praying heaven pardoned be,
To form for me an Eden here,
And grant me you, *Gra Gal Machree!*

III.

As well might infant's fragile arm
Attempt to stem the torrent's fall,
As well might man essay to harm
The sun that shines above us all.
As well might mortal chain the winds,
Or walk upon the rolling sea,
As break the hallowed spell that binds
My heart to you, *Gra Gal Machree!*

IV.

No prince am I, no lordly peer,
No spreading lands have I, 'tis true,
But had I worlds, my Mary dear,
Those worlds I'd freely give to you.
An honest heart's unchanging love
Is all that I can offer thee,
Accept it, and kind heaven above
Will bless us both—*Gra Gal Machree!*

* The words and music of this song are copyright.

The Illustrated Dublin Journal,

GREETING!

I.

GREET YOU KINDLY! Give you welcome,
Welcome as the flowers in May;
Some such word of kindly greeting,
Gladly we would hear to-day.
Gladly mark approval smiling—
Mantling o'er each reader's face;
As with youth's first flush upon us,
Take we thus our lowly place.

II.

GREET YOU KINDLY! Crowding round us,
Elders many a one we see;
From the conflict, young and fearful,
Half inclined to turn and flee.
What shall check us, but conviction
That we claim a sacred right,
Whilst to aid our kind advancing,
Arm we for the coming fight.

III.

GREET YOU KINDLY! Wand'ring faces
May perchance our advent hail,
And there may be cynic voices
To predict that we shall fail.
But the ancient proverb telleth,
"Nothing venture, nothing win;"
Then, with such a field before us,
What shall stay us entering in?

IV.

GREET YOU KINDLY! From our garner
Spread we out our varied store;
Art and science, fact and fiction,
Poesy and classic lore;
Food for every taste to feed on,
Solace for each weary hour,
With the heart's best wishes season'd,
With a willing hand we pour.

V.

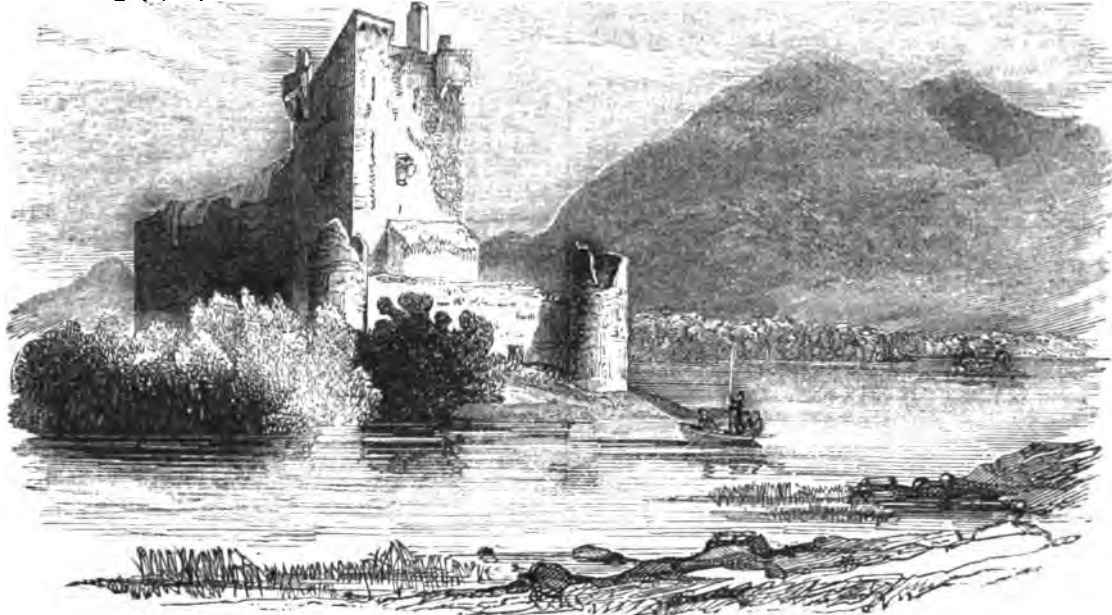
GREET YOU KINDLY! Smile upon us,
Bid us kindly welcome here;
Smile upon and hail our advent,
'Twill our onward efforts cheer.
For as brother help'd by brother,
Hath a force that none may stay;
So, the smile of kind approval,
Hath a charm that none may say.

VI.

GREET YOU KINDLY! Arm we, brothers,
Strong and hearty to our toil;
Nought of discord, full of love all,
Pure, and racy of the soil.
Ours a field where all may labour,
Welcome warm for every friend,
And the aid of God to guide us
Surely to our common end.

GREET YOU KINDLY! Give you welcome,
Welcome as the flowers in May,
Many a welcome, doubt not, brothers,
Greeteth thus our op'ning day.

T. J. P.



THE FAIR MAID OF KILLARNEY.

A TALE OF ROSS CASTLE.

THE exact date of the erection of Ross Castle has not been ascertained, but, from the peculiar style of the architecture, it may be ascribed to the close of the fourteenth or the early portion of the fifteenth centuries. It was for ages the ancestral residence of the Lords of the Lakes of Killarney, whose martial achievements are still the fertile source of many a popular local tradition. The castle consisted of a lofty square keep, with embattled parapets, based upon a rock of limestone. It was defended on the land side by a massive, unornamental buttress, while each corner of the portion directly facing the lake was enflanked by two machiolated defences; the domestic divisions of the fortress were attached to the square tower, and were surrounded by extensive outworks. The interior of the castle evidently contained many well-proportioned apartments, and a spiral stone cut staircase still exists, which leads to the summit of the tower, from which many beautiful views of the surrounding scenery may be obtained. Ross Castle was originally a place of great strength, and underwent numerous sieges, the principal of which was the celebrated attack upon it in 1652, by General Ludlow, at the head of the Parliamentary forces. Upon the defeat of the Irish troops, in that year, under Lord Muskerry, at the battle of Knocknecashy, in the county of Cork, by Lord Broghill, the English General, the former withdrew to Ross Castle, where he entrenched himself, and whither he was promptly followed by Ludlow. There was an ancient prophecy existing among the peasantry, that the castle was impregnable, and could never be taken until a vessel of war was seen to float upon the lake. Whether Ludlow had heard of the tradition does not appear, certain it is, however, that, considering the natural advantages of the place, and the length of time he might be compelled to remain before it, he resolved to attack it simultaneously by land and water. The English fleet was just then anchored in the Bay of Castlemaine, or Dingle, and, four days after arrival, with incredible energy and perseverance he successfully transported some of the smaller vessels, by mere manual labour, through a country nearly impassable from bogs and woods, and brought them up the intricate and difficult river Laune. The garrison was electrified and intimidated, and immediately capitulated on honourable terms.

Smith, in his "History of Kerry," relates that at the time he wrote there was an old man named Hopkins, then sexton of Swords, in the vicinity of Dublin, who was amongst those engaged in drawing Ludlow's vessels into the lake. This Ludlow is said to have lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and fifteen years. At the commencement of the last century a barrack was erected in connection with Ross Castle, but has long been dismantled, and its walls are now as ivy-mantled as those of the castle itself. Immediately beneath the castle several fine echoes are very distinctly heard; amongst them the famous one of "Paddy Blake," who, when an inquiry is made after his health, is said to answer, "Pretty well, I thank ye!"

The warden of the castle, towards the termination of the war in 1652, was a distant relation of Sir Valentine Browne's—to whom the surrounding territory belonged, and who was then a minor—named Richard Browne, a captain in the confederate army. Captain Richard Browne had an only child, a daughter named Mabel, who lived with him in the castle. Mabel, at the time, was just verging into womanhood, and was a lovely girl, so beautiful, indeed, that she was called by the surrounding people of every degree, the "Fair Maid of Killarney." It will not be at all wondered at, therefore, that the young officers who commanded under her father in the garrison should have been smitten by her beauty. Foremost among those who paid her homage was a young man named Raymond Villiers, a lieutenant of musqueteers, and a descendant of a stout English settler who had come into that country about a century before.

Raymond Villiers was the possessor of a small, but good estate, lying upon the shore of the Main, a river that empties its waters into Dingle Bay. The veteran warden of the castle was well acquainted with the circumstances of the young lieutenant of musqueteers, and looked favourably upon his attentions to Mabel, but the latter persisted in receiving the homage of her suitor with no small amount of coldness, the reason of which will be understood presently. Thus matters stood between the young pair until the day of the battle of Knocknecashy, in which, as was seen above, the forces of Lord Muskerry were defeated by the troops of the Parliament, under Ludlow.

The sun of that disastrous day was setting beyond the wild mountains of Dingle, as Captain Browne was standing upon the battlements of the castle, taking a survey of the warders beneath as they walked to and fro, in their monotonous avocation, behind the breastworks of the massive bawn-wall beneath. After taking a quick survey of the sentinels below, he sat himself upon a small brass falconet, that commanded the draw-bridge, and mused silently for some moments.

"By my faith!" said he at last, "but I wish this war was ended, and my daughter married to young Raymond Villiers. I could then sit down quietly for the remainder of my days, and turn my thoughts to another world, which, alas, I have little time to think of in this time of foraying and slaying. Rory," continued he aloud, to a wiry little sunburnt boy, who usually attended him on his rounds, "go and tell Mistress Mabel that I am here, and that I want to speak to her for a few moments."

Rory disappeared in an instant down the winding stairway, and after a little time Mabel appeared, and sat down beside her father.

"Mabel," said the latter, looking affectionately upon his daughter, "I have been thinking that this wooing of Raymond Villiers has gone far enough, and that you ought to give him a favourable reply."

"I cannot tell, father," she answered, "why it is that you are so eager to get rid of me in these troublous times. As for myself, I would rather stay with you, and you know also very well that you cannot do without me."

"No matter," replied her father, "times are changing now. Mabel, I am growing old and infirm, and there is no knowing the day that I may fall in battle. If it should come to that, who will you have to protect you during the troubles?" and he looked earnestly into his daughter's face.

"Oh! as for that, father," answered Mabel, "I trust in God there is but little fear of it."

"I tell you, Mabel," rejoined he, "no matter how affairs go with me, it has come to this, that I have set my heart upon your marrying Raymond Villiers, and marry him you shall, for he is in every way worthy of you."

"I am sure he is," returned Mabel, "and deserving of a far better wife than I could make him, but—"

"What but?" interrupted her father, "that's the way you are always putting me off. I hope," he continued in a yet more energetic tone, "that you are not still thinking of that wild spendthrift, Donogh of Glenmourne!"

A bright blush overspread the features of Mabel Browne at the sound of that name. She looked upon her father reproachfully, her eyes all the while gradually filling with tears.

"If I am, father," she said mournfully, "I cannot help it now and then. You know there was once a time when you did not forbid me to do so. However," she continued with a sigh, "I will try to forget him since you wish it, but I cannot—I cannot give my heart to Raymond Villiers, because—"

"Because he is not worthy of it, I suppose you will say," said her father, somewhat bitterly. "But know, Mabel, that Donogh MacCarthy of Glenmourne is now landless, and has nought save his sword to depend on, and, by our Lady! but that's but a weak prop to depend on in these dangerous times!"

"I know it," returned Mabel, her eyes brightening as she thought of her absent lover, "I know that he was robbed of his estate by Cromwell, but that is no reason why I should play him false!"

"I guessed that was the answer you would make," said her father, "but notwithstanding, you must wed and that soon with Raymond Villiers—ha! what is that I see? Look, Mabel, look! I trust in God, whoever it is, that he brings us good news!" And he pointed towards a slope at the eastern side of the castle, down which a horseman was riding towards them in furious haste.

"There must have been a battle fought," exclaimed Mabel, looking eagerly upon the approaching courier as he still rode on, his helmet and trappings glittering in the red beams of the setting sun. "See! he is facing directly for the draw-bridge—my God! it is Donogh of Glenmourne!"

"I know him now," said her father, "Look at his horse all covered with foam and mire. Look at his plume shorn off, and the sad plight he is in. He is the bearer of bad news!" and with that the old veteran left his seat upon the cannon, and hurried down the stair, followed by his daughter.

With a hasty step he strode to the draw-bridge, which by his orders was immediately let down to give ingress to Donogh of

Glenmourne, who in a few moments afterwards rode inwards, and dismounted in the courtyard, where he was soon surrounded by an eager throng, all burning to hear the news with which he was sent thither. The tidings he brought were sorrowful enough, and shouts of anger and execrations deep and fierce were muttered by his hearers, as he told them how that morning Lord Muskerry was vanquished in the battle of Knocknashly. After giving this disagreeable bit of information with a soldier's brevity, he followed the warden of the castle to a private room, in order to deliver some further instructions with which he had been charged by his general after the battle.

Donogh of Glenmourne was as good a specimen of the young Irish officer of the time as could well be seen. He was about twenty-five years of age, strikingly handsome, tall of stature, and had that bold, frank bearing that so well became his degree, which was that of a captain of cavalry.

About the noon of the following day Lord Muskerry arrived with his forces and a great prey of cattle which they had taken during their retreat from the bloody field of Knocknashly. The ramparts of Ross Castle were now crowded with men, and all was busy preparation for the expected siege. The outworks at the land side were strengthened, additional provisions were gathered hastily but abundantly in from the surrounding country, guns were placed commanding every available approach, and at length the castle seemed capable of holding out stoutly against the well-appointed forces of the enemy. Some of the broken Irish regiments were also encamped in the surrounding woods, so that General Ludlow, when he invested the castle with an army of about six thousand men, had a game to play as difficult as it was dangerous.

Matters were in this condition, when one evening the Fair Maid of Killarney stole up to the battlements of the castle in order to obtain a view of the hostile camp. Plainly enough it lay almost beneath her towards the east, the arms of its occupants all flashing and glittering in the sun, and the painted banners flaunting proudly in the evening breeze. As she stood gazing with curious eye upon that martial scene, she heard a light step behind her, and turning round beheld Raymond Villiers approaching from the stairway with a somewhat troubled look upon his dark and handsome features. He sat himself upon the battlement beside her, and for some time neither spoke.

"I have sought you, Mabel," he at length said, "for many reasons. This siege must soon be ended. You will see then why I am anxious to understand your sentiments towards me. I am here to decide my fate with regard to you, and thus I ask you, for the last time, will you become my wife?"

"Nay," ironically returned Mabel; "it would be indelicate of me to consent so hastily, seeing that the siege, as you say, is to come to so speedy a termination. So," she continued in the same tone, "I cannot grant your request!"

"I have dallied long enough," muttered Villiers, a frown in spite of himself darkening his features. "This is to be my final answer then. I know the reason. He is here and you love him. But we will see to it—by the breath of my body but we will see to it!" and he stood up, and bowing coldly to Mabel, took his way down the stairway with a black and revengeful frown upon his swarthy brow.

Mabel Browne, with the sharpness of a woman, noticed the look, and partly guessed its meaning. Coupling it with his demeanour for a long time previous, from which she judged that he would think little of changing sides in the war, she determined for her own sake, and for the sake of the castle of which her father was warden, to watch his motions narrowly for the future. But for several days afterwards, during which the siege began to grow somewhat hotter, she saw nothing in the conduct of Raymond Villiers to confirm the secret suspicion she had formed of his fidelity to the Irish cause.

A week had now passed away. It was midnight. Beneath the black gloom that shrouded lake, and castle, and giant mountain, a tall figure, muffled in a long military cloak, glided along the rampart and thence down to the water's edge, and stepping cautiously into one of the three small boats that were moored beneath the shadow of the tower, took the oars and shoved it silently out into the lake. By and by another muffled figure stole silently beneath the rampart, and stepping into one of the remaining boats, put it off in a similar manner. The first boat glided noiselessly across the lake, and at last landed its occupant upon the shore, above which was situated the camp of the Parliamentarians. The second also followed stealthily in its wake, but stopping some distance from the shore, turned back

again after a short time towards the castle. As it glided in beneath the shadows of the western tower, the figure which it bore left it and soon gained the court-yard unobserved. Stealing up a stairway of the castle, and entering a little chamber, the long cloak that muffled it was cast upon the floor, and the lovely face of the Fair Maid of Killarney was revealed in the light of a small taper that was burning upon the table near the fireplace.

"Whoever he is," she said, as she sat herself beside the table, "he is a traitor. But I will wait and watch."

Meanwhile let us follow Raymond Villiers, for he it was that had gone upon his dark midnight mission across the lake. After narrowly escaping being shot by the enemy, he contrived to make his purpose known, and was soon conducted into the presence of General Ludlow.

"What dost thou want?" said the stern Puritan general, in a surly tone at being awaked from his first slumber.

"You will never take Ross Castle by your present tactics," answered Villiers, "for the garrison is well manned, and they have abundance of provisions, besides the natural strength of the place. I am a lieutenant of musqueteers. If I succeed in gaining you a passage across the draw-bridge, or point out another method by which you can take the castle, will you give me the same rank in your army?"

"Gladly! gladly!" answered Ludlow, who knew but too well the strength of the garrison. "And now in case thou canst not betray the draw-bridge to us—obtain passage over it for us I mean—what is thine other method?"

"There is a prophecy regarding Ross Castle," answered Villiers, "which the majority of those who now defend the castle believe in with their hearts and souls, and which, when they see accomplished, I will stake my life they will yield the castle to you on the easiest terms. It is this, that Ross Castle can never be taken till the enemy sail in a fleet of ships upon the lake! Can you not accomplish the prophecy?"

"I think so!" answered the Puritan general, after a long pause, during which he sat thinking intently. "Ho, there!" continued he to the grim orderly who stood guard at the door of his tent. "Summon here scout-master-general Jones, and say that I want to consult with him on a most important matter!"

In a short time the scout-master-general made his appearance, and, after a brief consultation, undertook to procure and transport from Kinsale to Castlemaine Bay, and thence overland to the Parliamentary camp, the materials ready made of a fleet of heavy gun-boats with which they could attack the castle from the lake.

Two days passed away, during which Villiers found that there was but small chance of betraying the draw-bridge of the castle to the enemy. He therefore finally resolved to leave the place, and go over as secretly as he could to the hostile camp. It was then that about midnight, he contrived to procure a boat as before, and make his way across the lake. This time, however, Mabel Browne, who constantly watched his motions, and who now sat concealed beneath the dark shade of the wall, knew his features as he glided past, and followed him as she did the other night over the water. As he stepped upon the land, an unlucky splash of Mabel's ear caught his ear. He stood up, and peering outward through the darkness that overhung the water, caught sight of the boat, and the figure that sat therein, which he, of course, thought was that of a man. A fierce frown of vengeance contracted his dark brow, and drawing a long pistol from his belt, he fired at the indistinct figure. The next moment, a wild shriek of agony and terror rang over the dark lake, and Mabel Browne, with her arm broken between the elbow and shoulder, dropped like a wounded bird into the bottom of the boat. Fortunately a smart breeze was blowing at the time from the eastward, and floated the boat towards the opposite shore of the lake, else Mabel would have fallen into the ruthless hands of the Parliamentary soldiers.

The report of the pistol, and the wild shriek of Mabel, were followed by loud confusion in castle and hostile camp. Each side thought that the pistol-shot was a signal for an attack of some kind. Men hurried to and fro by rampart and trench. The cannon at both sides opened fire for a short interval, but at length all settled down quietly again, and the night passed away. Little did they know that night in the castle of Ross, of the terrible agony their warden's daughter endured beside the solitary shore of the lake to which the boat was driven by the breeze.

The dawn was faintly tinging the eastern sky, when the Fair Maid of Killarney awoke from one of the long swoons into which she

had fallen, after receiving the treacherous shot of Raymond Villiers. She had now light, but scarcely sense enough left, to look around her. Her arm was lying helplessly by her side; her dress and the bottom of the boat were all stained with blood, and as she endeavoured to move herself, so as to get a view of where she was, a sharp pang shot through the wounded limb, and with a faint scream of anguish she dropped back again into her former posture in the boat. Then the precipitous, forest-girded shore above her seemed to whirl in a wild and terrible dance before her eyes, and another swoon relieved her for a time from the torture of the wound.

When she next awoke to consciousness, it was with a cooling and somewhat pleasant sensation. She opened her eyes, and the first object they fell upon, was the welcome and pitying face of Donogh of Glenmourne. He was standing over her in the little boat, washing the blood from her neck and arm, and sprinkling the cool water gently over her face. All was soon explained. Donogh, who commanded a party of horse amid the wood, was returning from a reconnoitering excursion by the shore, and thus found her whom he little expected to see in such a woeful state, that breezeless summer morning. When she told him, as well as her weakness would permit her, of the treachery of Raymond Villiers, and how it was from his murderous shot she had received her wound, Donogh swore a stern oath that ere many days would elapse, he would avenge the deed, surely and suddenly, upon the head of his perjured rival. Before another hour was over, Mabel Browne, to the surprise and consternation of her stout old father, was lying in her little chamber in Ross castle, awaiting the coming of the surgeon who attended Lord Muskerry's army. Under the care of that scientific worthy, her fractured arm was bound up, and in a few days the fever that followed her mishap passed away, and she was pronounced out of danger.

Meanwhile the siege went on. The Parliamentary general pushed his approaches nearer and nearer to the castle, and the cannons and small arms at both sides rattled away most industriously every day from morning until night. About ten or a dozen days after the occurrence of the foregoing events, two horsemen might have been seen riding in wild haste over the mountains, and approaching the north-western shore of the lake. It was Donogh of Glenmourne, and one of the dragoons belonging to his troop. Leaving his horse to the care of his orderly, Donogh descended into a secret nook by the water-side, and was soon rowing a little boat he had taken therefrom across the lake to the castle of Ross. The news he brought was that scout-master-general Jones, with a skillful engineer named Chudleigh, was after landing in Castlemaine Bay with a vast quantity of timber ready hewn for large boats, and was now on his way across the country to the camp, escorted by a strong convoy of the Parliamentarians, horse and foot. After giving this news, he again crossed the lake, and soon joined his troop, with which he hovered upon the track of the approaching convoy. As the latter passed through a narrow defile, he fell upon it, sword in hand, with his men, and had a sharp skirmish. He was, however, finally repulsed, but not till he had the satisfaction of knocking with his own hand Raymond Villiers on the head, and thus ending the new career that gentleman of an easy conscience intended running under favour of parliament.

The convoy arrived safely at Ludlow's camp, and the boats under the superintendence of Chudleigh, of Kinsale, were soon put together and fit to be launched. One fine morning when the garrison of Ross awoke, they were not a little astonished to see a fleet of ships, or in other words large gun-boats, floating upon the lake, with cannon ready pointed at their bows, and colours flying jauntily overhead. All cried with one voice that the fatal prophecy was fulfilled, and that the castle could hold out no longer. Lord Muskerry, seeing the despondent spirit that pervaded his little army, demanded a parley with his enemy. The end of it was that, after a long debate, a capitulation was drawn up, and Lord Muskerry yielded the castle of Ross, on very honourable terms, however, to the Parliamentary general. This put an end to that terrible war which had devastated the country for so many years.

Immediately afterwards, Donogh Mac Carthy rode over the mountains with a score of his bold horsemen, and dispossessed the puritan undertaker who held his house of Glenmourne. Some months after the yielding of the castle, he was made doubly happy by his marriage with the "fair maid of Killarney;" and with the light-hearted pair it is said that the stout old warden, Captain Richard Browne, lived afterwards for the rest of his days a life of jovial ease and contentment.

A RETROSPECT OF THE DUBLIN STAGE.



in the year 1635, during the administration of the ill-fated Earl of Strafford. This temple of Thespis was erected under the direction of John Ogilby, "Master of the Revels to his Majesty," in Werburgh-street, and continued open until the commencement of the civil war, when it was closed by directions of the Lords Justices. After this we find no mention of a theatre until the year 1661, when one was built in Smock-alley, now West Essex-street, on

the site at present occupied by the Catholic Church of St. Michael and St. John. This edifice appears to have been very hastily constructed, and ten years afterwards, during the performance, the upper gallery of it fell, by which three of the audience were killed and many more severely hurt, an accident which prevented dramatic entertainments in Dublin for a considerable period; in fact, there is but scant account of the theatre from this time until after the accession of William III., when the Smock-alley building was re-opened under the management of Mr. Joseph Ashbury, who conducted it for thirty years, and during his lifetime was "Master of the Revels" to no less than five English sovereigns. During his lesseeship, the celebrated Quin made his first appearance on the Dublin boards, in 1715. At his decease, in 1720, the management of the theatre devolved to his son-in-law, Mr. Thomas Elrington, one of whose descendants was Provost of Trinity College, and afterwards (in 1821) Bishop of Limerick. In the year 1727, a Madame Violante engaged an extensive building, formerly occupied by Lord Chief Justice Whitehel, in Fownes's-court, where Fownes's-street now stands, which she opened with a company of acrobats and ropedancers. After a time, these amusements ceased to attract, and she converted the building into a theatre, for the representation of plays and farces. Among other pieces performed here was the "Beggars' Opera," for the first time in Ireland, and in which, moreover, all the characters were sustained by children, the afterwards celebrated Peg Woffington (of whom more anon) playing "Polly Peachum." This still popular satiric opera was written, as most of our readers are probably aware, by Gay. It was first acted at Lincoln's Inn-fields, London, in the year 1727. The original representative of "Polly" was a Miss Lavinia Beswick, daughter of a lieutenant in the royal navy, after whose decease her mother married a Mr. Fenton, in consequence of which Miss Beswick thenceforward became known only by that name. Her unrivalled fascinations as an actress and a singer captivated the Duke of Bolton, who elevated her to the dignity of his duchess about the year 1750. Very different was the fate of the original "Captain Mach Heath," Mr. Thomas Walker, a man of rare talents, but who destroyed his constitution by continued dissipation, and died in Dublin, in very great distress, in 1744. We may here mention that Lavinia Beswick was not the only actress ennobled by marriage. Anastasia Robinson was married to Lord Peterborough, in 1735; the Earl of Derby espoused

Elizabeth Farren; Louisa Brunton, in 1807, became La Mary Catherine Bolton (another "Polly Peachum"), Mr. Thurlow, in 1813; Miss O'Neill married Sir W. Bee the Earls of Harrington and Essex, "for better for their titles to the Misses Foote and Stephens; Miss Mrs. Courts) became Duchess of St. Alban's; and, Nisbett married Sir William Boothby, Bart.

From Fownes's-court Madame Violante removed to George's-lane (as George's-street was then called), and was immediately secured by some members of the theatre, who opened in opposition to Mr. Elrington continue their rivalry for more than a few months. period, likewise, a Music Hall was erected in Crow-street, the management of Messrs. Griffith and Whyte, attained success. The Duke of Dorset, then Lord Lieutenant, was ably partial to the drama, and a munificent patron of it, so, indeed, that he frequently gave bi-weekly "command nights." Mr. Elrington, lessee of the Smock-alley Theatre, died in 1732, at a time when he had it in contemplation to erect another and more stately edifice, in Aungier-street. He was succeeded in the management by a sort of "limited liability" company, of which his brother was the principal. Under their directory, Smock-alley was renovated and decorated at a considerable outlay, and opened in the October of 1732. At this period it would appear that theatrical wardrobes were frequently repaired by presents from the nobility. In "Faulkner's Journal," of this date, we read the following paragraph:—"The Right Hon. Lord Mountcashel has made a present to some of our managers, of five suits of the finest laced and embroidered clothes that were ever seen on any stage;" and again:—"The fine clothes lately given by the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Mountcashel, were for the use of the whole company, and it is hoped our nobility and gentry will follow that noble and generous example." About this time Madame Violante let her booth in George's-street to a new company, who seem to have been so successful in their speculation that the Smock-alley managers became jealous, and, on application to the lord mayor, compelled them, on his authority, to close the booth. This exercise of municipal power was highly resented by the public, and occasioned the erection of a new theatre in Rainsford-street, in the Liberties. Strange as the site may now appear, this locality at that time was inhabited by a very influential and wealthy class of citizens, in addition to which it was beyond the jurisdiction of the lord mayor, the company playing under a licence granted by the Earl of Meath. This was about the latter end of 1732, or early in 1733. We have already said that previous to the death of Mr. Elrington, lessee of the Smock-alley house, he had projected the building of a new theatre in Aungier-street. His decease retarded, but did not prevent the ultimate execution of the design. The first stone of the new building was laid, with great public pomp and ceremony, on May 8th, 1733, by the Right Hon. Richard Tighe, assisted by General Napper, William Tighe, Esq.; and the Hon. Sir Edward Loveitt Pearce, Knt., Surveyor-General of Works in Ireland. During the remainder of this year three theatres were open in Dublin; Smock-alley, Rainsford-street, and Madame Violante's booth in George's-lane, where plays, however, were only occasionally performed. In addition to these was the celebrated Tony Ashton's "Medley," in Patrick's-close. A new Music Hall was also erected this year in Crow-street, by a Mr. Johnson, on the ruins of which the "Theatre Royal" afterwards arose. The entertainments here were conducted by a Signor Arrigoni, a very celebrated Italian composer and violinist.

Such was the expedition employed in the erection of Aungier-street theatre that it was entirely completed in exactly ten months from the laying of the first stone, and was opened on March 19th, 1734, with Farquhar's comedy of "The Recruiting Officer," the Duke and Duchess of Dorset honouring the occasion with their presence. After this a lengthened rivalry commenced between this establishment and that in Rainsford-street, which was attended by alternate successes. At last, however, just as both began to feel the ebb of popular favour, the proprietors of the old theatre in Smock-alley resolved once more to try their fortune. The old edifice was pulled down, and the first stone of a new theatre laid on May 19th, 1735, which, in less than seven months from that day, was finished and played in, having been opened on December 11th, with the comedy of "Love Makes a Man; or, the Fop's Fortune." The fortunes of the Rainsford-street house had long been on the decline,

account of its remote situation; and the contest now between Aungier-street and Smock-alley Theatres, the former its patent as a "Royal" establishment, while the latter a licence granted to Mr. Lewis Duval, the manager, action it was rebuilt, by the lord mayor. However, decline of the drama at this time in Dublin, that at the the metropolitan season, the respective companies of attending the races at Mullingar, Carlow, Clonmel, &c. In June, 1739, the celebrated Mr. Quin, then at his fame, played several nights at Smock-alley, and houses. The ensuing winter brought Peg Woffington to the stage. This lady had for some years quitted Madame de Miroir, and been engaged at Aungier-street, where she danced the entr'acte ballets. On February 12th, 1736-7, she appeared as "Ophelia," in "Hamlet," being her first appearance in a speaking character on the stage.

The unprecedentedly severe winter of 1739-40 caused an entire cessation of all public amusements, the theatres remaining entirely closed for nearly three months. In June, 1741, the after-season of the Aungier-street theatre commenced with a brilliancy never before known in the Irish dramatic annals. This was the engagement of Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber, both then in the meridian of their eminence, and their exertions soon turned the scale in favour of the Aungier-street house. But Mr. Duval, the lessee of Smock-alley, was by no means idle. He secured the services of several eminent artists, amongst others Mr. Chetwood, who for upwards of twenty years had been prompter at Drury-lane, and to whose experience the Dublin stage was indebted for many improvements. Under his direction the "wings" were first moved simultaneously with the scenes, by means of a barrel underneath, an achievement which was publicly boasted of as a masterpiece of mechanism. In the winter of this year (1741) a new Music Hall was built in Fishamble-street, the first concert in which was given on October 2nd. Shortly after its erection Handel came over to Dublin, and his immortal oratorio of the "Messiah" was performed in it in the December following, Mrs. Cibber singing several of the songs. The extraordinary success of this lady and Quin, at Aungier-street, put Duval on his mettle, and Smock-alley, in turn, reigned triumphant. For his season he engaged Giffard, Peg Woffington, and David Garrick—"Little David," as he was familiarly called by Dr. Johnson. Such combined powers had never before graced the Irish stage. Though great had been Garrick's name, and much expected from him, yet his success was beyond all belief. In the role of "Richard III.," especially, the character in which he had first appeared in London, at a small theatre in Goodman's-fields, in 1741, he was without a peer. So crowded was the theatre each night during the summer months that an epidemic distemper, induced by the excessive heat, proved fatal to numbers, and was known as the "Garrick Fever." But, if this enterprise of Duval's raised the Dublin stage to a degree never known before, by a subsequent single stroke he equally debased it. This was by the engagement of a company of acrobats and rope-dancers, who after all had not sufficient merit to attract, but whose performances desecrated the boards which but a few months before had been trod by the first actors of the age. About this time Dr. Arne, so eminent for his musical abilities, visited Dublin, and, by the merits of his operatic troupe, succeeded in attracting large audiences to the Music Hall, in Fishamble-street. His services were afterwards secured for the Aungier-street theatre, where Milton's "Masque of Comus" was revived on January 10th, 1743, with considerable effect. Towards the close of the month the character of "Richard III." was attempted by a young gentleman amateur, at Smock-alley theatre, who succeeded in impersonating this difficult rôle beyond the most sanguine expectations of his friends. He subsequently undertook the part of "Mithridates," in Nathaniel Lee's tragedy of that name, in which he so amply confirmed public opinion, that he threw off all disguise, and was for the future announced as "Mr. Sheridan." The lessees of the rival theatres, at this time, were convinced by experience that for many years each had been playing a losing game, and concluded that it would be mutually advantageous to unite interests, and perform in Aungier-street theatre only. But this salutary expedient did not answer the end proposed. In amalgamating the companies it became necessary to reject many members, and these thinking themselves

aggrieved, had the address to obtain the lease of Smock-alley from Duval, the principal proprietor, and to form an opposition. After his successful debut, Sheridan had not acceded to the terms offered him by the Aungier-street management, and espoused their cause; but so destitute of merit were they, that his utmost abilities were insufficient to support them, and he at length seceded, leaving Dublin for London, in January, 1744, to accept a capital engagement at Drury-lane. On his withdrawal the rivalry terminated for a time. Shortly after this, Mr. Barry made his debut, on the boards of the Aungier-street theatre. This gentleman was born at Skinner-row, Dublin, in 1717, and was descended from a very good family, being a near relative of Barry, the last Lord Santry. The character of "Othello" was selected for his first appearance, and most admirably did he support it. Foote, the celebrated comedian, at this time first visited Dublin, and played in conjunction with Barry. In the meantime the members who had been excluded from the new company, unable to obtain Smock-alley a second time, hastily erected a little theatre in Capel-street, styling themselves the "City Company of Comedians," in which, having obtained the lord mayor's sanction, they opened, in January, 1744-5, with the play of the "Merchant of Venice." Towards the close of this winter the managers of the Aungier-street and Smock-alley houses, finding their affairs beyond their power to retrieve, as a *dernier resort* solicited Sheridan to return from London, and undertake the sole direction and management. To this request he acceded, and in May, played for a few nights in conjunction with Barry. Early the next season, in the October of 1744, he opened the theatrical campaign, at the Smock-alley Theatre, with such a company as Dublin had till then never beheld. Amongst the members were Miss Bellamy, an actress of extraordinary abilities, Garrick, and Barry. With such a galaxy of talent it is not to be wondered at that when the season terminated, in May, 1746, Sheridan found the result, both in fame and profit, to have infinitely exceeded his expectations, while, as far as the public were concerned, it was universally admitted to have been the most honourable and brilliant that had ever marked the Irish dramatic annals.

About this period the theatre was the scene of many outrages on the part of the students of Trinity College. One of the most remarkable of these affairs occurred during Sheridan's management, and although ultimately it proved of advantage to the interest of the drama, involved that gentleman for a time in much litigation. At the representation of the comedy of "Æsop," (written by Sir John Vanbrugh) on the evening of the 19th of January, 1746, a student of the university, named Kelly, entered the pit, much intoxicated, and climbing over the spikes of the orchestra, gained the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, where he addressed Mrs. Dyer, an actress of unblemished reputation, in such gross terms, that all the ladies of the company were compelled to retire to their dressing-rooms. Thither he pursued them, and on being refused admittance, made such a noise as completely disturbed the business of the stage. Miss Bellamy, to whom we have already adverted, played one of the principal characters in the piece, and was afraid to venture out until Sheridan had the offender removed and civilly re-conducted to the pit, where he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself with pelting the performers. When the curtain finally fell, Kelly forced his way in at the stage-door, and up to the manager's dressing-room, where he used such opprobrious epithets, that Sheridan was naturally provoked to strike him several times. A few nights after Sheridan, being advertised for "Horatio" in the "Fair Penitent," at the particular request of his friends, did not attend the theatre that evening, in consequence of the threats of vengeance which had been uttered against him, but deputed Mr. Dyer, the husband of the lady who had been insulted, to acquaint the audience with the cause of his absence, and to apologise for him. This was no sooner done than Kelly, accompanied by about fifty of his associates, collegians and others, rose *en masse* in the pit, and making across the lights and through the orchestra upon the stage, proceeded directly to the green-room, and thence to all the dressing-rooms, in quest of Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust their swords through wardrobes and every place where he might be likely to be concealed, by way of *feeling* for him, as they facetiously called it, but finding their search to be in vain, they went off to his house in Dorset-street, from whence, however, they withdrew, upon discovering that the intended victim had provided for their reception. This transaction

was on a Thursday night, and the next day it was the general topic of conversation throughout the city. Parties soon ran high, and while the dispute lasted (nearly a month,) there were as many pamphlets published as would make an octavo volume. In fact, the whole kingdom became involved in this quarrel; but while the manager was opposed by a large clique, chiefly of the students, who from a strong *esprit de corps* were always ready to avenge any real or fancied insult to a member of their body, and those who through family connection, or a spirit of reckless lawlessness, espoused their cause, he was supported by all persons of worth and honour, as well as by the laws. A noble spirit was raised and diffused throughout the city with great rapidity, and soon had an opportunity of being publicly and unmistakably evidenced. "Richard III." was announced for performance, and when Sheridan appeared in the leading character, he was greeted with loud cries of: "A submission, a submission, a submission, off, off, off!" met with counter demonstrations, and shouts of: "No submission, no submission, go on with the play." To do this amid the turmoil which ensued, and which baffles description, would have been simply impossible, but at this critical juncture the celebrated Charles Lucas, then well-known for his glorious struggles in the cause of liberty, rose up in the pit, and asserted the rights of the audience, and the freedom of the stage. He expressed his astonishment and detestation of men bringing their private quarrels with managers or players into the theatre, and such he apprehended the present case to be; but since the dispute was introduced, it must, like other disputes there, be determined by the majority. The actors, he observed, were the servants of the audience, and under their protection during the performance, to receive which they paid at the door, and he looked upon every insult or interruption given to them, in the discharge of their duty, as offered to the audience. He was heard with great respect, and rapturously applauded, and on a division, the numbers were so great against the rioters, that afraid of the consequences they suddenly left the theatre, and the performance of that evening proceeded in peace. However, scenes of a similar kind continued to be enacted, until at length the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted, and he then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank at this period, that every one thought it would be impossible that any jury could convict a *gentleman* for an assault upon a *scoundrel player*. In fact, a barrister in court sneeringly remarked that he had never seen a *gentleman player*. "Then, Sir," said Sheridan, "I hope you see one now!" The result disproved the general impression. Kelly, the ringleader, was found guilty of a violent assault, mulcted in a fine of £500, and to the surprise and dismay of his *gentlemen associates*, committed to Newgate.

In 1776, the first masquerade ball in Dublin was held at the Music Hall, in Fishamble-street, where likewise the first Irish State Lottery was drawn in 1780. The flooring of a room in this building gave way, during a public meeting, in 1782, by which some lives were lost, and many persons severely injured. The Irish Parliament passed an Act to regulate the Dublin Theatre Royal in 1788. Astley's Amphitheatre for the display of horsemanship, etc., was opened in 1789, in Peter-street, in the edifice now known as the Molyneux Asylum for Blind Females, to the service of which institution it was converted in 1815. In this year, also, the Catholic Church of Sts. Michael and John was erected on the site of the old Smock-alley theatre.

In here terminating our theatrical retrospect, we have not been influenced to do so through any paucity of materials. The annals of the Crow-street establishment, which was opened in 1758, are, however, too voluminous and interesting to be noticed in a hurried manner, and we therefore reserve them for a future paper, in the compilation of which we shall have frequent opportunities of referring to a work which, for its masterly scholarship, and genial gossiping style, has never been excelled by any emanation from the Irish press; we allude to Gilbert's "History of the City of Dublin." The present Theatre-Royal, in Hawkins-street, was erected by Samuel Beazley, Esq., in 1820, and the first performance took place on Thursday, January 18th, 1821, the pieces selected for the occasion being Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors," and the farce of "The Sleep-walker." Previous to the commencement of the comedy an address from the pen of George Colman was delivered by Mr. Farren, then stage-manager, from which, as an

historic outline of the site of the theatre, we quote the following lines:—

"Here once a market reared its busy head,
Where sheep, instead of tragic heroes, bled;
Bright cleavers formed a band to charm the ears,
Joints dangled in the place of chandeliers;
Stout butchers, stern as critics, had their day,
And cut up oxen, like a modern play—
Soon Science came; his steel the butcher drops,
Removes with awe the shambles and the shops,
And learning triumphed over mutton chops!"

Then in the School, by patriotism reared,
Arts, Agriculture, Chemistry appeared,
Botanic lore—and studies all too great
For our inferior powers to emulate;
No merit we in Agriculture claim—
To cultivate your favour is our aim—
Which gained, by learned chemists we are told
It turns by playhouse alchemy to gold;
While all the Botany we dare to boast,
Lies in those plants your breath may cherish most.

Again the scene was changed, by wisdom's rule;
Want's refuge then succeeded Learning's school;
No more in streets the shiv'ring beggar stood;
Vice found correction here, and famine food;
Morality rejoiced at Sloth's defeat,
And Pity smil'd to see the hungry eat.

At length, and following these wretched elves,
Behold another race!—we mean ourselves,
Who, leaning to our predecessors' laws,
Now beg most heartily for your applause—
Beg you, brave Erin's sons, and Erin's fair,
To make your Nation's Theatre your care."

E. M' M.

A REAL GRIEVANCE.

I, THE writer of these lines, am, I think I may venture to say, a man of a decidedly contemplative turn of mind. Now, I know very well that, at first sight, this remark may appear very egotistical and perhaps even vain. But, dear reader, or, courteous reader, or whichever title may please you best, don't be in a hurry to jump at any such conclusion. "*Siste paulisper*," which in plain English means, wait awhile. I may be of a contemplative turn of mind. I don't deny that I am of a contemplative turn of mind; but then, you see, it is natural that I should be so. You will understand this better when I tell you that I am a single gentleman of a *certain* age. My friends say that I am considerably on the wrong side of thirty, but what do they know about it, I should very much like to know? I am not aware that the certificate of my birth is in the possession of any one of them, and I must say, that I consider some very free remarks which were made on the fact that six-and-twenty was given as my age in the late census, very uncalled for. My hair may be a little grey, I don't deny; and it may be a little thin on the top too; but is that any proof of their reckless assertions? Why, there is my friend Jones, and he declares that he is only four-and-twenty, and I know that he wears a wig; for he and I were taking a stroll in the Phoenix a few weeks ago, and two ladies of our acquaintance happening to pass at the moment, of course we both raised our hats. By some strange accident, Jones not only raised his hat, but also his beautiful head of hair too (curly black); and, although I promise you that his salute was of the shortest, and that he replaced his hat a good deal more quickly than he had removed it, still I had sufficient time to see that his skull was as bare as a deal board. I turned at once and became suddenly absorbed in the contemplation of the "overgrown milestone" which embellishes our beautiful park, and when I again addressed myself to Jones, it was with a smiling and unconscious face, as if I were totally ignorant of his unlucky accident. But, as I have said, I saw his skull, nevertheless, and I merely mention the fact here to show that because a man happens to be bald it does not necessarily follow that he is over thirty years of age.

But to return to my object, which is, to show how natural it is that I should be of a contemplative turn of mind. As I have already said, I am a single gentleman, of a certain age. (My friends say that I am a confirmed bachelor, but that is neither here nor there, only it is wonderful *how* one's friends *will* talk.) Being a single gentleman, as aforesaid, it is, perhaps, not very surprising that I am a literary character. My first essays in this line took the form of poetry, and for several years I was a regular contributor to the "Luminary," "Comet," and other publications. I must confess that this was before I got the few silver threads (you see I am rather poetical even yet) interwoven in my raven locks. My poetical efforts were decidedly unprofitable in a pecuniary point of view. The notices (I have them all in my scrap-book) which appeared in the various papers for which I wrote, spoke of me as "our gifted contributor," "our truly talented friend, whose gifted effusions shed a halo of glory around our columns," etc., etc. In fact, my modesty won't allow me to repeat half the compliments which were passed upon my effusions. I was very proud of them at the time, and, even yet, I am quite conscious that I wrote some very pretty things; but, at the same time, with that candour which is a distinguishing trait in my character, I am quite ready to admit that I was rather too much inclined to apostrophise "the silver orb of night," or, as Mr. Snagsby remarks, not to put too strong a point upon it, that I was rather "spoony." However, as I have said, this was before I had attained a "certain age," and before my few grey hairs had made their appearance. With their advent I am inclined to believe that a good deal of the poetry of my nature evaporated, for I remember, about that time, beginning to think that a few pounds in my pocket would be a good deal more profitable than the flattering notices (and I never wrote one of them myself) which were heaped upon me in the "Luminary" and the "Comet." At all events, I turned my attention and my efforts in another direction, which I have found much more profitable, and I think I may venture to say that my last book has made a considerable noise in the world. In fact, the other day, as I was taking a walk on the pier of a certain watering-place, where I happened to be staying for a few days, I heard one young lady pointing me out to another as the author of that "love of a book, ————"; and, although I passed on as if I had not heard the remark, it was but natural, you know, that I should feel somewhat flattered by it.

But, to come to the point once more. Being a literary man, I am, naturally enough, a contemplative man; for how could we write except we were great observers of men and manners; and I have in my possession at this moment, a letter which I have lately received from an eminent literary man, whom I never saw, declaring that my last book bears evidence of the most profound and sagacious observation. From all this it must follow plainly enough, to every unprejudiced mind, that when I commenced this paper, by remarking that I was a man of a decidedly contemplative turn of mind, I was neither guilty of egotism nor of vanity. I merely made the remark to show how it is that I have come to write upon the subject which stands at the head of this paper. I confess that I *may* have taken up a good deal of paper in proving this, but I do not see how, with due regard to my own character, I could have done so more concisely; and, if any one should be base enough to insinuate that because the literary gentlemen attached to this journal are remunerated at so much a page, I have therefore been "spinning it out," I have only to answer with the venerable Mrs. Gamp, so well known in the classic literature of our empire, that I "despise" all such base insinuations.

But, to come to the point now in good earnest. Being, as I have just shown, of a decidedly contemplative turn of mind, when I was a short time ago politely invited by the spirited conductors of this journal to contribute something or other to its pages, I determined to commit to paper some few ideas on a subject about which I have been thinking a good deal of late. You will understand that I allude to the subject of grievances.

I wonder very much whether every man and woman has his or her own peculiar grievance. I can't as yet, I am sorry to say, quite make up my mind on this point; and, consequently, I am not able to speak with so much precision as I could wish. I have never as yet, and my circle of acquaintance is somewhat extensive, been fortunate enough to meet with a person who did not say that he was labouring under some grievance or other. I am sure that I have plenty of them. But the point which I am not able to settle with

satisfaction to myself is this, viz., whether every person who scolds and grumbles, and talks about his or her grievance, may be safely reckoned as labouring under the aforesaid misfortune. I have often heard it said that there are some people, and especially among the gentler sex, who could not live without they had a grievance; but I do not attach much importance to this observation. What I want to know is, whether every person must be supposed to be labouring under a real *bonâ fide* grievance or not?

For example, there is my friend Scroggins of the Inner Temple. Scroggins, you must know, is heir to a clear £2,000 a year; and, being a man of very quiet and retiring habits, he will, no doubt, be able to live very comfortably upon it. (I should be very glad to live upon a great deal less.) Scroggins is reading a course of law, to enable him, I suppose, hereafter to discharge efficiently the duty of a country magistrate; for I am sure that he never intends to practise at the bar. The present allowance of Scroggins is £800 a year, and being, as I have just said, a very steady and excellent young man, he lives very handsomely upon it. I believe that he does not owe a penny to any one. So far as my knowledge goes, he has not an anxiety in the world, except, perhaps, about his dinner; and yet, I never drop in to see the old fellow, and I do drop in pretty often about luncheon time, for he keeps an uncommonly good tap of claret, but he spends half the time we are together, grumbling about some fellow who lives in the chambers over his head, and who spends a considerable portion of each day playing the nigger melodies on a German flute. Scroggins declared to me solemnly, the very last time that ever I called, that the gentleman overhead had spent a full two hours that morning, in warbling on his flute that he was leaving in sorrow some lady of the name of Annie, to whom he seemed to be attached; and, grasping my hand, Scroggins pathetically declared that he could stand it no longer; and must leave his pleasant and commodious chambers. Of course, I inquired of Scroggins whether he had never made a representation of the nuisance to the gentleman overhead. "Often, my friend," answered Scroggins, "often, very often, have I sent up my servant with the most polite messages, to say that I was rather unwell, and should deem it a great favour if the gentleman would kindly discontinue for a little time his musical performances, but the only notice he has taken of my message has been immediately to strike up, 'There was an old nigger,' or 'Old Bob Ridley,' or some such objectionable air." And, even as Scroggins spoke, the gentleman upstairs, having taken a little breath, I suppose, recommenced his pathetic leave-taking of the lady of the name of Annie, and judging of the ceremony by his performance, I should imagine that it must have been a very melancholy piece of business. As the gentleman struck up, Scroggins squeezed my hand very hard, and looked unutterable things.

Now, what I want to know is this: viz., whether, all things considered, present and future, Scroggins may be fairly set down as having a grievance or not?

One of the latest cases which has come before me is that of my friend Jenkins, for I reserve my own peculiar grievances for a separate paper. The case of Jenkins has cost me a good deal of thought, and even yet I have not made my way clearly through it; I will state it as briefly as possible.

Jenkins and I are very old friends. In fact, we were at school together, and later on, we occupied the same lodgings for several years. Some time ago, the very day indeed when poor Jones had the sad accident in the Park with his head of hair, I was walking down Sackville-street after parting from Jones, when whom should I meet but my dear old friend, Jenkins. We shook hands very cordially, and immediately linked arm in arm. We don't often meet now-a-days, for I must tell you, that some time ago Jenkins took unto himself a helpmate, or better half, or whatever name you may wish to give the lady, and since that time the visits of Jenkins to his old haunts and his old friends have been, to use an expression which I am afraid has lost the charm of novelty, "like angel's visits, few and far between." As I have said, Jenkins greeted me very cordially, and at once insisted upon my accompanying him home to dine; and, as I really love poor old Jenkins, and as I had nothing but cold mutton at home, I very willingly consented. We chatted very pleasantly about old times until we reached Jenkins's house in — Square, (never mind the name.) A beautiful house, and everything in first-rate style. After a while, Jenkins left me in the drawing-room whilst he went to seek Mrs. J.; and here, I may remark, that I had dined with them several times soon after their marriage, but

had found Mrs. J. so decidedly stiff and cold, that I had rather shirked a repetition of the ceremony. I have been told that, as a general rule, married ladies have a considerable antipathy to the bachelor friends of their husband's; and although I feel certain that Mrs. J. need not have entertained any such sentiment towards me, still I could not help feeling that some such prejudice did exist in the mind of Mrs. J. against me.

But to return to my story. Jenkins left me alone, and I heard him enter an adjoining room. The partition wall was very thin, and I soon heard voices which I recognized as those of Jenkins and his amiable and accomplished lady in very animated conversation. Although I give my word of honour that I did not listen, still, I could not help hearing disjointed words; and whilst what I heard from Jenkins, poor old fellow, was principally such expressions as, "own house"—"old friend"—"confounded shame"—I am bound to admit, that Mrs. J.'s exclamations were by no means of such a pleasant nature; and "dissipated fellows"—"cold mutton"—"I can't and I won't, won't, won't, won't," certainly occupied an unpleasant prominence in her share of the conversation. This went on for some time, and I was, naturally enough, becoming uneasy, when again hearing "I won't, I won't, no, that I won't," repeated so loudly that I thought Mrs. J. must be going off into hysterics, a door was hastily banged, and old Jenkins re-entered the drawing-room. He certainly did look very cross, as he muttered some excuse about Mrs. J.'s not being very well, and that he was afraid we should not be able to dine at his house, but must go to his club. Before leaving his house he rang the bell for a glass of wine, but the smart parlour maid soon returned to say, that Mrs. Jenkins could not find the keys; and Jenkins, springing to his feet, with something which, I am sorry to say, sounded very like an oath in his mouth, we started for the club.

Jenkins took the charge of the dinner upon himself, and I must say that an uncommonly good dinner it was. The wines were of the choicest description, and we had a very pleasant evening together, I admit. Of course, I several times reminded Jenkins that, as Mrs. J. was only poorly, he had better be looking homewards, but, indeed, he seemed to treat Mrs. J.'s indisposition very lightly, and we sat together till considerably after midnight; and, when at last we parted, at Jenkins' door, he was, I must say, in a considerably "elevated" state; and I can only hope that Mrs. J. was not sitting up for him, for Jenkins confidently informed me, as we shook hands on his steps, that he would stand no more nonsense. I ought, perhaps, to have called next morning to inquire after Mrs. J.'s health, but I dispensed with that ceremony, and have not seen that estimable lady since.

Now, this case of Jenkins set me thinking a good deal. I take it that Jenkins had a perfect right to ask an old friend home to dinner. I didn't object to cold mutton, especially if served with that best of all seasonings, a warm welcome, for I had nothing but cold mutton at home. Besides, how easy it would have been to have sent out to the butcher for a few chops, and the cold mutton, the chops served à la Française, and a tart from the confectioner's, would have made a very nice little dinner. Then, what right had Mrs. J. to object to me, or call me a dissipated fellow? I never borrowed money of Jenkins. I never took him to any place where it was not fit and proper for him to go. Dissipated fellow, indeed! why, I was never tipsy in my life. I don't deny that I may sometimes have been a little "elevated," but I was never taken home in a cab, or put to bed with my boots on. I pay all my bills, and attend my own place of worship regularly; and again I ask, and ask emphatically, why should Mrs. J. object to me, or class me amongst those whom she designates "dissipated fellows?" And, waxing elo-

quent on the theme, I demand to know what right had Mrs. J. to say that she had lost the keys, and refuse to give Jenkins a glass of wine in his own house? Bachelors, married and single, I put it to you, whether Jenkins may be fairly held to be labouring under bona fide grievance or not?

On the other hand, however, I am perfectly aware that Mrs. J. under an impression that she can make out a very strong case in her own favour. Mrs. J. indignantly asks what right Jenkins has to bring one of his dissipated friends (how she does harp upon the string, but I treat her insinuations with the silent contempt which they merit,) to dinner, without giving her due notice, and when there was nothing but cold mutton in the house; and, still more, what right had he to bounce out in such a fury, and go off to his club, and remain there until day light? Pretty conduct, indeed, for a married man, and the father of a family! And then, Mrs. J. begins to pout and cry, and declare that if it were not for her babies, she would go back to her father, that she would, and that Jenkins to his dissipated friends, and then let him see how he would manage; and, perhaps when she was gone, perhaps when he had killed her with his vile conduct, he will understand her value better, and a great deal more to the same effect, à la Mrs. Caudle. And Mrs. Jenkins, unfeeling brute that he is, (the words are Mrs. J.'s, I believe to say,) only sneers and laughs, and says that he hopes he shall be able to understand her value then, as he does not see much prospect of doing so at an earlier period. And when Jenkins is off to his club again, and Mrs. J. and some of her intimate friends (and I never objects to their company) are at the tea table in the drawing-room, they comfort her with their declarations, that she is a poor dear, a poor martyr, and they only wish that Jenkins would treat them so, and they should like to see their husbands bringing a nasty fellows home to dinner without their permission, etc., etc., until, by the time they have finished their quantum of tea, Mrs. J. is perfectly convinced that she is a martyr, and that she is labouring under the burden of a very heavy grievance.

As I have already remarked, this case of poor Jenkins has occupied my thoughts a good deal, and I am trying to see my way through it philosophically, and with relation to the subject of grievance. What I want to settle is, whether the grievance in this case must be said to be on the side of Jenkins, or on the side of Mrs. J. Whether either of them can be truly said to be labouring under the aforesaid infliction. My opinion stands very much in this way. I think that Jenkins ought not to have taken me home to dine without having been much more certain of Mrs. J.'s acquiescence in the step; and, so far, it appears to me, that Jenkins was wrong in spite of Mrs. J.'s friends and their declarations, I appeal to the confidence to the kindly matrons and mothers of this land, what, under the circumstances, and considering that Jenkins *did* take me home with him; it would not have been a great deal more becoming in Mrs. J. to have come down to the drawing-room, with a cheerful smile upon her face, and a hearty welcome for her husband's old friend. I shouldn't have cared about the cold mutton then—Jenkins wouldn't have gone off to his club, and stayed till two o'clock in the morning, and every thing would have been a great deal more satisfactory for all parties concerned.

My own opinion is, that neither Jenkins nor his wife can be said to be suffering under a *real* grievance, inasmuch as their annoyances arise from themselves, and are altogether unnecessary. But, as I have said, I have not quite made up my mind on the matter, and I throw out these ideas, that the readers of this journal may turn their thoughts to a subject so well worthy their attentive consideration.

My own grievances, and they are grievances and no mistake, will form the subject of a future paper. INCOGNITO.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE MILLER OF MOHILL.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAP. II.—THE PLOT—A CHARACTER—THE ABDUCTION FOILED.

BY the time they had finished the bottle the three Tipperary boys were verging upon intoxication, not so much so, however, as that the drink they had taken deprived them of the use of their reason. When the conversation was concluded they retired to the barn, which was their usual sleeping-place. Having gone to bed

Hannigan, who was the soberest of the three, addressed them as follows:—

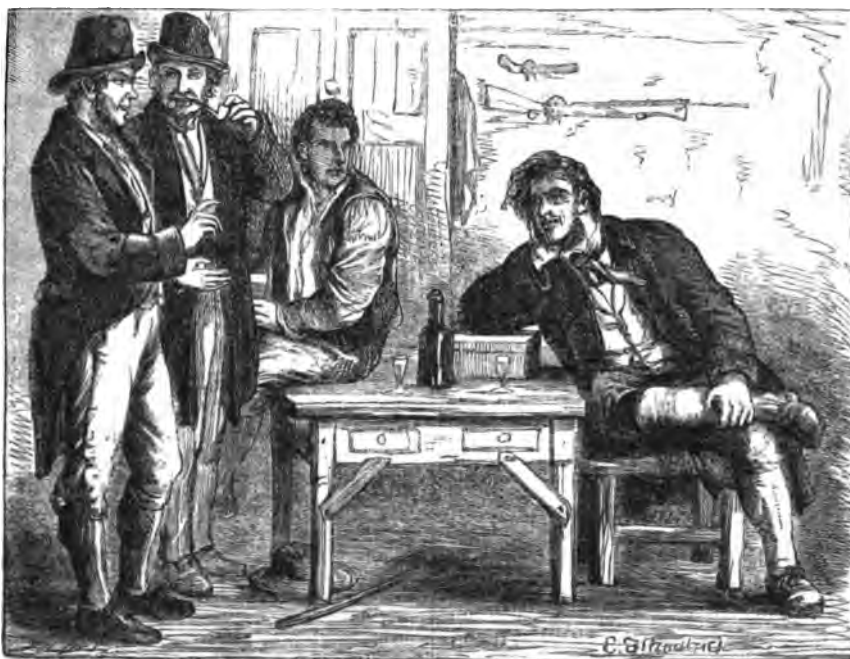
"Thatman," said he, "is bent on mischief. As I am a living sinner, I can read it in his face, but let him go on with it, I have my plans as well as he has; if he brings her to the mountains I know what'll happen. 'Twould be far safer to shoot Cavanagh from behind a hedge than to take away the girl. But then, again, if Cavanagh was to be shot he'd get us to do it, and maybe he would give us but a very triflin' payment for it, for you both know he's a grub—very well—let him take away the girl, and sure enough we can and will help

him to do so, and then when the prosecution comes, we can very easily turn king's evidence. We're not known here, and any way we go under false names, and then if anything of what you know comes against us we'll maybe be let down easy."

"We'll talk of it to-morrow," said Houlaghan; "let me alone now, I want to go sleep."

In a few minutes these three mysterious men were sunk into that dreamless and heavy torpor which intoxication so frequently superinduces upon guilt itself.

Michael Sullivan and his three confrères found the proposal of this atrocious outrage anything but acceptable to James Sullivan. The boy's heart was full of a generous and humane spirit, and in the first instance, revolted at the cowardly guilt of such an act. His brother, however, possessed great influence over him, and in connection with the three servants, he left nothing undone to mitigate his hostility to the project. Every evening, or rather at a late hour at night, the bottle was produced and he was plied with liquor, and such plausible arguments as they could advance, until at length they found him beginning to give way. What, indeed, will not the



influence of liquor and the corruption of evil communication ultimately effect in any mind, much less in one like his, which, though generous and affectionate, was never remarkable for firmness. The period appointed for the marriage of Miss Kennedy and Cavanagh was fast approaching; his dwelling-house and out-offices were already built, and nothing remained

but to furnish the former. At length, though with great reluctance, he acquiesced, and the plan was not only laid, but the very night of its execution appointed.

It is a well-known fact, that before the appointment of District Lunatic Asylums, there was in every parish a neglected being deprived of reason, called a fool, who went about from village to village, living and sleeping no one knew how or where. These creatures were frequently great drudges at work, but only when they could be induced to labour by hunger and the temptation of what is called a fogmeal, that is to say, such a complement of coarse victuals as would satisfy three healthy men even to repletion. In general, however, they were lazy, crafty, and though apparently negligent of every thing that occurred about them, yet often remarkable for considerable powers of observation and a prying curiosity of such families as harboured them on their rounds and treated them with kindness. Curiosity with respect to those, however, resulted simply from gratitude and a disposition to serve them in a practicable manner. Against those, however, who neglected them, or treated them with harshness or ridicule, they entertained a bitter and vindictive feeling, which often prompted them to watch such persons with all the vigilance and cunning of a spy or detective. Gratitude and revenge, in fact, were the predominant features of their character, and these they carried out to the utmost extent of their ability.

In this parish there was a fool of the class we have described named "Jemmy," but as to what his surname was nobody could tell, nor we believe was it ever known: at least when questioned on the subject he always declared that he was ignorant of it himself. He was a rough hairy tyke, bandy and broad-shouldered, and possessed, in fact, of the strength of two ordinary men. His weather-beaten features were of course remarkable for that vacant expression which is occasioned by the want of reflection and reason; his forehead was low but rather broad, and from his unsettled eye shot forth occasional glimpses of cunning, good-humour, or resentment as the case might be; but their expression lasted not long, for in a short time the wild, rambling, and unsettled look returned once more. Jemmy, however, was possessed of one bad quality by which such persons are not unusually characterized. He was a notorious thief, and stole every thing almost on which he could with safety lay his hands. He had been in the habit of lounging and skulking about the Mill of Mohill until his thievish pranks became so notorious that the honest miller found it necessary to get a horsewhip in order to correct him, which he would have done were it not for the interference of James Sullivan, who happened to be present at the time and saved him from a severe castigation.

"Begone, you lazy, thievish glutton," said the miller, shaking the whip at him; "by the contents of the gudgeon, if ever I catch you sneaking in or about this mill again, I'll throw you head foremost into the hopper, grind you into sparables, and nail my brogues wid you afterwards. Begone, you thief!"

Jemmy, though strong, was an arrant coward, but as vindictive as he was cowardly, and as secret as he was vindictive. In fact he never broke trust, however, with those who were kind to him when running of errands and messages; and as to his theft it was, after all, only a one-sided theft, for he was never known to steal unless from his enemies, that is to say, from those who treated him badly. James Sullivan, long before the day on which he saved him from the flogging, had been a kind of friend and patron to him; and if there existed an individual to whom Jemmy was attached more than another, it was he. His resentment, however, against the miller was black and bitter, and scarcely a day passed whilst in the neighbourhood that he did not brood over some project of revenge; but still he was kept aloof from his house and premises by his cowardice. Sullivan's

kitchen, on the contrary, was always open to him, as was the barn, where he had a shake-down of straw, with sacks and a winnow-cloth to cover him whenever he wanted a bed. Indeed, from the day on which Kennedy banished him from the mill, he became almost domesticated with his protector, and took a peculiar fancy to work with the men, where he certainly displayed prodigious powers of labour.

One night about this time Michael Sullivan was returning from the wake of a relation, when he had on his way home occasion to pass the mill. The hour was about three o'clock in the morning, but our readers may judge of his surprise when he heard the mill hard at work, and perceived a strong smell of fire. He went to the door and found it locked, and, aware that some untoward, accident or some act of deliberate mischief had occurred, with ready presence of mind, he immediately let down the sluice and stopped the mill. His next course was to knock the miller up and inform him of what had happened, requesting him to dress and come out, for that he feared the wood works of the mill had caught fire, and that if he did not hurry the loss of the mill and all the property that was in it might be the consequence. In a few minutes the miller was dressed, and on perceiving Sullivan said:—

"Good God! how can this be?—Michael, don't the two boys sleep in the mill?"

"Not this night certainly," replied Sullivan, "for I left them both behind me at my cousin's wake. The mill door is locked too, and, if you have not the key, it may be a bad business."

"Thank God!" replied the miller, "I have another—the key of my own door opens the lock of the mill;" and as he spoke he went into the house, and returned with the key. On entering, they found the boards which cover the outer circumference of the mill-stones partially ignited, but not so much as to occasion any serious apprehension. They were immediately removed and turned up, and, by the aid of sacks dipped in the mill-pond, the burning parts were extinguished.

"In the name of goodness!" exclaimed the miller, "who could have done this? Why, I didn't think I had an enemy in the world; but, thank God! and under Him, you, Michael Sullivan, all is safe. On thing is clear, and that is, that the mill couldn't have been set agoin' more than twenty-five minutes or half an hour at all events. But come in, man; we must have a glass or two on the head of it; for, upon my conscience, I wouldn't be an honest man if I did not drink your health for the service you done me this night."

"I would rather not to-night," replied Michael; "wouldn't be disturbin' the family?"

"Nonsense, man," replied the miller, "sure they can't be more disturbed than they are already; and besides, there's nobody be disturbed but Anne and the girl, and, dang my buttons, be here they come!"

Such was the fact. As he spoke his daughter and the servant maid entered in a state of great alarm, but on perceiving that no serious mischief had been done, Anne, after shaking hands with Sullivan, joined her father in asking him in to partake of some refreshment after their labour. They accordingly returned to the miller's house, where they had a glass or two of spirits and water, enlivened with a good deal of friendly conversation on both sides. The miller thanked Sullivan, and shook him by the hand again and again; and Sullivan on his part drank the health of his old sweetheart—for the father would not allow her to leave them—and "a happy marriage to her and Tom Cavanagh!"

"I once had some hopes myself," said he laughing, "but begad my nose was put out o' joint by a purtier man; but no matter Anne, when you and he are married, here's God bless and prosper you both!"

"Troth, Michael," replied her father, "and only that T

Cavanagh came in the way, the sorra better son-in-law ever I'd ax than yourself; but what can we do man? these girls must have their way—'must follow their own figary,' as the song says."

"Well, indeed Michael," said Anne, "although I couldn't love you when my heart was set upon another, I must say that there's not a man in the parish I respect more highly, and ever will."

Whilst this conversation went on, Sullivan was making the strictest scrutiny into the relative position of the rooms in the house, and the strength and condition of the door and windows. Having satisfied himself upon those points, he shook hands with the worthy miller and his daughter, and having finished his tumbler, he kindly wished them good night.

The next morning at breakfast it was mentioned that Jemmy had been out in the course of the night, and that he kept chuckling to himself for a considerable time after he had returned and gone to bed, like a man who had performed some act that had very much gratified or amused himself. Upon being cross-questioned upon the subject of the mill by Michael Sullivan, he denied it stoutly in the first place, and upon being pressed still more home as to his guilt, he became silent and inscrutable. James, however, took him out to the barn and asked him privately why he set the mill agoing, to which he made no reply unless a significant wink of the eyes, and the utterance of peal after peal of wild and uncouth laughter could be termed such. That he was the individual who had set the mill to work, he admitted however, to James in the course of the day, and it would, indeed, have been well if the vindictive idiot had contented himself with that exploit.

In the meantime they had arrived within a fortnight of the intended marriage, and if the abduction were to be accomplished at all it was felt that the time had come when they should set about it. Hannigan undertook the conduct and management of the whole adventure, and in order that they might the more thoroughly disguise themselves, he induced them to adopt the midnight costume of the old Whiteboy system, which consisted in a shirt worn over their dress, with straw or a handkerchief tied round their hats, so as to conceal their faces. All these were accordingly adopted, and the night arrived on which they were to make the nefarious attempt.

Now, Frank Kennedy, the miller, was a man of considerable wealth, but at the same time, of very simple and primitive notions of business. He never thought for a moment of putting his money out to interest, or of vesting it in any way that might cause it to fructify day by day. On the contrary, he clung to the old and absurd custom of keeping it lying useless, both to himself and others, in a small painted deal chest in his bed-room. On the other hand, he kept himself well provided with arms, in order to its defence. A night never passed during the year on which he did not, before going to bed, put fresh priming in two cases of pistols and a carbine, a precaution which was only known to himself and his daughter. His house, too, stood about a hundred and fifty yards from the mill.

At length the appointed night arrived, and about the hour of two o'clock the five individuals, urged on in point of fact by Michael Sullivan, who gave himself credit for the adroitness of making the three Tipperary men imagine that he was in truth only their agent in the whole design and execution of the outrage;—the five individuals, we say, arrived close to the miller's house, two of them on horseback, and one of the latter actually bearing a pillion behind him for the accommodation of Miss Kennedy. Such was the force of that jealous vengeance by which the elder Sullivan was actuated, that he suffered himself and others to enter upon the perpetration of this stupid and besotted outrage, without once giving himself time to reflect upon its hideous character, and the awful consequences which might result from it. At all events they

arrived at the miller's door, when Michael Sullivan, who was a daring and intrepid man—as many a villain has been—repeated to them once more a plan of the rooms, after which, with the exception of him who held the horses, they assembled about the window, and having broken three or four panes as quietly as they could, attempted to raise the sash and enter. There is nothing, however, which in the stillness of night comes more sharply upon the ear than the sound of breaking glass. Anne, who slept in the room into which the window, if opened, would have led them, was instantly alarmed, and immediately asked in a frightened voice, who was there? To this they made no reply, but with a simultaneous rush at the window succeeded in bursting it in. With singular presence of mind she locked her own apartment after she had left it, and immediately flew to her father's bedroom. This puzzled the assailants for some time, but as quickness in their proceedings was every thing, they drove their united force against it, when it, like the window, gave way. In fact the house had been built for more than a century, and all the doors, window frames, and other wood work belonging to it, were crazed and rotten with age. Anne found her father up, and in the act of dressing himself. The servant-maid, a stout young woman, having also been alarmed, had lighted a candle, which enabled him to dress without a moment's delay. As yet he had not had time to procure his firearms.

"Anne," said he, "be quiet; don't either you or Peggy be alarmed; but above all things, if we come to short grips, don't hould me, but hould them—of course they're robbers."

Neither his daughter nor servant had time to reply to him, when the four men, disguised as we have described them, rushed into the room. A glance was sufficient, and in a twinkling Miss Kennedy, who was only partially dressed, was in the arms of Michael Sullivan, and in another moment Michael Sullivan lay prostrate on the floor by a vigorous blow from the powerful miller. A conflict now took place which was deadly, desperate, and terrible. The courageous miller, who now perceived that it was his daughter, and not his money, that they wanted, fought with the ferocity of a lion, but the numbers were against him, for Michael, who had once more got to his legs, came behind him, and with a blow equally treacherous and powerful, prostrated him in return. Peggy Devlin, which was the name of the servant, kept one of them engaged, but the moment the miller was knocked down, his daughter was once more seized and carried out of the room. The ruffians in the mean time were not aware that he had any arms in the house, whilst he, during the conflict saw that they had three pistols among them, with the butts of which they had frequently struck him. In the mean time on reaching the hall, Michael Sullivan took the key out of the hall-door, lest some of them might open it, in order to get out and alarm the servants who slept in the mill—a necessary precaution, as Peggy ran down for the express purpose, but found herself locked in. In the mean time Anne was hauled out of the window, but not without making the most violent and desperate struggles. A new auxiliary now, however, appeared on her behalf. Michael had once more got her in his arms, when a powerful and ferocious bulldog leaped at his throat, which fortunately was protected by his neckerchief, or he might have paid his life as the forfeit of his violence. As it was, the noble and faithful animal brought him to the ground, where he kept tugging at his neckerchief, in order to reach his naked throat. One of the horses was now brought over to the window beside which Michael lay, the dog still tugging at him, as we have said, and two others endeavouring to extricate him from his grip, when James Sullivan mounting the horse, said to Hannigan—

"Here, bring her over, and we'll hoist her into the pillion."

The words were hardly uttered when the report of either a gun or pistol was heard, and at the same moment James Sullivan dropped off the horse. This caused Hannigan, who was struggling with Anne, to let her go. He ran to young Sullivan, and the moment Anne found herself free, she rushed in through the window to her father. This occasioned a pause, and a fearful pause.

"Here," said Hannigan, "is one of us a corpse—there is nothing now for it but blood for blood—let us shoot the father and then carry her off, that's my advice—blood for blood, I say, and disgrace in its worst sense to the daughter."

"Take your time, gentlemen," said the miller; "let me tell you that I've firearms enough to shoot every man of you as dead as him that dropped off the horse—and as the Lord is to judge me, the first man of you that attempts to euther this window will be before his judgment-seat in less than one minute's time. Man by man I'll drop you stone dead, or two by two, if you prefer it. And what is more, I'll give yez three minutes to take that carrion lyin' there and yourselves away out of this, or I swear that I'll drop you one after another where you stand—and what is more, I'll have neither judge nor jury to call me to an account for it."

There was a tone of determined energy and truth in his words that made them quail before him; and they accordingly consulted for a moment, after which they placed the fallen man across the horse, whilst another sat behind him to prevent him from falling off, and in this manner they took their departure from the miller's house. The dog, having seen that Miss Kennedy had escaped, let go his hold of Sullivan, so that there was no further obstruction to their retreat.

About a quarter of a mile below the miller's house, a small rude stone bridge crossed the mill-race, and from this bridge ran a broad and open way, which cannot be well described unless as one of those paths that lead through a common. At a short distance it gained an imperfect bridle road that led up into the recesses of the mountains. On arriving at this they held a consultation as to what was best to be done under circumstances so unexpected and disastrous; and here again Hannigan, who seemed to be well versed in all the practical resources connected with crime, became the leading spirit. As for Michael Sullivan he could not speak a word; a deep silence resulting from grief for the brother whom he loved so well, and vengeance against the man who had shed his blood, completely sealed his lips, from which nothing issued but groans of agony and rage.

"Now," said Hannigan, "what's to be done? I'm afeard there's one life lost in this business. Can you spake, Misther James?"

"Hardly—oh!"

"James," at length said his brother, "it was I that murdered you. We all know you had neither heart nor will for this business until I tempted you to it. If any one here had a right to escape it was you, and now death has come upon the innocent—but no matter—if I was to be hanged for it the next minute, *he* wout live twenty-four hours after you!"

"We can talk about that again," said Houlaghan; "in the meantime, what's to be done wid Masther James?"

"That's the question," said Hannigan; "to bring him home would be to destroy ourselves—to put a rope about our necks; we must only bring him to some lonely cabin in the mountains where he can get some sort of a bed; there will be a search and pursuit to-morrow or the day after, and if he was found in this state, if he was found either livin' or dead, it was enough for us."

This was felt to be truth, and they were about to deliberate as to where they should bring him, when the figure of a man was seen creeping cautiously and timidly towards them. Hannigan

immediately cocked his pistol and sprang towards him like a tiger. The night could be termed neither dark nor light; but at all events, ere he had got within a perch of the individual who was approaching, he recognized Jemmy the fool.

"What devil drove you here, you idiot? Go back, or I'll shoot you."

"Oh, dont," exclaimed Jemmy. "Masther James is shotted, and dats enough, an' too many; the miller shotted him, didn't I see him fwawlin' from the *cappul*; she did bedadda."

"You'll be tellin' about this," said Hannigan; "come go to your knees till I shoot you."

"F'what f'why 'ud you shoot poor Jemmy f'whor? Didn't he love Masther James who was aoulways gud to him, and 'udu't let Bodagh the Grinder lash him wid his whip; and sure he shotted Master James 'kaise he wou'dn't let him do it. Well, behoky, I'll come up wid Bodagh the Grinder yet. Now!"

"Jemmy, wouldn't you like to do anything that 'ud please Masther James?"

"Ah, behoky, it's me dat would."

"And if we let you come wid us, will you promise never to mention a syllable of what you seen to-night?"

"Behoky, I'll never tell it."

"Bekaise, if you breathe a syllable of it to man, woman, or child, we'll shoot you."

"No; never to man, woman, or child, but don't shoot me."

"Folly me, then; you know every perch of the county, let alone the parish, and you may be of use to us."

There then lived in the very recesses of those bleak mountains an old man and his wife, who had a cottage in a green valley, covered here and there on the sides with mountain shrubs and wildwood, and a bit of land, which, in addition to the cottage, they were allowed by the landlord, a good and pious clergyman, to hold rent free. This man had been famous, and still was, as a country doctor and herbalist, and was celebrated for the remarkable cures he had performed both on men and cattle. To the cottage of this man, whose name was Peter Tully, Jemmy directed them to proceed; and indeed the suggestion was hailed by them all as a most fortunate one, provided there remained any hopes of the wounded man's recovery.

"Peter cure him," said Jemmy, "and Jemmy knows de way to him's house. Come; Peter cure him; him cure every body, sure: mans, and horses, and cows, and sheeps, and every body. Come!"

THE OLD BRIDGE BY THE MILL.

Oh! tarry yet a moment on the old Bridge by the Mill,
The sunset glows—the water flows—the noisy wheel is still.
In twilight's thoughtful hour, old memories cluster fast,
Which the ripple of the streamlet sets to music of the past
They flow around my bosom, and all my senses thrill,
As the water-rushes quiver 'neath the old Bridge by the Mill.

A gay May Queen, I've held my state—the old Bridge for a throne,
And many a tear has fallen here, when I was left alone:
'Twas here, from those true lips of thine, love's first avowal came,
And here our first-born darling learnt to lisp a mother's name,
Thus ever through life's flowery dale, flows memory's golden rill,
As the streamlet through the meadows, 'neath the old Bridge by the Mill.

Now gleaming on the ripple, the Evening-star I see,
Reflected, as on my blessed life comes Heaven's light to me.
The waters flow—they onward go—but still the star shines clear,
Like Hope, that steadfast beacon-light, of every changing year.
Whilst to the Eternal ocean flows our life-stream calm and still,
Like the deep and glowing water 'neath the old Bridge by the Mill.

ALBANY FORBLANQUE.

DUCK-SHOOTING AND DIVER-CHASING;

OR, HOURS WITH THE STUDENTS.



STUDENT'S life is the pleasantest in the world if he belong to a good 'set.' I belonged to the liveliest 'set' in college. The members of it, one and all, were possessed of an infinite amount of animal spirits, and were endowed also with that sanguine mental temperament that enabled them to see a silver lining to every cloud that gathered over their path during the college session. These clouds were numerous enough, heaven knows, for between the reprimands and cautions of professors and deans of faculty on one side, and the grave verdicts of president, vice-president, and council in judgment assembled on the other, scarcely a day passed over our heads that some individual amongst us was not in trouble. It is wonderful what slight things will bring students to grief, and medical students in particular. Everybody seems down upon them. With one, the poor disciples of *Æsculapius* are mad; with another, they are worse than mad, they are wicked; with a third, they are idle,

dissipated, and quarrelsome; and a fourth wisacre warns his acquaintances to avoid them as they would the fabled *upas-tree*, because they are going straight to—well, we shall not, in our indignant denial of his assertion, mention where, but a pair of tightly-pursed lips, a hypocritical sigh, and an ominous shake of the head from the wise propounder of the opinion, will sufficiently indicate the locality. But if their faults and virtues were put on opposite sides of the scale, it is our opinion, both private and public, and one which we would cheerfully put our "four bones" in jeopardy to uphold, that the good would weigh down the balance at a glorious rate.

But be the above as it may, it is wonderfully easy, nevertheless, to get a student into trouble. The slightest infringement of his college rules will bring upon him the frowns and reprimands of those in authority. One day, during a deep snow, about five score of us waylaid two mail-coaches that passed every afternoon by the college. Well, our ringleaders were forthwith called before the council and severely admonished. And for what, think you? We stopped the coaches, sure enough, and on examination found that all the passengers were men, save one. Dick Sommerville, the dandy of the college, immediately handed down the individual of the gentler sex, and politely led her to a safe distance. We then, taking pity upon the half-frozen looks of the remaining passengers, namely, twelve upon one vehicle and fourteen upon the other, in order to warm them, commenced a cannonade of snow-balls, which we never ceased for an instant until every living man of them, drivers and all, had been brought to the ground. One of the passengers, in his rage, discharged an old cavalry pistol amongst us. But his hand was so unsteady that the bullet only passed through the mortar-board, i.e., the college cap, of dandy Sommerville, and then lodged victoriously in the haunch of a huge donkey who was contemplating our onslaught from a field hard by, and which, the moment it felt the leaden messenger, immediately went prancing in terror round the field, his agonizing hee-haws at the same time echoing in startling tones through the halls and corridors of our neighbouring *Alma Mater*! The remaining passengers, seeing the determination of their companion, showed fight, but we soon buried them in the snow, and then bundling them upon their seats once more, set the coaches in motion, and sent them off under a farewell discharge of snow-balls, and with a shout whose hilarious cadences brought a dozen or so of police upon us from an adjacent barrack. Then followed a new cannonade and a second victory, which resulted in the severe reprimand aforesaid from the college council,

But what has all this, you will say, to do with diver-chasing and duck-shooting? You will soon come to it, gentle reader. I only want to show you how the jovial spirits of my 'set' usually passed their time in college till the final examination of the session approached. Then it was that, like the young foxes who, after disporting themselves merrily in the noontide-ray, seek their silent burrows on the approach of the storm, the jolly spirits of my 'set,' one and all, betook themselves to their rooms, trimmed their midnight lamps, and studied away incessantly to retrieve their lost time. This was not a good plan you will say. It was not, I admit. But there was good stuff in some of us nevertheless; and this the bookworms of the college often found out to their cost, for when the examinations came on, the coveted prizes were almost in every case borne off by the wild ones, who, if they had not the "genius for work"—at least for incessant work—had usually a plentiful store of brains and intellect that carried them through victoriously when the tug of war came on in the shape of the prize examinations.

Have any of you, dear readers, competed for a scholarship? If you have not, I have; and I should know what it is. The sessional examinations are over, and the prizes in the different departments are awarded, generally to the great dismay of the bookworms, and to the surprise and delight of some of the wild ones. We are all scattered at our several homes in the country to spend the summer vacation. The bookworms scarcely ever see a good gleam of sunlight. They are hard at work for the October trial which is to decide the various scholarships. The wild spirits are away over mountain and moor, in deep valley, by rushing stream or margin of lonely lake, fishing or shooting, according to time and season, little thinking on their hour of trial in their luxurious enjoyment of breeze and shower, and golden flood of sunlight flashing over hill, and plain, and joyous river. The golden trout and silver-scaled salmon are captured, the wary spaniel points on the heathery moorland, and the whizzing partridge or the brown grouse falls beneath the unerring gun, and so the hours glide on.

Thus I spent my time during a certain summer vacation. The partridge season soon came on, and every morning as it shone saw me out in the breezy woodlands, gun in hand, and spaniel busily employed before me on the track of the wary birds. One morning it struck me that the time of the examinations was drawing alarmingly nigh. There was a scholarship to be competed for, the attainment of which would materially aid my success in college. So I threw by my gun, placed the dogs in durance vile, and commenced to study at the usual mad rate. The examination at length came off, but it was a sealed mystery to us all, the result—the names of the successful candidates for the several scholarships—nothing could be known until after the eagerly-expected meeting of the college council. Oh! that weary time of incertitude and burning expectancy. Day after day flew by, and the members of my 'set,' many of whom, like myself, were in for scholarships, tried every plan to pass away the time till the sitting of the council. Our debating club, in which Ned Rivers held forth a shining light, every evening was experimented on, and found wanting. Billiards, bagatella, cards, football, and every species of game imaginable were tried, but all proved unsuccessful in calming our troubled minds. Spite of everything, the approaching council and its awards loomed up incessantly before our minds like a black cloud, and we were miserable.

In my despondency, the day before that on which the council was to sit, I strolled into the rooms of Ned Danvers, where there was always sure to be a good number of our 'set' sitting in conference upon some question or other. The physiognomies of the company were almost black with despair as I entered and sat myself upon a vacant chair by the fireside.

"What shall we do to please all?" exclaimed Ned Danvers, excitedly, "I am sure if you all wish to stay here, I shall be delighted to do the honors of my rooms. But what do you say to a night's duck-shooting in the marshes by the river?"

"The very thing! the very thing!" we all shouted.

"Well, then," rejoined Ned, "let all meet here by eight o'clock to-night, fully equipped, and I promise you we will have some sport, for the weather will be favourable, and the ducks are numerous upon the marshes."

"And to-morrow," said Joe Dolphin, who had a passion for aquatic sports, "we will go down in my boat and have a diver-chase upon the river!"

The programme of operations was a good one. And so that night

we all met according to our agreement in Ned Danvers' rooms. There were ten of us, Six were to proceed up the river banks to the shore of a little marshy lake; a favourite feeding-place of the birds during the night. The remaining four, of whom I made one, were to remain beside a solitary marsh about a mile nearer than the former. Together we proceeded up the shore, and I will venture to say that a more jovial company could not be seen that night from the Giant's Causeway to the Skellig Rocks.

It was a fine night. A strong breeze seemed to be blowing through the upper regions of the sky, for the light volumes of cloud flitted briskly across the moon, which at intervals shone down with pale radiance on hill, and moorland, and river. But all was calm beneath, and on we marched with our guns resting quietly under our arms, and our flasks of the *native* in our pockets, till we reached a solitary path that led across a wet moorland towards the marsh. Four of us immediately filed off, while the remaining six proceeded further up the river in order to reach the lake which was to be the scene of their night's sport.

At last, after sinking several times to our knees in the succession of little quagmires that obstructed our path, we reached the marsh. At its southern side rose a low ridgy hill, some distance up which was a ruined hovel, the desolate outlines of which we could see in the occasional glimpses of moonlight. Taking our course round the eastern boundary of the marsh, we ascended the hill towards the hovel, in which we intended to bivouac for some time, for we found that we had arrived upon the spot about an hour or so before that part of the night the ducks usually chose for visiting their banqueting ground beneath. Part of the hovel still remained entire, namely, its single sleeping-room, and in this we were soon ensconced before a blazing fire of brambles and dry ferns we had gathered upon the hill outside. This dry fuel made but little smoke, and as we had taken the precaution of stopping the single and diminutive window of the ruined chamber with a bundle of grass and fern, there was but little fear of our fire-light disturbing the ducks, should they visit the marsh sooner than we expected.

After a few applications to the flask, the spirits of my companions began to ascend to a rather high degree of hilarity. Ned Danvers sang a song which set us all in a roar. Bill Shirket repeated the third act of a tragedy, which immortal production was to make its *debut* during our usual winter theatricals. Unfortunately, however, it was never represented on any stage; and all I remember of it is a scene in which Solymán the Magnificent is represented in the act of relating to his queen, how a Genius had given him a glimpse of the pre-Adamite world, from the summit of the Pyramid of Choops. It was a grand scene, that in which Solymán, describing what he saw, stretches forth his hand majestically towards his consort, and says—

“There lay Mylodon like a shattered hulk,
And Megalonyx—the magnific might
Of Megatherium, and the fleshless bulk
Of Mammoth, like a ribbed sea-rock, and white
Skulls of Mastodon; but the horrid light
From their fierce eye-balls, and the rolling breath
Of their wide throats, were quenched and stilled in death!”

Why our poet had chosen the above measure for the greater part of his tragedy I know not, and very likely never will, for Bill Shirket is not the man to be questioned profanely on such subjects. Another song was sung, and at last it came to Tom O'Mahony's turn.

“Now,” said Tom, “I will give you a fragment which I contrived to purloin one evening from the papers of a friend, which he evidently intended as a rival to Millikin's immortal ‘Groves of Blarney;’ and in the mellowest of mellow voices he rolled forth the following, stretching out the notes occasionally to a tremendous length, in order to imitate the singing of the country people:—

“One morning sweet and glorious, when the wild birds sung their chorus,

And all nature was uproarious in the charming month o' May;
And the lambs and trouts and horses, that knew not what remorse is,
And the shark and whale and porpus they gamboled in the sea;
’Twas then I left Cork city, and sung a roaring ditty,
And all in praise o' Kitty that I left in Cork behind—

’Twas then my manes were squandered, and I in sadness pondhered,
While far in grief I wandhered towards Leinster like the wind!

While I in grief relinted, a public-house I inthered.

Where my heart was circuvinted by a charmin' bloomin' maid.
Her form was stout and stately, and she smiled on me so nately,

That she broke my heart completly, and left Kitty in the shade.
Her hair like goold or brass-sticks, her limbs were most elastic,
And fit for all gymnastics, and for makin' punch and tay;
And 'twould be a crime most hainous, her comparisment with Vainus,
Or Proserpine the ganius, that Plutarch stole away!”

Just as Tom had ended this fragment from the papers of his witty and erudite friend, the faint reports of several double-barrels smote upon our ears from some distance up the river, and away we started, for we knew our comrades were at their work by the lake. The marsh, silent and desolate, lay spread beneath us in the moonlight. It was a broad network of sedgy banks, between which lay a number of muddy pools with margerets surrounded by belts of tall reeds. After descending the hill our stations were soon taken amid these reeds, each having a broad pool to himself. After lying crouched amid the reeds for about ten minutes, we suddenly heard a loud “quack! quack! quack!” from the direction of the lake further up the river. Then followed a whirr and whistle of wings, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing a large flock of ducks wheeling over our head. Round and round they hovered warily, for the guns of our companions had made them suspicious of alighting. At length they seemed to think all safe beneath, and broke into several small flocks, which wheeled and whirled hither and thither, and at last went down with a sudden dash into the several pools, about a dozen or more alighting upon that on whose margin I was eagerly awaiting their arrival. I gave them no time to scatter, but fired the contents of my right barrel right into the midst of them. A splashing and a quacking followed, as the affrighted flock rose, that beggars description. Up they whirled, however, and through them went the contents of my left barrel, its report being followed by an almost simultaneous discharge from the guns of my companions. With eager eyes I gazed out upon the pool to see the result of my two shots, and had the satisfaction of seeing three birds floating helplessly on the water in their death-struggles. A peculiar rustling and trembling of the reeds at the other side told me that one or two others at least were wounded, and with this prospect before me I quickly reloaded, and crouched down carefully in my place again. I knew by the satisfied *sotto voce* remarks of my companions that they too were successful.

A deep silence once more fell upon the broad marsh, broken occasionally by the booming voice of the goureen-roo, or snipe, as it wheeled round and round in airy spirals through the moonlight sky overhead. As I lay snugly contemplating the dead birds which the night-breeze was gradually floating towards the margin of the pool, I heard a shrill and unearthly scream from the eastern border of the marsh. I knew it, although it floated through the air like the shriek of some lonely spirit of the hill. Again it was repeated, and, in a few moments afterwards, I saw a heron floating upwards, with its long legs hanging down, and head stretched forward, as if it came upon a reconnoitering excursion to the marsh.

“Don't fire!” exclaimed the voice of Ned Danvers, in a general admonition—“on your lives don't fire, for I hear another flock of duck coming over the hill!”

At the sound of his voice the heron emitted another unearthly and defiant scream, and flew directly over the pool where I was stationed. The temptation was too much for me, so I sat up, and suddenly let fly the contents of one barrel after him as he went. A scream, a flapping of wings helplessly, and down poor long-neck dropped dead into a bank of reeds hard by.

“You have spoiled our sport for two hours to come!” roared the enraged Ned Danvers across the marsh; and sure enough, the next instant we heard a distant “quack! quack!” from over the hill, and then the faint whizzing of wings, and at last a splendid flock of duck passed high over our heads without deigning to pay us the shortest visit, and then faded away beyond our ken, through the dim distant sky, to some unknown and more solitary region by river shore or ocean strand.

What a long penance we had to perform for that single shot! Not a duck, teal, or widgeon came near us for the next two hours, although we heard shots several times during the interim from the distant lake. How eagerly we crouched down in our damp hiding-places, after each of these shots, expecting some scattered flock to

pay us a visit. But none such came, and we were forced to content ourselves with our own thoughts as the moments wore on. Ned Danvers and my other companions were, however, not disposed to remain always silent, for now and then they expressed their disapproval of the offender's conduct in deep and surly growls that echoed with wierd effect across the still pools of the ghostly marsh.

At length a cannonade more prolonged than usual told us that our comrades were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content by the distant lake; and eagerly listening for the coming of the expected flock, we heard a sharper and more confused whirring and whistling of wings than before, and presently a numerous flight of mingled duck and widgeon passed high over our heads towards the east through the shadowy sky. Just as we expected that they would fade from our sorrowful gaze, they wheeled sharply round and retraced their course again, this time somewhat nearer to the earth. On they came, wheeling in circles occasionally, and quacking with loud and eager voices as if engaged in holding a consultation as to the whereabouts of their next banqueting place. The gluttons! Despite the fright they had got at the lake, they now seemed disposed to try a meal upon the marsh, and with that intent wheeled round and round it a dozen times overhead with an incessant "quack! quack!" and a loud whistling of wings. Just as they were preparing to alight something beneath aroused their suspicions, and away they went again in a straight and onward course through the blue. Again they stopped and seemed deliberating, while we from our hiding-places held our breath, fearing to make the slightest noise. At length a single mallard, separating from the flock, flew back directly over the marsh, inspecting every part of it minutely as he circled overhead on his strong pinions. A satisfactory call from this fine bird announced to the flock that he imagined all safe, and back they came again over our heads, making the same manoeuvres as before. At last they separated and came down, some in pairs and some in small flocks, with a dash upon the smooth surface of the pools. No sooner were they down when bang! bang! went the fatal barrels right and left, and with resounding screams and flutterings, the affrighted flock arose and darted confusedly away through the far sky, leaving several of their companions killed and wounded behind them. It was an exciting scene. Eagerly I peered forth over the surface of the pool, and found an addition to my trophies in the shape of a widgeon and a fine mallard, both of which lay in their last throes upon the water.

Thus the night passed. A few hours sleep and we were up again, guns ready and shot pouches on shoulders, and planning our course of action for the day. That evening at six o'clock, the council were to meet to award the scholarships, and of course we were all in a high fever of excitement. Joe Dolphin had a large four-oared boat, and in this sturdy vessel eight of us were soon sweeping down the river. The day came on dry and windy, the white breakers broke in foam over the bows of our swift boat as we swept downwards. At length we reached a broad expanse of the river half a dozen miles below the city. This was to be our hunting-field. Here the surface of the water was unbroken, save by the light waves that coursed each other from shore to shore, making the whole expanse of the broad lake like a green meadow swaying before the light winds of an April day.

Several black objects might be seen dotting the surface of the windy lake; they were divers seeking their voracious meals of small fish. Occasionally we could see one of them, after capturing its prey, raise itself half out of the water with erected head and flapping wings, and swallowing the luckless inhabitant of the water it had taken. Now and then, also, one of them would rise and fly windward some distance, then drop down upon the water and float before the wind, diving and fluttering its black wings as the fish passed in its way. Our object was to wound a bird, and then have a chase upon the lake, but for a long time we were unsuccessful. At length, one fellow that had floated to the far shore, arose and took its course windward, directly in a line for our boat. On it came close overhead, seemingly reckless of our proximity. As it passed, Joe Dolphin took up his gun and prepared to fire.

"Don't shoot him through the head, Joe!" cried we, "Wing him, and then he will give us a glorious chase!"

Bang went the gun, but, unfortunately the aim was too true, and down came the bird with a whack upon the surface of the

water—dead. A storm of execrations saluted poor Joe, as he recovered his gun, but there was no help for it, and so we allowed the dead bird to float by, and rowed hither and thither, awaiting another opportunity. Not a bird was now to be seen over the broad expanse. At the report of the gun they all dived, and for a long time scarcely showed one of their black bills above the water. But new arrivals at length began to appear from the windings of the river farther down. Again a bird came in a straight course for our boat, this time so high that he was out of the range of a common fowling-piece. We had taken the precaution of bringing a long duck-gun with us. This I took possession of, and awaited the coming of the diver in the bow of the boat. I allowed him to pass several lengths overhead, and then fired. The smoke cleared away instantly, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the bird hover confusedly for a time in the air, and then drop down wounded into the water. The moment he reached the surface he disappeared, and then the sport commenced. On went the boat propelled by the sturdy oars towards the spot where the bird had dived. When we reached it we saw his black bill appearing above the water about thirty yards distant. Bang! bang! went the guns, and down again popped the black-bill. Now it rose at a considerable distance away, and again it would appear sometimes within a few arms' length of the boat, in which case it was saluted by the contents of a few barrels, or by a slash from one of the oars, for the rowers were determined to have their share of the sport, and I believe in my heart it was the best.

After about an hour's chase, during which, notwithstanding the coldness of the season, we had all got into a glow of heat, the black bill and nearly half the body of the diver appeared almost at the side of the boat. A shout, and a slashing of oars followed, and down went the unfortunate bird again. In the last evolution Joe Dolphin, who had put by his gun and taken a spare oar in hand, in his eagerness to salute the bird with a finishing blow, overstretching himself, and out he went over the side of the boat with a splash into the water. Joe Dolphin, however, like his aquatic namesake, was quite at home in the watery element, and by means of the oar which he had kept in his hand, kept himself gallantly above the surface. He was two boats' length behind us before we could turn to his rescue. As we did so, the diver happened to rise within two feet of his chin. It was amusing to see the vengeful grab he made at the bird, which, however, dived again and eluded him.

"Don't mind me, boys!" called out Joe gallantly at this. "The bird is getting weary. Follow him, and leave me to shift for myself a few moments!"

We knew Joe would have his way, so we rested on our oars for a minute or so, waiting for the bird to appear. The poor diver was evidently getting weak, and about to give in, for he now popped up his bill right in front of us about two or three yards away. This time we did not dare to fire, for Joe was only about a perch beyond the bird, but the oars went down plash! plash! at the poor black-bill, Joe at the same time striking out with the celerity of a practised swimmer for the spot. Down went the bird, but he was no sooner down than up again right opposite Joe Dolphin's face. A quick dart of the nervous arm, and the fluttering bird was instantly held over the surface of the water by the bold swimmer. A loud shout welcomed the deft feat, and the next moment the dying bird and its exultant captor were pulled safely into the boat. Knowing that some such accident was likely to occur, we had stowed away a spare suit of clothes in our provision hamper. In these Joe Dolphin was soon arrayed, and after a few applications to the brandy-flask, was as merry as the best of us.

Three other hunts followed. They were all something like the first, but they were not the less exciting to us at the same time. After dining like true sportsmen in our boat, we left the lake, and proceeding up the river, reached the city about half-past five o'clock. We hid our guns, loaded as they were, under one of the dark porches of the college, and literally frying with impatience, awaited the news. At last it came. Hurra! The wild spirits had beaten the book-worms. I was a scholar, Ned Danvers was a scholar, and others of our 'set' too numerous to mention were equally fortunate.

R. D. J.

GREEK ART.



HERE is not a heart that pays loving homage to Art, whether she be found among the ancients or the moderns, whether she greet us from the easel of Apelles or Lawrence, or from the atelier of Praxiteles or Canova, in which that noble epigrammatic dictum of Dr. Johnson, that "a room hung with pictures, is a room

hung with thoughts," will fail to find an echo. Of the historical facts in connection with painting, and of the various schools that have arisen from time to time, we can easily acquire a general notion from books, but it is only in a picture *salon* that facts are presented to our minds in a distinct and intelligible manner. In most countries the fine arts seem to have been *hieratic* in origin; in other words, they were indebted to religion for their

development. Vague attempts at outline and the use of colours are found in the idolatry of all nations, as exemplified in the "monochromata" in India, and the "polychromata" on the sepulchres at Thebes, the latter being the earliest specimens of painting extant. The symbolical figures on the monuments of Nineveh prove that the Assyrian artists were by no means deficient in chromatic knowledge. The great difference, however, in ancient and modern pictures is this, that in the former there was no attempt at *chiaroscuro*, the practice of the ancients as to light and shade being only that of *contrasting* colours, in which, it must be conceded, they arrived at great perfection. Moreover, their imperfect acquaintance with the rules of perspective debarred them from executing any complicated groups, and their figures, like the profiles of their statues, appear unconnected with each other. Pliny affects to discredit the statement of the Egyptians, that they were the inventors of painting; but it is by no means improbable that the hieroglyphics of Egypt have been the origin of sculpture. At any rate it is in that country that we first recognise its existence in anything like an advanced state. Although the earlier statues of Egyptian art exhibit an absence of all symmetry and all expression, an air of imposing grandeur and majesty is communicated to them by the colossal breadth and severe simplicity of their proportions. The Athenians were the first nation in the world that appreciated the idea of beautiful form, and cultivated all those resources by which the art was finally perfected. The name of *Dædalus* carries us back to the very infancy of Greek art, to an epoch, in fact, nearly one thousand years anterior to the Christian era. He was an Athenian by birth, and a contemporary of Theseus and Hercules. In consequence of his marvellous ability as a sculptor, all statues were named after him, *δαίδαλα*. He is thus alluded to by Ovid:—

"Dædalus ingenio fabra celeberrimus artis."

Pausanias mentions nine of his works as being extant in Greece when he wrote, in the second century; "rude and uncouth in aspect," he adds, "but yet having an air of divinity." Nearly two centuries later—776 B.C.—Dipœnis and Scyllis, the Cretan, were likewise famous for their statues. Catagraphy, or the oblique representation of figures, to give different views of the countenance, as looking upward, or downward, or backward, as well as depicting the veins, and the folds and plaits in drapery and accessories, would not appear to have been attempted before the time of Phidias, who flour-

ished about five hundred years before Christ. His genius, aided by a knowledge of painting, gave a majesty and grace to his compositions,

"Oft thought before, but ne'er so well express'd."

From his era the total want of anatomical and the great deficiency of mechanical knowledge ceased to be the characteristics of sculpture. Flowing outlines thenceforward supplanted the archaic stiffness of the old school, and gave dignity to the character of the human figure, by harmonising in its sentiments and actions. But, although Grecian sculpture was undoubtedly the most perfect production of ancient imitative art, Grecian painting was unable to boast of a proportionate development. In early times it was not connected with the worship of the gods in Greece, and hence its culture was, for many centuries, less than that of the sister arts of sculpture and architecture. The first notable improvements in Greek painting were made in the schools of Corinth and Sicily, the most ancient examples of the art which have come down to us being found upon the Corinthian vases, which may be assigned to the beginning of the sixth century of the Christian era. The only painter, however, of this period, of any repute, whose name has been preserved, is Cimón of Cleonæ, whose date is uncertain, but who probably flourished not later than 560-510 B.C. These vases were of two kinds, the "monochromatic," on which the figures were only of one colour, and the "polychromatic," upon which they were of many. Indeed, the styles of painting upon the Corinthian vases vary so considerably that they serve to illustrate nearly every branch of the art with which the Greeks were familiar. Some of them were of the most graceful outline and exquisite workmanship, and were invariably adorned with subjects from that weird but beautiful mythology which filled with divine imagery the minds of their poets and sculptors. The ancient Greek paintings were either in water colours or in wax; oil colours remained undeveloped until the fifteenth century, when Jan Van Eyck was the reputed discoverer. Pausias, a painter of Sicily, was the first who understood how to apply colours to ivory or wood by vitrification. The first Greek painter of any great renown was Polygnotus, the Pthasian, who flourished about four hundred and twenty years before Christ, and was contemporary with Phidias. His paintings were essentially *statuesque*—the representation by means of colours, on a flat surface, of figures identical with those of the sculptor. The improvements which he introduced on the works of his predecessors were very marked, and form an epoch in the art. He first represented women with a lucid and perhaps transparent vest, like that of the Venus of Cos, and adorned them with vari-coloured mitres. Painting reached a still more advanced stage of excellence in the hands of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, and Parhasius. The first named was an Athenian, and first directed attention to the effects of *chiaroscuro*, thus creating another epoch in the art. Zeuxis was a great master of colour, and his paintings were sometimes so accurate and true to nature as to amount to illusion. This is exemplified in the story related of a contest of skill between him and Parhasius, for which both artists painted special subjects. That of Zeuxis represented a cluster of grapes, and the *vraisemblance* was such that the birds came and pecked at it with avidity. Confident of success after this, the artist arrogantly challenged his rival to draw aside the curtain which concealed his picture. The painting of Parhasius was simply the curtain itself! Zeuxis acknowledged his defeat with the remark, that although he had succeeded in deceiving the birds, he had in turn been deceived by Parhasius. He was accustomed to work very slowly and carefully, and is said to have once replied to a friend who chided him upon his dilatoriness, "I take, it is true, a long time to paint, but then I paint works to last a long time." Not a vestige of his compositions now remain. Parhasius particularly excelled in strongly expressing the violent passions, and is even said to have had a criminal tortured to death that he might "paint a dying groan." This will remind the reader of the incident related of the late eminent French *tragedienne*, Mademoiselle Rachel, who was in the habit of attending an hospital to study all the contortions which the human frame and facial muscles are capable of expressing when writhing under the keenest agonies. The school of this artist was succeeded by the Sicilian, of which Eupompus may be considered the founder. The culmination of Grecian art was attained by Apelles, about 368 B.C., who, by universal consent, was the first of ancient painters. Some of the Latin poets employ his name as a synonyme for the art itself.



AN IRISH SEA-QUEEN.

SOME INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF GRAINNE O'MAILLEY.

THE early history of the peninsular Hill of Howth, which sentinels the northern entrance to the Bay of Dublin, and one of the most striking features of which we engrave, is nearly altogether dependant on the Bardic creations of enchantment and glamourie associated with the deeds of Fionn-mac-Cumhaill and the Fenians. But there is a story in connection with the hill which from its singular and romantic character is especially note-worthy. We allude to the incident which occurred in the year 1593, which has identified the name of Grana Uille, or Grainne O'Mailley, commonly known as Grace O'Malley, with its history. This famous sea-queen was the daughter of Dubhdara O'Mailley (O'Mailley of the Black Oak) lord of the Isles of Arran and the territory of Ui-na-haille, or O'Mailley's land, a district comprising the present baronies of Murrisk and Borrischoole, county of Mayo, and who, according to tradition, for many years in addition to not a little smuggling added other speculations to his connection with the sea; in short, like Lambro, Haidee's parent, he was noted for his bold and successful practise as a marine attorney. At his decease Grainne succeeded to the command of his piratic squadron, and soon surpassed his plunderings by the extent and magnitude of hers, the natives along the entire western coast trembling at her very name. This life, however, did not prevent her twice yielding to the influence of that alty toxophilotic deity who "rules the camp, the court, the grove," and who for her spread his wings to the blasts that swept the dark and stern cliffs of Ui-na-haille. Her first husband was Donnell O'Flaherty, a distinguished chief of the sept of that surname, who formerly possessed all Western Connaught, and whose character about this period may be recognised from the inscription which the terror-stricken burghers of Galway are said to have placed above the western gate of that city: "From the ferocious O'Flaherties good Lord deliver us!" After his death her second spouse was Sir Richard Bourke, head of the Mayo sept of that Norman-Irish clan, whom he governed under the title of "Mac William Eighter," i. e. the lower, the Earl of Clanricarde being chief of the upper or senior

sept. Sir Richard died in 1583. Grainne's piracies became so frequent and notorious, before and after her first marriage, that at length, in 1579, she was proclaimed as an outlaw, a reward of £500 was offered for her apprehension, and troops were sent from Galway to take the castle of Carrick-a-Uille, in the Bay of Newport, which was her chief stronghold, and her defence of which was so spirited that the beleaguers were compelled to ignominiously retreat, after a siege of more than a fortnight. However, the extension of English influence in Connaught ultimately induced her to come to terms with the Government, and in the summer of the year 1593 she sailed for England, and obtained an interview with Queen Elizabeth at Westminster, to the astonishment of her majesty's farthingaled and ruffed *dames d'honneur*, who appear to have been considerably struck with the mien and appearance of this marine Amazon.

"As a book,
That sunburnt brow did fearless thoughts reveal;
And in her girdle was a sheen of steel.
Her crimson mantle her gold brooch did bind;
Her flowing garments reached unto her heel;
Her hair, part fell in tresses unconfined,
And part a silver bodkin fastened up behind."

The queen consented to pardon her transgressions upon a promise of future amendment, which Grainne rather reluctantly gave, and, after a short sojourn, returned to Ireland, debarking at a little creek near Howth Castle, to which she proceeded, but the gates of which, as it was customary at dinner time, she found closed. Indignant at such a dereliction of national hospitality, she seized the infant heir to the title, who chanced to be rambling with his attendants along the beach, and conveyed him to the castle of Carrick-a-Uille, nor would she consent to restore him until she had exacted a heavy ransom, and an express stipulation that the gates of Howth Castle should never again be closed at dinner time, and that a cover should always be in readiness for any stranger that might arrive—a custom

scrupulously observed through many generations. Grainne reached a very advanced age, and at her death, which occurred early in the seventeenth century, was interred in the monastery of Clare Island, which she had endowed, and where some remains of her tomb are still visible. Her celebrity was long the subject of bardic song, and yet forms the theme of ballads and the subject of legends among the peasantry. There is a noble march called "Graine Mael, or Ma, Ma, Ma," preserved in Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland," the author and date of which are uncertain, but it is probably as old as the corsairs herself. When played on the pipes the time at intervals is denoted by a peculiar sound, which has procured for it the additional name of "Ma, Ma, Ma." During the political contests that marked the Duke of Dorset's administration of Ireland, in 1753, an air, partly Irish and partly English, founded on this melody, was very popular. In the dining-hall of Howth Castle there is a painting which is locally believed to represent her abducting escapade. A lady mounted on a white steed is in the act of receiving an infant from a peasant: from an opening in the sky above a figure gazes downward on the group. Where Grace obtained her white charger tradition does not say, but perhaps she had on board her fleet a division of that famous corps known as the "horse-marines."

On the loftiest headland of Howth, at its extreme south, and by the marge of pleasant grassy slopes, stands the snowy Lighthouse of the Bailey. The historic recollections which crowd around the site of this picturesque pharos are of much interest. Contemporarily with the synarchy of Eremhon and Emhear in Ireland, in the year of the world 3501, a fortress called "Dun Etar," the Fort of Etar—or Fort of Howth, the ancient appellation of this locality being "Beann Etar," that is *Beann-o-tir*, the hill from (or off) the land, an expressive allusion to its almost insulated position—was erected here by a chieftain named Suirge, as thus recorded in an ancient historical poem, preserved in the "Book of Ballymote," descriptive of the nomadic adventures of the Milesians, and of the various palaces and fortresses constructed by them:—

"Dun Sobhairce was afterwards erected
By the gallant Sobhairce, of the fair side;
Deilg-inis, by Segda, the cheerful;
Dun Etar, by Suirge the slender."

Duns Sobhairce and Deilg-inis were forts on Dunseverick, an isolated rock in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway, county of Antrim, and Dalkey Island. Naturally impregnable at that time, on the extern or sea-side, the precipitous cliff the apex of which it encircled rendering any artificial protection unnecessary, while its intern defensibility was secured by a deep fosse, which completely cut it off from the hill, in addition to formidable lines of circumvallation, the fastness of Etar for centuries may be said to have formed the keystone of power on the peninsula, in the history of which it is a solid landmark, as it gave its name to many of the sanguinary conflicts that from time to time resulted for its possession, here, with their faces to the foe and their backs to the waves, being the final stand of its defenders after contesting the soil foot by foot. In the ninth century of the Christian era the monarch Crimthainn Niadhair (pronounced Criffan Nianair) who succeeded to the sovereignty of Ireland, A.M. 5193, died at Dun Etar—which was from thenceforward distinguished as "Dun Crimthainn"—in the sixteenth year of his reign, after his return from a predatory expedition, the scene of which is uncertain, in which he amassed considerable spoils. King Crimthainn, as we learn from the "Leabhar na h-Uidhe," a work compiled at Clonmacnoise, in the twelfth century, and the "Dinnseanchus," was interred in the royal cemetery of Brugh na Boinne, on the banks of the Boyne, the usual place of interment for princes of the Tuatha de Danann, and whose custom he adopted at the solicitation of Nair, his queen, who was of that mystic race, and from whom he derived his surname of Niadh-nair, "Nair's Hero," otherwise attributed to a *Bainleannán*, or tutelary female sprite, who was fabled to have accompanied him on his expeditions. The wreck of a cairn which crowns the summit of Sliabh Martin, the loftiest pinnacle of Howth, has heretofore been popularly regarded as his sepulchral monument, a conclusion which, it will be manifest, is entirely erroneous. In the early part of this era Conary the Great also had a royal fortress here, and made several expeditions thence into Britain and Gaul. In the year 646—or, according to the "Annals of Ulster," 649—a sanguinary engagement was fought here, known as the "Battle of Dun Crimthainn," between the monarchs Connall and Ceallach,

the sons of Maelcobha, and Aenghus and Cathasach, sons of Domhnall, the sovereign who preceded them on the throne, in which the latter were slain. In the early part of the eleventh century (1012), during the reign of Brian Borumha, Maelmordha, King of Leinster, with an auxiliary force of Danes, under Sitric, King of Dublin, invaded and devastated the fertile plains of Meath, to avenge which Malachy II., from whom Brian had usurped the supreme power, retaliated by an incursion into their territories, which he ravaged, burned, and razed as far as Howth, but was overtaken at Draighnen (Drinan, near Kinsaly,) and defeated with a severe loss, including his son, Flann. Towards the close of the century, however, the Leinster troops sustained a retributive defeat from Muircertach Ua Brian, King of Munster, at "Rath Etar," a stronghold which was probably identical with Dun Crimthainn, in which fortalice, also, a remnant of the Danes who had escaped the slaughter at Clontarf, in 1014, are traditionally said to have fortified themselves, and defended with desperate resolution until relieved by a Norse fleet. This is the last record we find of a fort which held so important a position in the annals of the past, and from the massive and compact strength of which the shocks of war and tempest once rebounded ineffectually. It has long ago passed away and mingled with the dust, but many traces of the original fosse and circumvallation were clearly discernible a few years since.

The superstructure reared in its stead—

"A new Prometheus chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,"

not less element-defiant when the waves leap over it,

"And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane,"

has another character and a nobler design. The Bailey Lighthouse was erected by the Ballast Board of Ireland in the year 1813, in lieu of one of two built on Howth by Robert Readinge, in the reign of Charles II. (1671) which crowned an eminence more to the north, and the desuetude of which was occasioned by its great altitude—three hundred feet—which rendered it liable to be obscured by hanging mists. The shape of the present structure is that of a truncated cone, the illumination, a clear fixed light, being produced by a set of parabolic reflectors, and visible in clear weather at a distance of fifteen nautical miles. The parallels of defence which engirt the ancient Dun, were marked by two distinct divisions, a greater and a lesser, as apparent from an attentive examination of the existing outlines. The source of the term Bailey has occasioned many conjectures, more or less fanciful. It has, however, been generally traced to the Irish *baile*, a town, a very frequent topographical prefix, and said to be cognate with the Greek *polis*, and Latin *ballium*, which in their original sense implied an elevated circular fortification, afterwards extended to the villages of which such citadels were the nuclei. But the authorities for the synonymy of *baile*, *polis*, and *ballium*, and their special application to hill fortalices and towns are very doubtful, and the correct radix of the word appears to be *beal*, *beul*, or *bel*, literally an entrance, pass, or mouth, as well as correlative to the Welsh *beile*, an outlet, mound, or bailey, from *bal*, a prominence, or what juts out. The "Lighthouse of the Bailey," therefore, simply means the lighthouse of the out-jutting rock or promontory. This word *beal*, as also *baile*, a town, enters largely into Irish topology, as *Beal-feirsile*, Belfast, "the pass of the sand-bank;" *Beal-atha-na-slugh*, Ballinasloe, "the pass of the multitude;" *Beal-an-atha*, Ballina, "the pass of the ford," etc. During the night of the 15th of February 1853, in a severe snow storm, the Victoria steam-vessel, from Liverpool to Dublin, struck near the Castlena Rock, off the east side of Howth, from whence she drifted as far as the promontory of the Lighthouse, and being thence backed into deep water, went down within a few yards of the shore, a complete wreck, sixty persons, including the commander, Captain Church, perishing. This sad event will recal to the reader that masterly description in Longfellow's beautiful ballad "The Wreck of the Hesperus," which gives us a picture of a similar tragedy.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool;
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.
 Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the mast went by the board!
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
 In the midnight and the snow!
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

The scenery in the immediate vicinity of the Lighthouse is very attractive, and has tempted many a gipsy party, satiated, perchance, with the *coup d'œil* around, or flushed and panting from their climb of the heather-draped and worn sides of the hill, to a grateful halt, and the earnest discussion of well-stored hampers, a matter-of-fact employment in such a place. And often will those sunny days, with their pleasant lessons of—

"How the best charms of nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love,"

be scanned by the way-weary pilgrim of life, as the thoughts fly back along the phantom years, and memory pictures through their dim haze forms that once breathed and moved—aspired and loved. Alas! that ever,

The bough must wither, and the bird depart,
 And winter clasp the world—as life the heart!

E. M. M.

CELESTIAL VAGRANTS.

THE recent unexpected appearance of the comet which so much startled even the most erudite astronomical authorities, and is admitted to have been unsurpassed as an object of popular observation since the beautiful comet of 1774, will, without doubt, just now, render a general notice of such phenomena interesting to our readers. The name of these "celestial vagrants," as the erratic visitors may be not inaptly called, is derived from the Greek word *αἰετός*, *haietos*, hair, a title which originated in the hairy appearance frequently exhibited by the haze or luminous vapour, the presence of which is at first sight the distinguishing characteristic of these bodies. The nucleus or definite point, the nebulous light which envelopes it, and the luminous train preceding or following it, are the general features of a comet, although none of them are now considered essential cometary elements. All celestial bodies which have a motion of their own, and describe orbits of an extremely elongated form, are classed as comets. To the observations of Tycho Brahe in 1557 is due the discovery that comets are celestial bodies, extraneous to our atmosphere. Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in demonstrating that they revolve around the sun in conic sections, and are consequently controlled in their movements by the same principle which guides the planets in their orbits, with which, however, they are not to be confounded. The latter move in what is astronomically termed "direct motion," from west to east unvaryingly; the movements of comets through the boundless regions of space, on the contrary, are very eccentric, being often from east to west, and retrograde. Again, the paths of comets cut the ecliptic in every direction, some being even perpendicular to its plane, as in the instance of our recent visitor, while the orbits of all the planets are confined to a narrow zone on either side of it. Planetary orbits are, moreover, nearly circular, while cometary present every variety of form. Of nearly two hundred comets whose orbits have been obtained with more or less accuracy, forty appear to have described ellipses, seven hyperbolas, and the rest parabolas. Halley was the first, by determining the parabolic elements of a number of comets from the recorded observations, to identify that of 1682 with those which had been observed in 1531 and 1607, and thus confidently to predict the return, at the end of 1758 or beginning of 1759, of a comet which would have the same elements. To predict with accuracy the time of the return of a comet, it is necessary to make a very accurate calculation of its orbit, taking into account the perturbations of the planets to whose influence it is subject. To calculate the orbit it is necessary, firstly, to determine the exact position of the star or nucleus; secondly

its velocity; and thirdly, the variations of velocity produced by the mass of the sun. In the case of Halley's comet, just as astronomers began to look out for its return in November 1758, it was announced in a work, the joint production of Madame Lepante, Clairaut, and Laland, that it would take six hundred and eighteen days more to return to the perihelion than on the preceding revolution. The perihelion passage was fixed about the middle of April, 1759; but Clairaut distinctly forewarned the world that, being pressed for time, he had neglected small values, which collectively might amount to about a month in the seventy-six years. On the 12th of March, 1759, exactly a month before the time announced, the comet passed the perihelion, but within the assigned limits of divergence from that date. For the next perihelion passage of this comet the different calculations fixed the 4th, the 7th, and the 13th of November, 1835. Subsequent observations indicated the 16th—that is to say, a deviation of only three days from what turned out the most accurate calculation, and a deviation of twelve days from the most remote. From the similarity of the elements of its orbit, this comet has also been identified with one observed in 1456, and one in 1378, recorded by Chinese observation. Anterior to the former year there are no sufficiently reliable European observations, but it is conjectured by Arago that Halley's comet is the same with that seen in the fifty-second year before our era; that of 885; the one mentioned in 1006 by Hui Ben Roduan; that of 1230; and finally with that of 1305. There are three other comets whose periodicity is considered by astronomers as established, and whose paths are accurately known. 1. That of Encke, the orbit of which does not extend so far as the orbit of Jupiter, and with a short period of twelve hundred and four days; 2. That of Biela or Gambart, having a period of six years and three quarters. During its visit in 1846 it was observed to separate into two distinct comets, which kept moving side by side till they disappeared. On its return in the autumn of 1852, the distance between the two nuclei had much increased, suggesting their complete divorce. 3. That of Faye, with a period of seven years and a half. The orbits of the two last extend beyond the orbit of Jupiter, but not so far as that of Saturn. The celebrated comet of 1680, from which Newton proved that they revolve around the sun in conic sections, appears to have been the most remarkable for brilliancy of any of which we have authentic accounts. It is supposed to have been identical with the one that appeared about the time of Caesar's death—44 B.C.—with that which was seen in the reign of Justinian in the year 531, and with another in the year 1106, in the reign of Henry II. In the month of June 1770, Messier discovered a comet which remained visible a long time. This enabled Lexelle to calculate its periodic revolutions at five and a half years, but it was proved impossible to identify it with any comet that had been previously observed. Moreover, it was never seen again, a circumstance attributable to the orbital derangements it underwent from encountering the vast body of Jupiter, whose attraction deflected it into more distant regions than Lexelle's orbit, and so entirely changed its form. In the present century the comets most remarkable for brilliancy have been those of 1811, 1843, 1858 and 1861. The comet of 1843 was one of the most remarkable, upon the whole, of which we possess any description; it all but touched the surface of the sun. That of 1858 was the famous "Donati." The one visible in the June and July of this year was of extraordinary magnitude, even exceeding that of 1858. Its position was nearly north, with a slight westerly inclination, in a direct line with the two uppermost distant stars of Ursa Major, and at a distance of about seventeen millions of English miles from the earth. It was at first supposed to be the great comet of 1264 and 1566, named after the emperor Charles V., because its being seen in the heavens is supposed to have influenced his decision in abdicating the throne, and retiring to a monastery, but subsequent calculations of its orbit proved that this hypothesis was erroneous. It bore no resemblance to any comet heretofore observed. The nucleus, instead of being hollow like the half of an egg-shell, as in the case of most others, presented the appearance of a sun composed of fire-works. Many attempts were made to obtain photographs of it, all of which seem to have failed. An exposure of the sensitive plate to its luminous image in a telescope, for one hundred and twenty times as long as sufficed to depict the comet of 1858, entirely failed in giving any trace of an image, thus proving that there was an essential difference in the physical characteristics of the two bodies, inasmuch as whilst the luminous rays emitted by them were nearly of equal intensities,

the actinic rays were almost entirely absent in the light from the late comet, the distinctive features of which were certainly not calculated to add to what little we know of those erratic bodies.

Whether comets are self-luminous, or merely reflect the light of the sun, has long been a subject of question. The fact of their becoming invisible when they pass their perihelions and recede from the sun, though still of considerable apparent size, forcibly leads to the adoption of the latter theory. There is no doubt, from experiments made by Arago, that the light from comets is partially polarised, in the same way that the sun's light is reflected by our own atmosphere. What the matter of the comets consists of has hitherto been only a matter for speculation, but the progress of science has recently placed us in possession of a means by which all future conjecture will be probably set at rest. We allude to the new "Spectrum Discoveries," by the aid of which two German philosophers, quietly working in their laboratory at Heidelberg, have been able to determine, without the least shadow of a doubt, the actual chemical composition of the sun! After such evidence of the wonderful power of this art, it is not difficult to foresee what valuable information is likely to be obtained by it on the most obscure subject of stellar chemistry. On an accurate examination of the fixed lines in the spectrum (to which we shall take another opportunity of alluding at length) produced by the light of a comet, if the latter shone merely by light reflected from the sun, the ordinary solar fixed lines would be the only ones visible. If, however, as is not improbable, some of its splendour were due to native light, the spectrum would as readily reveal whether the nucleus or the tail were in the solid or vapourous state. If the former it would give a continuous spectrum, whilst if it were a vapour the spectrum would be disconnected, and the new lines in it would at once disclose the elementary bodies to which they were due. One observer, we hear, detected the presence of colours in the refracted light of the comet. At all events, the composition of the nebulousity and the tail of a comet is something of almost inconceivable tenuity, as illustrated by those considerations. 1. Stars seen through them suffer no diminution of brightness, though the light must have to traverse sometimes millions of miles of the cometary atmosphere. 2. Though the thickness of the tail of a comet may be millions of miles, and its length, of course, much greater, the comets have never been observed to cause any sensible disturbance of the planetary motions, though approaching near enough to be themselves so much affected as to change the entire character of the orbit. 3. The curvature of the tails, and the accelerations of the periodic time, as exemplified in the case of Encke's comet, indicate their being affected by a resisting medium, which has never, we believe, been observed to have the slightest influence on the planetary period.

The ancients entertained some queer notions respecting these "hairy stars." Seneca conceived that their appearance was indicative of important changes in the affairs of mankind. Aristotle maintained that they were nothing more than "meteors generated in the upper regions of the atmosphere." Tacitus has commemorated in two passages in the "Annals" the fact as to the general belief in the destinies of kings, emperors and rulers being affected by comets, and, through them, the condition of the people over whom they presided. One of these stars, he says, was accompanied by incessant flashes of lightning, "certain to be expiated by the imperial blood of Nero." A very notable comet appeared on the birth of the celebrated Mithridates, King of Pontus, of which the historian Justin thus writes: "Even celestial prodigies prognosticated his future greatness, for not only the same year that he was born, but also in that when he began to reign, there was on each occasion a comet star, which, for the space of seventy days, shone so brightly that the heavens themselves seemed all on fire. By its magnitude it occupied a fourth part of the sky, and by its glare outshone the brightness of the sun itself; and both at its rising and its setting it occupied no less a space of time than four hours." Suetonius has three references to the comet, as "a star of great political significance and importance." At the conclusion of his biography of Julius Caesar, he says that in the public games which his successor Augustus instituted in his memory, "there appeared a comet (*stella crinita*), which, at the eleventh hour, shone for seven days continuously. It was hence believed that the soul of Caesar was received into heaven, and on account of the comet a star was affixed to the head of his images." Preceding the death of Nero he also tells us that a comet

"began to shine night after night," and again, in his life of *Vespasian*, he remarks that that emperor could not refrain from joking even in circumstances of imminent peril, nor when there was a fear of his death, for when, amongst other prodigies that occurred in his time, the tomb of the *Cæsars* suddenly opened, and a comet appeared in the heavens, "he said that the first had happened in order that *Julia Calpurnia*, a lady who was a near relation to the family of *Augustus*, might be interred; and as to the other, it concerned the King of the *Parthians* more than it did himself, for the latter was long-haired." This story is, however, much better told by *Dion Cassius*. He says that, when they were talking of the "hairy star," *Vespasian* remarked: "The hairy star portends not death to me, but to the King of the *Parthians*; for he wears long hairs, whereas I am bald-headed!" In his satires on the ladies of *Rome*, *Juvenal* derides them on account of their political speculations, and their pretensions as to having the earliest intelligence upon every subject. One of these blue-stockings busy-bodies, he says, "was the first to see the comet threatening to the *Armenian King*, and the *Parthian*:"

"Instantem regi Armenio, Parthoque cometen
Prima videt."

In the tragedy of "*Julius Caesar*," *Shakspeare* thus alludes to the general superstition that comets portended the death of kings and the destiny of nations:

"When leggers die there are no comets seen—
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

But the notion that comets were celestial indications of great social and political changes in the conditions of mankind, was not confined to the ancients. The writer just quoted has, in the following lines, pointed to the general belief in astronomy, and the universal conviction that the stars influenced the lives and fortunes of mortals:

"Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night,
Comets, importing change of time and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto *Henry's* death."

Apollonius, in his "Dissertation on Magic," declares that "a physician without a knowledge of the stars, and a necromancer without the bones of dead men, were nothing better than pretenders, for they were unaided by a spirit of understanding;" and *Hermes*, in his first book, "*De Speculis et de Luce*," remarks: "It is necessary for a physician to know well, and to consider the nature of the stars, and of their various operations, so that he may have a due notion of diverse maladies, and of the days that are most critical as regards them, since nature itself is changeable according to the aspect and the conjunction of the heavenly bodies."

Diodorus Siculus relates that a comet which appeared 371 years before the Christian era, was supposed by the inhabitants of Greece to have notified the destruction of the *Achaian* cities, *Helix* and *Buris*. A comet which appeared in the year 389 A.D., with a tail like a scimitar, excited universal terror amongst all the nations of the earth. The invasion of England by *William the Conqueror*, and his victory over the *Anglo-Saxons* and *Harold* in the battle of *Hastings*, in the year 1066, were supposed to have been prognosticated by the appearance of a comet in the heavens, "as no man ever before saw." The comet of 1106 seems to have been visible all over Europe; *Matthew Paris* says that it could be seen even in the daytime. The appearance of *Halley's comet* in 1456 was coincident with the acquisition of *Constantinople* by the *Turks*, and their threatened advance into Europe, and was regarded by *Christendom* with a superstitious dread, the portentousness of the event being increased by the contemporary occurrence of a lunar eclipse at *Constantinople*. "Lord save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet," was a general addendum to the prayers of the time. However, although astrology even still has its professors and disciples, its falsity as a science has been long ascertained, and to all such superstitious notions relative to either stationary planets or "celestial vagrants," the universal enlightenment of the age,

"Now shines it like a comet of revenge—
A prophet to their fall!"

THE LAND OF TIN.

FOR upwards of twenty centuries the peninsula of Cornwall, the southmost county in the British Isles, has been supplying the world with tin. Notwithstanding this continued drain upon its resources, it is at present annually producing ten thousand tons of tin-ore, which is very considerably more than the produce of all the rest of the globe; the only other localities in which this metal has been found in any quantities being the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and Saxony, and Spain. This fact evidences how vast must have been the first deposit of tin in its rocks. In the days of Solomon, the ships of Tyre discovered the "far islands of the West," and the daring merchants of Asia furnished the Assyrians with British tin, to form those bronze vessels and ornaments which the researches of Rawlinson and Layard have brought to light in the midst of the vast and desolate plains of Assyria, after the lapse of so many ages, and which serve to illustrate the state of art-manufacture in the time of that magnificent monarch, Sardanapalus, who, as we have been told in the "Bentley Ballads," was

"Nineveh's king,
And if all be quite true that the chroniclers sing,
Loved his jug and his glass,
And was given, alas!
Not only to bigamy,
Nor even to trigamy,

But (we shudder to think on't,) to rankest polygamy!"

We still find marks of the subterranean explorations of the Phœnician miners, or "old men," as they are locally termed, as well as of their smelting works, and to them, also, it is more than probable may be ascribed the erection of those stone circles and pillars so frequent in the peninsula. Some zealous antiquarians assert that Cornwall never came under the dominion of the Romans. If such were the case, however, it would be difficult to account for the indubitable "levels" or "galleries," of the Roman miners found in the county, and which, even in their ruins, display no inconsiderable engineering skill. There is, in our opinion, very little doubt that the Romans were well acquainted with the vast store of mineral treasure that exists in Cornwall, and that they not alone conquered and possessed it, in common with the rest of Britain, but sought its buried treasures with that indefatigable industry which was the secret of their empire's strength. The Saxons were less successful, not having been able to subdue the Cornish men until three hundred years had elapsed from the first landing of Hengist and Horsa. Many of their camps and earthworks are still discernible. This almost isolated district was made a kingdom in 446, A.D. by Vortigern. The West Saxon monarchs conquered it in 650, and in the course of the ninth and tenth centuries, it was overrun by the Saxons and Danes. For many years, until the abdication of Cadwaladr, the Britons of Cornwall and Wales acknowledged a common sovereign. The former was erected into a Duchy by Edward III., in the year 1329, when its extensive stannaries or mines, (so called from the Latin word *stannum*, tin,) together with those of Devon, were granted to the Black Prince, who, with the succeeding Princes of Wales, drew immense revenues from the county. The dukedom is still held by the Prince of Wales, who has an exchequer court and a revenue of £30,000 from land, and appoints the sheriffs. Formerly, for the general regulation of the stannaries, representative assemblies of the miners were summoned, both in Devon and Cornwall. These were termed "parliaments" or "convocations of tinnars," and were convened by the Lord Warden of the stannaries, in virtue of a writ issued by the Duke of Cornwall, or by the King, when there was no Duke, authorising and requiring him to do so. The last convocation was held in 1752.

The name Cornwall appears to be derived from the Celtic *cornubia*, signifying a horn, which is not inapplicable to the form of the country, and the Saxon *wealas*, a title given to the Britons. Its area, exclusive of the Scilly Isles, is 1365 square miles, about seven-eighths of which are arable, meadow, or pasture. The surface is irregular. A ridge of bleak, rugged granite rocks, rising to the height of from 800 to 1368 feet, traverses the centre of the peninsula, from which the country slopes, and the streams flow on each side. Some of the hill valleys on the southern side are charmingly picturesque, while the "combes" or short valleys, which run towards the sea on the north-western side, are very remarkable. The river

Tamar, which rises at the north-eastern angle of the peninsula, and after a course of fifty-nine miles along the east border, falls into the roadstead of Plymouth Sound, forms the boundary between Cornwall and Plymouth. In every other direction the sea alone is the limit of the county. By tracing the coast line, we shall touch at a great number of interesting spots, as well as be enabled to note the chief geographical features of the county, which returns two members to parliament, and, according to the census of 1851, has a population of 355,558.

There is, perhaps, no portion of the sea-board of the British Isles on which the Atlantic breaks with greater force than on the north-western coast of Cornwall, between Moorwinstow and Tintagel Head, nor is there any other part of the peninsula which abounds in wilder or more picturesque scenery. The towering cliffs are everywhere broken and worn into a hundred fantastic forms, representing turrets, columns, and castles, rising far out at sea. There are two shallow bays, Bude and Widemouth, useless from accumulations of sand, and then come the prominent headlands, Dazard Castle, Penkender and Carnbeak Points. Bude Bay derives its name from the village connected by canal with Launceston; the latter place will be connected with Exeter by a railway, which will render the north of Cornwall more accessible. The well-known "Bude Light" was named by the inventor, Mr. Gurney, from this village, where he resides. In the immediate vicinity of this spot, was the ancient mansion of Stowe, for six hundred years the residence of the Cornish Grenvilles, a family of much renown and influence. It was at Stowe that, during the Parliamentary Wars, the intrigues with General Monk for the restoration of Charles II. were mainly carried on. About the beginning of the last century this splendid edifice was pulled down, and the even more stately Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, partly constructed with the materials. Passing the gloomy harbour of Boscastle, where may be seen a rare phenomenon, known as the "blowing hole," which is caused by the water being sucked into a fissure in a rock, outside the harbour, and ejected again in a steam-like jet of spray, and into which, it is locally affirmed, a young lady bathing in the harbour, a few years since, was drawn, as into a whirlpool, and never afterwards heard of, we reach the "silent tower of Botreux," to which is attached one of the most poetical of the innumerable wild legends of Cornwall. It is to the effect, that "once upon a time" a jealousy existed between Botreux and Tintagel, on account of the beautiful peal of bells belonging to the church of the latter, while the former possessed none, and the chimes of which would be tantalizingly wafted up the coast on the calm summer evenings. The inhabitants of Botreux soon raised a sum of money to provide a peal for their church, and the day at length arrived when the vessel containing them hove in sight. As she drew near the shore, the sweet chimes of the Tintagel bells were borne across the blue waters, and the pilot, who was a Tintagel man, reverently uncovering his head, exclaimed: "Thank God that I hear those bells once more! With His blessing we shall set foot on shore this evening." "Thank God upon land, you fool!" interrupted the captain, "on sea thank the seaman's skill, the good ship, and the prosperous wind." Scarcely had the scoffing words been uttered, than a terrible storm arose, the vessel was dashed to pieces on the dark rocks, and of all the souls on board, the grateful pilot alone was spared to tell the tale, while

"Still when the storm of Botreux' waves
Is raging in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide!
'Come to thy God, in time!'
Thus saith the ocean-chime—
'Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
Come to thy God at last!'"

Proceeding onwards along the "thundering shores of Bude and Bos," we reach the towering precipice of Tintagel Head, crowned with the venerable ruins of the castle reported to have been the birth-place of King Arthur. Judging from the existing remains of the fortress, it was unquestionably of Roman erection; but, although its history is enveloped in impenetrable obscurity, it is not improbable that the early Britons had here some rude fort before the invasion of the Romans. The site of the castle occupied a considerable space partly on the mainland, and partly on what is called the island, a portion of the promontory almost completely insulated by the action

of the waves, and the only access to which is now by a narrow path over the dangerous cliffs on the western side, where the least slip of the foot would be certain to be attended by fatal results. After the Norman conquest, Tintagel castle became the occasional residence of several of the English princes, and here the celebrated "King of the Romans,"—as Richard, Earl of Cornwall was called—entertained his nephew, David, Prince of Wales, when in rebellion against the king, in 1245. In "Doomesday book" Tintagel is mentioned as "Dunchine," or "Chain castle." It appears to have been kept in tolerable repair, and to have been occasionally used as a prison, until the reign of Elizabeth, when it was allowed to fall into ruins, which are the property of the duchy. From this interesting locality the coast takes a bold sweep to Padstow Bay, an excellent harbour, and the town of which is very romantically situated. Trevoe and Towan Heads are very prominent cliffs, and a few miles south of the latter point, at Perran Porth, near Perranzabuloe, are the singularly interesting ruins of the buried church of St. Piran, which were discovered in 1835, having been inhumed by the treacherous sands for several hundred years. According to tradition it was erected by St. Piran, a disciple of St. Patrick, who in his zeal to convert the fierce inhabitants of this part of Britain, established a church on their inhospitable shore. His reputation for sanctity was so great, that the environs of the church became a favourite burial-place; and when the ruins were being exhumed, an immense accumulation of skeletons, regularly arranged, was discovered. In the course of time this building was overwhelmed, and another church erected further inland, which, however, met the same fate; and so late as 1803, a third church was built still farther from the shore. In the vicinity are the remains of an amphitheatre, of uncertain date, one hundred and thirty feet in diameter, and capable of accommodating two thousand persons. About three miles from Perranzabuloe, near the coast, is the little village of St. Agnes, interesting as having been the birth-place of Hoppy, the carpenter-artist, whose sketches first attracted the attention of the celebrated Dr. Walcott ("Peter Pindar.") The young genius was carefully educated for a painter, and, under the assumed name of Opie, was one of the most popular portrait-painters half a century ago, although he never lost his rusticity of manner. His wife, Amelia Opie, attained much reputation as the authoress of some agreeable tales and verses.

At the north-western extremity of the pretty Bay of St. Ives is situated the pleasant and busy town of the same name. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and, like St. Piran, is supposed to be of Irish foundation. Notwithstanding the dangerous character of the adjacent coast, it is the principal station of the Pilchard fishery, the whole occupation during the summer months of the seafaring population of the Cornish seaboard. As many as 40,000 hogsheds of pilchards have been salted and packed here in one year, the value of which was no less than £80,000, Italy and Spain being the chief consumers. The Spaniards call these fish "fumados," of which, perhaps, the local name, "fair maids" of Cornwall, is a corruption. Near this part of the coast is the town of Redruth, the centre of an important mining district, and the name of which is said to be derived from "Dre-druth," that is to say, the "Druids' town." Be this as it may, crom-leacs, circles, and other mementoes of the Druidical carnage-creed are still visible in the vicinity. The richest and most profitable tin mines in Cornwall are in this parish, and vast as have been their yields, they appear to increase in wealth the more they are developed, in addition to which, it may be added, they are comparatively inexpensive to work.

The bold promontory of the Land's End is, as its name implies, the westmost part of England. Its immediate neighbourhood is, probably, of the entire peninsula, richest in antiquarian remains. Amongst these is the celebrated "Logan" or "Logging" Stone, on the point of land where the ancient castle of Trevean formerly stood. It is a popular error to suppose that this is one of those mis-

"Rocks of the Druid race,
Which a single touch in the world sets moving,
But all earth's power can't stir from their base."

The foundations of this part of the coast consist of a stupendous group of granite rocks, which are worn by the weather into the forms of prismatic, cubical, or spheroidal blocks. The surface of the "Logan" in contact with the under work is of very small extent, and the whole mass is on such accurate poise that, despite its weight of nearly sixty-six tons, the gentlest push applied to its under edge

will cause it to very perceptibly oscillate. In the year 1824 it was, in the course of a frolic, thrown off its balance by Lieutenant Goldsmith, an officer of the navy, and nephew of the immortal Oliver, and some sailors, who were afterwards ordered by the Admiralty to replace it, a task which they achieved at the expenditure of much time, and the wear and tear of no end of tackle. Such stones are, without doubt, whether we meet with them in Cornwall or in Ireland, identical with the *Betylia* or "animated stones" of the Phœnicians, alluded to by Sanchoniathon. The employment of these natural phenomena to the purposes of Druidical superstition has been thus poetically referred to:—

"Behold yon huge
And unknown sphere of living adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose heart is pure; but to a traitor,
Though e'en a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowden."

Not far from the "Logan Stone" are situate the Botallack and Levant mines. The workings of these extend considerably under the waves of the Atlantic, the miners pursuing their labours at the distance of half a mile from the shore. To aid their tasks gigantic steam-engines, with cylinders 100 inches in diameter, are employed in pumping water from those vast depths. Winding-engines, which are masterpieces of mechanical skill, are ever at work, raising the minerals from each dark abyss, and "man-engines," so termed because they bring the wearied miners to the light of day, saving them the toil and danger attendant upon ascending perpendicular and rickety ladders, have been introduced in some of these mines. Twenty-four miles off the Land's End, and to its south-west, are the Scilly Isles, a group about thirty miles in circumference, and comprising more than one hundred and forty islands. Only six are inhabited—St. Mary's, the largest of the group, on which stands the fortified town of St. Hugh, the capital; Treco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes', Sampson, and Bryer. Together with Cornwall, the Scilly Isles were the Cassiterides, or tin islands, of the Phœnicians and Greeks; the Romans used them as a place of banishment for political offenders. They were held by Sir John Granville for Charles I., during the Parliamentary wars, and no less a distinguished personage than Blake, "Admiral and General at Sea," was employed in 1651 to dislodge the Royalists. In 1707 the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and several other vessels, were wrecked on the Giltstone Rock, off St. Mary's, one of these islands, the admiral and not less than two thousand others perishing. Penzance, near the head of Mount's Bay, is the most westerly town in England. Between this bay and the Scilly Isles, arable land, meadows, woods, and one hundred and forty parish churches, are said to be submerged. Two very eminent men, Lord Exmouth and Sir Humphrey Davy, were born in Penzance, as well as two very remarkable women—Dolly Pentreath, memorable in the county as the last who spoke the real Cornish language, (a Celtic dialect, by the way,) who died at Mousehole, an adjoining village, in 1788, aged 102; and Mary Kalynack, who, in 1851, at the age of 84, walked to London to see the Great Exhibition and catch a glimpse of the Queen. On the opposite side of Mount's Bay is the town of Marazion, or Market Jew, which is connected, by a long, narrow causeway with an island about a mile in circumference, on which stands St. Michael's Mount, a lofty rock nearly two hundred feet in height, and the summit of which is crowned with the ruins of a monastic edifice, "the rude remains of high antiquity," and a castle, which underwent a severe siege during the Wars of the Roses.

Lizard Point is the southmost part of England. In the little parish church of Landevenack, in its immediate vicinity, the service was performed in the Cornish dialect for the last time in 1680. From the Lizard the coast trends away in a north-easterly direction to Black Head, and thence to Falmouth, once a seaport of great importance in the West Indian and Portuguese trades. It was defended by Pendennis and Mames Castles, on the opposite side of the estuary of the Helford, both of which were built by Henry VIII.; Pendennis underwent a lengthened siege by Oliver Cromwell. From this point to the Devonshire boundary the principal headlands are Dodman Point, and Gribban and Rame Heads. Truro, a handsome town, in the centre of a leading mining district; Launceston, pos-

sessing very interesting ruins of a noble fortalice; and Bodmin, are the remaining towns demanding special notice. The latter is now the county town, and is a place of great antiquity, having been the seat of an important monastery in the Saxon and early Norman times, some remains of which still exist. In the time of Henry VI., about 10,000 Cornish men opposed the authority of the Protector Somerset, but were defeated by Lord Russell. The rebels had insisted that the youthful monarch should abide by all the decrees of his council, and in all things take the advice of their leader, Arundel of the Mount, and the Mayor of Bodmin! The royal general told the latter he would see him hanged first, and fulfilled his promise. A certain ungallant and scandal-loving local historian says that the mayor's wife intended to petition Lord Russell for her husband's life, and would, perhaps, have been successful, but she delayed so long in adjusting her new French hood, that the unfortunate mayor was gibbeted before she arrived.

When we add that old red sand-stone, the "Killas" of the miner, covers about three-fourths of Cornwall; that in the interior of the county this is intersected by three large masses of granite, as well as by porphyry veins and dikes, and limestone beds; that the climate is mild, especially in winter, but damp, with almost daily visits from Jupiter Pluvius; that the greater portion of the population are, of course, connected with mining operations, and generally devoutly believe in pixies and other hobgoblins, we have said all that our space will permit us anent the LAND OF TIN.

THE THEORY OF DECLARATIONS.

I AM really puzzled to account for the elaborate trouble with which the novelists describe the process of courtship, and the toil and ingenuity expended by those clever gentlemen on that simplest of all forms—a declaration. My cousin, Sarah Fanlight, lately accompanied me to the opera; and when the last scene was over and the curtain had descended, I ventured to ask my candid, unsentimental relative her opinion of the performance. Her reply—she was fresh from Northampton, and was ignorant of dissimulation—convinced me that she had a deep respect for common sense, and that a favourite theory of mine was honoured with her concurrence. "Dear," she said, "the scenery was very pretty; but wasn't there a great deal of noise about getting two people married?" My cousin was as just as she was laconic; for, in common with hundreds of large-headed people, who lament those brighter and more human times, when nature was untrammelled by social artificialisms, and love was something nobler than a civil institution; when novels reflected life without exaggerating it, and the heroic world contented itself with monosyllables; I feel bound to protest against those mysteries, combinations of language, feeling, and incident in which the play of the affections is involved by contemporary fiction. This morbid desire for polish and effect, which aspires to gild over everything, from the cornice to the coal-skuttle, must have a demoralizing influence on us and our generation, and end in destroying that tenderness and confidence which are the most fascinating elements of admiration developed into love.

The old novelists and dramatists analysed the affections with a subtle appreciation to which we are totally estranged. See how one of Shakespeare's heroes manages a declaration; a stage conventionalism reduces him to his knees; but that voluntary humiliation does not compromise the wisdom of his tongue or the dignity of his manners. All his compliments, high-winged and figurative as they may be, have broad and obvious relations to truth and rationality; we never lose the lover in the orator. Nothing can be more charming than the Moor's description of the wooing of Desdemona; there is no fustian, no parade, no spasmodic alternations of hope and despondency; he tells a plain story, captivates the lady, and leads her off, without calling in the assistance of fainting fits and blue fire to increase his triumph. In Massinger we find a similar acceptance of truth and rejection of the improbable. Le Sage, who, to the vivacity of a Frenchman united the reasonable tendencies and acute observation of his English contemporaries, delights now and then in stiltedness and exaggeration. Roger, King of Sicily, when he woos the Lady Blanche, has no limits to his transports, and, in consequence, renders himself an object of ridicule. "Adorable Blanche," says his moderate-minded majesty, "your fears are obliging and justify

my attachment to your charms; but the excess of your doubts injures my love, and (if I may be allowed to say so) the esteem which you owe me. No! think not that my destiny and yours can ever be separated." But, notwithstanding that the wily Frenchman occasionally levied contributions from this fountain of objectionable inspiration, he knew how to be natural when he liked; and, in "Gil Blas," the "Bachelor of Salamanca," and "the Devil on Two Sticks," he has painted a crowd of pictures illustrative of this subject, with inimitable truth and delicacy. Contrasted with the lights of the modern schools, with, let us say, Bulwer and Balzac, whom we may fairly take as representatives of the English and French drama and romance, it will be seen that the old craftsmen, who were often compelled to observe life through the keyhole, are far more accurate and appreciative than their successors, who enjoy the full blaze and society of the saloons. The former left human nature to its skins and fig leaves, and allowed it to manifest all the graces and eccentricities which spring from impulse or culture; the latter insists on having it spangled and gewgawed, and sent out to practise studied antics under the glare of theatrical gaslight. One is truth; the other, with all respect for verbal propriety, is entitled to the distinction—fiction.

It is a notorious social fact, with which speculative mothers and keen young ladies are specially familiar, that declarations of love are generally made under the most commonplace and unromantic conditions. The suitor requires neither parterre, nor balcony, nor moonlight to inspire his tongue; and the lady, whether in full dress or *négligé*, is, generally speaking, graciously disposed to lend a charmed ear to the declaration. Now, those are obvious truths, daily negatived by novel writers in their treatment of passion and its legitimate consummation. Sheridan, who won his wife heroically but humbly, and unbosomed himself to the Bath beauty in an ordinary back parlour, makes his heroes commit all sorts of exaggeration in their lofty endeavours to convert a straightforward proposal into an essay on stupidity and diffidence. Why should we not have the plain truth, and abstain from the absurdity of trimming serge with costly lace—of making a simple incident of everyday life an occasion for a display of meretricious rhodomontade?

My friend Nudges—he has been married ten years, and has expended a little money on gum-corals—was, at an indecisive period of his life, a tremendous patron of the beautiful world of fiction. Man and woman he knew only through the medium of those fine imaginative tissues called romances, which were enough popular twenty-five years ago to secure several long-forgotten authors a handsome competence in return for their labours; but of man and woman, living, breathing, and thinking, Mr. Nudges, except to a very limited extent, knew nothing. He was shy and reserved in society; no lady could boast of having "drawn him out," or extracted from him, in his most familiar moods, anything better than the faint smile or stimulated giggle which betrays inexperience and *mauvaise honte*. Whilst suffering from this unhappy temperament, my poor friend was caught in the meshes of a bright-witted, sparkling blonde, a Devonshire beauty, who was popularly known as "the pretty Miss Briston." For days and months he loved and languished; but with a reticence above all praise, he held his tongue and worshipped in silence. At last, as he confessed years after, he "could stand it no longer;" he made me his confidant, and requested me to use my good offices for him with the charming Miss Briston. Commissioned with full powers to bring matters to an issue, I obtained an interview with his idol, and pleaded my client's suit with all the fervour of friendly advocacy. Beautiful Miss Briston! her colour came and went, and kept going and coming for some moments, whilst her exquisite hand trifled with an Indian handscreen in the fulness of her gentle confusion. Then she spoke, and said such sweet things of Nudges, that I envied the delicious dog, and wished that client and advocate were rolled into one. Sweet things! but, alas, with a little bitter aloe at the bottom: she would consent to everything, with this important reservation—Miss Briston would not be wooed by proxy. When Nudges had learned the result of my suit, or rather his, he looked very dejected, pronouncing the case hopeless; but I rallied the dear fellow, and sent him off, cheerful and determined, to plead for himself *in propria persona*. He returned after a lapse of two hours, florid and delighted.

"Well," I enquired, "have you succeeded?"

"Succeeded?—yes; why, there's no difficulty about it, say what they will."

"But how did you do it?" I asked.

"Sit down a moment and I shall tell you," replied the buoyant Nudges. I obeyed, and he began this way:—

"When I got to Salem Avenue I found Miss Briston sewing at the drawing-room window. I praised the weather, and she was good enough to concur with my opinion of it. You will understand that I did not allude to "the matter" at once; so we fell chatting on a hundred things, and, at her request, I hummed the *Sequilda*, which she thought very fine, and complimented me on my execution of it. You needn't smile; Emma—I mean Miss Briston—doesn't compliment all sorts of people, I assure you. Well, a hundred times I nerved myself with the firm intention of popping the question; but I could not; I was all in a flutter, whilst she sat before me as cool as an icicle, purling a lace collar and talking of aquatics. At one time I got as far as 'you will excuse me, Miss Briston, but'—when she suddenly raised her head and said, 'Sir,' in a manner which made me instantly decide on changing the topic. Then she grew fidgetty and dropped her thimble, and said 'twas a naughty thimble, and asked me if ever I wore thimbles. I said I did not, and that I should wish her good morning. So I rose and shook hands with her, and went as far as the lobby, leaving her still in the drawing-room. 'Now Nudges,' I said to myself, 'now is your time, my fine fellow; turn back, throw yourself on your left knee, and say you adore her.' I actually got as far as the mat in the hope of having the courage to execute this manoeuvre. I even opened the door and put in my head, but there I stuck, looking at Emma—I mean Miss Briston—and Miss Briston looking at me.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Pray, don't apologise," said the lady, 'wont you wait for tea?'

"I'm afraid you'll be offended with me."

"Indeed I shall not, Sir. You're very provoking—what is it?'

"Miss Briston," I said, 'will you do what my friend Tom Walker (that's you, Tom) asked you?'

"I heard a low 'yes';—I rushed into the room—I caught her hand—I—but I'm too much the gentleman to tell what followed."

"My dear fellow," I said, "you knew how to do it." At the same time I became reflective. Here was a simple, truthful, declaration of a man's love, conveyed with a fascinating indirectness, whose total want of conventionalism captivated a beautiful woman, and made a bashful lover the happiest fellow in her Majesty's dominions. If an old declaration-monger only laid hold of this pretty passage of rose-pointed foils, Tithonus! how he would have broken it up into a million fragments, plunged them into his pots and crucibles, stirred and ladled them until every atom of human nature would have been refined away, and the whole reduced to a purely chemical base. We should hear of "the soft twilight pervading the lofty and luxurious apartment;" of "the aurora-like blush which suffused the lovely brows" of the interesting party; Nudges would grow hyperbolic and Emma hysterical; and the scene would be wound up with a theatrical tableaux, bringing out the "silken dress" of the lady, and the black pants of the gentleman. For my part, I regard Nudge's avowal as the model of a declaration; it was sublime in its consistency; and whenever the delicious moment arrives that shall place me in a position similar to that of my friend, I shall lay my hand upon my heart, and "calm the intoxication of my soul" with the recollection of Nudges.

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POPPING THE QUESTION!

You know where the green little wicket
Swings round in the blue garden gloom,
And the shaft of the weather-stained dial
Lies low in the sweetbriar blooms;
Where the cottage's wild-blossomed gables
Are dreamily hanging above,
I was there—on a sunset in August—
And dreamt, for the first time, of love:
Twixt my hot hands I prisoned four fingers;
"O lily-white captives," I cried,
"Go plead with your beautiful mistress;
Ask Juliet if she'll be my bride."

I looked in her face, it was pensive,
Calm curved the bright laps of her mouth,
Her bright hair was rich as the corn-land,
When blown by the wind of the south;
"O pretty ambassadors seek her,
Pat her temples with touches so fine
That her pity may waken and sparkle—
That she may be mine—may be mine."
Black through the gathering twilight
The high rooks sailed dizzily home;
Bright through the rose-tinted heaven
A low planet rayed into bloom.

"Would that the world were mine, dearest,
We'd dwell in a palace, alone,
Abroad on some ocean-sphered highland—
Heart, passions, and fancies our own;
Or sail over measureless waters,
Between cedared and cinnamonod shores,
With the balm of the land on our foreheads,
And the flame of the stars on our oars."
One moment she looked at Uranus,
Then her eyes turned slowly on me,
"Dear Frederick," she anxiously murmured,
"Don't you think that we'd better have tea?"

CAVIARE.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor takes the present opportunity to gratefully acknowledge the favours of numerous kind correspondents, and to remark, that so many MSS. have been sent to him, it will be practically impossible to address a special letter to every contributor.

Many of the papers already forwarded to the Editor for perusal are not in accordance with the spirit and purpose of this Journal. It has been designed solely as a "Miscellany of Amusement and Popular Information," irrespective of sect or party, and everything having a contrary aim will be most rigidly excluded.

The Editor will duly consider every contribution, but will not guarantee the return of such as may be deemed indigible.

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No. 3.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE MILLER OF MOHILL.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAP. III.—RETRIBUTION—A DEED OF BLOOD.

It is sufficient to say, that under Jemmy's guidance they reached the cottage; the wounded man still alive, but as it would seem, incapable of speech. Tully and his wife, after having lit a candle, immediately placed him in their own bed, having first taken off his clothes; Tully then examined his

wound, which was in the shoulder, but upon the closest possible inspection of it, he was unable to give them any hope

of his recovery. He prepared an application, however, which succeeded in staunching the blood, and to some extent in mitigating the pain. His brother Michael then went to him, and bursting into tears, stooped down and kissed him, weeping bitterly. The old man, however, with all the authority of superior knowledge, pulled him from the bed, exclaiming:

"What the sarra do you mane, man alive? Do you want to kill the boy? Don't you know he must be kept quiet? Come now, be aff out o' this every man of you, and lave him to myself. And what is more, mark that I don't make any

enquiries into this business; and won't either hear or listen to anything whatsoever about it."

"To know anything about it, doesn't signify much," replied Michael; "bekase it was a mere accident, but do you save his life if you can; and take my word for it, you'll be well paid; here's money for you, and bring a doctor to him, and don't spare any cost. Save his life, and you'll be a well-paid man; that's all I have to say."

They then withdrew, all but Jemmy, who refused, under any circumstances, to leave the wounded man.

"Jemmy be about him;" he said, "and run messages for Peter, and run to you too," he added, addressing Michael;

"and tell you how him is; no, Jemmy won't leave him, Jemmy knows what a heather bed is, and him stop on it, now and den, ay bedadda."

This was considered another good suggestion of the fool's, and it was accordingly acceded to without hesitation.

When the party reached Sullivan's house, the three Tipperary men went immediately to bed, and owing to the natural fatigue of the preceding day's labour, and of their trudge to and from the mountain that night they fell into a pro-

found sleep. Not so, however, with the man who was the master spirit in the whole dreadful proceedings. If ever a mortal soul was torn asunder by the terrible struggles of remorse and revenge, Michael Sullivan's was on that miserable and unhappy night. He was, in fact, a dark, unfeeling hypocrite to the world, but so admirably had he



managed his intercourse with it, that no human being had been able to raise the veil which concealed his natural character from the public view. But at the same time, strange as it may seem, his affection for James transcended the love of brethren. His naturally misanthropical spirit cared not for the aggregate of human kind which move in and constitute life. In fact, he only used them for his own purposes, and despised them. So was it not with respect to James. So far as he was concerned, it would seem that all those affections which a better nature would have expended upon his fellow-creatures were gathered in his heart, in order to be concentrated upon his brother. In all the ordinary affairs of life that brother's word and least wish were a law to him. And now, upon the only occasion on which he refused to be guided by his remonstrances, what had he to blame but his own dark and jealous spirit for the bloody and calamitous fate in which he had involved that beloved brother. On this night, indeed, he felt as if his breast were filled with fire. He accused himself as the cause of his brother's death should he die, of which there existed every probability, but he strove to transfer his own guilt to Kennedy, who had only acted in the sacred duty of defending his innocent and beloved daughter from an outrage probably worse than death itself. On the miller, therefore, he turned his darkest and deepest determinations of future vengeance. Should his brother live, however, he was determined to keep himself apart from further outrage—but, on the contrary, if he died, he was determined to have life for life. This dark and bloody logic reconciled him somewhat to what *had* and what *might* happen, for indeed his reasonings were the reasonings of a murderer.

We do not wish to keep the reader's attention engaged upon matters of mere detail, but on the contrary, to come, without omitting, however, any necessary circumstance, to the salient points of our story.

On the day following the scene at the miller's house, there was certainly a rumour and an uproar throughout the neighbourhood and the parish; and many of his neighbours and of his friends and relatives flocked there to ascertain the particulars of the outrage. Among the first who arrived was the bridegroom-elect, young Tom Cavanagh, whose consternation and dismay at the occurrence were only equalled by his delight and satisfaction at the providential but narrow escape of his intended bride. The house, in fact, was crowded during the whole day with persons anxious to congratulate the miller and him upon the failure of the foul and dastardly attempt which had been made. Loud were the discussions and innumerable the surmises and conjectures as to who the guilty parties could be. The whole outrage, however, was involved in such darkness and mystery, that it was felt impossible to guess at, much less to name, any particular individual who might be considered the leading man upon the occasion. The good easy miller, when asked whether he had taken any steps to trace or find out the authors of the outrage, replied with a laugh:

"Find them out! Not I, the blackguards, let them take what they got; I'll engage they won't come back again, now that they have a notion of the warm welcome they'll get. My child's safe, that's all I care about, but as for them, they may go to the devil, and sure I am that I sent one of them to him last night; so that I'm satisfied, if they are."

About two o'clock, among others, who should present himself as a sympathiser but honest Michael Sullivan, and scarcely a man had arrived there that day who was received with a warmer or more cordial welcome.

"Here's a man," said the miller, shaking him by the hand, "that would have given me and Anne a lift if he had been near us. Indeed, as it is, I may thank him that my poor ould mill—that's now all the wife I have—wasn't burnt to death and brought to a heap of ashes." He then related the anecdote with which the reader is already acquainted.

"Troth, and I wish I *had* been near you last night, Frank," replied Michael, "and I wouldn't let my ould sweetheart be run away wid—at laste by any one barrin myself—ha, ha, ha. But how was it, Frank?"

The miller then repeated the circumstances for the twentieth time that day.

"And have you no suspicion of who the cowardly rascals were?" asked Michael.

"Divil a the laste, only that one of them must be an able villain, for he tumbled me like a spatchcock wid one blow—but not before I tumbled him wid another; however, he *hot* me treacherous."

"I wish to the Father, Tom," said Michael, addressing Cavanagh, "that you and I had been there; it's in the stone-jug the villains would be to-day."

"As it is, Michael," replied Cavanagh, "we have all *raison* to be thankful to God for Anne's escape; at laste, her own friends and mine have."

"And do you think," replied Michael, "that I'm not as thankful for it as e'er a one of you?"

"Troth I'm sure you are, Michael," said Cavanagh; "and I'm sure that divil a man livin' would 'a come to her relief sooner, barrin' myself or her father."

"Well, I don't know whether you'd be guided by me or not, Tom," said Michael. "Frank, I'm spakin' to you, too."

"What is it, Michael?"

"I say I don't know whether you or Tom here 'ud be guided by my advice or not; but if you would, I'd recommend you not to keep her a single night undher your roof till afther her marriage, when she can go home to her husband, and then nobody will think of runnin' away wid her."

"Faith," replied Cavanagh, looking to the miller for his consent, "and my own opinion is that a scoundrel advice couldn't be given. Who knows but these scoundrels might come back wid greater force, and that lives might be lost, and maybe my own Anne, too, taken away."

The miller paused a moment. "Troth," said he, "it's a good thought, and it was a kind heart it came from. True enough then; I'll send her down to her uncle's in Ballycloghan, where she'll have the whole market-town to protect her. Thank you, Michael; throth it's a comfort to have such a neighbour as you are."

"I hope, Michael, that you'll be at the weddin'," said Cavanagh, "and that you'll be my own man, too."

"To be sure he will," said the miller; "do you think, Tom, we didn't intend to have him?"

"Well," replied Michael, "I'll be wid yez; but don't you know, Tom," he added, laughing, "that it's too much to ask an ould sweetheart of Anne's to stand by and see her married to another; not that ever I was a sweetheart of *hers*, but in troth she was of mine. But it's all fair play; she preferred you, Tom, and small blame to her, and for the same *raison* I'll be your 'man' wid a heart and a half."

In the meantime the struggle between life and death in the case of James Sullivan was dreadful. Peter Tully, finding that his own skill was far from being adequate to grapple with the condition of his patient, procured the assistance of a doctor who lived on the other side of the mountains, who, however, no sooner saw him than he too expressed very faint hopes of his recovery.

"Sir," said Peter, after having given him his fee, and promised to procure the medicines prescribed, and otherwise follow his instructions carefully, "this boy is a nephew of mine, and got this wound in actin' against the landlord and his bailiffs, and I'd take it as a favour if you'd say nothing about his bein' here. You know yourself, sir, that the ap-

pearance of bailiffs or the polis undher this roof, and him in the state he's in, would kill him."

"I am a doctor," replied the surgeon, "but not a spy, Mr. Tully; so that on that subject you need entertain no apprehensions whatsoever."

Every night Jemmy went down to his brother Michael to give an account of his condition; and it so happened for purposes which will be seen hereafter, that every account was worse than another, so that all hope was nearly gone from that brother's heart.

"I will go to see him, Jemmy," said he; *I must* go to see him, for I can bear this no longer. I must have his forgiveness before he dies for having murdered him."

"You didn't shot him," replied Jemmy, "it was Bodagh the Grinder; but Peter Tully says you kill him if you go; he bid me tell you dat; you can't go till him sends for you. De people, too, is watchin' de mountains, but Jemmy knows de byeways, and de can't see me."

"True enough, Jemmy," said Michael, "and I must only wait till he gets better or is dead; as for gettin' his forgiveness I know I will, because he knew that I had no expectation that he would have met the fate he did."

"Him did forgive you," replied Jemmy; "him bid Jemmy tell you that he did."

"Well," replied Michael, "that's a great relief to my heart, Jemmy, and if he dies I know what I'll do."

As he spoke the darkness of murder gathered upon his face, his eyes glared with the lurid fire of revenge, and Jemmy could hear that he ground and crunched his teeth with a fury that he could scarcely suppress.

Whilst James Sullivan remained in this awful equilibrium, between hope and despair, the miller had availed himself of the hint, so artfully thrown out by the elder Sullivan, for removing his daughter from under his own roof. She was removed accordingly, and he remained with no person in the house but his servant-maid, Peggy Devlin, to whom, by the way, Aherne was paying his addresses. There was at that period a shebeen-house, kept by a fiddler, about three miles or nearly from the miller's house, where a dance was held every Sunday evening, which was attended by most of the servants of both sexes for a considerable distance around it, the evening of Sunday being that only on which they could obtain liberty to get out for their amusement. On those occasions the miller was consequently alone, and contrived to solace his temporary solitude by reading a volume or two of ballads, of which he had a considerable variety. In this state of things matters remained until Sunday evening, about an hour after dusk, when Jemmy once more made his appearance, in a state of the deepest distress.

Michael's heart sank with a weight like that of death when he looked upon him.

"Well, Jemmy," said he, "I am afeard you have bad news."

"Oh! him dead!" replied Jemmy, wringing his hands—him dead at last—poor Misty James dead!" and he exhibited manifestations of the most violent grief.

Michael paused and looked at him, and his eyes glazed—for, strange to say, grief at that moment was completely shut out from his heart—that heart which was now thundering, as it were, with the terrible tumults of revenge and murder. He immediately went to the kitchen, and called the three servant-men, but only two of them made their appearance.

"Where is Aherne?"—he asked, "that I don't see him?"

"He and Peggy Devlin," they replied, "are gone to Condy Moran's dance."

"Ha!" exclaimed Michael, his eyes now kindling with a ferocious delight; "ay, that's all right."

"Jemmy," said he, addressing the fool, "go up again to the mountains, and tell Peter Tully that I'll be there to-morrow night; and don't you come here until then."

"Poor Misty James!" exclaimed Jemmy, in evident grief. "Bodagh the Grinder shotted him—'kase he wouldn't let him lash Jemmy wid his whip. Ay, Bodagh the Grinder shotted poor Misty James!" and with these words he disappeared.

"Well," said Sullivan, "Aherne has her off; that's all right. I gave him a hint to do so. God—God!—from the accounts I got of him, I didn't think he'd be apt to pass this day—but now—now!"

"Misther Sullivan," said Houlaghan, "You look strange and quare—something's wroog—what's the matter?"

"My brother's dead!" he replied, "the miller murdered him!"

"Well," replied Hannigan, "it can't be helped now; you know your duty, I hope; there's only one coorse to take; the miller must follow him! Give Houlaghan and me five pounds between us, and we'll save you the trouble."

"I will," he replied; "but listen! by no hand but mine must the villain fall; assist me you may, and I intended it; but the death-blow must be mine. Prepare now; we won't shoot him, for I'm known to have arms, and that might lead them to suspect us, if marks of such wounds were found on him; but we'll settle him some other way."

That night, between ten and eleven o'clock, the miller was sitting, without care, sorrow, or trouble, at his own fire-side, a tumbler of punch on the table beside him, whilst he sang with a lusty voice "The Miller of Dee," and he had just concluded the burthen,

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

when a knock came to the door. Suspecting no attempt upon his daughter, now that she had been removed to a place of safety, he arose without dread or apprehension, and at once opened it. The miller, who was dressed on that occasion in a black coat and a black vest, with drab trowsers, seeing that it was his honest neighbour, Michael Sullivan and his two servants who were there, shook hands in the most cordial spirit with Sullivan, and asked them all in.

"I'm as glad as a pound-note you came," said he, "for I'm sitting here widout a soul wid me but myself. That *girsha* of a servant o' mine is gone down to Condy Moran's dance, and sure the poor crature, if she doesn't get out for an hour or two of a Sunday evening to pick up a sweetheart and get married, what's to become of her, barrin' to die an ould maid, and, indeed, that 'ud be a pity—and she such a tight, clane, goodlooking girl. Troth she desarved it at *my* hands at all events, afther the manly fight she made for me the other night. Come we must have a glass of punch, and I'll sing yez the "Miller of Dee."

It is not our intention to describe the details of this atrocious murder. It is enough to say that the three miscreants were engaged in it, and that the deathblow was given to him by a tremendous stroke of a large poker, which came from the hand of Michael Sullivan. It was an awful sight to see the large manly frame of the benevolent and kind-hearted miller lying inanimate and dead upon his own hospitable hearth, without ever having committed an offence towards a human being, or a single act—unless what occurred in defence of his daughter—that could entail upon him the resentment or vengeance of man, woman, or child.

"Now," said Hannigan, "that job's finished—and well finished—that last blow of the poker settled him; but what's to be done?"

"I don't care," replied Michael, with a voice of savage exultation, "what is done *now*? I have taken vengeance for the life of my dead and murdered brother—and that's all I want."

"We must hide the body," said Hannigan, "there's plenty of bog-holes in the neighbourhood, and we'll put him in one of them—then let them find it when they can. It'll keep back the *polis* for a while at any rate, and puzzle them all besides."

"It's a good thought," observed Houlaghan, "and let us do it at *wanst*."

"Go out first, *mashter*," said Hannigan, "and see that the coast is clear."

Sullivan stole out, and went here and there to peep about and reconnoitre the premises.

"Wouldn't it be a good job," said Hannigan, "to see what money's in the house?"

"Ay," replied the other, "but we wouldn't have time, and besides Sullivan wouldn't stand that."

They then procured a large sack, which was lying in the kitchen, for the purpose of bearing away the body in it.

"At all events," said Hannigan, "when the reward comes, it'll be a windfall to us."

Sullivan, who had been peeping stealthily about, came as stealthily back, and as he cautiously opened the door, he happened to hear the last clause of the sentence uttered by Hannigan; and for the first time he suspected treachery. He said nothing, however, and did not look as if he had heard the expression. They then took up the body, which Hannigan and Houlaghan bore in the sack, holding a corner of it in each hand, and with a strong grip, whilst Sullivan took the key from the inside of the lock, locked the door from the outside, after which he slipped it quietly in his pocket. Having thrown the body into a bog-hole, they proceeded a portion of the way home, not by the usual path, but across the fields, when Sullivan said:

"Boys, go home, and keep the house; I'll be afther yez in half an hour, and you won't have any cause to regret it. Trust to me, in half an hour's time you'll see me, or if not tonight, early in the morning."

They accordingly proceeded home, and left their master to accomplish a plan which he had just conceived.

"These villains," said he, "for the sake of the reward that will be offered, will hang me if they can, but it will go hard with me or I will manage to prevent them."

Whether he did so or not, will appear in due time.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE GHOST OF AN IMPRESSION.—If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere, except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where the surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in the darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may be laid on in succession will on warming emerge in their proper order.

EFFIE.

A MEMORY.

From that silent, open window,
High in the lonely house,
Where, through the day, the jasmine boughs
In the crisping sunshine drowse,

A dead, white face looks ever down,
Looks half across the lawn—
Looks and smiles from year to year—
From sunset to the dawn.

O gentle face, O gentle eyes;
O buried love and child!
Long years ago you paled and closed,
When March was blowing wild.

Long years ago; I know it well,
For now mine hair is gray:
Yet, in those dreaming moods, I think
'Twas only yesterday.

And the jasmine caught the sunshine,
And the vine buds sucked the air,
And Effie leant across the sill;
And shook her yellow hair;

And called me twenty pretty names,
When I told her she should be
A little queen of all the world—
An Effie unto me.

'Twas pleasant, through the Summer day,
To pace the garden floor,
And hear her voice ring out between
The elm and sycamore.

To see her stretch her tiny hands,
Out through the curtain's folds,
For the sad flowers she loved the best—
The shining marigolds.

And often when the sun was low,
And the great garden walls
Bloomed with the wealth of Autumn time,
Like crimson waterfalls,

To walk beside her on the grass,
To sit beneath the beech,
And listen whilst her fancies streamed,
In links of wondering speech.

Well, I am old: this rounded life
Slips past with little loss;
The silver lode is pierced and drained,
Much of the rest is dross.

Time breaks our idols into dust,
And turns the tides of will;
But, when the worst has been achieved,
We love their fragments still.

So do I sit, this April day,
Under the garden lime,
And cheat my heart of bitter thoughts,
With thoughts of a sweet lost time.

Sometimes, afloat those peaceful moods,
In which my heart is aisled,
Strikes, like starlight on an urn,
The voice of a little child.

And lifting up my dreaming eyes,
To the old accustomed place,
Between the jasmine leaves I catch,
A glimpse of Effie's face.

CAVIARE.

OTTER-HUNTING ON THE BLACKWATER.



IN the interim, while the dogs are disposing of their early breakfast, a short sketch of the natural history of the animal whose haunts we are about to disturb may serve to while away the time profitably. The otter is a carnivorous animal, belonging to the family Mustelidae. Two forms of the animal are met with in these countries, namely, the river-otter, or *Lutra* of Storr; and the Sea-otter, or *Enhydra* of Fleming. The structure of the latter resembles that of the seal (*Phoca Vitulina*),

particularly in the formation of the cranial bones. It inhabits our sea-coasts, and is extremely numerous on the shores of the Scottish isles, and along the basaltic crags that tower over the wild sea-waves on the shores of Antrim. From the inaccessible caves and fissures that everywhere yawn around that iron-bound coast, it issues forth, chiefly by night, and commits dreadful havoc among the

shoals of fish, particularly salmon, that swarm outside river mouths and bays; and for this reason it is looked upon with no small amount of hostility by the fishermen, who frequently band together and make vengeful raids upon its wild haunts. But with such excursions we have nothing to do at the present, and shall therefore return to the history of the river-otter.

The river-otter (*Mustela Lutra* of Linnaeus) is generally from about two feet and a half to four feet in length. It is of a brown colour, which verges into grey or yellowish white on the breast and neck. Its body is long and cylindrical, and terminated by a tail, which, thick at first, and compressed horizontally, tapers to a graceful point. The circumference of its neck is very little less than that of the body; and its head, which appears somewhat small in consequence of the thickness of the neck, is depressed and flattened in a horizontal direction like the tail. It will be easily seen from the foregoing particulars that it is eminently adapted for the life it leads, which is principally aquatic. Its legs are short, but the articulations of the latter are so flexible, that when it swims swiftly the four limbs may be seen drawn up in a line with the body, and acting after the manner of fins. The foot of the otter is armed with five sharp-clawed toes, connected for almost three-fourths of their extent by webbed membranes, like the feet of water-fowl. Its fur is short and glossy, and was formerly accounted of considerable value.

The food of this animal is principally fish, which it destroys often in great numbers, but nothing comes amiss to its voracious stomach, for it not only feeds upon earthworms, snails, and such like, but will sometimes pay a visit to the farmyard and prey upon poultry, young pigs, and lambs. It is seldom, however, that it resorts to the latter expedient for obtaining food, and probably if the stories of such depredations were diligently investigated by the naturalist, the damage almost in every instance would be found to lie at the door of our craftiest beast of prey, namely, old Reynard.

The eyes of the otter are so placed that whether in front of, beside, or above, or below, it can keep its prey in sight by the slightest turn of its head. Its teeth are also well fitted for seizing fish, generally so slippery and difficult of capture. The tubercles on the molar or jaw-teeth, particularly in those towards the front of mouth, are exceedingly sharp and pointed, so that when once a fish comes in contact with them, it has but little chance of escape. The moment the otter seizes its prey, it makes for the nearest secure spot on the shore, and there commences its voracious meal by taking a luxurious bite out of the shoulder of the luckless fish. It then proceeds downwards towards the tail, which, along with the head and neck, it

leaves upon the bank, and plunges in once more, making sad and wanton havoc amongst the finny tribes of the river.

The otter makes its home beneath the fragments of rock that compose fish weirs, and between the gnarled roots of the trees that throw their cool shadows over the limpid waters, by burrowing in soft, sandy banks, and often within the fissures of those romantic crags that tower so gracefully over the green shores of our beautiful rivers. It seems to be very generally distributed over the world. It is an inhabitant of the northern parts of Asia, and formerly its fur formed an important article of commerce between the Russians and Chinese. Captain Cook, in one of his voyages, drew the attention of the English to the immense numbers of otters that infested Nootka Sound, and the coasts in its vicinity. Since that date the trade in otter skins was carried on briskly in Canada, and other parts of North America, up to some years ago, when it declined.

Otters, when taken young, can be easily domesticated. In India and China they are trained to hunt fish by the natives, and in South America they are also tamed and kept as household pets. In the latter country the otter (*Lutra Brasiliensis*) is of a bright, ruddy yellow colour, and seems more gregarious than in other regions, for it assembles in packs, and thus scours the rivers in search of prey. It inhabits lakes, marshes, and broad streams in Paraguay and Brazil, where its shrill, sinister barking and whistling may be heard at night echoing over many a wild and deserted shore, amid the primeval forests which clothe those tropical regions. In our own country, and in England and Scotland, it is also frequently domesticated. In Scotland there is a spotted variety, which the peasantry call the "king of the otters." They believe it to be enchanted, and that its death is the sure forerunner of some sudden calamity in the neighbourhood—the destruction of some house or village by flood or fire, or tempest; or the violent death of one or more of the inhabitants. Its skin is accounted a powerful antidote against every misfortune, from the effects of a love potion up to poisoning and wounds, pestilence and shipwreck.

Otter-hunting was formerly a favourite sport in these countries. At present, however, the excitement of a fox-chase is more relished by our country Nimrods. But I question whether the wild ride over hedge, ditch, valley, and moorland, after the switching tail of reynard, is one whit more exciting than an otter hunt upon one of our winding rivers, with all its accompaniments of ludicrous accidents, fury, fun, and uproar. It is still kept up by a few of our country squires, among whom Bob Barry, of C—, stands pre-eminent, a gentleman as distinguished for his antiquarian and literary acquirements as for his numerous sylvan exploits by well-stocked river and by merry greenwood side.

With Bob Barry, during a college vacation, I was on a visit. After exploring every object of historical and antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood for miles round, we then took to fishing, coursing, rabbit-shooting, and dog-training, and at last, growing tired of them all, resolved to enliven our remaining days together by a few otter hunts on the Blackwater. This we were enabled to do in fine style, for Bob Barry, besides keeping some specimens of almost every species of dog on the face of the earth, had also a pack of otter hounds, twelve in number, and the like of which, for spirit and endurance, could not, I will venture to say, be found in Ireland or the sister countries.

It was a beautiful autumn morning. The dogs, after partaking of their noisy breakfast, were brought forth from the kennel, testifying their joy at the expected hunt by a variety of rough antics upon the lawn. The pack was accompanied by three terriers of pure Irish breed, whose duty it was to follow the otter to his burrow beneath the rocks, and start him for the hounds. The oldest of these terriers went by the familiar cognomen of "Darby," and was as queer and ugly-looking a specimen of the dog species as could be seen from Brandon Hill to the Giant's Causeway. His head was half bald, and marked all over with scars, relics of his numerous encounters with the otter in their fastnesses; his right fore leg was crooked, from the effect of a fracture he had received in one of his early battles; his left ear had also been bitten off, but a comfortable coat of shaggy grey hair still clothed his hard, compact body; and, as he limped on in front of the pack, and showed his teeth occasionally, when one of his younger comrades took some undue liberty with him, he looked more than a match for the stoutest otter from Youghal harbour to the far-off springs of the Avonmore.

Innumerable were the stories the old huntsman could tell of

Darby. Whenever any considerable length of time passed away without a hunt, it was the custom of the latter to steal away several times, during the interval, to the river, about a mile distant, and there refresh himself with a foray upon his aquatic foes. On such excursions Darby was usually accompanied by the oldest hound of the pack, a huge, powerful, and cunning dog, from which, when once fair upon their track, very few otters were ever known to escape. It was probably from an intimate knowledge of this old hound's excellence in the chase that Darby always selected him as his companion on a foray to the river. Whenever they could make their escape from the kennel, they were sure to keep out of the huntsman's way until evening, at which time they scampered away across the country to a certain sweep of the Blackwater, where the otters were numerous, and there hunted and fought until morning, when they returned together invariably.

"Begor, sir!" said old Tom Reilly, the huntsman, as we went along, "if you were to know them, you never saw in the whole course o' your life such two comrades as Darby and the ould Squire." (The Squire, by the way, was the usual appellation of the old hound.) Two ould veterans from Watherloo were nothing to them."

"It seems so," said I, for Darby and the Squire were now pacing side by side with wonderful dignity in front of the pack.

"Nothing at all to them, sir," resumed the huntsman. "One night, they stole away but didn't come back in the morning. I kept their breakfast waiting till near twelve o'clock, and the devil reave the bit of either o' them could be seen next or nigh the kennel at that late hour. At last, when I was tired o' waitin', I saw the Squire runnin' as fast as his legs could carry him, up the lawn towards where I stood. I thought Darby would next appear, but not a trace of him could I see. Well, up comes the Squire, an' after standin' for nint me for nearly five minutes looking into my face as cute as a fox, he trotted over and caught me by the skirt o' the coat, and then began pullin' me down the lawn. I knew in a minute what he was about—I guessed that ould Darby was in thruble of some kind or other, and so callin' two or three o' the boys, and tellin' them to bring spades and shovels with them, we marched off towards the river with the Squire before us leadin' the way. At last we came down upon a point o' the shore where a big whitethorn bush grew by itself on the bank near the wather. When the Squire came for nint the tree, he sat down and looked into a hole between its roots, and then raisin' his head up towards the sky, he broke out into a loud *ulla-gone* o' a lamentin' cry, that brought the tears a'most into my eyes, and that was ten times more sorrowful than the weepin' o' the best keener in the land. Now it was aisy to tell where Darby was; so we commenced with our spades and shovels to root up the burrow. After nearly half a day's work, we at last came to the end, and there found Darby stretched in a faint upon the dead body o' the largest otter that was ever seen in ould Ireland, I believe. Well up I took the poor fellow in my arms as tenderly as I would a child, and carried him down to the wather; there I sprinkled and sprinkled away, but 'twas nearly a full half-hour afore he recovered, or at least, came to life, for he was nearly a week after lyin' sick an' sore on his bed o' pain in the kennel afore he got entirely well. I could tell hundherts o' stories about the pair, but, by the enchanted fox o' Corrin Thierna, there they are down to the river side by side on the trail of an otter!"

It was true enough. We were descending an upland that sloped down to the river, and along its declivity Darby and the Squire were now dashing downwards obliquely towards the bank with their noses on the trail, followed by the remainder of the pack. We had with us three men besides the huntsman. They were armed with spades and shovels, Bob Barry and I having supplied ourselves with a weapon each, much resembling in its construction a New Hollander's lance, only that our instruments of warfare, besides being barbed, were much heavier. Down we ran after the pack and soon gained the river bank. Here Darby and the other terriers after examining the entrances of various burrows, and finding them untenanted, at last came to one which promised sport. One of the younger terriers pushed himself in, in order to enter this burrow, but Darby caught him quietly by the back, flung him to one side, and deliberately entered himself. We were now sure of an otter of some kind, young or old, so, keeping the hounds back in order to give him an opportunity for a fair plunge in the water, we stood awaiting his coming on the bank.

At last we heard a confused thumping noise under our feet, then

a rushing and tearing, then a clatter on the gravel, and a splash, and, amidst a wild shout from the boys and a glad yell from the pack, out went a fine otter into the river, with the persevering and relentless Darby close at his tail. Splash! splash! splash! went the hounds into the water, some above and some below the point the otter had chosen for his launching place—and now the sport commenced in earnest.

The river at this point was still narrow and deep, and with low banks. Above, however, at about a furlong's distance, the valley of the stream assumed a different character, huge, caverned, limestone crags rising in many a fantastic shape above the water, while about the same distance below where we stood, the river ran with extreme rapidity down a narrow, sandy, shallow for the length of about half a mile, and then ended in a deep, whirling pool, beneath another tier of limestone rock.

The otter was now after reaching the middle of the river, and had got a good start of all the dogs save Darby.

"Run!" said Bob Barry to one of the boys, "up with you to the rock, and bring down Paddy Regan's boat. Quick! quick! or I fear the otter will have time to cross the river ere one of us gets to the other side!"

Away went the young man at the command of his master, and, after some short time, he appeared round the rock paddling down the river.

"Now!" exclaimed Bob, once more turning to me, "cross the river with Jack, and have an eye to the beast, should he think of taking shelter beneath those white-thorns at the opposite side!"

In a few moments I was sitting in the boat beneath those white-thorns whose gnarled roots my friend dreaded so much. The otter was now after diving. Jack had stept to the bank above to watch, and I was sitting in the boat, cheering the dogs and waiting for the otter to rise. At length up popped his dark-brown nose within a yard of my small and rather shaky bark. In the excitement of the moment, I poised my spear and made a lounge, Indian fashion, at him, but, instead of striking him, the weapon passed down to the handle through the water, and I, losing my balance, fell over the side of the boat amidst the dogs. The only consolation I got on my immersion was a rousing cheer, as I came to the surface of the water, from Bob Barry, who was quite used to such accidents. It was well, however, that I had divested myself of my coat and a pair of heavy boots I wore, after I had entered to boat. With them I would have had an unpleasant scramble in the water, but without them, being a good swimmer, I was soon enabled to regain my seat in the boat. I was, of course, wet through, but what did I care when I looked upon the stirring scene before me. It was also a warm morning, so comforting myself with a pull from a brandy flask I had carried into the boat, I now sat quietly, spear in hand, and looked on.

The otter was again in the middle of the river, this time with the hounds swimming on every side of him. Again he dived, and went straight for the other bank, intending, I suppose, to take refuge in some secure burrow. But Bob Barry met him with his spear as he rose, and slightly wounded him in the neck. Down he went once more, and for a long time we saw nothing of him, till at length the sharp and experienced eye of old Tom Reilly detected a slight disturbance of the water, amongst some weeds and sedges near the bank. This was enough to betray his whereabouts, and the hounds, which during his dive had kept themselves quietly on the surface of the water, now, directed by the voice and gestures of Tom, swam towards the bank. Four or five of the youngest of them left the water, and took a refreshing scamper upon the shore, but the elder dogs, headed by the Squire and Darby, rushed in among the reeds, and then followed a scrambling, splashing, and tearing—a barking, biting, and gnashing of teeth, the equal of which I had never before witnessed, and I had seen many a splendid hunt. I soon paddled alongside, and found nearly the whole pack before me tearing at the otter, which was gallantly fighting for his existence.

"For your life, don't touch him with the spear!" exclaimed Bob Barry, who was almost dancing with delight upon the bank; "leave him to Darby and the Squire, and let the young dogs learn how to kill an otter!"

At the word I sat quietly in the little boat and looked on. It was an unequal struggle, for although the otter buried his white teeth occasionally in the neck or flank of one of the dogs, he soon began to give in, and at last, by the united exertions of old Darby and the Squire, he was torn from amidst the furious pack in to the shore, and there killed after another short scramble.

"Bring him up to the bank," said my excited friend to the huntsman. "And now let us go up to Donal's Cave. Paddy Regan told me, yesterday, that it is inhabited by the largest otter in the river!"

The hounds were now marching up the shore behind the huntsman and their master, and I, after paddling my boat along the calm surface of the river, at length came opposite a tall rock, that rose like an ancient castle above the water. At the base of this crag was a narrow aperture, leading into a large, gloomy chamber, which the country-people call "Donal's Cave," from a celebrated outlaw who once made it his home, and which was unapproachable except by a boat. Into this cave Darby and his attendant imps, the two young terriers, were directed by Tom Reilly, the hounds remaining by the side of the rock on the bank, ready for the otter, should he think fit to make his appearance.

After about a quarter of an hour's anxious watch, we at last heard a confused yelling from the cave. Then a wild cry, something between a bark and a scream, and then out came a huge, dark-brown otter, with Darby, as before, closely behind, only one of the young terriers, however, following. Out went the hounds, with a dash, into the deep water, and the chase commenced.

"Fern's leg is sartinly broken!" exclaimed the huntsman, alluding to the young terrier that remained inside. "Would you put the boat in, sir," continued he, addressing me, "and thry what's the matter with the poor crathur?"

I brought the boat to the mouth of the cave, and with great difficulty entered. The huntsman's conjecture was but too true, for I found poor Fern inside almost strangled, and with one of her legs broken by the terrible jaws of the otter. As quick as I could I brought her out, got into the boat, and gave her to the care of one of the boys, then paddling down the stream, I followed the hunt. The otter we had now driven from his home was a far more experienced fellow than the first. He took his course in long alternate dives, obliquely across the river, gained the bank of the opposite side, ran some distance downwards, and then took shelter in a burrow under a steep bank. From this, however, he was soon driven by the indefatigable Darby, and again dived away, now straight down the river, passing the place where we had killed the first otter. The hounds ran yelling cheerily down the shore at either side, and the chase went on so swiftly that I had to work hard at the short oars in order to keep up with it.

And now we were leaving the deep water and approaching the rapid above mentioned. Into it the otter plunged after a sharp chase, and dived away with the swiftness of an arrow, the hounds following almost as swiftly, while I, in the excitement of the moment, regardless of my own safety and that of the boat, brought the latter into the rapid current, and swept downward for a time gloriously upon their track. It was only for a short time, however, that I went on so merrily, for the water, in consequence of its great rapidity, was in some places very shallow. Just as I had come up with the dogs, the keel of the little boat struck against the rough bottom with a shock that almost tumbled me into the water. In a moment the boat got free, and began whirling giddily, yet steadily, down the current. Another shock and another succession of gyrations, and the boat was swept rapidly onwards, Bob Barry all the time running down the bank, and laughing as if his heart would break at my predicament. And now I was coming to the end of the rapid, and beginning to think myself quite safe, when just at the commencement of the deep pool, in which the hounds and otter were diving and scrambling, the boat struck against a small rock that lay right before it. In an instant its fragments were floating in a general wreck around, and I was struggling with the water almost in the very centre of the pack of otter-hounds. But here my rather extensive experience in swimming stood to me, and I soon gained the bank above the rock, up which I was assisted by my merry friend Bob Barry. My coat and boots were recovered by one of the boys at the foot of the rock, but the flask was gone for ever with its contents. An application to my friend's flask, however, soon restored my warmth, and I now stood on the rock looking at the hunt.

It was soon over. Large and fierce as the otter was, he was no match for the simultaneous attack of Darby and his friend the Squire, and some of the otter-hounds, so he soon gave in and was killed. It was now getting somewhat late in the morning, and our appetites—for we had eaten but little ere we set out—were get-

ting rather keen. Leaving Tom Reilly and the boys to lead back the hounds, I and my friend walked briskly across the fields, and soon, after I had changed my suit for a dry one, had the satisfaction of sitting down to a jovial breakfast in the comfortable parlour of C—— House, to which repast, I must add, that we both did ample justice after our morning's exertions. And thus ended my first otter-hunt on the Blackwater.

R. D. J.

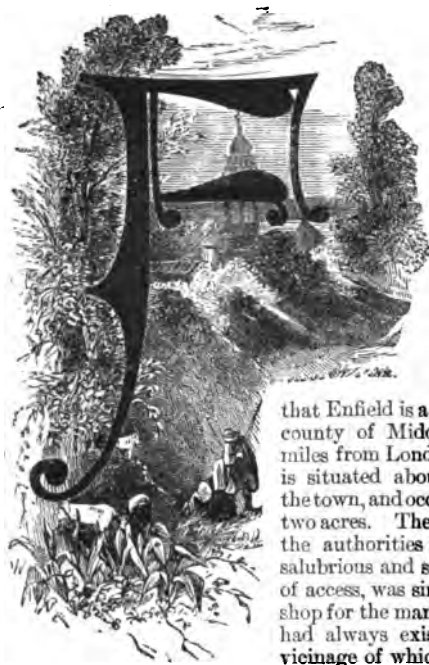
SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

PHONAUTOGRAPHY.

It is not easy to conceive a mechanical operation which requires a greater exercise of intellect than that of verbatim reporting by means of short-hand. Yet even this art seems likely, before long, to be supplanted. For several years a French savan, M. L. Scott, has been engaged in experiments on the fixation of sound upon a prepared tablet, in the same way as photography fixes luminous images, and has met with considerable success in this new art, which he has named *Phonautography*. At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, a short communication was made on the subject by the discoverer, a brief outline of which will perhaps be considered of interest. The problem which first required solution was the artificial construction of an ear, by means of tubes and diaphragms, so as to imitate, as nearly as possible, the human ear in its power of collecting sounds of every degree of intensity, and transmitting them to a delicate membrane placed at the extremity. After numerous essays an apparatus was constructed which possessed the above qualifications; the membrane was seen to vibrate visibly, and in a different manner, with each audible sound or note; and if a pen or style were fastened to this membrane its point would trace the wonderfully beautiful and complicated curves and circles appertaining to the elements of sound. The next difficulty consisted in finding a sensitive surface upon which this style could mark the imprint of its movements; for the vibrations of the aerial pen were so delicate that if any appreciable force were required to effect the transcription, the resistance would at once stop all movement. This difficulty was at last overcome by employing a strip of thin paper, upon which was deposited a film of lampblack obtained from the smoke of burning bodies.

The phonographs produced by M. Scott's instrument are marvelously correct; every separate source of sound has an individuality of its own. An oration, delivered with varying rapidity, and with the pitch of the voice greatly modulated in different parts, has a very striking appearance in its phonograph. Rapidly-spoken parts have the curves crowded together, whilst in others they are widely separated. The loud tones of the voice are shown by the written waves rising to perhaps half an inch or more, in height, whilst the low tones are not more than the eighth of an inch high; the modulations of the voice are thus shown very beautifully by the varying height of what may be called the letters of sound. The problem of the graphic fixation of sound may thus be considered as accomplished; but now a new difficulty arises, that of translating these ever-varying curves back again into ordinary language. If each word or syllable, or even compound sound, of which our spoken language is built up, were invariably represented by the same system of curves, the work of transcription would be comparatively easy. This, however, is far from being the case. Not only does the impression vary with the tone of the voice, the rapidity or loudness of utterance, but it has been found that the same words uttered by one person are written down by the instrument very differently from the way they are when spoken by another; just as the handwriting of one person differs from another. This, however, is a difficulty which will be overcome by practice, and perhaps improved instrumental arrangements. The fact of being able to make spoken sounds record themselves permanently on paper is of itself most singular and astonishing; but if it is ever developed, as the inventor says it shortly will be, to sufficient perfection to enable it to take down speeches which may be written off verbatim, it is difficult to imagine the importance of the discovery, whether it be in respect to the unimpeachable accuracy of the process; the entire absence of trouble and expense in reporting any articulate sounds; or the great saving of the time and the exhausting labours of parliamentary reporters.

AT ENFIELD.

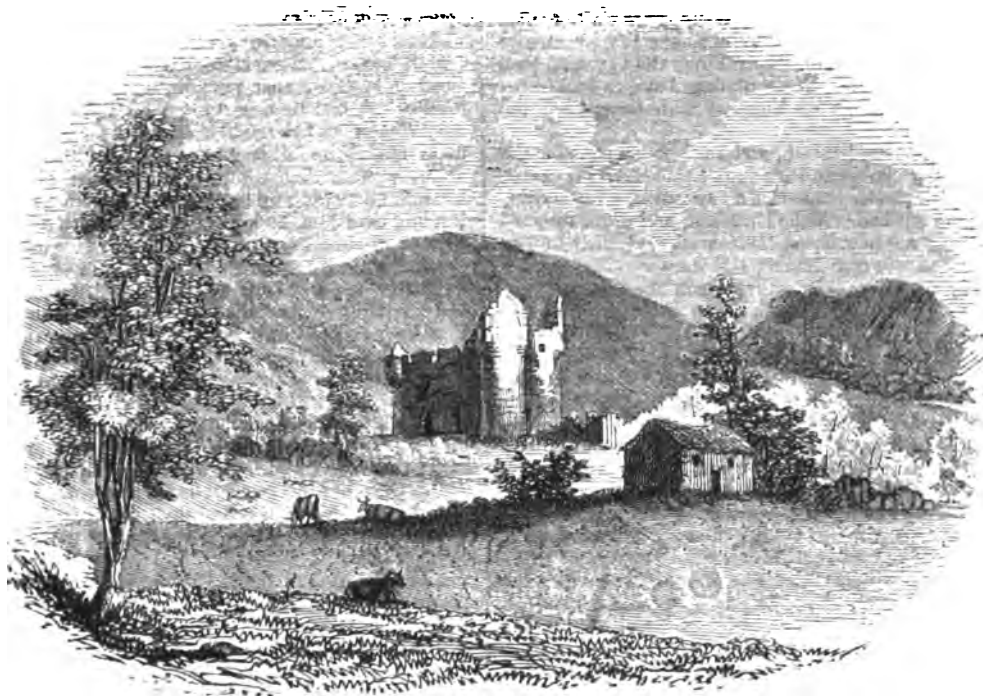


that Enfield is a town and parish of the county of Middlesex, nearly thirteen miles from London. The factory itself is situated about four miles north of the town, and occupies an area of thirty-two acres. The reason which induced the authorities to select a site so insalubrious and singularly inconvenient of access, was simple enough. A small shop for the manufacture of gun-stocks had always existed at Enfield, in the vicinage of which was a canal, which turned a water-wheel exerting some

twenty or twenty-five horse power. The idea of economising and bringing into play this little water-wheel (which has now ten times its power of steam machinery to assist it) settled the whole affair. Foundations were laid and buildings commenced forthwith, and factories the size of little villages sprang up with incredible rapidity.

The materials for the barrels are brought to the factory in short square slabs of wrought iron, (with the fibre of the metal crossing and recrossing at right angles), each some twelve inches long by four broad, and half an inch thick. These are heated and bent into a short tube, having somewhat the appearance of a clumsily-made draining tile, and in this state are again heated to a bright white, and passed between iron rollers of the first gauge, which weld up the joining down the middle, and, by compression, lengthen the tube nearly three inches more. It is again heated, and again passed between rollers of a smaller gauge, which lengthens it still further; and so on, again and again, until the operation has been repeated through thirteen different gauges, when the roller is complete, and the barrel—after some two hours' manufacture—emerges at last a slender rough iron tube about four feet long, and having a hole down the centre the size of a large pea. The muzzles are then cut off, the "butts," or "ends," as they are termed, made up, and the process of welding on the "cone-seat," or nipple for the cap, commences. This latter is a difficult operation, and one which requires no little quickness, care, and skill, on the part of the workmen. To insure rapidity of striking while the metals are red-hot, the breech of the barrel with the cone-seat is placed in a steel die, under a small hammer worked by steam, which strikes at the rate of four hundred blows a minute, and under which, amid a terrific din, the metals are crushed together, with more than the strength of one piece. This completes the forgings, and the barrels are passed from the smithy to the boring-shops, where the operation of boring (exclusive of rifling) is repeated no less than five distinct times. The barrels are for this purpose laid in horizontal machines, and the first-sized borer is drawn up through them, not forced down, as, from the bend of the boring bit in forcing it through, it is found difficult to secure strict accuracy. The second boring at swift speed is then continued, and the third at slow speed, by which time the barrel is finished to within some two or three thousandths of an inch of its proper diameter, when the exterior is turned down also to its service size. The operation, if such it may be called, of straightening the barrel, is then gone through, after the screw-hole

for the breech-piece has been bored. This straightening is one of the roughest and most unsatisfactory portions of the whole process of manufacture. From the very fine soft nature of the iron used in the construction of the barrel, and the extreme thinness of the metal itself, the least violence or concussion is apt either to bend the barrel outright, or else to put such a dint in its side as effectually makes an end of its accurate shooting. Thus, in the processes which we have already described, in spite of the utmost care, the barrel is supposed to have deviated from its true line sufficiently to require considerable rectification. This is done, therefore, not by machinery but by hand, a workman looking through the barrel and giving it a tap here and a tap there with a hammer, wherever it seems to him to require it. In defence of this apparently very rude method, which seems so astounding in connexion with a bore that must be accurate to the thousandth part of an inch, the superintendents of the works point to the results achieved, and say that out of some two thousand weapons made weekly the gauge of all is accurate to a half-hairbreadth! An immense variety of milling and grinding stages are next gone through, which merely relate to the exterior of the barrel, and with which we will not trouble ourselves here. A detailed account of the whole manufacture would be out of the question, as our readers may easily imagine, when we say that the barrel undergoes no less than sixty-six distinct processes, and the whole rifle upwards of seven hundred ere it is completed. The barrel, then, having so far advanced in its progress towards completion, as to be bored for the fourth time, undergoes its first proof test of merely one ounce of powder and ball. Not one per cent of the barrels yield under this trial, which has sometimes, in the case of doubtful barrels, or those which it was desired to burst, been carried to as high a charge as two and a half ounces of powder and seventeen balls—the whole barrel full, in fact—before the metal ripped. After this the nipple-screw and nipple, with the tang or tongue which fastens the barrel to the stock, are made, though not a single piece is put together till the whole weapon is complete to its minutest detail. Before the barrel leaves the boring room it is again bored out for the fifth time, and, having been polished by machinery inside and outside till it shines as bright as silver, it at last reaches its fifty-sixth stage of manufacture, and is taken to the "big" or finishing room. This is a bewildering scene of active, never-ceasing industry. Let our readers imagine, if they can, a single apartment more than an acre in extent, lofty and well-lit, in which some thousand men and boys are incessantly employed in superintending machinery. The roof is composed of light hollow girders, with stays of angle iron, supported upon ninety cast-iron columns, the whole being painted white, picked out with blue, which gives the room an exceedingly light appearance. The ear is pained by the hum of flywheels, which revolve in thousands till the eye is giddy with their whirl. Miles of shafting are spinning round mistily with a monotonous hum, the room is almost darkened and the view completely obscured by some fifty thousand or sixty thousand feet of broad flapping lathe-bands, which are driving no less than six hundred distinct machines, all going together on their own allotted tasks, with a tremulous rapidity and ease that seem to swallow up the work like magic, and the first sight of which is inexpressibly astonishing to the spectator, whom it takes some minutes ere he can subdue the overwhelming feeling of surprise which this scene of activity always excites, no matter how often entered on. Following the barrel, then, but with care, into this maze of lathe-bands, we see the process of rifling first commenced. The rifling in the Enfield barrel consists of three broad shallow grooves, with a pitch of a half turn in the length of the barrel of three feet six inches. The depth of the rifling is 0.5 at the muzzle, and 0.13 at the breech, the width of each groove being 3-16ths of an inch. There are sixteen rifling machines at Enfield, each of which turns out twenty-six barrels a day, though, of course, the grooves are made separately, and after the same fashion as in the boring, namely, drawn through the gun from the muzzle to the breech. After the rifling it is again proved with half an ounce of powder and a single ball; when it is retouched, trimmed-off, milled, levelled, browned, and gauged, coming out in the gauging-room at last a finished barrel, made to such perfection and accuracy that the steel gauge of 577 thousandths of an inch passes freely through, while that of 580 sticks firm in the muzzle. Browning is the final operation which the rifle undergoes, and the merely ornamental process—a chemical one—occupies a week more than the manufacture of the gun itself, namely, four weeks.



THE CASTLE OF MONEA.

THE KNIGHT OF STRANCALLY.

THE Castle of Strancally stands upon a beautiful sylvan slope on the shore of the Blackwater, near the junction of the river Bride, and a few miles from the flourishing town of Tullow. It is built in the Gothic style, with high embattled towers, from the summit of which may be obtained a view unrivalled for its beauty and magnificence. The tourist who takes a voyage up the Blackwater from Youghal, will be well repaid for a visit to this neighbourhood. After lingering amidst the lovely scenery that surrounds the new castle he will not fail to visit the old stronghold of Strancally, which stands upon a high and majestic rock that overhangs the Blackwater.

Old Strancally castle was built by one of the earls of Desmond, and was one of their principal fortresses in this part of the country. It seems, from the ruins that still remain, to have been a fortress of great strength. Like many of the old Norman castles of a similar construction, it had its dark dungeons, where many a luckless prisoner lingered out his life in silent misery; and also its secret passage to the river hard by, by means of which the garrison could escape when hard pressed in time of siege. The ruins of both dungeons and passage still remain. The latter was cut through the solid rock down to the water's edge, and must have cost an immense amount of labour in those wild days, when mechanical appliances were not brought to the perfection that they have attained at present. Another hole, also cut through the solid crag, communicates with the water from one of the dungeons. It is called by the peasantry the "Murdering Hole," and through it, it is said, the bodies of those who were executed in the castle, or had died in prison, were thrown into the river.

In a siege, some centuries ago, Strancally was undermined and blown up by the soldiers of the government. It seems to have been rent by that terrible explosion from its roof to its foundation, but as if the vengeful hand of man was not enough for its destruction, it was struck afterwards by lightning, which brought down immense masses of solid masonry into the river beneath. Strancally, with the lands pertaining to it, was forfeited during the Desmond wars, and fell into the hands of Sir Walter Raleigh, from whom it passed ultimately to the Earl of Cork.

One sweet June evening during the sway of John Earl of Desmond, the sentinels were ranged for watch and ward along the parapets and towers of Strancally, some leaning in an indolent and listless manner against the breastworks, others walking to and fro upon the ramparts, their buff-coats and armour half unbraced, and their long halberds glittering in the soft and merry sunshine. Around them the scenery extended in a broad panorama of mountain, forest, and river, enlivened at intervals by grey and stately castles, each of which sent up its column of blue smoke into the calm, amber-coloured sky, while far beyond them towards the south-east spread out the clear, bright, and placid ocean, with many a stately galley at anchor in the winding bays, and many a white sail glittering far away in the offing. The courtyards beneath were thronged with horsemen, as if getting ready to set out on some important expedition.

"I tell you what, Richard Gibson," said one of the sentinels to his fellow, "the Desmond will not find it so easy to take Youghal. It is only last night that I heard the Knight of Strancally saying that a stronger garrison there never was in the town."

"Yes," answered the other; "but when the old seneschal of Imokilly aids the earl, and when our master, James of Strancally, swells the army with those bold horsemen beneath us, it will not, in my mind, be so hard to take the town. And, by my faith, Garret Roe, the earl seems not over idle in the affair, for here he comes with all his forces!" and he pointed to the skirt of the ancient forest that stretched along the bank of the Blackwater.

Both looked in the direction towards which he pointed, and as they gazed a large body of light-armed footmen or kerns, emerged from the wood. Long lines of horsemen followed with fluttering banners and glittering armour, then other bodies on foot; then again horsemen falling into regular positions as they came, until at length a large and numerous army lay in a long line before them, marching down the river shore towards the castle. A knight now rode forward from the van, accompanied by a mounted gilly or henchman, and came at an easy gallop towards the walls. He was clad in a suit of bright armour, his helmet being surmounted by a tall blue plume, while in his hand he held a long spear aloft, on

the point of which fluttered a banneret, with the Desmond crest painted on its folds.

"It is our own brave Knight of Strancally, Richard Gibson!" exclaimed Garret Roe. "Ho, there!" exclaimed he to his comrades below as he stooped over a battlement. "Fling the barbacan gate open wide for our noble knight. He is coming, boys, to lead to renown and wealth—to the siege of Youghal with our prince the Desmond. *Shannet aboo!*"

The gate was flung open beneath, and in a few moments the Knight of Strancally came clattering into the courtyard, where his bold horsemen sat their steeds in stern array awaiting his arrival. They were soon filing out beneath the barbacan, and down into the plain with their young commander at their head, and their banner waving proudly in the evening breeze, and were received with a shout of welcome by the Desmond's army, which shaped its course down the river shore to invest Youghal, then in the possession of the English troops.

The night had fallen dark upon the ancient town as the Irish army drew up before its walls. The garrison within seemed well aware of the proximity of their foes, for a double row of sentinels paced to and fro upon the ramparts, peering out warily and incessantly into the darkness. Still they could distinguish no indications of a stir amongst the Irish, save that ever and anon a slight murmur arose outside, at some distance from where they walked their rounds, and dark masses, which they took for the lowering shadows of trees, seemed to move hither and thither in every direction amid the copsewood and scattered forest. The morning explained what those black, moving masses indicated. The sun had scarcely risen when the ramparts were thronged by English officers and men-at-arms, who, looking out, beheld huge piles of earth and brushwood, behind which the Irish forces lay crouched, secure themselves, but close enough and in favourable positions to pick off with musquetry the defenders of the walls. No horses could be seen—they were picketed in the dense forest behind—but here and there the muzzles of cannons protruded over the brushwood and clayey ramparts, while the shock heads of the fierce array outside, with a gleaming helmet occasionally amongst them, might be seen peeping up at intervals from the covert, and examining the fortifications. All at once a fierce war-cry arose, which seemed to proceed from every part of the forest. This was followed by the rolling cracks of matchlocks and musquetoons, and the loud roar of cannons, which, with the answering explosions from the walls, made din that soon woke the town, and struck terror into its inhabitants. All day the firing continued with considerable loss to the besieged. At last a wide breach was made in the walls. Up this breach, on the evening of that day, a large body of the Irish were rushing, headed by the knights and gentlemen who composed the officers of Desmond's army. They were met gallantly by the English and driven back almost to their entrenchments. On they came again, however, crowding up the breach like a wave of the sea. To and fro swayed the combatants, reinforcements pouring in to each side, until the whole battle seemed concentrated round the middle of the breach. The Irish were again beginning to waver, when a cry rose amongst them—"Shannet-aboo! Follow the Blue Feather—Hurra! for Strancally and the Blue top-knot!" and looking up, they beheld the Knight of Strancally far above them at one side, his long plume waving, and his heavy sword clutched in both hands as he hacked and hewed away at the English who surrounded him. A simultaneous rush was made by the Irish towards this point, and the English, by absolute dint of pressure, body to body, were at length forced to give way and retreat from the walls, the Irish following with a wild shout into the town. At this moment an English man-at-arms came behind the Knight of Strancally, and with a terrible blow from his ponderous axe brought him to the ground. Friend and foe then went in a fierce rush over the body of the luckless knight, but he heeded it not, for, sorely wounded and half smothered by his helmet, he soon sank into a deep swoon, and lay as quiet as those who had fared even worse, and lay dead around him. The town was taken, and the remnant of the English who had escaped the fight driven to their ships.

When the Knight of Strancally awoke to something like consciousness from his stupor, it was in the house of Hugh Barrette, an old and worthy Burgess of the town, who had been favourable to the interest of the Earl of Desmond, and was, therefore, now left in undisturbed possession of his property. The knight's first sensation on awaking was of a racking pain through his head and body. He soon became aware of a voice singing beside him in a low, sweet

cadence, and despite his pain, began to distinguish the words of the song. They floated through his mind with a soothing sweetness, rendered doubly sweet by their contrast with the clang and crash of battle that rang so loudly in his ears the evening before. At length he made an effort to see the person of the singer, but, in turning over for that purpose, he threw his weight upon his left arm, which had been broken on his falling beneath the axe of the Englishman, and the sudden spasm of pain occasioned by the movement made him fall backward again with a heavy groan. He was however more than compensated for the pain he had occasioned himself, on looking up once more. A young and beautiful girl was bending over him, and regarding him with a look in which modest shyness was blended with compassion. Her long yellow hair falling in shining tresses upon her shoulders, almost touched the face of the knight as he looked up half wonder-struck, and she adjusted the bed covering so gently, and handled his wounded arm so tenderly that he began to think himself in a dream, in which some bright angel had come near and was ministering to his wants. His senses were now returning, and he began to recollect all that had happened, but still he was very weak. He tried to raise himself and ask a few questions, but the young girl made a motion to him to keep silent, on which he lay back once more, and fell into a sweet and long sleep, from which he only awakened towards evening at the voice of some one entering the room. It was the kind leech, an old monk, who had bound up his wounds on the preceding night, and who was now coming to see how his patient was progressing.

"Sir James of Strancally," said the monk, "the town is in possession of my kinsman the Desmond, who hath declared that were it not for thy strength and thy bravery, he would be still outside the walls."

"Who art thou?" said the knight.

"I am Gerald the Franciscan," answered the monk, "whose life thou didst save at the foray of Dangan."

"Hast thou found the child of thy brother, the murdered knight of Drumgarmon?" asked the Knight of Strancally.

"No," answered the monk. "It was in my wanderings to find her that the vassals of Ormond caught me at Dangan, and took me for a spy. There my wanderings would have ceased were it not for thy brave onslaught on my captors. Alas, since the night of the murder of my brother and his followers in his house of Drumgarmon, I have wandered for years but could find no traces of the poor little maiden. It is ten years now since the murderers confessed before they died that they had forgot and left her behind at their camping place in the forest. She was but seven years then, and I fear me she died of hunger and cold, or that the wolves devoured her, the last scion of a once brave and gallant house. As for thee, sir knight," continued he, after a pause, "thou wantest but quiet and sleep, and a good nurse, and thou wilt soon be able to wield that good sword of thine once more."

"Ah!" sighed the knight, "had I the nurse that watched over me this morning, I would soon get well, I warrant thee!"

After some further conversation the monk took his departure. We will now leave the Knight of Strancally to his repose, and follow for a time the fortunes of the old Franciscan's niece, the young lady of Drumgarmon. About ten years anterior to the foregoing events, there stood an old castellated mansion on the southern declivity of the Knockmoldown mountains. In this mansion dwelt Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, or as he was more frequently called, the Knight of Drumgarmon, together with his young daughter and a few followers. The Knight's wife had died a few years before, and he, disabled by wounds and hardships in the Desmond wars, had retired to spend the remainder of his life in his house of Drumgarmon, and to bring up his young daughter, the sweetest little flower that ever bloomed in that wild and turbulent district. One night the house was surrounded by some of the fierce followers of Ormond, the old Knight and his men murdered, and the little maid of Drumgarmon—the only living being saved on that wild night of vengeance—carried away by the forayers. The latter, after proceeding some distance towards their own country with the booty they had taken, and the child for whom they expected a heavy ransom, camped for some hours in the darkness by the bank of a little stream that wound its way into the Suir, through the forest that then clothed the declivity of the Knockmoldown mountains, facing the plains of Tipperary, and farthest from the luckless house of Drumgarmon. After the drunken revel that followed, they proceeded hastily down the mountains fearing pursuit, but forgot the child of the murdered knight in the dark forest.

It was broad daylight when the young orphan awoke from the sleep she had fallen into after the departure of the forayers. She looked sadly around her, and then sitting upon the path beheld a small man with a glittern or guitar across his knee, and other extraordinary-looking paraphernalia around him, while a young, pale woman, who seemed to be his wife, sat beside him. The change of scene was such a wild contrast to her home that the poor little maiden began to rub her eyes, thinking it all a dream, but gradually awaking to the consciousness of her situation, she sank back shivering upon the couch of grass with a low, despairing cry. The young woman now arose, and with affectionate care took the child in her arms and began to chafe its cold hands, asking at the same time a variety of questions. When the child had answered all, and told the circumstances of her situation as well as the cold and terror would allow her, the young woman turned to her husband, and after a long consultation they determined on adopting the little orphan as their own. The man was one of those itinerant gleemen, or jugglers, who, at the time, rambled about from place to place, showing off their marvels of sleight-o'-hand, and making merry music in the Irish villages, and particularly in the English-inhabited towns along the coast.

For three years the young maid of Drumgarmon rambled from town to town and from village to village with the gleeman and his wife, during which time she grew more beautiful day by day, and learned to play on glittern and tambour with unwonted skill, and to know all the various dances and other things pertaining to the office of a gleemaiden. But it is now time to return to the Knight of Strancally, whom we left sorely wounded in his bed.

Day after day he continued under the kind nursing of Hugh Barrette and his wife, and the lovely Margaret, the girl whom he had seen on his first awaking from his swoon. At length he became strong enough to arise and move about, without, however, leaving the precincts of his apartment. It was now somewhat more than a month after the taking of the town, and he was sitting in his room thinking of some preparations, for on the morrow he was to leave his kind nurses and proceed to Strancally, from which the Earl of Desmond had lately departed with his retainers, in order to take up his abode in another of his family mansions. As the Knight sat thus thinking, the image of the sweet girl who had nursed him so well during his illness continually arose to his mind, and in spite of himself a feeling of fondness and tenderness—which he would not, but many would, call love—began to grow in his heart, as he thought of her beauty and of her unremitting and devoted attention to him. In spite of himself, we say, for how could he, a highborn knight, think of loving a girl who, however beautiful, was lowly-born, and, according to the precepts of those times, unfit to mate with any of his class—proud noblemen, who looked down with scorn on those of humbler birth, however wealthy. Still he thought he saw something noble about the young girl, in her features, in her bearing, and in her actions. In this mood of mind he was when, towards sunset, the oft-recurring subject of his meditations entered the room and sat down—her usual way of keeping him in conversation—on a low chair near him.

"My pretty Margaret," said the knight sadly, "time, no matter how sweet and delightful, must have an end. We part to-morrow—a long parting—but the memory of your kindness shall ever remain in my heart."

"Sir James," returned Margaret, "looking up into his face with an innocent but concerned gaze—"the kindness, if it may be so called, was but befitting from me, the daughter of the Desmond's most favoured servant, to a kinsman of the Desmond; but I fear me about your going in your present weak state; and there are strange rumours afloat of hostile ships having been seen sailing along the coast, and of another siege of the town by the English forces from Waterford."

"Ha! they dare not!" exclaimed the knight. "The Desmond is too strong in this territory at present, and it must be some merchant craft the idle loons in the town have magnified into war-galleys!"

The night had now fallen upon the town and the Knight of Strancally and Margaret were still conversing, when suddenly they heard the boom of a cannon from the direction of the harbour. This was followed by a confused murmur and stir in the town, then came the booming of many cannons again, and the rattle of musquetry, and no doubt was left upon the knight's mind that the English had made descent upon the town and were determined to take it by storm. The knight had not left his room since the day

he first entered it, and was still so weak that he found himself unable to descend the stairs unassisted, and his mind chafed within him to think that he should sit there an idle listener to the contest, and be unable to render any assistance to the garrison. Hugh Barrette himself now made his appearance in the greatest perturbation, and said that the English had indeed returned under Captain White, one of the most zealous leaders on the side of the queen, and had, whether by treachery or bravery he could not tell, actually entered the town and driven out the garrison. He said that the knight's only chance of safety consisted in allowing himself to be removed with all possible speed, and concealed in a small apartment he had prepared for that purpose. The knight, assisted by Hugh Barrette and his brisk young shopman, was soon settled in his place of concealment, a small room at the extreme back of the merchant's storehouse, and from which a diminutive window looked out on a narrow street, called Blossom Alley.

The town was once more in possession of the English. After a few days however, everything went on quietly, with the exception of a little pillage on the part of the conquerors: but they kept such a sharp watch at the gates and on the walls, that it was impossible for the knight to make his escape. So he was fain to content himself with his little prison as he called it, and the society, occasionally, of honest Hugh and his wife, but more frequently of the young and winning Margaret. Day after day the knight dwelt more and more upon the loveliness and engaging manners of the young girl. The voice of reason often called back his mind from those day-dreams to the plain reality of the case, but the knight was young, and at his age the voice of the heart is more willingly listened to than the more matter-of-fact warnings of reason. So by slow but sweet degrees he fell in love, and began to think upon his beautiful young nurse with other thoughts than those with which he regarded her, on his first entering the little chamber in Hugh's dwelling.

It was now three weeks after the entrance of the English. Blossom Alley was the abode of a number of the prettiest girls in the town, and in consequence of this delightful fact became the resort of several of the young soldiers from the garrison. One day, while the knight and Margaret were conversing in the little room, some disturbance arose outside in the Alley. Margaret was taking a hasty look through the window at what was passing, when a young corporal in the crowd turning round suddenly, caught her eye, and thinking himself the sole and undivided object of her attention, put on a most amiable and engaging look, left the throng, and swaggered with the air of an Alexander several times up and down before the window. Margaret immediately drew back and saw no more of the amorous corporal for that day. But the next morning he was there again, with his steel-cap, back, breast, and bandoliers burnished up with an unwonted degree of care; but this time not confining himself to a useless perambulation along the street, he came over and gave a glance of his enamoured eyes through the little window into the chamber of the knight, and was rewarded for his devotedness by catching a glimpse of the lovely Margaret inside. Fortunately, the knight was sitting in a corner which was not visible to the gay corporal, but on seeing him, Margaret cast herself with a frightened countenance into the opposite corner, and on enquiring the cause of her trepidation, she told him of the insinuating face at the window, and warned him to be on his guard. The knight, however, in spite of the warning, started up and approached the window, but the soldier was gone. Early on the same evening the knight was sitting alone in his narrow room and thinking on his situation, in a rather unpleasant frame of mind, when the coaxing face of the corporal appeared once more peering in at the window. It was an ill-starred moment for both, for the knight, rendered irritable and over-hasty by his wounds, and unable to bear the affectionate curiosity of the corporal any longer, seized a small iron weight that accidentally lay beside him, and flinging it with his utmost force at the head of the unfortunate gazer, stretched him bleeding and senseless upon the rough pavement of Blossom Alley. Some of the corporal's comrades made their appearance at the moment and created a tremendous disturbance on his account, at which an officer with a guard of soldiers was ordered down from the garrison in order to investigate the matter. The result was that Hugh Barrette's house and premises were searched, and as a matter of course half pillaged, and the knight's place of concealment found. The door was immediately forced in, but the Knight of Strancally was not at all disposed to give himself peaceably into the hands of his enemies, and the first man that entered received several inches

of steel beneath his corselet, and fell mortally wounded beside the doorway. Several now rushed in, but the foremost after a few cuts and parries, got a slash of the knight's sword which went sheer through the bars of his helmet, terribly wounding him along the face, and stretching him upon the prostrate body of his comrade. The knight now retreated to the opposite corner of the room, determined to die where he stood, and still keeping a clear space around him with the sweep of his long sword.

"Yield thee, sir knight, or whatever we may call thee!" said the officer of the guard—"yield thee, or we shall hew thee to pieces where thou standest, or else set fire to the house and burn thee to cinders with the worthless rebel catiff who concealed thee!"

The latter part of this threat, namely the burning of the premises of Hugh Barrette, with the body of the worthy burgher himself, had more effect upon the knight's mind than the first claim, so declaring his name, and giving up his sword to the officer, he was marched out of his place of concealment and lodged quietly in the strongest dungeon of the fortress.

It was the beginning of autumn. The English held the town in their possession for somewhat more than a month, when once more the fierce war-cry of the Irish resounded along the walls, for the seneschal of Imokilly with all the warlike inhabitants of that and the surrounding districts, appeared suddenly from the woods, and surrounded the fortifications on all sides. The attack commenced. On came the Irish in long and thick masses, and filling the deep ditches with their fascines of brushwood, gallantly scaled the ramparts amidst a storm of cannon-ball and small shot. The walls were well manned, but the English, despite their bravery, were driven off the ramparts to the castle, and thence to the seaward gate of the town, where they rallied to make a last and gallant stand.

It was just at this moment that the Knight of Strancally heard the sound of a couple of battle-axes breaking in his prison door, which feat being soon accomplished, Hugh Barrette, his shop-man, and the monk stood before him.

"Sir knight," said Hugh, "we are free once more, for the seneschal has made his oath good that he would take the town; and has burnt the walls, and driven the English to the sea-gate. Take this," continued he, giving the knight a huge sword—"they rally there under the protection of their guns from the harbour, and, I fear me, will regain the castle again!"

The Knight of Strancally took the sword, and rushing from the castle, put himself at the head of a body of Irish who were beginning to refresh themselves after their fatigue with a little pillage. "Strancally! Strancally Abou!" yelled his new followers, for they recognized him in a moment. They soon reached the sea-gate, and there the knight indemnified himself so well for his long inactivity, that the English were in a short time forced to retreat.

It was evening. The knight accompanied the old monk as he went along the streets and ramparts, applying remedies to the wounded and shoving those that were on the point of death. As they crossed down a narrow street, they beheld a dying man before them with his head resting on a small tambour, and a broken ghittern in fragments beside him.

"Take this," he said, when he observed the group, putting a small gold locket into the monk's hand. "I found it around the neck of a young child, I discovered ten years ago in the forest of Knockmoldown."

"How?" exclaimed the monk, greatly agitated, his mind reverting in a moment to his lost niece—"How came she in the forest and by what name did she call herself?"

"She called herself Margaret of Drumgarmon," answered the gleeman, for it was he. "We brought her up I trust kindly as we would our own child. My wife died, and about two years after I fell into a lingering sickness myself, and was unable to support the child any longer. I came to Youghal in order to take ship for my own bonnie Lincoln—for I am an Englishman—and met a kind merchant standing with his wife at their door. I begged him for the sake of Him who died for us all to keep the little girl till I could come back to take her with me to England, and they, although they thought she was my own daughter, in the kindness of their hearts took her in and promised to give her a home. Hugh Barrette, I mind it well, was the kind merchant's name. I came back for the child, and woe is me, I shall never see her blithe face again!"

The gleeman was sinking gradually during this story, and at the last words his head fell suddenly back upon his beloved tambour, his

legs were drawn up and jerked out with a quick spasm, and the monk bending low to help him in his extremity, found that he was dead.

"Sir James of Strancally!" then exclaimed the monk, turning to the knight who was standing at some distance—"I can tell thee blithe news. My wanderings are ended—I have found the lost child of my poor brother of Drumgarmon!"

"How?" exclaimed the knight, a wild and delightful suspicion crossing his mind. "How hast thou found her, and how am I concerned in her discovery more than befits a knight and a distant kinsman?"

"Margaret! Margaret, thy pretty nurse!" said the monk, is but the adopted daughter of the good merchant, Hugh—she is my niece, the young lady of Drumgarmon!" After explaining all to the knight, he continued—"Thou lovest her, Sir James of Strancally, and I could see from her bearing towards thee that she loves thee in return, well and truly. She is an orphan, but the child of a brave knight, and will have for her marriage dower her father's broad district of Drumgarmon. Yet methinks she can nowhere find a braver protector than the young Knight of Strancally!"

It is needless to dilate upon the meeting of Margaret and the knight, and the mighty preparations that were made for their marriage feast. Suffice it to say, that they were married by Gerald the Franciscan, that the bravery of the whole country was seen at their bridal revel, and that they loved well and lived happily for many a calm succeeding year in their strong fortalice of Strancally.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Fresh flowers are growing
By Life's first flowing,
Whose waves are glowing
In the light of Truth;
And Joy is stealing
O'er every feeling,
While Hope keeps pealing
From the tower of Youth.
From Nature's treasure
We snatch the measure
Of sparkling pleasure,
Which we madly drain;
And deem that never
Fond ties can sever,
But shield us ever
From grief and pain.
As Age advances
The sunlight dances
With fickle glances
On the Stream of Life;
And mists of warning
That seem'd adorning
The brow of morning
Grow to clouds of strife.
Last joy appearing
Our sad souls cheering
With dreams endearing
Of the days of yore.
Our spirit pillows
On Mem'ry's billows,
'Neath pensive willows
For evermore! G. B. O'H.

THE CASTLE OF MONEA.

THE Castle of Monea, which forms the subject of our illustration on page forty-one, is situated in the county of Fermanagh, about five miles from the town of Enniskillen, and is a good example of the castellated residences erected at the period of the "Plantation of Ulster." It was built, according to Pynnar's "Survey of Ulster," made in 1618-19, by Malcolm Hamilton, rector of Devenish, a descendant of the first patentees of the escheated lands of Monea. The castle was fifty feet in height, and was surrounded by a wall nine feet in height and three hundred in circuit. It was the chief place of refuge of the English and Scotch settlers during the Civil War of 1641.

A MATRIMONIAL FERRET.



K NOW him, do we? Gracious goodness, only ask Teresa. We are quiet, retired people—perhaps the quietest in the neighbourhood, which may account, my dear, for the happy—and, indeed, on our part, unexpected—intimacy which has sprung up between us and Mr. Lionhead. He hates noise and bustle; we can scarcely tolerate a pin to drop. He loves reading, being a gentleman of studious habits, and you know that Teresa was always a decided book-worm."

"Mamma," interposes Teresa, elevating her head, in order that her words may reach the drawing-room window, at which sits pensive Mr. Lionhead, dejectedly sucking a sherry-cobbler through a short straw, "mamma, dear, what if Mr. Lionhead should hear us? It is so rude to speak so of one in his own presence."

"And if he did hear us, darling," replies Mrs. Ferret, springing a round octave higher, "is it not a consolation to a gentleman to know that his good qualities are not unobserved by those around him? Flattery, Miss Whalebone" (this was addressed to a lady of indefinite years and unwholesome complexion, who formed one of the little trio

under Mr. Lionhead's window), "flattery is degrading to those who use it, and offensive to those to whom it is addressed. But truth—rigid, exact truth, Miss Whalebone—is quite another thing, and should not be avoided from any silly motives of delicacy. Besides, my dear, what is the use of being good if nobody sees it? Teresa, child, spare your blushes" (this was said with remarkable elevation of heart and voice), "and congratulate yourself on having such an unexceptionable admirer."

Says Miss Whalebone: "He is an admirer, then? You lucky girl! What is the colour of his hair?"

Mrs. Ferret replies: "Some people, my dear—but they know nothing of colours—would call it red, and yet it is not red. Have you ever remarked that rich hair with a golden tint in it—dark gold? That will give you an idea of what it is."

"Harry," remarks my intended, "says that it looks like a bad mauve, or a—"

All at once there is a subdued "Hush—ah!" under the windows, followed by a few moments' silence. I can imagine the pause to be

filled up with three deprecatory nods of mamma's head, and a whispered confession of indiscretion from Teresa.

"Of his generosity, his kindness of heart, there can be no question," at last observes Miss Whalebone.

"And we hope for the best, my dear," subjoins mamma, in a resigned, but sanguine tone. "I have every reason to think that Teresa loves him; and that, in good time, an acquaintance begun so unexpectedly will end pleasantly and honourably for all parties. My love, I see you have left a dead leaf hanging to that geranium. You must clip it off with your own scissors to-morrow, darling."

The plant threatened with amputation grows on the sill of Mr. Lionhead's window.

"Those are Mr. Lionhead's geraniums, of course," observes Miss Whalebone. "To watch and water them must be a labour of love to you, Teresa."

"And it is," concedes Mrs. Ferret. "Little offices of this sort make one so familiar with the elegant peculiarities of those whom they wish to please. Teresa, dear, I am afraid you overlooked the caterpillars; they have bored a big hole through that red-dragon leaf."

"Yes, indeed; Teresa, how could you be so careless?" asks Miss Whalebone. "Well, I'm off."

"Teresa and I are just going to have a look at the new baréges at M'Birney's. Good morning, my dear."

And so the group separates. Reader! I beg you will not be astounded at the admission—I am Mr. Lionhead. I repeat this as I write it, for I confess that my own identity has become confused in the snatch of conversation, which I have faithfully reported, under my windows. I am that favoured individual whose cultivated tastes, goodness, and benevolence, have furnished three ladies with a topic for a morning conversation. I am the proprietor of that golden dark hair whose eulogies have been pronounced by the highest tribunals of taste—a council of ladies. As for the "bad mauve," I repeat it as an aspersion below grave consideration. I am a bachelor, and live on the first floor of my residence, Kensington-ville, Rathmines. My room is an absolute litter of worked slippers, embroidered cigar cases, smoking caps, kettle holders, et cetera. The room directly underneath mine is tenanted by Mrs. Ferret and her daughter. The late Mr. Josiah Ferret, of whom the present Mrs. Ferret is the surviving relict (I make the statement on the solid authority of a tombstone at Glasnevin), was, I have been given to understand, a wax-chandler. He died some eight years ago, leaving no will; and as the effects he had to bequeath were limited to a soap-boiler, a refiner, three dozen of deal boxes, and an empty till, there is abundant reason for believing that, in abstaining from reducing his last wishes to the form of a testament, he was merely conforming to the economical instincts of the age. Set adrift on the world, Mrs. Ferret and her daughter went abroad—which is an allegorical way of stating that they quitted Dublin proper, and took lodgings in the suburbs. The maternal Ferret, before the first flush of grief had exhausted itself, began to look about her, and to think that the best thing to be done for Teresa was to have her settled in the world. And, as the best way of settling a girl in the world is to find her a husband, Mrs. Ferret immediately cast her eyes about in search of that desirable acquisition.

It is one of the misfortunes of civilization that whilst a hundred ill-favoured, talentless girls will have a swarm of suitors dangling at their heels and swearing by their nosegays, three hundred and fifty clever ones will remain suitorless and disconsolate. In fact, there is a feeling growing every day deeper amongst bachelors that clever women do not make good wives—that they know more about astronomy than mutton chops, and less of shirt buttons than of geology. In this latter category Miss Ferret found herself, and it is due to her to state that she fully appreciated her situation, without caring much for the consequences. In vain Mrs. Ferret coaxed, threatened, and bullied "desirable young men"—come they would not. They avoided her as they would the pest. So she fretted herself on to the horns of a great social dilemma, and it was whilst writhing transfixed on that ugly position that she heard, for the first time in her life, of the "H.P.E.M.C."—initials which, attached to their legitimate contexts, extend themselves into the alarming title of the "Husband-Providing-and-Eligible-Match-Making Corporation." Mrs. Ferret studied for nine days (I derive my information from one who has known her for years) the prospectus of the Corporation; on the tenth day she paid five shillings, and was solemnly inducted into the

secrets of an association which professed, and I believe professes still, that by strictly following up the written directions with which the members were provided, any mother possessed of sufficient nerve, tact, and prudence, might procure for her daughter, if not extremely repulsive in appearance and neglected in education, a suitable partner. "Success," said the programme, "invariably depends on delicacy of manipulation." This was a plain phrase which, notwithstanding its obvious simplicity, took Mrs. Ferret no inconsiderable patience to rightly interpret.

I leave it to any one to judge the merciless character of the struggle which I am obliged to wage day after day with my "judicious" friend Mrs. Ferret, H.P.E.M.M.C. People may affect to smile at it; but if they would only assume my situation for an hour or two, I think they would hasten to change their sneers for sympathies. I met Mrs. Ferret, for the first time, nine weeks ago on the staircase. She was descending, and I literally incorporated myself with the wall that she might pass unruffled by contact. Notwithstanding all my precautions, the lady dexterously contrived to insert the tail of her skirt under the ball of my right foot. The miserable fabric gave way with a soft "whiff;" apologies followed, and an acquaintance was at once established through the agency of a bit of over-starched muslin. Perfectly aware that I had been out-manoeuvred in spite of all my caution, I resolved to deprive her of the fruits of her advantage by keeping close to my quarters, and habitually sweeping the staircase through the keyhole before venturing at descent to the hall. My prudence, however, was no match for Mrs. Ferret's motherly sagacity. Four or five mornings after our first encounter there came a gentle, half-diffident, retiring knock to my door. "Come in," I said, and the injunction was obeyed by a lady of some twenty-seven summers. She was attired in an elaborate *négligée*, and her long hair was arranged with studied carelessness over her pretty shoulders.

"Will you kindly pardon this intrusion?" said my visiter, slowly advancing to the table at which I sat; "but mamma——"

"Mamma!" I exclaimed, with ill-disguised alarm, "mamma!"

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Ferret."

"Oh, Mrs. Ferret, of course. She is well, I trust?"

"Unhappily she is not," said Miss Ferret, with a profound sigh which betokened serious disquietude; "she is suffering from a nervous headache, and sent me to ask if you would oblige her with your pastille burner."

"I'm so sorry that it is not in my power, Miss Ferret."

"Indeed, I feel very sorry for interrupting you; you read so much, and your time is so valuable. Did you see the 'Illustrated Dublin Journal' yet, Mr. Lionhead?"

"I have seen only the announcements of it in the newspapers, Miss Ferret."

"It is really a charming magazine," remarked my visiter.

"You have read it, then?" I observed, languidly.

"Dear, yes. You should read it: it is really a good thing in these days of trashy periodicals."

"Ah, I must see it," I remarked, with a delicate show of impatience.

"Then I shall send it down to you," said Miss Ferret, with a large amount of decision.

A vision of perfumed slips and light criticisms danced through my mind; so I said, in a half-pleading tone, "Pray do not, Miss Ferret. Much obliged, but——"

"There is really no obligation in question, Mr. Lionhead. Then mamma spoke so largely of your politeness the other day, when you walked on her dress going down stairs;" and here Miss Ferret chirruped a little silvery laugh, which gave me an admirable opportunity of observing the soundness and whiteness of her teeth.

"That was unfortunate," I replied, trying to summon up a faint smile. And here I was tempted to add, "But you ladies do dress so extravagantly that really we——"

"Extravagantly, Mr. Lionhead!" exclaimed Miss Ferret, giving a rapid glance at her own costume, "Extravagant! You surely do not mean costliness of material?"

"I don't exactly mean costliness of material, Miss Ferret, but——"

"Oh, now I understand you: breadth—extent—what you call a—a—amplitude. Well, you can see that I am particularly moderate in both ways," said my friend, holding up a dainty little pinch of her gown for my inspection. "I can dress for fifteen pounds a year—perhaps less if we have a wet season."

This was said in a tone intended to fascinate me; but I said nothing, and began nibbling a quill with solemn indifference.

"Then you can't let us have the burner, Mr. Lionhead?"

"I am grieved that I cannot, Miss Ferret."

"Well, good morning. By the way, do you ever go down to Bray?"

"Not often."

"Pretty place."

"Very."

"Good morning."

The "Illustrated Dublin Journal" lies on my table, and between the leaves is a charming photograph of Miss Teresa Ferret, (which I have endeavoured to sketch above) and a tiny slip of white paper, which I never had courage to read until last evening. "Dear Mr. Lionhead," said the slip, "I send you the 'Journal.' It is charming, and has caused quite a sensation in literary circles. Pray do not read so late at night.—T. F."

And, as if determined to fill up the measure of my miserable apprehensiveness, Mrs. Ferret comes down stairs last Sunday morning, and presents me with a green eye-shade, constructed out of a bit of whalebone and a shred of cheap silk. She further insisted on my trying it on before she left the room. As I was removing the horrid thing, a pair of hands were plaited over my eyes, and a seducing voice, which I instantly recognized, said, "Guess who it is."

"Mrs. Searle, my landlady."

"Shame! her hands are as hard as dinner-plates. Guess again."

"One of the skeletons in the College of Surgeons."

"You naughty quiz! Come, guess once more."

"Oh! Miss Ferret."

"Are you sure?"

"Pretty sure," I said, disengaging the young lady's hands, and trying to look patient.

"Pon my word!" she exclaimed, "you cannot even guess how much that becomes you. It brings out your forehead beautifully. And, bless me, Mr. Lionhead, what capital eyes you've got! I should call them—what?—diamonds; but that's too common-place."

This occurred last Sunday morning, since which I have laid strict injunctions on my landlady to admit no visitors to my room without my special consent. But I cannot beat off the Ferrets. Finding that my rooms are no longer accessible to them, and knowing my partiality for fresh air and open windows, they take advantage of this weakness, and hold open-air discussions on my merits, under my nose, twice or thrice a day. The tone of their deliberations is calculated to a nicety to reach my windows. From all I can gather, they have disposed of me finally as Teresa's husband, Mrs. Ferret's motherly doubts as to Teresa's love for me being, I understand, the only humiliating obstacle in the way of our approaching union. But they will be doomed to disappointment, for I have given my landlady notice that I am about to leave her house, driven from it by the heartless machinations of the H.P.E.M.M. Corporation.

CURIOSITIES OF DERIVATION.

SINCE the "odd phases in some popular phrases" have been regarded as deserving of exemplification and illustration,* there can be no reason why the odd traits of certain words in every-day use (and abuse, too), should not be equally noteworthy, not merely for the archaeological lore individually associated with them, but that they are the pivots, so to speak, on which the sense of many an oft-quoted but derivatively obscure expression turns. As the design of this paper, therefore is not more pretentious than to be a bit of idle chit-chat anent some vagrant verbiage, let us, *in limine*, and as an apt example of its purpose, take the simple word "gossip." In its original sense "gossip" meant a sponsor for an infant in baptism, from the Anglo-Saxon *God-syb*, that is, literally, "of kin in God." Thus Spenser in the "Faerie Queen":—

"He wonneth in the land of Fayëree,
Yet is no fary borne, ne sib at all
To elves, but sprung of seed terrestrial,
And whylome by false fairies stolne away,
Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall."

* See *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine*, Nos. 10 and 13.

The affinity of "gossipship" was regarded of such consequence that by the Canon Law intermarriages of "godsibs" to the same child were stringently prohibited, as if they were nearest of kin. In the Elizabethan era both the godfather and godmother were termed "gossips," but at a later period the appellation was generally limited to the latter. In his "Diary" for May 20, 1666, Samuel Pepys, the quaint yet instructive, writes:—

"Lord's day. With my wife to church. At noon dined nobly, ourselves alone. After dinner my wife and Mercer by coach to Greenwich, to be gossip to Mrs. Daniell's child. My wife much pleased with the reception she had, and she was godmother, and did hold the child at the font."

Female gossip, according to Junius, were accustomed, under cloak of this spiritual relationship, to "tell stories and tittle over them;" hence arose the present familiar acceptance of the term, as thus slyly adverted to by Sir Thomas More:—

"'Yes, yea,' quod I, 'a woman can kepe a counsayl well ynough. For though she tell a gossip she telleth it but in counsayl yet, nor that gossippe to her gossippe neither, and so when all the gossippes in the towne knowe yt, yet it is but counsayl still!'"

Fie, thou ungallant caviller at the privilege of the sex! However, *place aux dames*. Here we have the word "lady." Tooke, no mean authority, says its radix is *hlaf*, the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon *hlif-ian*, to raise; hence one elevated or exalted. Others assert that in the good old times when the mistress of the manor distributed at stated seasons a certain quantity of bread to her indigent neighbours, with her own fair hands, she was termed by the grateful recipients *Leff-day*, that is, in the Saxon, the "bread-giver." Would that all the ladies in this year of grace, 1861, could establish their claim to the title by practically illustrating the truth of the latter derivation! At any rate there are few ladies, we opine, unshackled by matrimonial fetters, who would object to a "millionaire." This word is of Venetian origin. Upon the return of the famous navigator, Marco Polo, to the "bride of the Adriatic," from the court of the Khan of Tartary in 1295, to all interrogatories as to the wealth of that potentate he would reply—"ten or fifteen millions of gold ducats." His rejoinder obtained for him the *sobriquet* of "Messer Marco Milani," and the family dwelling-place was for centuries afterwards termed, "La Corte de Millioni." Sensorini, in his "Venexia Descritta," attributes the popular application of this surname to the immense riches possessed by the Polo family at the period of their return to their native land. The French employed the word to denote a great capitalist, and it has been of late years naturalised with us. May every fair reader of the JOURNAL enmesh a millionaire, and spend a right pleasant "honeymoon!" It was the custom of the Teutonic tribes to drink mead or metheglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after a wedding. The Saxons imported the custom into England, and from it, in course of time, arose the practice of enjoying the first month after marriage in retirement. A country wedding without a "bonfire" would be but a sombre affair. It was a mediaeval custom to keep the vigils before certain feasts, particularly Midsummer Eve, at which period the imps of darkness were supposed to have special power. To destroy their influence it was usual to light large fires of *bones*, the smell of which, it was believed, was particularly obnoxious to them, it being said, in the language of the time, "the devil cannot abide the smell of *breyning* (burning) bones."

Many etymologists trace the word "saunterer" to the French *Sainte-terre*, or Holy Land, from which too many of the crusaders returned as loitering, purposeless wanderers. Our own impression is that it is derived from the words *sans terre*, without land. It is thus illustrated in "Hudibras":—

"Unhappy wretch!
What hast thou gotten by this fetch,
Of all thy tricks in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' the blade?
By *sauntering* still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a centaur?"

The disparaging term "pettifogger," applied to lawyers of a certain class, is also of French origin, being derived from the words *petit voque*, little fame or reputation. In all great houses, according to Gilford, but particularly in royal residences, there were a number

of mean dependents, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest depths there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seemed to have been selected to carry coals to the halls, kitchens, &c. To this smutty corps the people in derision gave the name of "blackguards." As early as the year 1630, the hunters of the wild cattle in the savannahs of Hispaniola were known under the designation of "buccaneers." They derived this name from *boucan*, an old Indian word which the Caribs gave to the hut in which they smoked the flesh of the oxen killed in the chase. In course of time this food became known as *viande boucanée*, and the hunters themselves gradually assumed the name of "buccaneers."

A "rasher on the coals" appears to have been a favourite article of food in the time of Shakspeare, who makes special allusion to it in his "Merchant of Venice." It is mentioned, with a red-herring, as a capital incentive for the lover of wine in Nash's "Pierce Peni-lesse." The word is derived from the French *raser*, to shave—literally a shaving or slice of bacon. Vessels cut down from their original to an inferior size are known as *razees*. There is a familiar reference to the rasher in Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison":

"As in some Irish houses where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it was fried in!"

But rasheers are very provocative of thirst, and a glass of "grog" is by no means a despicable after consideration. This popular beverage was so called from Admiral Vernon, who was generally known in the navy as "old grogram," from a cloak of that material which the veteran was accustomed to wear in equally weather. While in command of the West India station, shortly after the reduction of Porto Bello, he introduced the use of rum and water in the squadron, which became a favourite drink, and in honour of him was called "grog." "Toddy" is from the eastern *tai-dé*, the sap of a species of pine. Wine and water first received the name of "negus" in the reign of Queen Anne, from the inventor, Colonel Francis Negus, whose favourite beverage it was. It became fashionable at the regimental mess, and the officers in compliment to their colonel called it after him. "Porter" was so termed from the class of society to whom its use was principally confined on its introduction. Probably the earliest reference to it is in a passage in the writings of Nicholas Amherst, 1721: "We had rather dine at a cook's shop upon beef, cabbage, and *porter*, than tug at an oar, or rot in a dark, fetid dungeon." "Fool" as applied to a dish of boiled gooseberries and cream, is from the French verb *fouler*, to crush or squeeze. It may, perhaps, be unnecessary to remark that the word "gooseberry" itself should be correctly written *goose-berry*, that is, the fruit of a prickly shrub or bush. Some consider "luncheon" a corruption of *nuncheon*, or a noon-shun, the refreshment taken at noon, when labourers desist from work to shun the heat. It is, however, with more probability from the Spanish *lonja*, a slice or cut, and hence the daily meal at eleven o'clock termed *lonce*, pronounced *Ponchey*. This is synonymous with the Armorican *lounqua*, to swallow hastily or greedily. Thus Gay:—

"While hungry thou stood'st staring like an oaf,
I sliced the luncheon from the barley loaf."

"Muffin" is probably from the old French *mou-pain*, soft bread, easily converted in mouffin, whence muffin. "Prog" is thought by some to be from the Russian *pirog*, a custom consisting in the lady of the house distributing a certain quantity of bread or meat to her guests, while others derive it from the Anglo-Saxon *pricc-an*, to pick out, or select, and hence, victuals, provisions, &c. Congreve thus illustrates the use of the word:—

"While spouse, tuckt up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog."

There is not, we may here add, properly speaking, such a word as "tureen," the vessel in which soup is served; it is a corruption of the Latin "terrene."

The source of the word "haberdasher" has been a fertile theme for discussion. Some contend that its etymology may be traced to the French, *avoir d'acheter*, that is, to have, to buy; the phrase "avoir de pois" was formerly written "haber de pois," and a similar

corruption may have occurred in "avoir d'acheter," as "haber d'achet," whence haberdasher. It has also been derived from the Saxon *Hab ihr das*, "Will you buy this?" as well as from the words *Haber dass, herr?* "Will you take this, sir?" said to have been commonly used by the Flemish traders who settled in London in the fourteenth century, when addressing the passers by. "Berdashers of small wares," were nick-named "What d'ye lack?" in the seventeenth century. But these etymological theories are too fanciful, however apparently correct, for us. "Berdash" was a name formerly used in England for a certain kind of neck-dress; whence a person who manufactured or retailed such neck-cloths was called a "berdasher;" from this to the modern "haberdasher" the transition is natural. We find the word, moreover, in the "Guardian":—

"I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and *berdash*, which I am told is not ill done."

A large number of the names at present applied to materials for articles of dress, are derived from the localities in which they were originally made. As examples of these it will be sufficient to mention *cambric*, from Cambray, in France; *calico*, from Calicut, in India; *damask*, from Damascus, in the East; *diaper*, from d'Ypres, in France; *dimity*, from Damietta; *paduasoy*, a kind of silk, from Padua; *shalloon*, a light woollen stuff, from Chalons. "Blankets" took their name from Thomas Blanket, who established the first manufactory for these articles at Bristol, about the year 1840.

Innumerable ingenious theories have been ventilated from time to time anent the etymology of the familiar term "humbug." Many regard it as a corruption of the word Hamburg, in which city, during some continental campaign, so many *canards* were fabricated, that at length it became customary, when expressing incredulity at any statement, to say, "that is from Hamburg," or "that is Hamburg." As the Italians say, "se non è vero è ben trovato;" if not true this is very well invented. But Scotland has advanced a better claim to its origin. There was, as the story goes, in "auld lang syne," a family called Bogue, or Boag, in Berwickshire, a daughter of which espoused one of the Humes of Hume, whose representatives are still in existence. In time, by default of male issue, the Bogue estate reverted to one Geordie Hume, who was popularly called Hume of the Bogue, or "Aun o' the Bug," as it was pronounced in that district of Scotland then called "the Mearns." This worthy is said to have so successfully rivalled Baron Munchausen in his relations of the marvellous, that at last any extraordinary averment in the locality was treated as "just a hum o' the bug," afterwards contracted to humbug. This derivation is by no means improbable, but we have another nearer home. It is well known that the coinage issued by James II. from the Dublin mint was composed of such worthless materials that the crowns and half-crowns were afterwards recognised merely as pence and half-pence. The base metal of which they were manufactured was known in Irish as "uim-bog," pronounced "oom-bug," and in the course of mercantile transactions such phrases as, "that's a piece of uim-bog," etc., were frequent, and are thought by many to have suggested humbug.

After all, notwithstanding the apparent *vraisemblance* of this to the preceding hypothesis, the following is the true source of the word. Formerly at public places to "hum" was a popular mode of expressing approbation and applause. We find the annexed notice of the habit in Harrison's "State Trials of the Reign of Charles II.," 1660:—

"[Here the spectators *hummed*.] Lord Chief Baron—Gentlemen, this humming is not at all becoming the gravity of this court. It is more fitting for a stage play than for a court of justice."

Indeed, so prevalent was the practice at this time that we find instances in which it was employed to reward the eloquence of eminent divines. "When Burnet preached," says Johnson, in his *Life of Sprat*, "part of his congregation hummed so loudly and so long that he sat down to enjoy it, and rubbed his face with his handkerchief. When Sprat preached, he likewise was honoured with the like animating hum, but he stretched out his hand to the congregation, and cried 'Peace, peace, I pray you, peace.'" The word was afterwards used to imply cajolery, flattery, etc., as in the following distich from Brooke's "Epilogue on Humbugging":—

"Beauty, by ancient tradition, we find
Has delightfully humm'd the whole race of mankind."

In Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," to hum means to deceive, in which sense it is also used by Peter Pindar:—

"Fall many a trope from bayonet and drum
He threaten'd; but behold! 'twas all a hum."

The word "bug" is of Celtic origin, and signifies some terrific spectre or goblin; frequent instances of its use might be adduced. Thus Shakspeare, in his "Taming of the Shrew":—

"Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs."

Holinshed, in his "Chronicle of Ireland," writes: "My lord, there be shrewd bugs in the borders for the Earle of Kildare to feare." "Bug" is the root of the Scotch "bogie," and is also probably identical with the Icelandic "puki," an evil spirit. Two other familiar expressions have likewise a connection with this word. Thus Fairfax, in his "Godfrey of Boulogne":—

"As silly children doe not bend their eyes,
Where they are told strange *bug* beares haunt the place."

Lloyd, in his "Chit Chat" has:—

"Joeky, my love, say, don't you cry;
Take yea abroad! indeed, not I;
For all the *bugaboo* to fright ye."

To "humbug" is, consequently, literally to "hum" or deceive with "bugs," or imaginary spirits or appearances, but it will be obvious how simply and yet withal variously the meaning of the word may be amplified.

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THE CHASE ON THE PRAIRIE;

AN EPISODE OF TEXAN WARFARE.



MORE than seven years ago I was a sergeant in a Texan cavalry regiment. Texas, although one of the most beautiful and fertile regions of America, was not at the period a very safe or inviting place to live in, troubled as it was by internal strife, and by the fierce and continual warfare upon its borders between the settlers, the Indians, and the Mexicans. The corps to which I belonged was one of the finest in the service, and was, at the time of which I write, quartered near

the banks of the Rio Grande, to co-operate with detachments of the regiments which Lieutenant-General Scott had led forward, in order to meet, almost on their own ground, a large army of mounted Indians and Mexican guerillas, who, it was reported, were about making a combined and rapid descent upon that part of the territory.

Woe to the settlers that were fated to hear the terrible war whoop of such invaders! In the solitary ranches along the river the inmates trumbled as they heard the news of their approach, and even in the villages that were beginning to spring up on many a fertile spot by wood and plain, there was no small amount of fear, though some of the stout woodmen, indeed, seemed not at all loath to exercise bowie-knife and rifle in a brush with the Indians. No

one knew, at the precise time I am speaking of, from what side the Indians were to make their descent. But our general, who knew the tricks of his foes, was not to be caught sleeping. Along a certain broad district of prairie land over which he knew the enemy should pass in order to touch Texan territory, he had placed a chain of picquets, whose duty it was to keep a sharp look out upon the rolling prairies in front, and on the appearance of any hostile force, to send a courier back with intelligence to the main body. With one of these picquets I was stationed as commander. My subaltern was a corporal, a young man of almost gigantic stature. He was a native of Tipperary, by name John O'Carroll, and knew my family in the old land.

Our camping-place was situated upon the summit of an abrupt

bluff rising over a small and beautiful stream that ran westward through the prairie, and emptied its waters into the Rio Grande about twenty miles above the spot where our general was stationed with the main body of the army. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of the prospect from that solitary bluff. It was summer, and as far as the eye could reach on every side the prairies spread out, all ablaze with flowers of every imaginable hue, while at our feet, from east to west, the course of the little river might be traced through the bright plain like a silver ribbon with lustrous borders of green, and gold, and scarlet, so luxuriantly were its banks clothed with



soft, emerald grass, and many-coloured blossoms. Occasionally a herd of deer enlivened the prospect, as they wound their way at noon over the rolling plain, or approached the river to quench their thirst in the eventide. Less frequently a drove of buffaloes might be seen far away towards the horizon, browsing lazily on the long grass, or sweeping along in mad gambols towards some distant river, and more seldom still the plumed Indian could be observed in the distance,

with spear in hand, and painted robe flying in the breeze, careering away upon his proud war-steed like some evil spectre of that perilous and lonely land.

We were not lonely, however, because we were never idle. There was always something to do. Five of us were generally out during the day-time hunting the shores of the river in our neighbourhood, in order to supply ourselves with fresh meat, while of the remaining five—there were but ten of us in all—some kept watch and ward from the summit of the bluff, whilst the remainder usually employed themselves in gathering materials for the night's bivouac-fire. For this fire we could use not even half-dry wood. The latter should be perfectly withered and without moisture in order to avoid smoke, the appearance of which would, of course, betray our station to the Indians. As a further precaution against the observation of the sharp-eyed red-skins, we had constructed around our fire-place a circle of stones, outside which no light could be seen, and within this we usually lay down to sleep at night, our horses being picqueted beneath the trees hard by, under the care of one of my comrades, each of whom took the duty in turn.

One day as I and four others were about setting out on the track of some buffaloes we had seen down the stream, the man on guard gave the word that he saw a stranger approaching from the eastward. Riding up to the summit of the bluff, I looked in the direction pointed out by the sentinel, and saw a horseman riding towards us at full gallop, who, by his equipments, I knew was a soldier belonging to our regiment.

"We'll soon have sharp work, I reckon," said the sentinel. "That man brings us news of the Indians, or my name isn't Wattie Boone."

It was true enough. The courier brought an order from the officer in command of the chain of picquets for me and half my men to repair to a place about forty miles eastward, called the Roaring Forks, in order to strengthen a convoy which was on its march to the camp of General Scott, with money to pay the army. This convoy, the order said, was in hourly expectation of being attacked by a combined force of Indians and Mexican guerillas, who were hovering on its march. The courier presented a similar order for the next picquet, with which I immediately ordered off one of my men on the spur. Leaving four men behind on the bluff under the command of Wattie Boone, who was a lance-corporal, I set off with the rest over the prairie towards the place indicated in the order.

It was late that night when we reached the Roaring Forks and fell in with the convoy, which consisted of about forty men, and which was encamped upon a small tongue of land formed by the confluence of two turbulent streams. The country around was thickly wooded, and I was told on my arrival that a force of about a thousand mounted Indians and Mexicans was lying concealed in a deep valley towards the south-east, almost directly in our course for the camp of General Scott.

The morning light was just beginning to appear over the eastern woods when the reveille sounded, and after a hasty breakfast we were on the march. We had with us a train of about forty mules laden with money for the pay of the army, and about the same number laden with provisions and other necessaries. For the latter we cared little, but it may well be supposed that we would not let the former go out of our possessions without a stout fight with our foes, no matter how numerous they were. The country, as we marched along, became more open, but still there was no appearance of the enemy. Once, indeed, as we forded a river, we saw three horsemen upon the summit of a low ridgy hill to the west, but on resuming our march at the other side of the stream they disappeared. By this we knew that we were watched closely. With rifles unslung, revolvers ready, and swords loosened in their scabbards, we still marched on, passing the valley on our right, where the enemy were said to be encamped, but still there was no sign of hostile plume or spear. We were now approaching the verge of the open prairie, when from the south-west six men joined us with the intelligence that the enemy in greater force than ever were marching in a parallel course with us on the right. This puzzled us somewhat, for we expected to be attacked early in the day, but still we marched on till noon, when we halted for a short time on a small plain, surrounded on every side by wood, except towards the west, in which direction it looked out upon the level prairie.

Just as we were preparing to resume our march, a wild and vengeful war-whoop burst suddenly on our ears, and in a moment

the whole force of outlawed Mexicans and their fierce allies rushed upon us from the woods. On they came upon their wild war-steeds, raising a cloud of dust as they approached over the sun-parched plain, and brandishing their long gleaming spears, while those that had them sent the contents of their fatal rifles into our midst before they came to the charge. A sharp and decisive conflict ensued, in which, by dint of overwhelming numbers, we were worsted. The mules and their costly burdens were captured, several of our men slain, and the rest scattered, of which latter I, about half an hour after the commencement of the attack, was galloping madly over the prairie to the westward with three Indians in deadly pursuit behind me.

When a man has the free prairie before him, and a good and faithful horse to bear him on, it is not fear that should take possession of his heart, no matter who pursues. If he keep his wits about him, there are at least two chances to one that he will escape; but the moment fear blinds him, the chances are reversed, and he is undone. Inured as I was to Indian warfare, it may readily be supposed that I kept my senses about me, although as I looked over my left or right shoulder occasionally at the three warriors on my track, and saw them gaining slowly but steadily upon me, I felt that, should I get off, my escape would be a narrow one. One of the Indians came on in a direct line behind me, while the other two, who were a little in advance, kept one upon the right hand, and the other on the left, as if with the purpose of engaging my attention on both flanks, that their companion might the more easily capture or dispatch me from the rear. Thus we swept on for nearly half a dozen miles, my pursuers all the while steadily gaining upon me, though they were still far out of bullet range.

I soon changed their tactics. After passing a huge boulder of rock that lay like a prostrate turret upon the breast of the flat plain, I suddenly turned my horse to the left, by which manœuvre I succeeded in bringing the three Indians in a line behind me, the warrior who had ridden from the beginning on the left hand being now, of course, first in the chase. Thus we sped for nearly another half dozen miles, till I approached the edge of a deep chasm that ran an immense distance across the prairie in one continuous channel. This chasm I had seen before, and knew that to cross it was impossible, so I was forced to wheel my horse to the right again, by which I brought my pursuers once more behind me in their original order.

I could hear, still faintly, however, the exultant and derisive shout of the three demons behind me, as they marked this movement, which sorely decreased the distance between us. The two that formed the wings of the pursuit now put their horses to the topmost speed, and began gaining on me more rapidly than ever. I now saw that my only chance of escape lay in my weapons, and in my own coolness and bravery. I was well armed. I had a rifle slung at my back, and two revolvers, one of which was the regimental weapon, and the other my own private property. These, with a bowie-knife and sword were well enough, you will say, but then both rifle and revolvers were unloaded, having been discharged in the late battle. I set myself to remedy this, however. Letting the bridle fall loose upon the neck of my brave horse, I took the revolvers in turn from my belt, and loaded them. It is a difficult thing to do, especially with an enemy close behind, but then I was used to it, and succeeded as well at them as in loading my rifle. During the operation, indeed, I was unable to guide my horse properly, and thus my enemies drew closer still. The warrior that came directly on my track seemed not as well mounted as the others, for instead of gaining upon me he had fallen behind, but his two comrades still swept on until we three almost formed a line upon the prairie.

And now I knew that the decisive moment was coming on, for the two were gradually closing upon me as we still swept away madly. Directly before me on the plain, about two miles away, I saw some marshy pools with three dark objects upon them. What those dark objects were I could not tell for some few moments. At last I saw that they were buffaloes; but why they did not scamper away at our approach I could not tell. Indeed I had but little time to think on it, for my pursuers were now almost within bullet range of me. On still I swept directly for the pools, and as I approached, two of the buffaloes started up from the muddy bath they had been luxuriating in, and galloped away; but the remaining one, a huge bull, which it seems had been slightly wounded that morning by some hunter, and which was now mad with the heat and pain, did not take our intrusion so easily. He stood up, and with his shaggy head

lowered and eyes flashing angrily, sent a low, rumbling bellow of defiance and fury over the plain, while at the same time with his hoofs he tore the soft marsh, casting up behind him a splashing shower of mingled mud and water. There was no help for it, so I rode straight for where he stood, hoping by some dexterous turn of my horse to escape the half-blind but furious charge he was sure to make as I approached him. All happened as I expected. I had scarcely come within thirty yards of him, when the huge animal, with a fierce and furious roar, tossed up a still denser shower of mud and water, and then charged. He was now within half a dozen lengths of me, when turning my horse suddenly to the left, I brought the noble animal out of the buffalo's charging line, and got forward unscathed. I guessed that the furious bull would now go on till he met the Indian behind me, so I was soon splashing through the marsh, which, luckily, was one of those peculiar to the prairies, shallow, and with a hard bottom.

I was now safe upon the other side, and my horse instead of being fatigued from the soft ground, was rather refreshed by his hoof bath. But the swiftness of my steed was but of small avail to me, for the two Indians at last came rushing in right and left within pistol-shot. I knew by the way they approached that they intended to take me prisoner, but this was not so easy. Throwing the bridle loose once more, I grasped my two revolvers, and presented them right and left at my pursuers. The Indians have an instinctive dread of revolvers. The moment my pursuers saw the terrible weapons presented at them, each slung himself, with the agility of a practised equestrian, at the other side of his horse, and hung there by means of some leathern thongs attached for that purpose to the trappings. So nicely did they balance themselves in their new positions that I could not catch a glimpse of either, although their steeds galloped on with the same velocity as before, one on each side. From the moment I marked their manoeuvre I knew that I was safe from them at least. Taking a sure aim, at last, I discharged three bullets from each weapon through the ribs and shoulders of their horses, and after staggering forward for a few seconds, the steaming animals at length fell heavily to the ground. Up started both riders with a yell of rage, levelled their rifles and fired, but luckily I escaped both, although one of the bullets tore through my shako.

With a wild shout I dashed forward out of their reach. I now had time to look back, and saw the remaining Indian, who had only husbanded the strength of his horse during the pursuit, clattering away upon my track swifter than ever. The enraged buffalo, also failing to catch him, was now in pursuit of one of the dismounted Indians. I could not forbear laughing as I saw the furious old bull chasing my foe, whose comrade pursued the bull in return. At last I heard two shots. Two more followed, and on looking back I saw the pair of Indians standing over the dead body of the old monarch of the prairies. Another mile, and now the remaining Indian, who seemed by his dress to be a young chief, was close behind. I thought that sooner or later it must come to a single hand encounter between us, for he at least did not seem afraid of my revolvers. Closer and closer still he came. At last, as I looked back, I saw him half crouched forward over the neck of his steed with finger on the trigger of his rifle. He fired, and in an instant afterwards my horse bounded into the air, and then fell, shot through the spine, bringing me half under him in the fall. I struggled and tugged, and at last got my leg free from beneath the dying animal, expecting every moment that the Indian would be upon me. And sure enough, the moment I was free, my enemy was scarcely two perches away. But I was too quick for him. Drawing my revolver I fired suddenly in his face the three remaining bullets, and down he came with a dull crash upon the soft grass, while I, rushing forward, instantly seized his horse by the rein, sprang into the saddle, and galloped rapidly in the direction of the camp.

I now could see the well-known bluff I had left the day before, and could distinguish from a rising ground the course of the river that ran beside it. After about two hours' ride I reached the spot, and found there my remaining five men, who through another of the fugitives had got news of the battle some short time previously. Leaving them to their watch upon the bluff, I rode away westward towards the shore of the Rio Grande, along which I knew General Scott would direct his rapid march to intercept the Indians and Mexicans on receiving news of the battle. I was not mistaken.

Two hours afterwards I fell in with the main body of my own regiment, which, with two field-pieces, was making a forced march in advance of the army, hoping to come upon the enemy ere they crossed the river with the booty into their own territory.

On we marched, till we came to a place where the river made a sudden bend into the Texan land. Upon our side, the country at this place was thickly clothed with wood, while at the other the shore sloped slightly upward, barren and bleak, with a narrow belt of stunted trees about a rifle shot from the water. We had scarcely rounded the aforesaid bend of the majestic stream, when a horseman of the advanced guard came riding furiously back with the news that the enemy were in the very act of crossing. The two field-pieces were immediately ordered to the front, and then the entire regiment went forward at a gallop. When we reached the spot to which the vidette alluded, we found that the main part of the enemy had crossed, the coveted string of mules, however, being still in the water, but swimming close for the other shore under the guidance of several Indians and guerillas. The two field-pieces were unlimbered in an instant, and their heavy charges of grape fired into the midst of the enemy as they gathered in a dense mass upon the other shore. It was a complete surprise. The moment the grape-shot tore in amongst them, they broke and fled with the greatest precipitancy to the protection of the belt of trees upon the opposite ridge, while their companions, who were in charge of the mules, leaving the string of animals upon the shore, also followed their example, and soon gained the shelter of the trees.

I had a brother in the regiment who was also a sergeant. He and I were standing by our horses looking over the river at the enemy, when the colonel rode out to the front, and asked was there any man that would volunteer to swim across and lead back the baggage mules. There was a pause, a long one, for the Mexicans and their allies were beginning to plant themselves in a ridge of rocks at the other side, which commanded the spot where the mules were now quietly standing.

"I will!" exclaimed I at length, growing impatient. The fine bronzed face of our colonel brightened into a smile of approval as he heard me. "I will answer also," continued I, "for my brother. Is there any other man to accompany us?"

"I'll folly ye to the world's end!" said a stentorian voice from behind the colonel, and the next moment I had the satisfaction of seeing John O'Carroll, the gigantic corporal, stepping forward and offering himself as our companion.

How he had escaped from the late battle I had little time to inquire, for we were soon stripped and plunging bravely through the water. It was a strong current and a broad river, but we stemmed it, and gained the other shore in safety. There, under a sharp fire from the enemy, we turned the train of mules round, and brought them back across the river once more into the Texan land with their rich burdens. We did not escape unhurt, however. I was wounded in the shoulder, my brother rather severely in the leg, and John O'Carroll was deprived of two of his handsome teeth by means of a rifle bullet—the loss of which two gems he swore to revenge upon the Indians as soon as possible. General Scott came up soon, and was highly pleased at the result of our forced march to the Swimmers' Bend, by which name that part of the Rio Grande is called since that day.

Next morning there was a review of our army. John O'Carroll, whose greatest literary accomplishment consisted in being barely able to write his own name, was made a sergeant, while I and my brother received our commissions as lieutenants in our own regiment.

R. D. J.

THE MAGNET.—However ancient the knowledge of the attractive power of natural magnetic iron appears to have been among the western nations (and this historically well-authenticated fact is remarkable enough), the knowledge of the polarity or directive force of the magnetic needle, and its connection with terrestrial magnetism, was, nevertheless, confined to the extreme east of Asia—to the Chinese. A thousand years and more before the commencement of our era, in the dark epoch of Codrus and the return of the Heracleidae to the Peloponnesus, the Chinese had already magnetic cars, upon which the movable arm of a human figure pointed invariably to the south, as a means of finding the way through the boundless grassy plains of Tartary.



A GOSSIP AT A WELL.



Presenting our readers with a characteristic example of the ancient Irish wells—that of St. Senan, near Dunas, on the west bank of the Shannon, in the county of Clare—we avail ourselves of the opportunity to note a little of the fairy legends and folk-lore associated with them. From the patriarchal era every nation has ascribed an importance to their wells and fountains. In particular, in these lands which were the cradle of the human race, whether as the scenes which lent the assembly and covenant their sanctity, or the chosen halting places of nomade tribes, their history was ever distinguished by an interest to which it is certain is traceable the significance with which succeeding ages regarded them. Ovid alludes to the "Fontinalia," annually celebrated by the ancient Italians, in honour of the naiads and deities who presided over their wells, and these festivals probably dated from the period when Numa Pompilius was believed to hold mystical midnight interviews with the nymph Egeria, at the fountain in the sacred grove, while he was framing the laws of Rome. Horace has inscribed an ode to the fountain of Bandusia, which he regarded as the principal of all the wells of classical celebrity. The subject of Moore's "Evenings in Greece," were the fountain songs which are still so popular in that classic land. The spring of Claros, in Ionia, was consecrated to Apollo, who had an oracle there. The ancient inhabitants of Syra, one of the Cyclades, were worshippers of water, and many traditions are yet current relative to the fountain of Zea, an isle which acquires celebrity as having been the birthplace of Simonides. In the "Evenings in Greece," Moore has thus alluded to it:—

"Bright fount so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood with their locks of gold,
Fountain of Zea!"

Even the fountain of Castalia, celebrated for the poetic influence of its "dews," and to which was also ascribed the gift of prophecy, for which purpose its omens were consulted by the Emperor Hadrian, was not considered by the poet comparable to that of Zea.

"Not even Castaly,
Fam'd through its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
Oh, Fount of Zea!"

Thou, while our hymns we sing,
Thy silver voice shall bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet Fount of Zea!"

Similar to these customs of the ancients was the hydromancy, or water divination, of the Druids, by means of which they presaged future events in wells and running streams, which were stirred with a "magic wand" or oak leaf, the auguries depending upon certain ripples or gurgles of the spring, according to which the responses were favourable or otherwise. In his "Legendary Ballads," Moore notices one of these hydromantic rites:—

"Fly to yon fount that's welling
Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
Dip in its water
That leaf, oh daughter,
And mark the tale 'tis telling.
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
And thou'lt discover
Whether thy lover,
Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
Loved as he is, loves thee."

The earliest reference in the Irish annals to wells is as remote as the first century, in the reign of Nua-dha-Naocht, near whose palace

was a fountain, which, according to the legend, none except the monarch and his three cupbearers were permitted to approach, the penalty attached to the non-observance of this order being an instant deprivation of sight. Determined, however, to unveil the mysticism attached to it, his queen, Boan, disobeyed the injunction. The charm was broken, the spring rose, and she was swept, sightless and mutilated, into the main of waters, which ever after, in memory of the fatal event, retained her name, the Boyne, while her bound, Dabella, which accompanied her, was metamorphosed into the present Da Billian rocks, at the mouth of that river. A somewhat similar legend is related of the well of Sliabh Bladhma (Slieve Bloom), the source of the Barrow, upon which if any person gazed, much less touch, the sky would continue to pour down torrents of rain until the tutelary deity was propitiated. According to the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or "Book of Rights," the seven prerogatives (*buadha*) of the monarch of Eire included the gift of the "water of the well of Tlachtgha"—the modern Hill of Ward—in the territory of Leoghair, in East Meath, where the Druids annually lighted their fires upon the eve of the Feast of Samhain—All Hallows. The prohibitions (*urgharta*) of the King of Uladh (Ulster) counsel him not to

"Drink of the water whence strife ensues,
Of Bo Neimhidh."

It has not, we believe, been ascertained in what part of Ulster this well was situated. Amongst the thirteen "Wonders of Ireland," enumerated in the "Ogygia," was a fountain in Sligo, which, although unconnected with the ocean, had alternate influxes of fresh and salt water, and another in Leinster, by which

"The hazle tree,
To ash transformed the traveller may see."

Fairy spells were once usual accompaniments to wells. When a child pined away, it was said to have been struck with an elf-head, or carried off by the fairies (*daoine maethe*), who substituted a sickly elf of their own race. Thus Ben Jonson in the "Sad Shepherd:—"

"There, in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms."

Shakspeare, in the "A Midsummer Night's Dream," represents Titania, queen of the fairies, as being addicted to thefts of this kind:—

"She, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king:
She never had so sweet a changeling."

Sam Lover has happily illustrated this propensity of the "good people:—"

"A mother came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring,
Thus she cried, while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:

'Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?'"

Caxton thus writes of Lough Neagh: "There is a lake in Ulster and moche fyshe, therein, whiche is xxx myles in lengthe and xv in brede. The river Ban runneth out of the lake into the north ocan, and men say that this lake began in this manner: there were men in this contie that were evyle lyvinge—and there was a wele in ye land in grete of olde time and always coured, and yf it were left uncoured, ye wele wolde rise and drowne all the lande, and so id hoped yd a woman wente to ye wele for to fetche water, and hyed her fast to her childe yd wepd in ye cradle, and left ye wele uncoured; then ye wele sprynged so fastly yd drowned ye woman and her childe, and made all ye contie a lake and fyshe punde. For to prove this, it is a grete argument that when the wele is clear fyshe of yd water see in ye grounde under ye water rounde towers, and hygh shapen steeples and churches of yd lande." There is a similar legend relative to the origin of the Lakes of Kil-

larney. In a certain valley there was for ages a fairy well, inaccessible until after sunset, when special care should be taken by those frequenting it to replace the stone which covered it, when they had filled their pitchers. It was a favourite trysting-place, and one evening a maiden who had been there illustrating the "old, old story," returned thence, to awake and discover that she had forgotten to comply with the fairy injunction to replace the stone. She frantically returned to rectify her error, but it was too late. The calm fountain was now a raging torrent, beneath which the beautiful valley was for ever submerged. At May-time it was a popular custom to watch the wells all night, as a charm against the *Gaesá-Draoidacht*, or sorceries of the Druids, and lest the "flower of the well" should be "skimmed" at sunrise on May morning by some "possessed" hag, in which case the milk and butter of the ensuing year would be valueless. There was another method of proving the efficacy of wells, which is thus alluded to by Chaucer, in "The Pardoner:—"

"If that the goode man that a beest oweth,
Wol every wike, er that the cok him croweth,
Fastinge, drynke of this welle a draught,
His beestes and his stoor schal multiplie."

Mo nuar! true it is, and "pity 'tis 'tis true," the realms of *faery* have faded like "unsubstantial pageants." Very gradually did other notions diffuse themselves; but if they spread gradually they spread surely. The *sidh-dhrum*, or fairy hill, the rath, and the well, nestling in the quiet glen, or amidst the stern sublimity of the mountain, overshadowed by a gnarled oak or blighted ash, are deserted;

"The quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable;"

the banshee is silent, and the leprechaun and the phooks, with their hidden treasures and midnight stampedes, are amongst the things that were.

MAC DONOGH'S DAUGHTER.

AIR—"CAPA DANIG."

WHEN Summer's glory robes mountains hoary,
And woods in radiance mellow,
With step of lightness and eyes of brightness,
And locks of golden yellow;
A flower the fairest, a gem the rarest,
There dwells MacDonogh's daughter,
For her I'm sighing and slowly dying,
Adown by wild Blackwater.

In sweet recesses, when hang the tresses
Of woodbine blooming brightly,
I once sat daily, and carolled gaily
My songs so wild and sprightly;
Now echo lonely repeateth only
Each dirge-like strain I've taught her,
While I sit sighing and slowly dying
Adown by wild Blackwater.

My steed is neighing, my hounds are baying,
In long neglect and sadness,
But, oh! I care not, while still I share not
My love's bright smiles of gladness;
Where'er she wander, she'll ne'er meet fonder
Than this true heart I've brought her,
That's hourly sighing and slowly dying,
Adown by wild Blackwater.

I wish some fairy, from Corrin airy,
Would float with sweet spells o'er her,
And ever haunt her, till he'd enchant her
With one who'll aye adore her;
Then woe would lighten, and life would brighten,
With brave Mac Donogh's daughter,
Though now I'm sighing and slowly dying,
Adown by wild Blackwater.

R. D. J.

A CHAPTER ON IRISH COSTUME.



FROM fig-leaves to crinoline—what a transition! From the groves of Eden to the halls of Hyam—what a range! Yet such is the capacity of the history of dress. Civilization is written down in its latest phase in the cut of the newest coat; and the most recent tribute of art and science, and taste, to progress, is exhibited in the last “love of a bonnet.” How few have ever considered what a world of thought is condensed in a tailor’s shop, or the show-room of a *modiste*: yet, from the wearing of nothing to the enduement of inexpressibles—from a mat to a milliner, is the matter of the difference of six thousand years! We do not know anything over which a tender paterfamilias should find more sentiment of sympathy, than memories of the days of primal clothing—or rather, of no clothing at all. The joys of progress—the exultation of civilization—can hardly compensate him betimes for the pay of a tailor’s bill, the remorseful woe of a draper’s account, whilst it adds an additional modicum of pain to his existence to think when giving away a bride from his progeny of numerous girls, that a *trousseau* for the fairest of fair beings was once obtainable from a tree, and that nature was of old regarded as the most appropriate provider of the accompanying dejeuner.

“Eheu! quantum meminisse olim juvabit.”

Apples may be bitter by the Dead Sea shore, but the fruits of civilization for such a thinker must be much more bitter. Blessed must the greenwood be in his sight when he revolves the uses to which it was wont to be applied, and we can imagine the afflicted soul preferring—in his depth of trial—the fashion of Adam to the fashion of Browne and Payne, and thinking that after all Eve was more tasteful than Eugenie.

Still, to go back to habits of blessed innocence like these, involves a necessity for the ardent paterfamilias who should desire it, that he would wish himself some five thousand nine hundred and odd years dead, according to the modern duration of human life; or if he purposes its enjoyment in those latter days of grace, the thing can be accomplished by emigration. There are still portions of the world under British dominion, where there is a disdain of all tailoring dexterity prevailing to an extent which would fill Buckmaster with disgust; and there are portions of the world where Britain has never been heard of, enjoying the same condition of unconscious happiness. In those regions of unclothed humanity, persons of the most undoubted quality require only slippers to be considered in full dress for the most fashionable evening party; and society of the first water can enjoy a promenade with no other superfluity of costume than an umbrella. But the regions where this ancient state of things is regnant still, have their drawbacks. Instead of playful trout sporting in meandering rivers, jocose crocodiles frolic on their banks; and for gentlesheep, browsing on the green, a roaring lion goes about seeking eatables of uncooked flesh, in what *Jeames* would call a “perniscuous” manner. Those little differences between the condition of the wearers of clothes, and the modern wearers of as little garments as possible, would be quite sufficient to deter the most ardent economists from the districts where there is no prejudice for wearables existing, and where every body is perfectly free to follow his own fashion in the manner which pleases him.

For us, who look at dress with a philosophic glance, there is a world of instructive detail in the cut of a coat, or in its material. The first fashion of such matters was a “pretty thing” in skins, we take it. On ancient vases of Greek and Roman art *Hercules* is represented wearing a lion’s skin, which is tied round his neck by the fore paws, the head forming a cap; the remaining portion hanging like a mantle. From the same sources we learn that *Hyppolita*, who was a queen, and consequently the pink of fashion in her kingdom, delighted in a garment of leopard’s hide, and for a bonnet had adopted the skin of a smaller animal. Like her sex, fond of ornament, she considered, according to the portrait to which we are indebted for our knowledge of the lady, that the pendant legs of the animal were most becoming, and so we find them hanging upon each

side of her head. In the statues of *Isis* and *Osiris*, we find a vast improvement on such rude attempts at clothing, as is indicated by the delineations to which we have here alluded. A robe of linen close fitting to the bust, but more loosely clinging around the limbs, represents the costume of the *élite*, we have no doubt, of the cities of the Pharaohs. Around the legs, above the ankle, are represented ornaments of precious metal. In *Denon’s* book of Egyptian antiquities, there are sketches given of those old-world people, in which we catch an idea of their head-dress, which was not much different in design from one of those skull-caps which are familiar to any one who has seen them worn by adult female inmates in our workhouses. So that, no doubt, the ancient fashion, in which dusky princesses were proud in the stately halls of *Luxor* or *Karnak*, has fallen down to be despised, even of the dwellers in the abodes of poverty. There is hardly a doubt that the same material, linen, was the article used in both, for woollens were forbidden to be worn by the ancient Egyptian laws. It might be interesting to trace from this point the progress and complications of clothing, from the Egyptian through the Greek and Roman civilizations, and so down to our own times; but for such a dissertation we should not have space, nor probably would our readers have interest. A more agreeable subject for our consideration is the variation of the same matter in Ireland.

Beginning with the accounts which are cotermporaneous with the Norman invasion, we find that the Irish people were different in their manner of dress from any other nation of Europe. The Romans had left much of their mode of costume mingled with the manner of dress adopted by every other nation; but in Ireland the Romans had never exercised any influence, as never having conquered it, or attempted even to do so. *Geraldus Cambrensis* has given, in his most unfriendly tone, a description of the dress of the Irish in his time. From his account we gather that they wore their woollen clothes mostly black, because the sheep of the country were principally of that colour. They wore a large mantle, in some instances, called a *canabhas*, or *fileadh*. More generally used were mantles of a moderate size, closely hooded, which spread over the shoulders, and reached below the elbow. Those garments were composed of small pieces of parti-coloured cloth, varied and regulated according to the rank of the wearer. Beneath the mantle the rest of the body was enveloped in “woollen fallins,” or phalanges, instead of a cloak; or else breeches and stockings were worn, generally of a piece, and usually dyed of some colour. The great majority of the people wore no covering upon their heads, but permitted the hair to grow in such a manner that it became matted, and was capable of resisting a powerful blow, according to the testimony of the English annalists; but in this point of neglect of using a head-dress we think that their veracity is not to be trusted, for the fact that the *canabhas* had a hood formed upon it, is evident enough that it was used for a covering for the head; and historical record informs us that, for long after the period of the Norman invasion of Ireland, the hood of a cloak was the head-dress usually adopted in the most civilized nation of the times. Such was the costume of the ancient Irish, termed a barbarous manner of dress by *Gerald the Cambrian*. There is other evidence to show that the Irish people were not only not barbarous in their fashion of costume, but even tasteful in it to a degree. Linen, which was a rarity in most countries at the time, was more generally worn than in any other nation in Europe. Trinkets and jewellery, of exquisite finish, were in use amongst the higher classes. In the ninth century there are records to show that the native princes wore pearls behind their ears. *King Brian*, on being created *Ard Righ*, offered a collar of gold upon the altar at *Armagh*, many a year before *Malachy* won that—celebrated in song—which he tore from the pirate Viking. Modern fashion has gone back through the intervening centuries, to take as the model for an ornament of dress, the design of some Celtic workman in this Irish land. British royalty has estimated the *Tara brooch* as an exquisite production of art, worthy to grace the first personage in the wealthy court in the world. Yet, centuries before the Norman raid, such clasps gathered the folds of saffron tunic and *canabhas* around the form of Irishman and maiden. *Righ* and *Tanist* wore them before yet *Patrick* stood at *Tara*, to quench the light of idolatrous worship for ever in our land. It is only reasonable to believe that a people, amongst whom such tasteful and costly ornaments were by no means rare, would not have been at the cost of such skill in the manufacture and modelling of an appendage to a costume, which was itself barbarous and ungraceful. Upon this point the prejudices of the

foreigner, Barry, led him into a description, which hardly bears the test of trial by collateral facts.

The Irish excelled in the manufacture of woollens, and the production of their looms was so highly prized in England that an act was passed in the twenty-eighth year of Edward III. exempting it from duty. Anent Irish frieze—Stanhurst, many a year subsequent to this, in testimony of its valuable qualities, gives witness of the high estimation in which he held it, and tells, in his quaint old manner, an anecdote which we reproduce:—

"As they distil," he says, "the best aqua vitæ in Waterford, so they spin the choicest rug in Ireland. A friend of mine being of late demourant in London, and the weather, by reason of a hard hoar frost, being somewhat nipping, repaired to Paris, garden clad in one of those Waterford rugs. The mastiffs had no sooner espied him but, deeming he had been a bear, would fain have baited him, and, were it not that the dogs were partly muzzled, and partly chained, he doubted not but that he should have been well tugged in his Irish rug; whereupon he solemnly vowed never to see bears baitings in any such need."

But one of the most curious facts ever recorded is that in relation to native Irish costume. The English settlers had no sooner become domiciled amongst the people than they adopted the Irish dress, which we take to be an invincible argument in favour of its propriety, gracefulness, and tasteful arrangement. When we consider that those imitators of Irish fashions were men whose conduct towards the natives, upon every possible occasion, was a testimony of unrelenting animosity; we must come to the conclusion that it was out of no love towards Irish customs, or no desire to temporise with their neighbours, which caused them to take such a step. Thus, then, there only remains the conclusion, that they found this Irish manner of dress the most pleasing and most convenient. Nothing would seem to have been able to induce them to adopt any other. From this arose the legislation on the subject, which was rigidly enforced upon all occasions where its provisions could be carried out with success; and, notwithstanding this, during three hundred years that legislation could effect but little, the people still clung to the customs of their forefathers, and even the strangers who sojourned amongst them adopted those old Celtic modes of clothing.

In the reign of Edward IV. an act was passed ordaining that Irishmen dwelling in the counties "Dublin, Myeth, Wrial, and Kildare," shall go apparelled like Englishmen, and wear beards after the English manner, swear allegiance, and take English surnames. In the time of Henry VII., Sir Edward Poynings tried his hand at the fashions, by causing a statute to be passed entitled "A Statute for the Lords of the Parliament to wear robes." Passing from this reign, we find this kind of fashionable legislation extending into the days of the eighth Henry, who issued an order for the better government of the town of Galway, dated April 28th, 1563, by which his Majesty's lieges were ordered not to suffer the "hair of their heads to grow until it covered their ears, and that every of them do wear English caps. That no man, or man child, do wear no mantles in the streets, but cloaks, or gowns, coats, doublets, and hose, shaped after the English fashion, but made of the country cloth, or any other cloth it shall please them to buy." It would be tedious to pass over the various restrictions upon the dress of the Irish people; and so we will proceed from the attempts consequent on this kind of legislation to stifle the inherent attachment of the Irish for their native costume. In the reign of Elizabeth, Spenser writing from Kildare, urges the abolition of the ancient dress. The mantle he terms "a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief." Spenser might be a good poet, but if we judge from this paragraph of his penned opinions, he was not a charitable man. For the wearer, he speaks of the hood "as a house in all weathers," and remarks that, "while the mantle enables him to go privily armed, being close hooded over the head, conceals his person from knowledge to any to whom he is endangered." We shall not pursue the tirades and philippics of Spenser against the fashion of Irish dress; but shall observe that even he bears witness, in spite of his enmity, to its usefulness. From him we shall turn to another malcontent poet, who enrolled his detestation of Irish garb in the following lines. Derrick treats us to a satire on the subject:

"With skulls upon their powles,
Instead of civill cappes,

With speare in hand and sword by side
To bear offe afterclappes—
With jackettes long and large—
Which shroud simplicitie,
The spitefull darts which they do beare
Implic iniquitie.

Their shirtes be very strange,
Not reaching paste the knee,
With pleates on pleates they pleated are
As thicke as pleates may be.
Whose sleives hang trailing downe
Almost unto the shoe;
And with a mantle commonlie,
The Irish kerne do goe.

And some, amongst the reste,
Do use another weede,
A coate, I weene, of strange device,
Which fancie first did breede;
His skirtes be very shorte,
With pleates set thicke about;
And Irish trouses, more to put
Their strange protractours out."

From Derrick's verses we go to detail further facts in this strange, eventful history. The court of Elizabeth once wondered at the costume of the "wild Irish." Hugh O'Neill, prince of Tir-owen, appeared before her Majesty, surrounded by his galloglasses, armed with that legacy of the wars of their fathers with the fierce Vikingr, their ponderous battle-axe, nor hood nor helm upon their heads, with long hair flowing upon their shoulders. The annalist tells us that they were attired in shirts dyed with saffron, their sleeves large, their tunics short, and their cloaks shagged. How the courtly gallants and the good citizens of London must have marvelled at the strangely-dressed following of the Irish chieftain! The story of Irish costume is not long to relate from this date. The wars of the O'Neill were over, and O'Neill himself was in exile, before we come to any more legislation for dress in Ireland. Then, in the reign of James I., we have Lord Deputy Chichester "reforming our tailors' bills." He issued instructions to the Lord President and Council of Munster to punish all who should appear before him in the native garb; and also "to expel and cut off all glibbes." It would seem that this concluded any legislation against Irish costume, for which there no more existed a necessity. In the reign of Charles the First, Sir Henry Piers avers that the Irish costume was not to be seen any where in Ireland; and in this reign, and under those circumstances, an act was passed repealing all former enactments against Irish dress. This stretch of generosity was not followed by the revival of the national costume, and from that hour to the present the ancient dress of Ireland has never been worn by chief or kern—noble or serf! With what love the people clung to it, with what perseverance they preserved it, is indicated by the duration of their struggle against foreign fashions. The progress of manners, or the caprice of luxury, influenced the mode of dress in every other land, and in every other nation. The forms of Egypt have been transmitted by Grecian wanderers to their own land, and influenced the manner of costume. The refined Greek may have contributed to the Roman robes. The Roman may have imparted the gracefulness and beauty of the older civilizations to the modifications of dress in modern Europe; but the Irish nation has not accepted its costume from any other land of its own admiration or its own appreciation of its correctness.

THE USE OF LANGUAGE.—To Talleyrand has generally been attributed the authorship of the maxim that "the use of language is to conceal our thoughts." But in Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," a quotation is made from an article on "The Use of Language," published in a periodical called the "Bee," under date of October 20, 1759, which reads as follows: "He who best knows how to conceal his necessities and desires, is the most likely person to find redress; and the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them."

A WORD FOR OUR SIGHTLESS.



THE world keeps the memory of many a genius in war, in senate, or in song, who has been sightless. Seer and sage, hero and bard, have won the laurel wreath of fame, though their eyes were closed for ever to the light in which this earth looks so fair. Some had the bitterness of the recollection of its beauty, which once they gazed upon, to lend its pang to the pent-up sorrow of their souls, and some only knew of their loss from the words of those who were gifted with that faculty whose deprivation shut them within un-

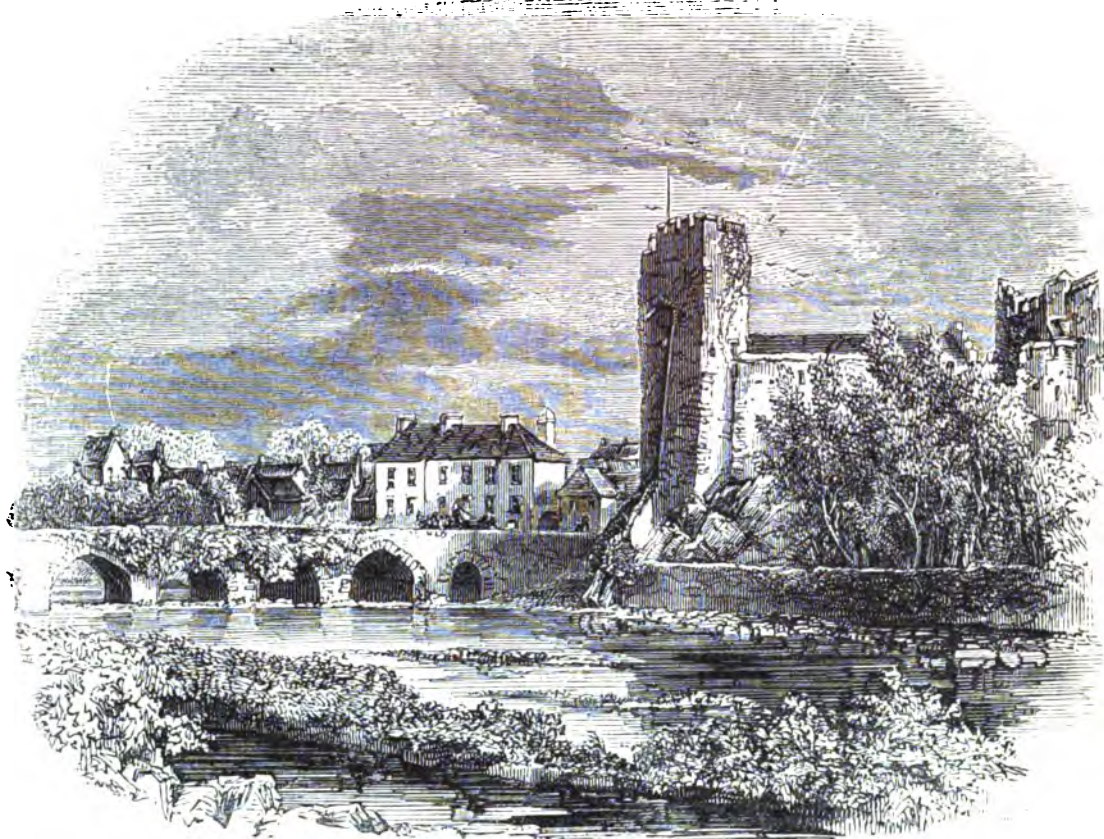
ending darkness. Never was there a face of a sightless human being which had not a touch of mournful pathos written on its lineaments, as if the loss of so great a blessing as sight, had founded a claim for compassion, even on the testimony of the casual beholder. Yet what glorious names belong to the category of those sufferers! Far back in the days of primal earth, fancy sweeps to the tent of the patriarch, where, deceived by a fond mother,

the sightless Isaac blessed and gave precedence to the son for whom neither that blessing nor that privilege were intended. Hellenic songs still break the silence of the groves of Chios, or swell from its rocky ledges, as in the days when the blind and poverty-stricken father of poetry had his home within its shores. Most memorable amongst men is the darkened singer of the battles of Ilium. For many a year the warlike genius of the blind Belisarius scourged the victor barbarian before its prowess, and held together the jarring elements of the Lower Empire from destruction. Venice still clings to the deeds of the sightless old Dandolo, her warrior Doge, who fronted the Saracen in the brightest days of conquest by his hordes, and beat him back from Christendom, broken and defeated. Prince and hero, there is no brighter memory, gilds with its parting glory the last days of chivalry in Europe. A blind bard is the pride of the British tongue. John Milton is to Christian poetry what Homer was to pagan—its representative mind. He is unequalled and unapproachable, and walks his path of fame alone. Although this catalogue of renowned intellect is sufficient to show that genius has a long array of names, upon which it lavished its richest gifts in free profusion, amid the obscurity in which vision was lost, it would be ungracious in us to pass by an Irish lyricist, who has sung her own peculiar visitation of life-long darkness in stanzas which will be familiar until the English tongue is forgotten. Frances Brown, the blind poetess of Donegal, deserves her place amongst the niches which praise has reserved for the sightless. Yet let us think for a moment, after the exultation of such recollections, what a cruel fate theirs must be.

To be shut up in a dungeon where no ray of light could penetrate, be the days ever so sunny and the nights ever so fair, would be a doom of horror. Alexander Dumas, in one of his most spasmodic of spasmodic books, has painted such a picture. The prisoner of the Chateau d'If gives us an idea of such a dread punishment. Yet far removed in degree of suffering from this doom the condition of blindness cannot be. Everything which lends to life the varied aspect which makes much of its happiness, is a blank to the being with darkened vision, and it is a grave consideration to remember that there are many a thousand men, women and children, within the three kingdoms, who suffer under such a mournful deprivation. In the category of sorrow which such a circumstance presents to our notice, Ireland holds the most prominent place. In no other kingdom in Europe, Norway alone excepted, is there such prevalence of blindness. Such a fact is a startling one, and well deserving of the attention of the nation which suffers under so great an evil. The number of blind in Ireland, according to the census returns of

1851, amounts to 7,587, of whom the fearful aggregate of 5,081 are without any occupation or means of sustenance; 953 of those have been educated in industrial occupations or in intellectual accomplishments, and the remainder are without avocation or literary enlightenment—the most helpless and hopeless of paupers. Until the establishment of the institutions at Portobello and Glasnevin for the industrial training of the blind, there were only six asylums for the refuge or teaching of this class of suffering humanity. The total number of persons for which those institutions were enabled to provide was two hundred and seventy, and the numbers for which they really provided were far less.

With all this large amount of blind persons in this kingdom, there is not a single institution available for their support beyond those furnished by private charity. The blind thus have, in the great majority of instances, no refuge save the workhouse. There the capacity with which Providence has gifted them, lies unutilized, and they live in that state of utter stagnation of industrial effort, which is familiar to everyone who is acquainted with the routine of such prisons for poverty. How indescribably the anguish of their deprivation of sight is increased by such a condition, can only be appreciated by any person who has perceived, by observation, the astonishing development of the other faculties in those individuals. The loss of any of the principal senses has been generally accompanied by a certain obtuseness of intellect, whose dulled sensitiveness has compensated somewhat for the void created in the happiness of the sufferer; but no such palliative misfortune has yielded its tranquillity to the blind. There is not a sense—not a faculty—not a perception, which is not increased in the absence of that one of sight. The intellect of blind persons is observed, in almost every case, to be painfully acute, and their sensitiveness is quickened to an intense degree. The faculty of touch has been rendered so accurate, that a system has been devised, by which the blind are enabled to read fluently and correctly by its exercise. It is well known what wonderful development their appreciation of sound attains. With the fact of this readiness of perception, through means of the remaining senses, we can reach at some idea of the quickness of the capacity which is influenced by them, and we can conceive, in some degree, the activity of the minds of those whose bodies are condemned, in consequence of their deprivation, to almost total inaction. The blind are ready in learning, they grow cheerful with employment, and there are many trades which they can exercise. Such facts plead powerfully that they should be given the opportunity of employment. In an institution established in Yorkshire, for the education—industrial and literary—of the blind, it has been found that blind persons cannot, with all the advantages afforded by living in community, and by being rent free, be wholly self-supporting; but then it is known that they very nearly accomplish it by the results of their labour. In the very large and well-conducted institution at Edinburgh, a like fact was enforced by the evidence of the accounts of the establishment. Their earnings were found to vary from eight to fourteen shillings weekly, but it was always found necessary to employ a skilled seeing workman to inspect their work, before it could be offered for sale. Those persons who had been taught in the institutions, and had left them, were found, in the great majority of cases, to be almost wholly unable to support themselves by their earnings. There was a necessity for help, which they could not get when away from the workshops of the institution, which left them slow in the performance of their labours, and thus, by the consumption of time, lessened the quantity of work which they could accomplish. In America they have in some instances obviated this difficulty. There have been established in some of the great cities, workshops for the blind, to which they come during certain hours, and in which they work under the direction of a superintendent. In the winter, fuel is provided for the warmth of the workers, tools are given to them gratuitously, the articles of their manufacture are exposed for sale, and thus a great deal is done towards the purpose of making the labour of the blind remunerative. We have shown in our previous observations what a number are unprovided in Ireland with even the means of gaining a livelihood by their industry. With all the existing institutions, not one blind person out of twenty is provided with an opportunity for this purpose. This is a defect worthy of correction by a nation which is distinguished by its charity, renowned for its compassion, and remarkable for the zeal of its pitying humanity.



THE BRIDAL RING.

A STORY OF CAHIR CASTLE.



THE site on which Cahir Castle is built was formerly a *Dun*, or fort, a structure which was formed of woodwork and earthen embankments. The present castle seems to have been founded by one of those bold Norman adventurers who came to our shores in the train of the Earl of Chepstow, or Strongbow, as he was more familiarly called. It stands upon an island rock which divides the waters of the Suir, and during the several wars that raged in Ireland since the invasion, was always a place of great strength and importance. It belonged since the beginning of the fourteenth century to the powerful house of Ormond, for we find it then in possession of James Butler, son of James the third earl, by Catherine, daughter of the Earl of Desmond. During the wars of Elizabeth and those of the succeeding reigns it changed hands frequently, and stood several gallant sieges, the relation of which would be far too long for the limits of this paper. The ancient Irish name of the town of Cahir was *Cahir-duna-iascaigh*, that is, the circular fortress of the fish-abounding fort. One of the incidents, connected with the military history of Cahir Castle, is told in the following story.

In the corner of a solitary churchyard some short distance from Cahir, there lies a portion of an ancient tomb, namely, the upper half of a limestone slab, which is now almost completely hidden from the eye of the curious visitor by the rank and luxuriant growth of docks, nettles, and other weeds that clothe the silent dwellings of the dead around. If you raise it up and rub the moss carefully from its time-worn face, you will be re-

warded with the sight of the following portion of an inscription:—

"Heere lieth ye bodye of John de Botiller,
who was shot.
Alsoe ye bodye of his Wife Mary de Botiller,
who died when he died.
Their youthe was Love,
Their courtshippe was Love,
Their marriage-daie was Love,
Their wedded life was Love,
Their deathe was Love,
And——"

what the remaining portion of the inscription was will most probably remain unknown for ever, for the fracture occurs at the word—"And," while the other half of the slab is lost. Many an hour's toil the search for that lost fragment of sculptured limestone cost us, but it was all of no avail, and the history of the personages whom the above quaint words commemorate would, perhaps, have remained in obscurity till the end of time were it not that we happened, some years ago, to meet Brian Tiernay, of Templetumy, as fine, and jovial, and stalwarth, and withal, as venerable a specimen of a *senachie* or story-teller as you would find within the four seas of old Ireland. Brian Tiernay's relation is far too long to come within the limits of such a short paper as this must necessarily be. Stripping it, therefore, of some of its ornate flourishes, and a great number of incidental episodes, we shall proceed to relate the thread of the story according to his version.

About a mile or so to the south-east of Cahir Castle there stood, on a high crag over the Suir, a square tower, or peel-house, as they would call it in Scotland, which tower was for a long time the dwelling of Walter Ridensford, an ancient retainer of the great house of Ormond. The tower was one of a chain of similar buildings which, with their high bawn walls and strong gates, stood at the distance of a few miles from one another towards the south and west, in a semicircle beyond the great border fortress of Cahir, and acted as advanced posts through which an enemy would have to pierce

before he could attack the strongly-situated central castle. The tower to which we allude was called Tig-na-Sgiath, or the House of the Shield, from a rude representation of that defensive appurtenance of a warrior, which was sculptured over the sturdy archway that led into the bawn. It was a strong place, and especially so during the time it was occupied by the brave old castellan we have named above.

Walter Ridensford, or Wattie Stem-the-Stream, as he was called along the borders, by which we mean that strip of debateable land which lay between the territories of the two great and rival houses of Ormond and Desmond, was one of the most eccentric men that ever stuck morion on head to follow the banner of his master on fray or foray. At the time of our story he had attained to that respectable age which generally precludes a man from engaging in the rough and dangerous occupations of war. But time seemed to have had but little effect upon the iron frame and hardy spirit of Wattie Stem-the-Stream, for he was still one of the most quarrelsome, and at the same time most formidable of all those retainers of the house of Ormond who inhabited that dangerous and troublesome district lying along the south-western banks of the Suir. Many a single combat he had fought, and many a foray he had ridden, in every one of which, by some good chance or other, he had been successful, and this, we need not say, caused him to be regarded as a personage of no small consequence by the various seneschals, castellans, and other people of note and authority for many a mile round. Wattie had married late in life, and his wife dying soon after, left behind her an only daughter, who was dear as the apple of his eye to the old warrior, and who, about the period at which our story commences, was nearly seventeen years of age.

Mary Ridensford was a beautiful and gentle girl, and when we say that much of her it is enough to indicate the fact that her hand was sought in marriage by many a young cavalier of the borders. But to all those, when they ventured to speak upon such a delicate subject to Wattie Stem-the-Stream, that grim old warrior made the rather ambiguous answer that no one but the best man in Ormond would get his daughter for a wife. This oracular response, it seems, instead of decreasing, added considerably to the number of young Mary Ridensford's suitors. There was Gibbon of the Wood from the banks of Funcheon, who looked upon her with a loving eye, and who gave it out that he would cheerfully do battle with sword and axe—if that was the meaning of old Wattie Stem-the-Stream's answer—against any competitor for the lady's hand; there was Donat Burke of Ruscoe, who swore that as he had lost his heart, he did not care a straw about losing his head for her sake; there was Raymond Grace of Burnfort, who made oath to his confidential friend that along with putting his heart's blood in jeopardy for the sake of gaining her affections, he would willingly throw his lands and castle into the bargain, and there was a host of others; but the rivalry at last seemed hottest between Gibbon of the Wood and the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, whose name was John de Botiller, or Butler; and who, besides being a distant cousin of the Earl of Ormond, was also accounted the boldest horseman of the border, and the best and truest hand at sword-play, pistol mark, or deft tricks of dagger in time of war, and also in every athletic amusement on festival days on village green and by fairy well. One day John de Botiller received intimation from one of his daitins, or horseboys, that Gibbon of the Wood was after paying a visit on matrimonial subjects intent, to the House of the Shield. This information was not, of course, very welcome to the young and fiery castellan of Cnoc Graffon. With a dark brow he began revolving the subject in his mind, and at last took his horse and rode away for the purpose of paying a similar visit to Wattie Stem-the-Stream. He found that worthy sitting by his castle gate grimly contemplating a certain pass in the far-off range of mountains, where once upon a time he had the satisfaction of seeing a detachment of the Desmond soldiers cut to pieces by the followers of his ancient lord and master, Thomas, the Black Earl of Ormond. Now, the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon knew well the kind of man he had to deal with, and proceeded at once to business with an abruptness and candour woe-fully contrasting with the matrimonial circumlocutions and match-making chicanery of more modern times.

"Wat Ridensford," said he, after receiving the curt but hearty welcome of the old man—"you know me since I was a child. I have nothing but my castle and the few acres around it—nothing else but

my sword to help me on through the world:—will you give me your daughter for a wife?"

"That I cannot tell," answered the phlegmatic Wattie. "I have often said that the best and bravest man in Ormond should only get her. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing!" answered John de Botiller—"nothing, only that I cannot understand it. I tell you what, I have heard that Gibbon of the Wood was here to-day. To him I suppose you have given the same answer, but know, Wattie Stem-the-Stream, that as I have come—yes, come here for I believe the twelfth time—I am determined not to be put off with a riddle any longer." It was now he showed his knowledge of Wattie's character. "You must tell me what you mean," continued he. "If you do not, here is a level space before us; draw your sword, and you will soon see that, if you were twice as good a man as you are, I'll whip the answer in a trice out of that old iron carcass of yours! Draw!"

This was exactly what Wattie Stem-the-Stream wanted, and what he was for a long time expecting from some one of the suitors for his daughter's hand. He now quietly stood up, and drew the heavy sword he usually carried by his side. With a grim smile of mingled approval and affection, he looked upon the splendid figure of the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, as the latter stood opposite him also with his drawn sword in hand, ready to begin the strange contest.

"The answer!—the answer!" exclaimed John de Botiller.

"Take that instead!" answered Wattie Stem-the-Stream, making a playful cut of his sword at the young castellan, which, however, the latter avoided by a nimble bound in a backward direction. A sharp combat, half play, half earnest, ensued, the result of which was, that Wattie Stem-the-Stream was at last beaten back against the wall by his young antagonist.

"Yield, Wattie! yield, and give the answer!" exclaimed John de Botiller, as the old man planted his back against the wall and stood warily on his defence—"Yield! yield!" continued he, dancing nimbly round and making various playful lunges and slashes at the old man, at which the latter at length burst into a hearty and sonorous fit of laughter, and dropped the point of his sword with a mark of grimace on his swarthy old countenance, in token of submission.

"The answer you shall have, by my father's head!" exclaimed Wattie, as he now planted himself upon the stone seat by the gateway, and invited the young horseman to take a place beside him. "Here it is" continued he. "I have sworn that none but the best man in Ormond shall get my daughter for a wife, and you may be sure that Wattie Ridensford is not the man to break his oath. I will appoint a day on which the suitors can come to Tig-na-Sgiath, and try their prowess at every kind of exercise. On that day, if you come, you will get your chance, and between us both," continued he, grasping the hand of the young castellan, and giving it a tremendous squeeze, "I wish you success, so whatever happens by flood or field, be here on the day appointed!"

"It is enough," said John de Botiller, returning the friendly grasp of the old soldier. "I will be here, and with Mary looking on me from the castle window, I hope to acquit myself so that I shall come off the winner of her fair hand!"

With that he bade farewell to old Wattie Stem-the-Stream, and rode away to Cnoc Graffon. This occurred on the evening of May Day, but ere a fortnight was over, there was a storm raised in the land which left but little time to the wooers of young Mary Ridensford to think on the day of trial, whatever time it might occur. The Earl of Essex had marched southwards and laid siege to Cahir Castle. After several sallies and skirmishes between the belligerents, and a terrible cannonade from the batteries of Essex, the latter at length succeeded in taking possession of the fortress. Leaving a garrison behind him, he then marched into Desmond, fighting various battles as he proceeded. Throughout the whole siege, John de Botiller and all the young men of the neighbourhood were of course employed in defending the castle, but now, when all was over, they began to think of the strange resolution old Wattie Stem-the-Stream had come to with regard to the disposal of the hand of his daughter. They so importuned Wattie that he at last fixed a day, and now, without the slightest consideration for the feelings of his daughter, although he loved her well, he awaited its coming, thinking of course that the bravest soldier and most active man in the country, whoever he was, would make the best and fondest husband for Mary. But the latter did not agree with her father's notions on the matter. She loved the handsome young castellan of Cnoc Graffon,

and was resolved to marry no one else, whoever the successful competitor might be on Midsummer Day, for that was the one appointed by old Wattie for the trial between her wooers. Many an hour she sat and wept in her little chamber in the House of the Shield, thinking of the dangerous position she was in, and what must have been her grief and terror, when at last Midsummer Day came, and though a numerous throng of competitors had arrived at the castle, there was still no appearance of young John de Botiller. The latter, however, was a score of miles away at the time, acting as officer of the guard at Carrick Castle, where military discipline was enforced with such strictness that he did not dare to leave his post during the temporary absence of Lord Ormond.

Meanwhile the trial between the wooers at the House of the Shield went on gloriously, Wattie Stem-the-Stream wondering from time to time at the continued absence of the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, whose suit he favoured secretly. Several competitors had given in as the day advanced, and before noon was over the contest in every athletic trial lay principally between Gibbon of the Wood, Donat Burke of Ruscoe, and Raymond Grace, the young lord of Burnfort. Poor Donat Burke at last nearly fractured his knee, at the leaping of the bawn wall, and gave up the contest, so that, to all appearance, the hand of Mary Ridenford was destined in a short time to fall to the lot of either Raymond Grace or the sturdy Gibbon of the Wood, both of whom were now engaged at a terrible bout of wrestling on the level bawn. At length Raymond went down, and, notwithstanding his various threats, that he would peril life and lands to gain the hand of Mary Ridenford, and a gratuitous one to the effect that he would have the heart's blood of any other man that would succeed in winning it, he very philosophically gave in at the proposal of the next and final trial, which was to be a deadly bout between himself and the formidable Gibbon, with broad-sword, buckler, and skein.

And now Gibbon of the Wood boldly claimed the hand of poor Mary, who was at the moment, with bitter tears in her eyes, looking over the sloping plain beyond the Suir, expecting her lover to make his appearance. And he did appear at last, just as the fatal words were about being spoken by her father, that would make her the affianced wife of the dreaded Gibbon. Lord Ormond had returned to Carrick early that morning, and when he heard the story from the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon, he laughed heartily, and gave the latter liberty to set off as fast as his good steed would carry him for the House of the Shield. There John de Botiller arrived at the time we have indicated, and a terrible contest commenced between him and the now enraged Gibbon, who did not give in till he had lost the two best fingers of his right hand, in the last trial with skein and broad-sword.

And so John de Botiller won the hand of the lovely Mary Ridenford, and they were wedded shortly afterwards. But there were tears in her eyes soon after the marriage, for, two days afterwards, her young husband was forced to bid her farewell, and, with as many men as he could muster, return to the banner of Lord Ormond, the eastern borders of whose territory were at the time in a state of war and trouble, and continual tumult. Many a weary moon passed over poor Mary, as she sat in the turret window of her father's house, looking out over the wide plains for the return of her gallant husband, but he came not, for he was still taking part in the raids of Lord Ormond, on the far-off eastern borders. Many a time she looked upon her marriage ring, and bathed it with tears, as she thought of the day on which John de Cnoc Graffon had placed it on her finger.

And now the south-western borders began to come in for their share of the troubles. Wattie Stem-the-Stream and the other castellans of the neighbourhood rose with their followers, and fell upon Cahir Castle, but, after a sharp contest with the garrison left behind by Essex, they were forced to retire from its walls. In consequence of this attack, the President of Munster sent Sir John Dowdall, a veteran soldier of the Queen, across the mountains, from Youghal, to quiet the borders, and place a fresh garrison in Cahir Castle. Sir John executed his commission with a high and successful hand. He not only succeeded in throwing in the garrison, but he also laid siege to and took the whole chain of border towers, one after the other, the stronghold of Wattie Stem-the-Stream included. It was thus that, on a certain fine day the belligerent and dauntless Wattie found himself and his daughter, the young and sad wife of the castellan of Cnoc Graffon, close prisoners in the mighty, and at that

time almost impregnable, fortress of Cahir. The father fretted and fumed at being thus rendered inactive, when so much was still to be done outside, but the daughter sat quietly in her prison chambers, and, looking on her bridal ring, day after day still bathed it with many a bitter tear, as she thought of the grief her absent husband would feel when he heard of their woeful state.

It is not to be supposed that the young castellan of Cnoc Graffon remained quiet when a secret messenger from the stout Wattie Stem-the-Stream bore him the news. He immediately proceeded to James Galdie, the Earl of Ormond's brother, and with him concocted a plan for the capturing of the Castle of Cahir. At the head of about sixty chosen men, they marched across the country, and, without attracting the observation of the garrison, contrived to enclose themselves opposite the walls of the castle, just as the shadows of night loomed down darkly upon plain and glen from the adjacent summits of the Gaulty Mountains. They had brought with them a number of ladders, and having crossed the draw-bridge, in the dead silence of the night, they began scaling the inner wall. Ere a dozen of them had gained the bawn inside, the garrison was aroused, and, rushing out sword and gun in hand, under Thomas Quayle, the castellan, a short and sharp struggle commenced between the two parties. Wattie Stem-the-Stream and his daughter were soon awakened in their prison chambers by the loud clashing of swords and the rattling of guns and petronels outside. And now the loud crash of a falconet, or small cannon, resounded from a tower overhead, followed by a strange, fearful, and rustling noise, that seemed to tear the rocky walls of the prison chamber asunder, after which the young bride sat pale and terror-stricken for a moment, and then gave one wild and heart-piercing cry of anguish and despair.

"The ring! the ring!" she cried, holding out her hand towards her startled father. "Ah, me! ah, me! it is broken, and I know but too well that my noble husband is slain!"

The father took the trembling hand in his, and, examining the bridal ring, found it cracked asunder and almost falling off the finger of the poor young bride. Still the uproar continued outside, but after a short time it ceased. The prison door at length opened, and James Galdie and a few men strode into the chamber with the news that they had taken the castle. The moment the door was opened, Mary, with another wild cry, rushed out, and when they searched for her, a few moments afterwards, they found her by the wall, stretched beside the dead body of her gallant husband, who had fallen beneath the cannon-ball from the tower above. They raised her, but she too was dead, and when they took her lily-white hand and looked upon the ring, they found it whole and sound as ever, a mysterious sign of her being reunited to her husband in the bridal of death. They were laid side by side in the little churchyard, and many a traveller, as the seasons come and go, sits there and muses sadly over the last resting-place of the brave John de Botiller and his loving wife!

THE SPELL OF GRIEF.

I.

Joy may assume the guise of Love,
And soar on wings of Iris dyes
Into the Protean bowers that stud
The golden dreamland of the skies;
Or the green hush of Summer glades
With shapes of airy grace may fill,
And incense lade the flowers that flush
The marge of music-haunted rill.

II.

Yet Grief with spell more potent still
Time's chequered chain, year after year,
Flies back along, and to each link,
Weaves the Hereafter and the Here.
To lift us from the dust we are,
Joy will the bright Ideal scan;
Eld dweller at the human hearth,
"Grief only teaches what is man!"

E. M'M.

THE MILLER OF MOHILL.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

[CONCLUSION.]



HAVING accomplished his plan with much difficulty, but at the same time effectually, he resolved to proceed to the mountains, in order to make arrangements with Tully for the private interment of his brother. On his way to the cottage he was startled, from time to time, by an occasional chuckle of wild and gleeful ferocity, which at once he attributed, and very justly, to Jemmy the fool. He called upon him to come forward and accompany him to the cottage, but Jemmy declined to make his appearance, and as he advanced along the old broken way, the chuckles ceased altogether.

At length he entered the cottage, and seizing old Tully by the hand, which he almost wrung off him, he exclaimed:

"So he's gone."

"Who's gone?" asked the old man—"d—n it, why do you squeeze my hand so? Do you think I'm not flesh and blood?"

"Isn't my brother dead?" he said—"isn't my mur—isn't he dead, I say?"

"Heavenly Father!" exclaimed the old man, "what's the matter wid you? It's surely not grief that's in *that* face—why is it so pale, and why do your eyes blaze as they do? Good God! are you in your senses? Why, the loss of ten brothers oughtn't to put you in such a state! You look more like a man that something has driv mad than anything else."

"But my brother—show me his corpse."

"For God's sake! will you spake aisy—he's asleep, and you'll waken him."

"Who's asleep?" said he—"isn't he dead?"

"No, thank God, nor likely to be dead till his time comes, which, I hope, wont be this many a long year. He's out of all danger now, and will be able to go home in a day or two."

"James!" said Michael, flying to his bed, and stooping over him in a state of frantic agony which no pen could describe—"James, are you alive? Are you livin'? Tell me—spake—spake!"

"I am indeed, Michael," replied his brother, "alive, and, as the doctor tells me, past all danger."

"But," said he, "did you appear to be dead? Were you in a faint or anything that way? for maybe he might 'a' been mistaken."

"Who mistaken?" asked Tully.

"Why, Jemmy the fool—he told me this night—early in it too—that he was dead."

"The lyin' villain!" said Tully, "we sent him to you to let you know that he was out of danger."

Michael sprang to his feet, and looked about him with the fury of a demoniac.

"Where is he?" said he—"where could I find him? But no matter, I *will* find him;" and with these words he rushed out of the cabin as perfect a spectacle of horror and madness as ever was witnessed. It was in vain, however, that he attempted to find Jemmy. The vindictive fool disappeared from that part of the kingdom, and was never seen in it afterwards.

But how shall we attempt to describe Michael Sullivan's journey home? There is an instinct in man which directs him on his homeward path, even in madness or in the deepest and most

helpless accessions of intoxication, and by this he was guided. He sought for the fool—he forgot his own danger and the indiscretion of allowing it to be known that he was on any path that might connect his appearance there either with the situation of his brother or the murder he had committed; a murder with which neither his hands nor his heart had been stained had he known that his brother lived. When he committed the crime he had a motive for it, that motive being the affection which he bore his beloved and only brother. Now that motive was removed, and the murder stood out before him as wanton, hideous, and horrible. He tottered along incapable of reason or any connected train of thought—he tottered along, his heart beating as if it would burst, his temples throbbing until they made his head dizzy, his throat choking as if with strangulation, and the fire, as he thought, shooting in visible flashes from his eyes. The delirium of crime was terrible, yet in the midst of it and in its highest paroxysms, he had sense enough—another natural result of crime—to seek his own house by the most unfrequented paths, one of which was by the very bog-hole where the murdered miller lay. He involuntarily looked at the surface of the water under which the body had been cast, and as he did, a strong gust of wind agitated the water, and caused it to beat against the banks with a heavy and death-like sound. A deep fear now came over him, and he fled as if he had been flying from the very brink of perdition. The death-like gurgle of that water never left his heart.

At length he reached home, but how he knew not, and on entering the house the first thing he did was to go to the whiskey bottle, and gulp down a large quantity of raw spirits. This soon stupified him; yet, strange to say, amidst this terrific whirl of guilt, there was one retiring spot in his heart which afforded him something like consolation. One object only in this life did that heart love *out of itself*. The consciousness that his brother lived at once aggravated the nature of his crime and consoled him under it—so complex are the states of feeling that arise in a spirit in which there is but one virtue.

The next day the hue-and-cry of men was up, and the hue-and-cry of heaven at the heels of Michael Sullivan. The miller had disappeared—was not to be found—and that he had been murdered was evident from the clots of blood that were found upon the hearth, and the state of the tables and chairs, that were found crashed and broken. Public opinion, or in other words, the suggestions, and reasonings, and surmises of many minds upon the same subject, is very likely to hit upon the truth. The attempt to take away the miller's daughter was now more closely considered, and inquiries among each other were made as to what person in the neighbourhood might be most likely to have committed that outrage: and certainly, the only individual in it who could consider himself as a disappointed man was Michael Sullivan. Still, neither Cavanagh nor Anne herself would listen to this, and for the present the surmise was dropped. This, indeed, was not surprising, as Michael Sullivan himself appeared at an early hour of the alarm, and exhibited a degree of anxiety and interest, if not of affliction, that would have deceived any human being.

Matters rested so for some days; but the police were upon the alert, and, on the fourth day the body of the miller was found. An inquest was immediately held, a *post mortem* examination made, and the fact clearly proved that the man had been murdered by a blow on the skull, from some blunt instrument. There was no evidence, however, to throw any light upon the perpetration of the crime, and the verdict was returned accordingly—"We find a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons at present unknown." Such was the result of all inquiries into the murder of the miller.

In the meantime the police were at work, and they had this much in their favour, that every person to whom they addressed themselves for information was sincerely disposed to give it to them, and expressed as great an anxiety to bring the perpetrators of the crime to justice as they did. The attempted abduction was canvassed, and the disappearance of James Sullivan began to appear significant, the period of his disappearance having been found to coincide exactly with that of the attempt. The consequence was, that a body of police came one night to the house of Michael Sullivan, and having secured him and his three servant-men, they put a few piercing questions to him as follows:—

"Mr. Sullivan, where's your brother?"

"Is it poor James? Why, then, I'd give you a good penny to know that."

"He has not been at home since the night the attempt was made to take away Miss Kennedy."

"Oh yes; he was at home for three days after it."

"Take care of what you say, because we can prove that he was with you on that very day, but *not* afterwards."

"I can't sartinly be sure as to a day or two, but I know that about that time,—oh I know it was two or three days afterwards, for says he to me, Michael, I wish you and I had been near the miller; if we had, the villains wouldn't get off as they did."

"Well, but where is he now?"

"Troth, that's just what I say I would pay you well for, if you could tell me. We had a quarrel, and he left me, takin' some money wid him, and threatened to go to America."

"That's all very well, Misther Sullivan, but in the meantime, you and these three men must come along with us."

"What is all this for," exclaimed Sullivan; "is it me? one of the best friends that ever Frank Kennedy had that you'd go to take up."

"Frank Kennedy!" said the sergeant, "why there was no one talking about Frank Kennedy or his murder either. Is it *that* you're thinking of? Very good, a feather shows how the wind blows; come along."

The murder of the miller excited an astonishing sensation throughout the county. His landlord, Lord C——, called a meeting of the magistrates, by whom a subscription was contributed to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds for the apprehension of the murderers, to which was added another hundred, in consequence of a memorial transmitted to government.

Sullivan, whose heart the agitation arising from his dangerous position had now hardened into that feeling of self-preservation which draws in every consideration to a point, began to reflect upon his chances, and the result was not only that his sense of the crime became deadened and blunted, but his apprehensions of conviction very much diminished, it not altogether removed, and he himself best knew why.

We do not know, nor will we assert, that any knowledge of the public reward offered, reached the ears of Hannigan, Houlaghan, or Aherne, before the trial. The last-named individual the reader knows to have been innocent of any actual participation in the murder, and in consequence of evidence produced before the magistrates, he was discharged.

In the mean time Tipperary integrity came out; Hannigan and Houlaghan turned king's evidence, and Michael Sullivan was formally committed for the murder of Frank Kennedy. The Irish heart is a strange thing. Of course the one outrage bore so closely upon the other, and originated so directly from it, that its history and details were necessarily given; but as to where James Sullivan then was, they assured the magistrates that they could afford them no information. He had been

slightly wounded, they said, but it was their opinion that he had gone to America. He had done all in his power, they added, to prevent his brother from the meditated abduction, but was ultimately forced into it from the influence and authority which his brother exercised over him.

At length the assizes came, and Michael Sullivan was placed at the bar, charged with the wilful murder of Francis Kennedy. The court was crowded to suffocation, for the rumour of the crime had gone far and wide, and the excellent character of Sullivan had given to the whole proceedings a more than usual interest. His friends, and they were numerous, had been astounded at the indictment against him, and they all longed to hear the result of a charge which appeared to them so extraordinary and strange.

The first witnesses produced were Sullivan's female servants, who swore, much evidently against their will, that he and his two servant-men, Hannigan and Houlaghan, went out together that night about ten o'clock, but that Aherne was not with them, as Peggy Devlin, the miller's servant-maid, had called upon him by appointment, to bring her to a dance in the early part of the evening.

"Just so, my lord," said the attorney-general, "and the prisoner knew then that Kennedy was alone."

The police were then produced, who proved the finding of the body in a bog-hole, from whence they had it carried to his own house. Then came the approvers, who detailed the circumstances of the murder with the greatest exactness, even to the blow of the poker, which, as they said, "finished him;" then the carrying of the body to a bog-hole into which they threw it.

"What kind of a man was Kennedy?"

"A powerful stout man, sir."

"Did he make much resistance?"

"Terrible resistance; so much so that we towld Sullivan it was a pity to kill him."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said that it was too late now; for if we left him as he was, we'd be forced to fly the country at any rate."

"What did he do then?"

"He struck him on the temple wid a big poker; when he fell and shivered a little, and his jaw dropped, it was aisy to know that he was dead; he never stirred or spoke afterwards; and Mr. Sullivan said: Boys, let us throw him into a bog-hole, and if there's life in him, that will take it out of him."

"The miller, you say, was a stout man?"

"As stout and as fine a looking man as you'd see in a day's travelling; as he sat in his black coat, black waistcoat, and drab breeches, you wouldn't see a finer scantlin' of a man in Europe. We were the prisoner's servants, and he drew us into it, partly by whiskey, and partly by threatening to dismiss us."

We are not reporting the trial, but it came out on the cross-examination that the men were from Tipperary—a circumstance which only deepened Sullivan's guilt, inasmuch as it was supposed he must have selected them in consequence of their proverbial recklessness in committing crime.

During the whole course of the trial Sullivan's features were calm, unmoved, and even placid. He looked upon his accusers as innocence—conscious innocence—would upon premeditated injury and guilt; a circumstance, which told considerably in his favour. The evidence however, when taken in connection with the first outrage, was so complete and irresistible, that his attorney and counsel (the late Mr. O'Connell,) gave him up, and the judge was arranging his notes to charge the jury, when he whispered to his attorney to ask the witness a question which he mentioned to him. This that gentleman refused to do; he then desired the attorney to desire his counsel to ask it, and the latter shook his head, and said it was to no purpose, that the fact he alluded to had been proved by half a dozen witnesses before.

"Then," said Sullivan, "my lord, this is a conspiracy against an honest and an innocent man, by two Tipperary men, that I believe to be murderers! My opinion is that they intended to rob the miller, and that they murdered him for that purpose, and that something unexpected must have prevented them. They're under false names, for I heard them call one another by names different from that they go by in my part of the country. I think the name of the man that passes as Hannigan is Dwyer, and the other man's name is my own, Sullivan. But that's not the thing. My lord, my life's at stake in consequence of their perjury. Will your lordship ask them once more, in the presence of the open court, what was the colour of the coat and waistcoat that the miller had on him when they swear I murdered him?"

"What was the colour of the coat, witness, that the miller had on him when he was murdered, as you say, by the prisoner?"

"Black, my lord."

"Do you swear that positively?"

"I do, my lord—a black broad-cloth coat."

"Let the other approver be called," said the judge, and in a few minutes he appeared.

"Now," said his lordship, "you have sworn that Francis Kennedy had a black coat upon him when he was murdered?"

"I have, my lord."

"And you abide by that oath?"

"I do, my lord."

"Now, prisoner, what have you to say?"

"Let the police that found the body be called again, my lord?"

"Well," added his lordship, "let them be called."

The police accordingly appeared, but only one at a time, in order that it might be ascertained whether their evidence should coincide or not.

"Policeman," said the judge, "you were present, were you not, when the body of Kennedy was taken out of the bog-hole?"

"I was, my lord."

"Do you remember what the colour of the coat was that he had on him at that time?"

"I do perfectly, my lord; a drab coat."

"You swear to that positively?"

"I do, my lord; as sure as I have life, it was a drab-coloured coat."

"Might it not have been a black?"

"Impossible, my lord. Let the men who were with me be called, and I am satisfied they will confirm the truth of what I say?"

This was accordingly done, and the policemen to a man asserted that the coat which Kennedy had on when taken out of the bog-hole was a drab one. A hum of applause and satisfaction now ran through the court, and the judge was preparing to charge the jury, when the foreman said:—

"My lord, you may save yourself the trouble, the jury have agreed, and we acquit the prisoner."

What will our readers say to this? Here, certainly, was an escape from the justice of man, but did the murderer escape from that of the Almighty? We shall soon see.

In consequence of Sullivan's excellent character, his acquittal was hailed by a loud cheer from the body of the court; which, however, was immediately repressed, but his friends surrounded him, shook hands with him, and warmly congratulated him on the happy issue of his trial. He thanked them, and said: "It could not be otherwise, than that his innocence should be made plain, and his character cleared from so foul a charge;" after which he took his way home, with what conscience our readers may easily determine.

"In the meantime, our two Tipperary boys missed their object as to the reward; but if they did, they gained something particular instead. Sullivan having pronounced their true names in the presence of a good number of police, they were closely examined, and recognised as three persons who had absconded after

the perpetration of a murder in Tipperary; and before ever they left the courthouse, they were taken into custody, and in due time lodged in Clonmel gaol. In due time, too, they were tried, convicted, and hanged; and Hannigan confessed immediately before his execution, that he had committed twelve murders previous to his participation in that of the miller; a fact which is on public record.

When Michael Sullivan returned home, he found his brother James there before him. He was pale, and all but heart-broken; and when Michael extended his hand to him, the other drew his back, and said:

"Michael, I will never touch the hand of a murderer. Give me the half of whatever money you have; or if not, I will go without it."

Michael saw that his resolution was fixed, and that it was useless to remonstrate with him. He accordingly went to an oaken chest, out of which he took the sum of four hundred pounds, and laid them on a table before him. James reckoned three, and put them in his pocket, adding: "you have given me too much. There were only six hundred in the chest."

He then put his hat on, and was about to depart, when his brother said:

"James, are you lavin me for ever?"

"Yes; for ever," he replied; "for ever, and for ever."

"James," replied Michael; "remember this before you go—that it was my love for you that made me take his life; Jemmy the fool told me you were dead. If I thought you were living, and would live, the miller too would be a living man this day; but James, James, I thought you were dead when I done the deed."

James's heart was smitten—he forgot everything but his brother's affection for him—he threw himself into his arms, and wept loudly and bitterly.

"Michael," said he, as he was about to go, "I have only one word to say—*repent*;" and having uttered this solemn admonition, he departed to a far land beyond the Atlantic, where he soon died of a slow decline and a broken heart.

Our readers are probably anxious to become acquainted with the plan by which Michael Sullivan baffled the evidence of the approvers, and defeated the ends of justice. We shall tell them; but it is necessary to state here that the mill and all Kennedy's property came into the hands of young Tom Cavanagh in right of his wife. A journeyman miller was appointed, who managed the mill for them, so that everything went on as usual. Michael Sullivan, what with the consciousness of his guilt and the absence of his brother, felt himself incapable of bearing reflection and a solitary life, he consequently took to drink, and became a habitual and hopeless drunkard. One day in winter, about a year and half after the murder, he went to the mill to look after some oats which he had sent to be ground, and as usual he was drunk. He staggered about from place to place, until at length he lurched over against the machinery, in which his right arm was caught, the very arm with which he committed the murder, and literally dragged from the socket at the shoulder. Had he not been pulled back by those who were present, his whole body would have been mangled to pieces; as it was, however, he was a frightful object. He became instantly sober, however, and felt that his end was at hand.

"Listen to me," said he, "while I have strength; I murdered Frank Kennedy, assisted by two of my servants; I overheard them sayin' that his murder would be a windfall to them, and I knew, when it was too late, that they'd betray me as they did. I thought of the plan I'll tell yez in the miller's house, and after we had put the body in the bog-hole, I sent them home, went back to the house, got his drab coat and buff waistcoat, went to where the body was, dragged it out, stripped it of the black coat, and put on the other. This is the truth, and may God forgive—" and having uttered these words, he expired.

CRABS AND CRAB-EATERS.



AMONGST crustacean delicacies, the crab was, without doubt, one of the earliest known to mankind, seeing that it was selected as one of the signs of the zodiac. There are representations of crabs on the slabs of the Kouynjik Gallery, in the British Museum, which proves that the Assyrians must have been familiar with them. Athenæus, in some comments on the "Miser" of Theognetus, says, 'the taste of the crab is one which many people have been very much devoted to, as may be shown by several passages in different comedies.' We find the figure of this fish on many extremely ancient eastern coins, but for what purpose it was there represented, numismatists are not agreed.

Charles V. of Spain was passionately fond of crabs, which he had cooked in a variety of ways to his own fancy. In a book published at Barcelona, in 1650, the general method of this royal crab cookery is given at full length. The emperor's method of having a crab served up cold was as follows:—A good boiled crab was selected, as heavy as could be found, with the joints of the legs stiff. The legs and claws being broken off, were cracked, the meat extracted and

minced small. The body of the crab was taken out and mixed with the produce of the claws, with mustard, vinegar, and ground garlic. A certain proportion of salt and pepper was used. The dish was garnished with several kinds of aromatic plants; and the entire used in conjunction with a portion of oils from the Indies. When his majesty desired hot crabs they were commonly cooked in this fashion:—After boiling, the meat was taken from the claws, cut very small, and mixed with eggs and cream, to which were added portions of butter and ground garlic. Flour or fine bread crumbs were then laid over the top, with pepper, mustard, and salt. The whole was placed in a dish and baked a certain length of time. Another royal method resembled our mode of scalloping the fish. Its contents were extracted, and mixed with bread and various kinds of spices, and then submitted to the process of baking, after which garlic, eggs, and cream were used. Sometimes a species of sweet wine was thrown over the whole. One of the emperors of Germany was also exceedingly partial to crabs, and regularly appointed days when they were to form a conspicuous item in the royal bill of fare. Tim Bright, in his "Treatise on Melancholy," highly extols crabs, which he thinks exhilarating to the animal spirits, an opinion likewise entertained by a distinguished Italian physician. In several districts of the north of Europe it is considered exceedingly unlucky to dream of crabs, more especially at or about the full moon. In the books on natural history written in the middle ages, crabs are frequently spoken of, as well as very grotesquely represented. We have heard of one wherein a crab is holding a conversation with a certain nameless individual, and very coolly inviting him to place his tail into one of his claws! They have an odd way of eating crabs in China, as appears by the following extract from a recent record of travel in the empire of the Celestials:—"When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crabs had been thrown into a plate of vinegar, just as the company sat down; such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous; for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip, so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature."

Pliny gravely tells us that the wild boar and common stag when wounded by noxious insects, cure themselves by eating crabs, a

notion likewise confirmed by Plutarch. Pliny further adds, that, while the sun is passing through the sign of Cancer, the dead bodies of any crabs which may be lying on the sea-shore, are transformed into serpents! Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses," assures us that if we deprive a crab of its claws, and inter it in the earth, a scorpion will be generated from the part so buried!

The mode of capturing crabs is extremely simple. The wicker-work creels, or crab-pots, in which they are taken, are fashioned somewhat like a large mousetrap, with an opening of sufficient dimensions to admit a full-sized crab. These creels must be set with fresh bait, unlike lobster-pots, which may be baited with any kind of half-decayed fish, or other garbage. When the crab-pots are baited they are sunk by the score or half hundred, on a rocky part of the coast, in water which is four or five fathoms deep. As many boats proceed to the same fishing-place, a line from the traps, attached to a floating cork (with a particular mark upon it), affords a sufficient eye-mark for the fishermen to find their game. But crabs are also caught in considerable quantities by the fishermen's children, in a still simpler way, viz., by means of a stick which they insert into the clefts of rocks and other places which crustacea are known to haunt. The times when the crabs are moulting are those at which the best harvest is obtained in this way. Many curious observations have been made by naturalists since the time of Réaumur, as regards the crab during these periods of change. It escapes from its shell a soft, helpless creature, incapable of exertion or resistance, and would speedily become an easy prey to any of the hordes of aquatic devourers so common in the sea, were it not for a curious and wonderful display of instinct on the part of those of its brethren in better tiff than itself. As soon as the denudation is complete, it has been observed that a stout specimen of the same species steps forward and defends it, and takes care of it to the best of his ability until the shelly case grows, and it is enabled again to protect itself, and present a strong back to its foe. When the species are young, the change of shell probably occurs oftener than once a year, indeed some writers say it occurs once or twice a month, and there is most likely a time when the change stops altogether, and the animal may be considered as full-grown. If this sentinel be discovered and removed, another will be found to have taken his place after the following tide, and this will be repeated many times in succession. Mr. Bell, the author of "A History of the Stalk-eyed Crustacea," supplies us with the following account of the process of exuviation, by means of which the crab casts its crust or calcareous covering, an operation rendered necessary by the principle of growth which is common to all animals, but which is hindered in the crab and lobster by their shells, which prevent any gradual or long continued expansion:—"When the animal, by gradual internal increase, has become too large for its existing covering, it ceases for a time to feed, and retires to a secret and undisturbed situation, where it may undergo the process in security. If it be examined at this time, an evident loosening of the crust may be perceived, upon pressing it gently in different directions. Shortly afterwards it appears uneasy and restless, rubbing its limbs against each other, and moving the segments of the body in different directions. It throws itself on its back, and swelling out its body ruptures the membrane which connects the carapace (back shell) with the abdomen, and raises the former, so as to loosen it from its attachments. Resting from time to time, after its laborious efforts, it finally detaches the whole thorned-abdominal portion, from which it withdraws itself, having, with much apparent difficulty and pain, disengaged the legs, and then the antennæ, the eyes, and other appendages. It is impossible to imagine that the crust of the legs, and especially of the great claws of the larger species, could be cast off unless it were susceptible of being longitudinally split; and Réaumur states that such is actually the case; each of the segments being composed of two longitudinal pieces, which, after separating to allow of the passage of the soft limb, close again so accurately that it is very difficult in the cast crust to discover the line of division. When the animal has disembarrassed itself of the crust the latter is found absolutely entire, and has exactly the form which it possessed previous to the operation. The new integument is at first soft and membranous, but speedily becomes encrusted with calcareous matter and as hard as the former. The additional size which is gained by each moult is very striking, and I have often felt, on seeing a newly emancipated crab by the side of the shell which it had just shed, that, were not the fact absolutely ascertained by observation, it would appear physically impos-

sible that the larger body could have so recently been contained within so small a case."

The stories of crabs and other crustacea casting away their limbs when alarmed or frightened, as on the occasions of a thunder-storm or on the firing of cannon, are considered to be quite authentic. When a claw happens to sustain an injury, it is cast off by the animal, and a new one in due time takes its place.

There are widely different and strange peculiarities amongst the crabs. The migratory, or land-crab, is one of the greatest curiosities of the crustacean family. This eccentric species is a native of the warmer climates, and is plentiful in the Bahamas and other islands; living in the mountains in the interstices of rocks, in the clefts of trees, and in holes bored in the earthy parts of the hills. It travels once a year, in the early spring-time, from the mountains to the sea, in order to deposit its eggs, and, as they march like a well-disciplined army, in one or more battalions, numbering many millions of individuals, it must be an interesting sight to witness their advance. They march in a direct line, even attempting to scale houses if they find them in their path. They will wind for weeks along the course of a stream in order to attain their destination, for they cannot cross a river, as they are easily drowned. Their migratory excursions are always undertaken by night, and during the rainy season, for although they carry a supply of water in a cavity in their gills, it is speedily exhausted. If interrupted while on the march, they offer a vicious and determined resistance, endeavouring to intimidate their enemies by making a prodigious clatter with their nippers. Arrived at the sea-shore they at once commence preparations for the operation of spawning, by allowing the water to lave gently over their bodies. This kind of bathing, to which they appear to be very partial, lasts for a few days, and then the process of oviposition is begun. When the proper moment arrives the spawn, which exactly resembles a piece of herring roe, is shaken into the water, and the operation is completed. Notwithstanding that fully a third, and sometimes a half, of the spawn is destroyed by shoals of fish directed to the spot by a sharp instinct, millions of ova are hatched in the sand, and in due time the juvenile crabs commence their march to the mountains, to join their parents, who having first arrived undergo their moult, during which period they are, strangely enough, most in demand as a delicacy for the table, being captured while shut up in their holes. Of this class that called the "violet crab" is considered the most exquisite delicacy. Those which Cuvier calls the "burrowing crab" proper, are thus described by that able naturalist:—"The animal closes the entrance of its burrow, which is situated near the margin of the sea, or in marshy grounds, with its largest claw. These burrows are cylindrical, oblique, very deep, and very close to each other; but generally every burrow is the exclusive habitation of a single individual. The habit which these crabs have of holding their large claw elevated in advance of the body, as if making a sign of beckoning to some one, has obtained for them the name of 'calling crabs.'"

It is said that the demand for these favourites of the gastronomic world (we mean the inhabitants of our own waters) is beginning to tell on the supply, and that if some means are not adopted to shield the young from danger, we shall rapidly find them rising in price. To give an idea of the magnitude of the annual crustacean contributions

to the London commissariat alone, we subjoin some figures collected by Mr. Mayhew:—

Oysters	-	-	-	495,896,000
Lobsters (averaging 1lb. each fish)	-	-	-	1,200,000
Crabs (averaging ditto)	-	-	-	600,000
Shrimps (324 to a pint)	-	-	-	498,428,648
Whelks (227 to half-bushel)	-	-	-	4,943,200
Mussels (1,000 to ditto)	-	-	-	50,400,000
Cockles (2,000 to ditto)	-	-	-	67,892,000
Periwinkles (4 000 to ditto)	-	-	-	304,000,000

It has been suggested that the art of pisciculture could be called in to aid in arresting the rapidly diminishing supplies of crustacea. Oysters have been bred in innumerable quantities along the sea-board of France, and even mussels are carefully cultivated as an article of food. Why, therefore, should not piscicultural operations be adopted to multiply the crab?

FLOWERS OF THOUGHT.

I HAVE only culled a bouquet of other men's flowers, and nothing is my own but the string that ties them.—*Montaigne*.

KINDNESS.—Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—*Goethe*.

HOW TO LIVE.—He who cannot live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.—*Martial*.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage is the best state for a man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Dr. Johnson*.

WORK WITHOUT REED OF RESULTS.—Let a man do his work: the fruit of it is the care of another than he.—*Carlyle*.

LOVE.—Love is of the nature of the burning-glass, which, kept still in one place, fireth: changed often, it doth nothing.—*Sir John Suckling*.

MADNESS.—One man goes mad, and from the wreck of what he was, by his wild talk alone, we first collect how great a spirit he had.—*Browning*.

ILL NEWS.—When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbour, keep it to yourself.—*Zimmerman*.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—"The happiest conversation," says Dr. Johnson, "is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impression."

HOW TO LEARN.—Old sciences are unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.—*Swift*.

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.—He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—*Fuller*.

BALLADS.—Ballads are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and bye-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time.—*Longfellow*.

EDUCATIONAL ERRORS.—All of us, who are worth anything, spend our manhood in endeavoring the follies, or expiating the mistakes, of our youth.—*Shelley*.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NATIONAL TINTINGS.

I.—GERALD GRIFFIN.



N selecting Gerald Griffin as the first subject in a series of tintings of Irishmen who, by their words or actions either in the senate or at the bar, or who with pen or pencil have reflected honour upon their country and themselves, we have been influenced in our choice from the belief that no national writer has excelled him in his delineation of Irish character, in his high descriptive power, in the vivacity and poetry of his dialogue, and lastly, in the beauty and purity of his style. His heroes and heroines are never vulgar, but he has never sac-

rificed truth to poetry in describing them. As has been well observed of him, his pathos is genuine pathos, and when he gives the people credit for virtue you can heartily believe him. His nationality implied genuine sympathy for his countrymen, a deep-seated respect and veneration for his native land—its history, its essential character, and its patriotic traditions. He had the noble courage to paint Ireland as she is; and the fidelity of the portrait, while it makes his fame as an artist, possesses in the eyes of the world that beauty and dignity which must always attach to the true and unaffected picture of a noble people. In his hands, the Irish dialect of the English language, and the peculiarities of Irish provincialism in accent, character, and mental traits, became, like those of Scotland in the hands of Scott and Burns,

invested with a halo of poetry. This is one of the attributes of romantic fiction, which show us how much every historic nation—every nation which aspires to respect itself, and to love its own peculiarities—owes to its men of literary genius. Griffin never wrote a line which the most fastidious could desire to blot. Added to all this, he was most felicitous in his domestic relations—"blessing and being blessed." Seeking in the exercise of every virtue the true rewards of life, he was an example to his fellow *litterateurs*. He lived a gentleman and he died a Christian.



Gerald Griffin

There is little out of the way remarkable in the life of Gerald Griffin but its purity. His trials were not at all peculiar to him, being those of nearly all literary adventurers. He was born in the city of Limerick, on the 12th of December, 1803. From his memoir, compiled by his brother, it would appear that his family was of Irish origin, having been located from a very early period in the barony of Inchiquin, and the northern and western parts of the county of Clare. The original of the name was O'Griobhtha, pronounced O'Greefa, and Anglicised, Griffy, Griffith, and Griffin. From time to time members of the family removed to the neighbouring counties of Kerry and Limerick, and settled there; of these, our author's grandfather, James Griffin, of Corgarriff, in the latter county, was one. His third son, Patrick, having dwelt for several years on the border of one of these beautiful lakes which abound in the county of Clare, removed to Limerick for the education of his children, and undertook the management of a brewery, in Brunswick-street. During the progress of a mansion which he was building in the vicinity of the brewery, he

rented a house in that ancient part of the city called the King's Island, and here, within the old city wall, his ninth son, Gerald, first saw the light. All the incidents related of his early days tend

to show his gentleness and susceptibility of spirit, as well as his vivid apprehension of the supernatural. However, with Gerald this latter feeling though strong was never paramount or irrational. His father was but little acquainted with the business of which he had undertaken the management, and being in consequence unsuccessful, gave up the concerns in Brunswick-street, and retired again to the Island, although not to the same house he formerly occupied. Gerald's earliest school days commenced here, under Richard Mac Eligot, a character of some celebrity at that time in Limerick, who is represented as having been a man of singular ability and industry, although possessing a few pardonable idiosyncracies. An essay from his pen on the character and grammatical structure of the Irish language, was published in the first volume of the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin," in 1806. At this age our author seems to have exhibited a great taste for drawing, and much of his time at school was spent in endeavouring to copy animal figures. In the year 1810, his father removed to a new residence, erected after a design of his own, to which the name of "Fairy Lawn" was given. It was situated on the Shannon, the beautiful scenery of which is the subject of Griffin's most charming word-pictures, about eight and twenty miles from Limerick.

"Nothing (writes his brother, speaking of this noble river) can be more glorious than the magnificent floor of silver it presents to the eye on a fine evening in summer, when the sun is setting, and the winds are at rest. The prospect from any elevated ground in such circumstances is quite enchanting. Indeed, there is no river in these countries that at all approaches it in magnitude. Viewed from the heights of Knock-Patrick on a clear day, when the tide is full, and from whence one can see the broad Fergus, one of its tributaries, dotted with islands, and the Shannon itself as far as the distant island of Scattery, with its round tower and ruined churches, that bright spot, where the stern saint sung his inhospitable melody—

"Oh, haste and leave this sacred isle,
Unholy bark," &c.;

and where its waters mingle with the Atlantic, it is precisely what the poet Spenser has described it—

"The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea."

It is no marvel that Gerald was ever accustomed to regard these scenes of his boyhood with fondness, and that he should limn them with glowing pencil, as in the opening stanzas to one of his later poems, "Shanid Castle."

"On Shannon side, the day is closing fair,
The Kern sits musing by his shieling low,
And marks beyond the lonely hills of Clare,
Blue rimmed with gold, the clouds of sunset glow.
Hush in that sun the wide-spread waters flow,
Returning warm the day's departing smile;
Along the sunny highland pacing slow,
The Keyriacht lingers with his herd the while,
And bells are tolling faint from far Saint Simon's isle!

Oh, loved shore! with softest memories twined,
Sweet fall the summer on thy margin fair!
And peace come whispering like a morning wind,
Dear thoughts of love, to every bosom there!
The horrid wreck, and driving storm forbear
Thy smiling strand—nor oft the accents swell
Along thy hills, of grief or heart-wrung care,
But heav'n look down upon each lowly dell,
And bless thee for the joys I yet remember well!"

Shortly after the arrival of Griffin's family at Fairy Lawn, a tutor was engaged to attend the younger members for some hours daily. He is stated to have been a man of great integrity, an excellent scholar, and a most accomplished penman. He was very partial to the writings of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Pope, some of the more striking sentiments in which always furnished the first lines of Gerald's copies. Hitherto the circumstances in which he was placed were not unfavourable for the acquirement of extensive or varied information, and his early devotion to literary pursuits was very remarkable, as evidenced from the fact that he was accustomed to eat his meals with a book before him, which he was diligently studying, while he had two or three under his arm, and a few more on

the chair behind him! He made a blank book into which, during his hours of recreation, he carefully copied pieces of poetry, chiefly from the works of Thomas Moore.

"All this time (says his brother) he was very fond of birds, and made repeated attempts to rear them, but most unfortunate were those that came under his guardianship. They seemed ever fated to disappoint the care he bestowed on them. He once asked one of his elder sisters to feed one while he was away somewhere, which she never thought of doing until she saw him on his return within a few steps of the door. Her forgetfulness provoked a general laugh, and she had not time to compose her countenance again properly, when Gerald found her trying to revive the drooping little victim, but too late. He said afterwards, complaining gently of it to one of the family, 'Ellen speaks to me sometimes about cruelty to animals, but I actually saw her laughing and my bird gasping.' 'I observed,' says one of his sisters, 'the cat flit by him once or twice with an appearance of fear, and said, 'How have you managed, Gerald, to make the cat so much afraid of you?' 'Oh, not of me particularly, perhaps,' said he, 'but she generally feels a little timid after having killed a bird.'"

His principal amusements were fishing and shooting, although he never appears to have attained to much skill in either pursuit. A cousin of his, who generally accompanied him on these sporting excursions, has told a characteristic anecdote of him. Gerald, one day, when out shooting, had just presented his gun at a little bird perched on the top branch of a tree, and was about to fire, when suddenly the bird began to sing. Gerald instantly lowered the weapon, fell into a listening attitude, and seemed to greedily drink in the melody of the little songster. When it was over, however, the temptation to a sitting shot became irresistible, he resumed his first intention, and the tiny warbler fell. Gerald used to abjure all remembrance of this circumstance, but his friend, who, it is only fair to remark, was considered a great quizz, as strongly asserted its truth.

In 1814, in the eleventh year of his age, Griffin was sent to Limerick, and placed at the academy of a Mr. O'Brien, one of the first classical teachers in that city. Afterwards, however, a school having been opened in the village of Loughill, near Fairy Lawn, he was removed from Limerick to it, two of his brothers being already placed in it. That he was fully alive to the drollery of the contrast between the methods of instruction pursued at the city and the village academies, is shown by his admirable sketch of a country school in the "Rivals." In the year 1817, Griffin's eldest brother, who had been several years in the army, during which time he had been stationed in Canada, came to reside with his family at Fairy Lawn. Appreciating the advantages that Canada at this period afforded to settlers, and perceiving the difficulties the family had to contend with at home, he urged them to emigrate. They were not at first disposed to listen to this proposal, but at length, the elder brother's solicitations continuing, they seriously regarded the matter, and finally determining on it, sailed for Canada in 1820. The severity of the Canadian winters, however, ultimately compelled them to settle farther south, and they accordingly removed to the United States, to the county of Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania. Some of the family remained in Ireland, and amongst them was Gerald. The separation from his parents was the first misfortune that touched his sensitive spirit; "he felt it," writes his brother, "with all the heaviness of a deep affliction." At this period there was an idea of bringing him up to the medical profession, and he had made some slight progress in his studies, under his brother's instruction, until the passion for literature which had been gradually growing upon him, developed itself so strongly, that all idea of that profession was entirely up. He at this time resided at Adare, within ten miles of Limerick, which city he frequently visited to consult such works as his tastes inclined him to, and to enjoy the society of persons whose pursuits were congenial to his own. Amongst the latter was Banim, just then commencing his literary career. In dramatic poetry Griffin took an intense interest, and although there is no evidence to show that he had completed any regular piece at this period, he used to write, and, with the assistance of some of his cousins, to enact scenes. On one occasion, when it was necessary to poison one of the characters, he compelled a niece of his, who played the heroine, to drink off a glass of quassia, in order to give a natural effect to the facial contortions that were to indicate death! Griffin's talent for writing soon began to be appreciated in his native city, and he found frequent but very unremune-

rative opportunities of gratifying his *cacœthes scribendi*. In a letter addressed to his mother in America, about this period, he confesses that although he derived little pecuniary advantage from his connection with the Limerick press, he was not sorry for the time he spent on it, nor did he consider it lost.

"By constantly attending the court (he wrote). I acquired a considerable facility in reporting, which is a very useful attainment in any situation almost, and the short time which I had spent to prepare an original article, obliged me to write with quickness and without much study."

But the unsatisfactory nature of his engagements on the press necessitated his more assiduous attention to literature, and it was about this time he began to seriously regard it as a profession. Upon a certain occasion his brother observed that he was more than usually intent on his literary avocations, but could form no idea of the reason until Gerald called him into his room one morning, and submitted for his perusal a tragedy called "Aguire," founded upon some ancient Spanish romance. On reading it Dr. Griffin was perfectly astonished at the many passages of exquisite poetical beauty which it contained, as well as the admirable dramatic effect of the incidents. This opinion, which was also ratified by Banim, was heightened from the consideration of the fact that it was the production of an author only in his eighteenth year. For maturity of thought and chasteness of expression some of the minor poems which Griffin produced in his teens, are not unworthy of comparison with any of his latest and most brilliant efforts. The following, written in his seventeenth year, in 1820, may be taken as an example:

"I looked upon a dark and sullen sea,
Over whose slumbering waves the night-mists hung,
Till from the morn's gray breast a fresh wind sprung,
And swept its brightening bosom joyously;
Then fled the mists its quickening breath before!
The glad sea rose to meet it—and each wave
Retiring from the sweet caress it gave,
Made summer music to the listening shore.
So slept my soul, unmindful of Thy reign:
But the sweet breath of Thy celestial grace,
Hath risen—oh, let its quickening spirit chase
From that dark seat, each mist and secret stain,
Till, as in yon clear water mirror'd fair,
Heaven sees its own calm hues reflected there!"

It was in the autumn of 1823, ere he had completed his twentieth year, that Griffin first arrived in London, and commenced his literary struggles. He called upon Kemble and Young in the hope of getting his tragedy of "Aguire" placed on the boards, but does not appear to have had much opinion of the taste of a London audience.

"You may judge what it is, (he says in a letter to his brother,) when I tell you that 'Venice Preserved' will scarcely draw a decent house; while such a piece of unmeaning absurdity as the 'Cataract of the Ganges' has filled Drury Lane every night those three weeks past. The scenery and decorations, field of battle, burning forest, and cataract of real water, afforded a succession of splendour I had no conception of, but I was heartily tired of the eternal galloping, burning, marching and counter-marching, and the dull speechifying with which it abounded. A lady on horseback, riding up a cataract, is rather a bold stroke, but these things are quite the rage now. They are hissed by the gods, but that is a trifle so long as they fill the house and the manager's pockets."

The idea of Griffin's play of "Gisippus" appears to have been conceived before he left Ireland, but he made no progress with it until after his arrival in London. He forwarded a passage from it to his brother for his opinion, and likewise showed it to Banim, who, Griffin says, thought the story a beautiful one for the stage, and prophesied he would one day hold a very high position as a dramatist. Of the "opinions of the press," Gerald seems to have entertained but a meagre regard. "Never waste a thought on those newspaper squibs," said he in a letter to his brother, "they are mere puffing trash!" He considered the character of "Gisippus" well adapted to Mr. Young or Mr. Macready, the former in particular. The latter's impersonation of the *role*, which is one that severely tests the abilities of an actor, was most masterly, and since

his retirement from the stage it has found but a solitary efficient representative—Mr. T. C. King, who occasionally delights the denizens of the Irish metropolis by his graceful and finished conception and execution of the character.

"You'd laugh (says Griffin, in a letter to his mother, speaking of this piece,) if you saw how it was got through. I wrote it all in coffee houses, and on little slips of paper, from which I afterwards copied it out."

After herculean exertions—amongst which we must not forget those of his true and disinterested friend, Banim—the play of "Gisippus" was produced for the first time at Drury Lane, in the year 1842, two years after the author's death. Macready sustained the principal character, and the piece met with an enthusiastic reception from the press and the public.

During this time he was contributing to several weekly publications, all of which, he says, except the *Literary Gazette*, "cheated him abominably." He, in consequence, turned his thoughts to the more pretentious magazines, but if his articles were inserted, when he called for payment "there was so much shuffling and shabby work," that it disgusted him, and he gave it up.

"You have no idea (he remarks in one of his letters,) what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler beating about, and endeavouring to make his way in London is: going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript, to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition, that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles, and answers all your self-commendation with a 'hum—um';—a set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word failure,—No!—death first!"

Poor Gerald! Most manfully and honourably did he fight the battle of life. The letters written to the various members of his family at this time exhibit a fearful picture of the struggles which he waged in efforts to obtain employment, even as a literary hack, of the distressing influences by which his mind was for a time depressed, of the high sensibility of that mind, and of his unfaltering devotion to achieve success, which no obstacles could discourage. We next find him "in the gallery" of the House of Commons as a reporter, and it was about this time he commenced to turn his attention to novels, tales, and other prose works, the first book which established his reputation as a powerful and original writer being the volume published under the name of "Holland-tide," the copyright of which was purchased by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall for £70. In September, 1826, his brother, Dr. Griffin, saw him in London for the first time after his departure from Adare, and was painfully struck by the change which the wear and tear of a literary life had made in his appearance. "All colour (he writes) had left his cheek, he had grown very thin, and there was a sedate expression of countenance unusual in one so young, and which, in after years, became habitual to him. It was far from being so, however, at the time I speak of, and readily gave place to that light and lively glance of his dark eye, that cheerfulness of manner and observant humour, which from his infancy had enlivened our fireside circle at home. Although so pale and thin as I have described him, his tall figure, expressive features, and profusion of dark hair, thrown back from a fine forehead, gave an impression of a person remarkably handsome and interesting." He was subject to most distressing palpitations of the heart, as well as severe rheumatic attacks, which he would endeavour to mitigate by flinging himself out of bed, and commencing to sing some such popular song as "Old King Cole." The health of one of his sisters had been declining for a considerable time, and Griffin left the English metropolis for Limerick, which he reached early in February, 1827, on purpose to see her. However, almost at the moment of their re-union, her death occurred with a painful suddenness, and the shock to Gerald, in his own debilitated state of health, was dreadful. The first series of the "Tales of the Munster Festivals," consisting of three volumes, containing the "Half Sir," "Card Drawing," and "Suil Dhuv, the Coiner"—all written in the short space of four months—appeared in August, 1827, in which month Griffin returned to London to make arrangements for their publication. Of these stories "Suil Dhuv" is far the finest, although it contains

some very striking anomalies in composition. The portrait of Lilly Byrne in it proves Griffin's taste in female beauty to have been exquisitely refined. This work was followed by the "Collegians," a production on which our author's fame is mainly based. Having made arrangements with his publishers, the tale, so far as it had gone, was sent to the printers, and he set to work vigorously to complete it. So limited to time, however, was he, that the printers overtook him about the middle of the third volume, and from this time forward it was a constant race between him and them. Incredible as the fact may appear, some of the finest scenes in it were poured forth with the greatest rapidity. Every morning, almost, a knock came to his door, and a messenger was shown in, with the stereotyped saying, "Printers want more copy, sir," the MS. of the previous day was handed forth, without the slightest revision, and he went to work to produce a further supply. Griffin was full of enthusiasm during the progress of the story. "What a great deal I would give," he observed to his brother one evening, with kindling eyes, "to see Edmund Kean in that scene of Hardress Cregan at the party, just before his arrest, where he is endeavouring to do politeness to the ladies, while the horrid warning voice is in his ear. The very movements of Kean's countenance in such a scene as that, would make one's nerves creep; every motion and attitude of his, his ghastly efforts at complaisance, and his subdued sense of impending ruin, would all be sufficient to keep an audience in a thrill of horror, and, without almost a word spoken, would indicate the whole agony of his mind." "As the story drew to a close," writes his brother, he said 'I am exceeding puzzled to think what I shall do with Hardress Cregan. If I hang him, the public will never forgive me; and yet,' he added, playfully, in the Irish phrase, 'he deserves hanging as richly as any young gentleman from this to himself.'" How he compromised the matter the readers of the tale are aware. It has been frequently dramatised of late, and it is a matter of gratification that one of the most attractive and effective stage adaptations of it is the production of a young and rising Irish author, Mr. G. B. O'Halloran. It placed Griffin in the first rank of national novelists. But although its success was unequivocal, he saw too much of the fickleness of public taste to feel any security in literature as a profession. "I should like, if possible," he said, "to commence the study of some profession that might at one time or another render me independent of this scribbling. The uncertainty of the life it has been my misfortune to adopt is horrible." With this feeling he entered as a law student at the London University, just then opened. Upon the completion of the "Collegians," Griffin turned his attention to the study of ancient Irish history, in the belief that there were many peculiarities in the usages of early times which would form a good groundwork for a story. The result of his researches in this respect was the novel of the "Invasion," a very beautiful one, and the only Irish historical tale of the class ever attempted. A cheap edition has recently been issued from the Dublin press. It was preceded by a second series of the "Munster Festivals." Early in 1829 Griffin came to Dublin, where he was introduced to the late Sir Philip Crampton, the Surgeon-General, who was very partial to literature, and whose kindness he appears to have thoroughly appreciated. He afterwards visited his relations and friends at Pallas Kenry, returning to London towards the close of the year. It was in the year 1830 that that tendency to religious habits of thought first began to gradually come over Griffin's mind, which, by degrees, took away his relish for literary pursuits, and ended in his embracing a monastic life. In this year he published that very beautiful little work "The Christian Physiologist; or, Tales of the Five Senses." In the November of 1832, he paid a visit to Tom Moore, at Sloperston Cottage, who received him, we need scarcely say, with a genuine Irish welcome. Between this period and the year 1835, Griffin's works were the "Rivals; or, Tracy's Ambition," in which his description of an Irish waterfall is among the most charming of his word-paintings; the "Duke of Monmouth," and "Tales of my Neighbourhood." The last appeared in 1835, and contains, amongst other admirable pieces, a story of intense interest, the "Barber of Bantry." In 1838 he made a trip to the Scottish lakes, with the beauty and sublimity of which he was much struck. He also visited in succession Glasgow, Falkirk, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh. From Glasgow he sailed for Dublin. "Never do I remember," he says, in a diary which he kept during this trip, "a more lively day and night than we had on our voyage home; the sea was like glass; the view of the Arran Isles, of Ben-

ghoil, of Ailsa Crag, of the shipping, scattered far and wide over the sunny deep, of the numerous sea-fowl, gulls, and divers, by which the surface of the water was animated, gave an interest to our voyage which I shall not easily forget." It was after his return home that he finally resolved to pursue a life of religious retirement. Prior to carrying his purpose into effect, he devoted all his MSS. to the flames. Amongst these was a portion of "Matt Hyland," an exquisitely sweet ballad, in which was introduced the beautiful little song of "Aileen a Roon." From the moment he fairly entered on his new mode of life, he is said to have manifested the greatest disinclination to take a pen in his hand, and to be perfectly indifferent to literary reputation. In 1839 he took up his residence in the monastery of the Christian Brothers, in Cork, where he devoted himself with undeviating energy and unbroken content to the discharge of the duties connected with his new sphere of life. In April, 1840, his fatal illness commenced in a sharp feverish attack, resembling those he had been subject to occasionally at home. He never perfectly recovered from this illness, which terminated in typhoid fever. From the first the attendant physicians did not disguise their opinions as to the result. For those who remained by his bedside—including his brother—it was most distressing to witness his sufferings, as his increasing debility rendered him less able to cope with the malignant disease. On Friday, the 12th of June, 1840, he was mercifully released from his suffering, and his place knew him no more. Three days afterwards his remains were interred in the little cemetery of the monastery, where a simple headstone and inscription, merely recording the name he had adopted in religion, and the date of his death, indicates the spot.

If Gerald Griffin just fell short of being the Irish Walter Scott, it was mainly owing to his drawing too early and too heavily on his genius. Adventuring himself in the great world of London at the age of nineteen, with a MS. tragedy for his capital and genius for his reliance, he filled the interval between his first tale and first play with incessant labour on magazines and literary newspapers. If as time progressed he gained in point of facility he lost in point of concentration, and this want of unity forms a characteristic feature in his more ambitious works. "Some passages in the 'Collegians' and the 'Invasion,'" observes one of his critics, "can hardly be surpassed in simple beauty; and where the style does not attain to absolute beauty, or even falls short of absolute correctness, it is never disfigured by fustian; it is always simple and of a crystalline clearness. The directness and simplicity of his narrative is one of the traits in which he most resembles Scott. There is a quiet consciousness of power in his unpretending manner of telling a story, which at once lifts Gerald Griffin above the crowd of novel-writers to the dignity of a classic." The "Complete Works" of Griffin, with his life, written, as we have already said, by his brother, form some ten volumes.* We have scarcely alluded to Griffin as a poet. Several of his best songs possess that universal popularity which is the best test of excellence. Such is—

"A place in thy memory, dearest."

As a song writer he belongs to the school of which Moore is the best representative. Few have known so well how to interweave Irish words in English songs, with a pathetic effect, as in—

"The mie-na-mallah now is past,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
And I must leave my home at last,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
I look into my father's eyes,
I hear my mother's parting sighs,—
Ah! fool to pine for other ties—
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!"

"My Mary of the curling hair," to the air of "Shule a-gra," is one of the sweetest love-songs poet ever penned, the Irish words being mingled in very musically and effectively. These things are especially suited to music, like the well known "Aileen a Roon," and "I love my love in the morning." Every young lady who has a voice and a piano has played and sung the songs of Gerald Griffin at some time or other, but little do they think as they sing them, that the author at thirty-eight bid the muses farewell, and ended his unblemished life in a monastery.

* Dublin: JAMES DUFFY.

THE HARVEST MOON.

SHINES the Harvest Moon full brightly
O'er the billows of the sea ;
Shines the Harvest Moon full softly
O'er the upland and the lea.
Shines the Harvest Moon full queenly,
With her chaste and silver light,
With all nature sleeping gently
In the silence of the night.

Shone the Harvest Moon as brightly
O'er the billows of the sea ;
Shone the Harvest Moon as softly
O'er the upland and the lea.
Shone the Harvest Moon as queenly
As she shineth even now,
Though her light, alas, was shining
On a dying maiden's brow !

Full of sorrow, watching sadly,
As we stood about the bed ;
In the heart's sad silence thinking
Of the spirit that had fled !
With the Harvest Moon bright shining,
In her rich and silver sheen,
O'er the leaves of autumn falling,
Like the maiden that had been.

Drooping slowly, slowly failing,
Growing paler every day ;
We had watch'd our fair one flitting
To her home of love away.
Through the spring, and through the summer,
We had mark'd the paling eye :
When the Harvest Moon was shining
Came the message from on high !

Once again, so softly speaking,
Once again we heard her say—
"Close around me, dear ones, standing,
Watch my spirit flit away !
Let me hear your voices whispering
Words of hope and trusting love ;
My loosened spirit wafting
To the dwelling of its love !"

Then her faint voice, fainter growing,
(As her spirit ebb'd still more ;)
Like the surges breaking softly
On the ocean's sounding shore.
With the angels she was speaking,
And her face was all alight ;
And we knew that God was with her,
That her soul was full of light !

Then we watch'd the shadow creeping:
O'er her pale and fading face ;
Watch'd it stealing, surely stealing,
All her beauty, light, and grace.
While the Harvest Moon came shining
(As she shineth even now).
Through the casement—shining sadly
On the dying maiden's brow !

In the dead room, watching, watching,
In the silence of the night ;
With the calm face softly sleeping
In the moonbeams' silver light.
With a sad heart, sadly thinking
Of the dear one that had fled ;
With a sad heart, sadly weeping
In the presence of the dead !

T. J. P.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.



ISTAKES will occur in the best regulated families, and it is, then, surely no marvel that in the nineteenth century, when, as King Solomon has recorded of his own time, "of making many books there is no end," and when the whirr and clang of that wondrous engine in their multiplication—the steam-printing machine—is unceasing, literary blunders, by courtesy termed "errors of the press," should not only not be unfrequent, but far more numerous than at a period in the world's history

when the press was less prolific, when "proofs" were revised by men who for ability and erudition were of European fame, and when it could be said of the people, as was once said of them by Richard de Burgh, Bishop of Durham, "it matters not to laymen whether they look at a book turned upside down or spread out in its natural order, they are altogether unworthy of communion with books." In this age of bibliomania and

of daily newspapers, the labours of authors, printers, and publishers are indeed Herculean, so literature, *ex necessitate*, embalms so many errors, clerical as well as typographical, that since it is

"Pretty in-amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dust, or grubs, or worms ;
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how they possibly got there."

One of the many arcana pertaining to the craft of book-making is the "correction of the press," a task the difficulty of which it is impossible to over-estimate. This is now-a-days executed by one or more functionaries technically called "readers," whose immediate duties are to mark every error and oversight of the compositor, so as to insure the printed matter being *verbum pro verbo* with the "copy," and to rectify all inconsistencies in orthography, punctuation, abbreviations, etc. To effect this it is essential that the "reader" should be familiar not only with an extensive and varied circle of knowledge, but that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the art of typography, so as to remedy the mechanical defects of the work. For many years after the invention of printing, in the fifteenth century, publishers performed all the offices necessary to the production of a book, and were sometimes the authors, printers, readers, binders, and sellers of their own works. Afterwards the "proofs" were entrusted to the supervision of the most renowned scholars. Robert Stephen (1526-59), in order to have his publications immaculate, submitted the successive "sheets" to a public scrutiny, and offered a reward to any person who would point out a typographical error. A similar course was adopted by Plantin (1559-89) with the numerous works that issued from his press, which was not only one of the wonders of Antwerp but of the world. Amongst the early publications still held in universal estimation for their intrinsic excellence, and the care with which they were revised, are the famous "Aldine Editions," so termed as having issued from the press of Aldo Manuzio (Latinised, Aldus Manutius) and his descendants in Venice, for upwards of a century—from 1490 to 1597. Many of these are the first editions (*editiones principes*) of Greek and Roman classics, while others contain amended texts of modern classic authors, as Boccaccio, Dante, Petrarch, etc., the latter having been "read" and carefully collated with the original manuscript by Pietro Bembo. Some of the "Aldine Editions"—the trademark of which was an anchor entwined by a dolphin, and generally with the motto *Sudavit et aluit*—are of extreme rarity, especially

the "Horse Beatae Mariæ Virginis," of 1497, the "P. Virgilii Maronis Opera," of 1501, and the "Rhetores Græci. We may add, a recent classic, that an edition of Virgil, which the celebrated Richard Porson, Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge from 1792 to 1808, undertook to see through the press, was said to contain not less than nine hundred errors, nearly all of which were attributable to the editor's inattention to the revision of the proof-sheets, consequent upon his addiction to drink, an inclination which proved the bane of his existence.

As Disraeli has remarked, in his "Curiosities of Literature," Bibles "were for some time suffered to be so corrupted that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errata." However, they were in great part voluntary commissions—passages interpolated, and meanings forged, for certain purposes.

Roger North, speaking of the speculative but mercenary character of the publishers of his day, says: "They crack their brains to find out selling subjects, and keep hirelings in garrets, on hard meat, to write and correct by the grate." Lucky dogs if they could have meat at all! When Samuel Richardson, the novelist, in 1749, stood at "case" in his own office in Salisbury-square, and "composed" most of the "History of Clarissa Harlowe" without "copy," in the intervals of business, Oliver Goldsmith sat in a little closet on the same floor as "reader," and corrected the press. "Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit," as Dr. Johnson wrote in his epitaph, and we have little doubt that "Poor Noll" was the very beau ideal of "readers;" but the office in his day as now was no sinecure. In neither a pecuniary nor complimentary sense is it always adequately rewarded or appreciated. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that our latter-day "readers" are occasionally convicted of some sad derelictions of duty, and it is no wonder that that accomplished heroine of Tom Moore's, Miss Fanny Fudge, when sending a copy of her last lyric effusion to her cousin, Miss Kitty—should have thus complained of the disheartening *diablerie* of her printers:—

"But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country press in one's prosody makes,
For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and, what's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my 'Ode upon Spring,'
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
When I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her *clique* who'd just died,
Having said he "had tak'n up in heaven his position,"
They made it, he'd "taken up to heaven his physician!"

The fair poetess, aptly citing Shakspeare, might have excusably said with Doll Tearsheet, in Henry IV., "You nasty, famished correctioners, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles!" The erratum by which the queen of flowers was metamorphosed into the most prominent feature of the "human face divine," reminds us of a misprint which occurred not long since in the columns of a leading daily journal, upon the occasion of the successful launch of one of the new iron-plated frigates, which described the air as being rent by the *snouts* of the enthusiastic spectators! Even in some magazines of high literary character and pretensions, we have met with ludicrously gross typographical blunders. Only fancy a lady being represented as sending word to a visiter that she was at her toilet, but would be down stairs in a few *months*, instead of *minutes*, or of a certain phase in the clouds in a sunset sky being assimilated in appearance to "a *man's* tail," instead of "a *mare's* tail!" We defy the most staid or melancholy to repress a smile when they are gravely informed that a *child* ran through a person, in place of a *chill*; that her majesty's gun-boat, the "Saucy Minx," was compelled to return to port in consequence of breaking the "banjo" of her screw-propeller, or that sundry members of a crack Volunteer Rifle Corps had been "formed into a company for administrative *paupers*," *purposes* being, we presume, what was intended. Who ever heard of such an architect as *Jingo* (Inigo) Jones, or of the *Tonic* (Ionic) order of architecture, or are any of our readers acquainted with the ill-fated female whose existence a well-known literary divine was

made to imperil, when he announced his determination to view nature's paths, and "shoot *Polly* as she flies?" Erroneous punctuation, although it may be regarded as a minor fault, has caused the antiphrasis of many a sentence. An Italian prelate, who carried with him the humility of the station from which he had been raised, and possessed a liberality worthy of his elevation, once directed this inscription to be carved over his gate:—

"Porta patens esto, nulli clauderis honesto"—

"Gate be thou open, and not closed to any honest man." The comma, however, having been placed after the word *nulli*, instead of *esto*, the sense was completely distorted, and people read with no small surprise that the portal was open to no one, especially to an honest man. We have seen in the money article of a daily print, the extraordinary announcement that on the Paris Bourse, the funds closed at 6,736 francs, the value of the stock being only 100 francs! Here a wrongly-placed comma was likewise the source of the error, the meaning being that the closing price was 67,36—that is, sixty-seven francs and thirty-six centimes, in lieu of six-thousand seven-hundred and thirty-six francs. After all, vexatious typographical errors will sometimes occur in spite of all the vigilance that can be exercised, and the adoption of every possible precaution, of which a well-authenticated anecdote is sufficiently illustrative. In the course of the last century a certain work was printed at the Glasgow University Press, which it was essayed should be an unique specimen of typographical accuracy. To ensure this result six experienced "readers" consecutively devoted hours to the examination of each proof-sheet, which was then carefully scrutinized by the principals of the University, within the precincts of which it was posted up, with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be given to any student who would discover a blunder, each page being suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been suspended, before the work was put to press. When it was at length published, and just as the publisher was beginning to felicitate himself on the production of a volume of unparalleled typographical excellence, it was found that several errors had been overlooked, one of which occurred in the very first line of the first page.

E. M.M.

TARDY LOCOMOTION.—The following extract from a curious old book, entitled "The Present State of London," by Thos. De Laune, gent., printed at the "Rose and Crown and Seven Stars," Cornhill, 1681, presents a picture that contrasts strikingly with our facilities of travelling and communication in this fast age. After noticing the despatch of mails from the Post-office, in *Lumbard-street*, the author goes on to say:—"A letter containing a whole sheet of paper, is conveyed 80 miles for 2d., two sheets for 4d., and an ounce of letters for 8d., and so proportionably; a letter containing a sheet is conveyed above 80 miles for 3d., two sheets for 8d., and every ounce of letters for 12d. A sheet is conveyed to Dublin for 6d., two for one shilling, and an ounce of letters, for 12d. This conveyance by post is done in so short a time by night as well as by day, that every twenty-four hours the post goes 120 miles (or five miles an hour!) and in five days an answer of a letter may be had from a place 300 miles distant from the writer. Besides this excellent convenience of conveying letters there is of late such an admirable commodiousness both for men and women of better rank to travel from London, and to almost all the villages near this great city, that the like hath not been known in the world, and that is—by stage-coaches (!) wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather and foul ways, free from endamaging one's health or body by hard jogging or over violent motion. The flying coaches make 40 or 50 miles in a day (!) as from London to Oxford or Cambridge, and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late." What would the admirer of "flying coaches" say if he could see an express train do in one hour what it was thought a great achievement to accomplish in twelve? How rich, too, is this paragraph, which originally appeared in the "Quarterly Review" in March, 1825: "We are not advocates for visionary projects that interfere with useful establishments. We scout the idea of a railroad as impracticable! * * * What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospects held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage coaches!"

THE HEROINES OF JEMAPPES.

A TALK OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.



GOUNT FELIX DE FERNIG was the representative of an ancient family in the south-east of France, who inherited sufficient property to support the rank of a country gentleman, and maintain in comfort, if not luxury, a household consisting of himself, a son, and two daughters, together with a considerable body of servants and retainers. The storm of the Revolution of '89, when it burst over the kingdom, found this family amongst the happiest and most united in the country. They seldom visited the capital, and when they did, their stay was never of more than a few weeks' duration. They found rural enjoyment and amusement perfectly suited to their taste, and they seldom cared to change them for others less congenial. The ladies were constant in their attendance at the field sports in which M. de Fernig and his son took special delight, which inured them to toil and endurance. The circle of their intimate society was necessarily limited, but amongst their closest intimates was a neighbouring family named Duprez, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter. At the time of the opening of this narrative Achille Duprez was, according to local gossip, the destined husband of Felicité, the Count de Fernig's eldest daughter; and the same authority had it that Pauline Duprez was to become Viscountess de Fernig, and, in the course of time, countess of that ilk. Village small talk had not yet found a husband for Theophile, the count's youngest daughter; but as she was only fifteen, and the family lived most happily and comfortably together, there was plenty of time to match her suitably. Even match-making gossip was in no hurry to dispose of the fair hand of the lovely Theophile.

The happiness which this united family enjoyed was interrupted by the outbreak of the great Revolution. M. de Fernig had never taken any active part in politics; but though a noble, and as such, naturally disposed to side with the court party, yet he was one of those sensible, moderate men, who saw and admitted the existence of long-standing political abuses, and recognised the necessity of ample reforms. When, however, the Revolution began to exhibit symptoms of those excesses that subsequently deluged the soil of France with the best blood of her people, M. de Fernig began to regret even the passive countenance he had afforded the great political movement, and felt half inclined to swell with his family the tide of emigration then setting out in all possible directions. When he saw those moderate constitutionalists, the Girondists, superseded in the direction of public opinion by such men as Robespierre, Marat, Hebert, Danton, St. Just, etc., he thought that his country no longer afforded shelter or security to her well-disposed citizens, and he had his mind made up to come over to England or go somewhere else, when the advance of the Austrians upon the country aroused his patriotic ardour, and determined him to remain where his services might be useful in repelling the invader. Young de Fernig held a lieutenant's commission in the army, and the father himself had served in his youth; so the military instincts of the family had no small share in leading to the conclusion just stated; and it had been decided that the male members of the household should risk the hazards of the impending war, whilst the females were to remain in the seclusion of home, away from the dangers and hardships of campaigns.

But these arrangements were not of long duration. The Fernigs, father and son, together with Achille Duprez, departed to join the army under the command-in-chief of Dumouriez; and the campaign had not been many weeks old when two novel recruits were added to the force. These were the uniform of staff-officers; but under the casques of the cavaliers appeared two female faces of remarkable loveliness. "Their modesty, their blushes, and their grace," says the historian of their exploits, "under the uniform of officers of the staff, formed a contrast to the masculine figures of the warriors who surrounded them." We need scarcely say they were

the Mesdemoiselles de Fernig, who had resolved upon sharing the fortunes in the field of their father and brother. They were, in the words of Lamartine,—it will be seen that we are not treating of imaginary personages—"two young girls, whose tenderness for their father and passion for their country had torn them from the shelter of their sex and age, and thrown them into the camp. Their filial love had left them no other asylum."

After the departure of their relatives for the army they found their home a solitude; added to which was the feeling of filial tenderness which burned within them, and would have rendered an elysium miserable, their father being absent from it, so they decided upon the extraordinary step which we have seen them take. Their application to the Convention was promptly responded to, and government not only recommended them to the commander-in-chief, but cited their names as an example to France, and sent them horses and arms of honour in the name of the country.

Dumouriez was well disposed to pay cordial attention to the recommendation of the authorities, and the objects of government patronage well merited the confidence of the executive, and the friendship of the general. Amongst the heroism displayed on the field of Jemappes that of those simple country girls was the most conspicuous and laudable. There they fought, triumphed, and, with true feminine tenderness, saved the lives of their wounded enemies after having conquered them. "Tasso," says their poetic eulogist, "never invented in Clorinda more heroism, more of the marvellous, and more love, than the Republic was compelled to admire in the exploits and in the destiny of these two heroines of liberty."

These young girls were, with their father and brother, always personally attached to the commander-in-chief, and they continued to wear the dress, the arms, and to perform the functions of staff orderly officers. Their courage, intrepidity, and devotion to the service, endeared them to the general, who pointed them out as models for the imitation of his soldiers. They had fought valiantly at Valmy, and looked forward to the campaign of Jemappes with the ardour of the heroines of antiquity. On the day of Jemappes, where the Austrians had a foretaste of those numerous dire reverses that had their term at Leipsic, the services of the heroic sisters were conspicuous upon a field of patriotic and victorious heroes. Felicité, the elder, followed the young Duc de Chartres, (afterwards Louis Philippe, destined to experience so many startling vicissitudes between that triumphant day and the day of his death, in his third or fourth exile, at Clermont,) on horseback, and did not quit him during the battle. The second, the beautiful Theophile, prepared herself to carry to old General Ferrand the orders of the general-in-chief, and to march with him to the assault of the redoubts on the left wing, which he commanded. "Dumouriez," says Lamartine, "showed these two charming heroines to his soldiers as models of patriotism and auguries of victory. Their beauty and youth reminded the army of those marvellous aspirations, those genii protectors of the people, at the head of armies on the day of battle. Liberty, like religion, was worthy of having her miracles also!"

It is not necessary to give in this place a description of the great battle of Jemappes, or to enlarge upon the political results that followed the victory. It is sufficient to say that the Austrians were routed out of Belgium, which became a French province; that the victory inflamed Dumouriez with the desire of restoring the fallen monarchy at Paris; that Danton intrigued for the elevation to the throne of the Duke of Orleans, who, by his counsel, hung on the heels of the victorious army, to whose triumphs and glory his two sons, de Chartres and de Montpensier, then little more than a child, considerably contributed; that the Ultra or Red Republicans finally triumphed over moderation and mercy; and that such of the nobles of the land, or those suspected of sympathising with them in any way, or on any account, as escaped the guillotine, had to fly the country, and seek in a foreign land the preservation of a precarious existence.

Local gossip had for once been in error in disposing of the affections of the Fernig heroines. The fact is, that during the campaigns of Argonne and Jemappes, Felicité de Fernig preserved her heart intact for her country, and, as she often hoped, for her king, her charming queen, and their two lovely children; for the sighs of the Temple captives were re-echoed in many a gallant breast besides those of the Fernigs in the French army. Not so, however, Theophile. Young Duprez, as well as the Fernig family, held rank on the general's staff, and the love which he had borne Theophile from

her early girlhood, unknown to the gossips, her family, and all save herself, who had an instinctive inkling of it from the beginning, manifested itself in the special care which the young squire took of the lovely girl during the war, and the special solicitude which he evinced for her safety upon all occasions of danger. Of course he was not long in learning that his love was not misplaced; and he had the additional gratification of finding that the family of Theophile, Felicité included, approved of the suit of their gallant young neighbour, who, when the French entered Brussels, was looked upon by all their mutual acquaintances as the accepted husband of the Count de Fernig's younger daughter.

The Austrians, though defeated at Jemappes, and compelled to evacuate Mons and Brussels in succession, were not dispersed and broken, thanks to the courage and gallantry of the Hungarian grenadiers; and their retreat before the advancing French was not only slow and orderly, but Dumouriez found it necessary to detach some of his generals occasionally to expedite the retreat of the enemy.

In one of these encounters between the advanced guard of the French and the rear-guard of the Austrians, one of our heroines, Felicité Fernig, who bore the orders of Dumouriez to the head of his columns, found herself, accompanied only with a handful of French hussars, surrounded by a detachment of the enemy's hulans. Avoiding with difficulty the sabres around her, she turned her bridle with a group of hussars to rejoin the column, when she perceived a young officer of the Belgian volunteers, who had been thrown from his horse by a shot, defending himself with his sabre against the hulans, who sought to slay him. Although this young officer was unknown to her, Felicité rushed to his succour, killed with two pistol shots two of the hulans, put the others to flight, dismounted from her horse, relieved the wounded man, confided him to her hussars, accompanied him herself to the military hospital, and returned to rejoin her general, after she had seen him properly cared for. This young officer's name was Vanderwalen. Left in the hospitals of Brussels after the departure of the French army, he forgot his wounds, but could never forget the heroine he had met with on the field of carnage. The countenance of that female, in the dress of a comrade in arms, precipitating herself into the *mêlée* to rescue him from death, and leaning afterwards over his blood-stained bed in the military hospital, tenaciously kept place in his remembrance.

As we have already said, and it is well known to those who have studied the great drama, or rather tragedy, of the French Revolution, the most distinguished and valuable services to the nation did not protect those who rendered them with their blood, from the fury of the Terrorists, whose excesses covered with infamy the French Revolutionary Government. But we have little to do in this place with the misdoings of Robespierre and his minions, except so far as they affect the fortunes of the heroic personages of this little story.

"When," says the historian, "Dumouriez had fled to the enemy's lands, [he deserted in disgust and chagrin to the Austrians,] and the army had lost all traces of the two young Amazons, whom it had drawn into its misfortunes and exile, Vanderwalen quitted the military service, and travelled through Germany in search of her to whom he owed his life. Long did he traverse in vain the principal towns of the north, without being able to obtain the slightest indication of the family of Fernig. He discovered them at last, refugees in the heart of Denmark. His gratitude ripened into love for the young girl, who had resumed the dress, the graces, and the modesty of her sex. He espoused and brought her home to his own country. Theophile, her sister and companion in glory, followed

Felicité to Brussels. . . . She cultivated the arts—was a musician and poetess, like Vittoria Colonna. She left poems stamped with masculine heroism, feminine sensibility, and worthy of accompanying her name to immortality.

"These two sisters, inseparable in life and in death, as upon the field of battle, repose under the same cypress, in a foreign land. Where are their names upon the marble monuments of our triumphal arches? Where are their pictures at Versailles? Where are their statues upon our frontiers, bedewed with their blood?"

Where, he might ask, with no better result, are their deeds chronicled in the page of history, except his own? Thiers, the historian of the Revolution, might have afforded them a niche in his elaborate annals of the revolutionary era, but their names do not once occur in his ponderous work.

But our heroines did not go down to the grave before having witnessed the recovery of their native land from the horrors of the Reign of Terror. Theophile, after having been married to young

Duprez, continued to reside with her sister, in Belgium, during the wars of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, in which the husbands of both were prominent actors, winning honours and rewards, till the crowning carnage of Waterloo overwhelmed them; and they fell fighting the battle of that great soldier, whose star they had believed, especially after Quatre Bras and Ligny, to be once more in the ascendant. In this battle also fell young De Fernig; but the count survived the slaughter of the disastrous day, which, however, proved the term of his military career. He retired to live with his daughters, and to exchange sorrows and condolences with them upon their mutual irreparable losses. — Theophile found, in the cultivation and indulgence of her elevating tastes some refuge from sorrow; and Felicité derived comfort for the present, and hope for the future, from her

care of an only son, who is now a high official in the Belgian Government, and in the full enjoyment of the confidence of the prudent and politic King Leopold.

THE PARTING.

(From the German of Goethe.)

LET mine eyes the farewell make thee,
Which my lips refuse to speak;
Scorn me not, if, to forsake thee,
Makes my very manhood weak.

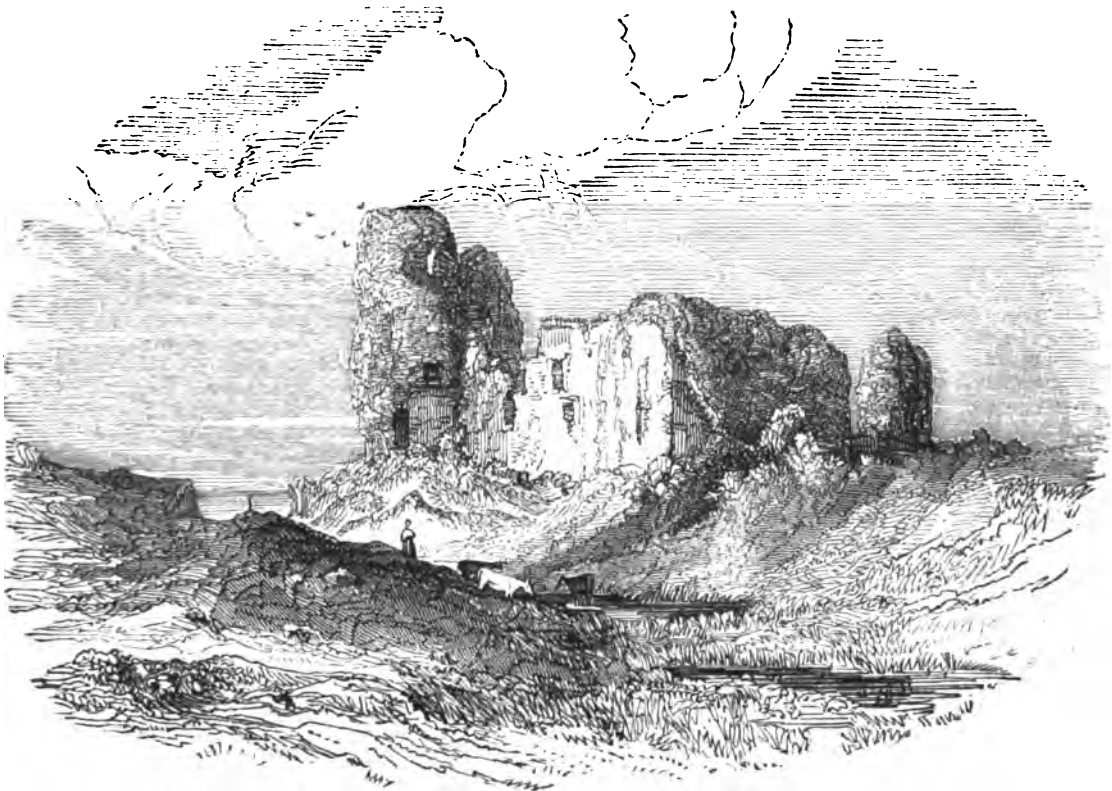
Joyless in our joy's eclipse, love,
Are love's tokens, else divine,
Cold the kisses of thy lips, love,
Damp the hand that's locked in mine.

Once thy lip, to touch it only,
To my soul has sent a thrill,
Sweeter than the violet lonely,
Pluck'd in March-time by the rill.

Garlands never more I'll fashion,
Roses twine no more for thee;
Spring is here, but, ah, my passion,
Autumn dark has come for me!



JEMAPPES.



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF RINDOWN CASTLE.



ONE of the largest, and at the same time most interesting ruins with which the tourist will become acquainted as he voyages up the Shannon, is the ancient castle of Rindown, which stands upon a beautiful peninsula on the Roscommon side of Lough Ree, and about seven Irish miles to the north of Athlone. The limits of this paper will not allow us to enter minutely into the details of its history. We shall, therefore, merely remark, in passing, that Rindown, with the peninsula on which it stands, was an important stronghold of the native Irish princes since a very remote period. In the ninth century, when Turgesius, the Danish king, anchored his fleet upon Lough Ree, he very probably occupied Rindown as one of his principal military stations. After the tragic death of that renowned Viking, it once more fell into the hands of the Irish, from whom it was wrested, towards the close of the twelfth century, by John de Courcy and a band of Anglo-Norman knights and men-at-arms, who took refuge there after their defeat in a pitched battle by Cathal Carragh O'Connor, son of Roderick, king of Connaught.

From this period it became a regular object of contention between the forces of the Pale and the Irish troops, sometimes remaining for years in possession of the former, and again at various intervals falling into the hands of the latter according as fortune favoured their banners.

Between the Irish forces also Rindown became a frequent point of dispute during the destructive wars that raged in Connaught during the life, and for many years subsequent to the death, of the celebrated Cathal of the Red Hand. Under the year 1286, in the

Annals of the Four Masters, is preserved the following record which, giving as it does, a minute and vivid picture of the military customs and mode of fighting practised at that period, we take the liberty of transcribing for the reader :—

"A.D. 1286. Felim the son of Cathal, the Red-Handed, returned to Connaught after his banishment, being invited thither by some of the Connacians, namely, by O'Kelly, O'Flynn, the son of Hugh, who was son of Cathal, the Red-Handed O'Connor, and the son of Art O'Melaghlin, all forming four equally strong battalions. They marched to Rinn-duin, where Brian, the son of Turlogh (O'Connor), Owen O'Heyne, Conor Boy, the son of Turlogh, and MacCostelloe had all the cows of the country; and Felim's people got over the enclosures of the island; and the leaders and sub-leaders of the army drove off each a proportionate number of the cows, as they found them on the way before them; and they then dispersed, carrying off their booty in different directions, and leaving only, of the four battalions, four horsemen with Felim. As Brian, the son of Turlogh, Owen O'Heyne, and their troops, perceived that Felim's army was scattered, they set out quickly and vigorously with a small party of horse and many foot soldiers to attack Felim and his few horsemen. Conor Boy, the son of Turlogh, came up with the son of Hugh, who was the son of Cathal the Red-Handed, and with his party; and mistaking them for his own people, he fell by Roderick, the son of Hugh, who was the son of Cathal the Red-Handed. Felim strained his voice calling loudly after his army and ordering them to return to oppose their enemies. Many of the host were killed by Felim upon the island; and outside the island were slain many bad subjects and perpetrators of evil, as they all were, excepting only Teige, son of Cormac, who was son of Tomaltagh M'Dermott."

The reader will remark, that in the above record the peninsula of Rindown is called an island. At that time it was in fact an island;

a huge fosse having been cut across the narrowest part, and filled by the waters of the lake. This fosse was further protected by a huge embattled wall which ran across from one shore to the other, and the ruins of which can still be traced, together with the remains of the formidable barbican or military gateway in the centre. Near the draw-bridge are two ancient ecclesiastical ruins, one of which was a priory of the Knights Hospitallers, and was founded in the reign of King John. The castle, as will be seen by the above sketch, is now totally dismantled. Passing over the various warlike events which must have occurred in and around it in remote times, we will come up to more modern days, and relate a short story of Rindown, which, we hope, will prove more interesting to our readers.

In that memorable year which the Scots call the "Forty-five," there stood beside the little cove near the castle a small hut, which was occupied by Owen Tierney and his wife and daughter. Owen was a fisherman who day after day plied his avocation on the lake with such skill and industry, that he was enabled to support himself and family in somewhat of a decent and respectable manner. Owen, however, was not merely dependent upon the rather capricious inhabitants of Lough Ree's waters for a maintenance. A small but fertile bit of land attached to his cabin was cultivated by him with great care and industry, in addition to which he had made during the preceding years several mysterious voyages to Limerick, after each return from which it was noticed that a far greater amount of tobacco than usual was consumed by his neighbours and by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages. Be this as it may, in the spring of the year above mentioned, Owen Tierney was as happy and contented a man to all appearance as could be seen for many a mile around the lovely and romantic shores of Lough Ree.

Ellen Tierney, Owen's daughter, was a girl, as the phrase goes, well enough as to appearance—that is, in other words, she was not considered by her acquaintances as absolutely handsome, but at the same time, there was a symmetry about her form, a kind tone in her voice, and a merry, guileless expression in her sun-embrowned face, that made her far more attractive than a girl of much greater beauty. At all events, she was the very apple of her father's eye, and the core of her mother's heart, and you may be sure she did not fail to reciprocate their affection with interest. At the time of which we speak she had just turned her eighteenth year, and we must say to her credit, that on account of her agreeable manners and pleasant temper, there was not a girl in all Roscommon that had a greater number of admirers. But she always contrived to repel the advances of these rustic beaux by either a pleasant, good-natured denial, or a flat refusal, as the case might be—all save those of one, and that fortunate individual was no other than Brian Phelimy, or Brian Gow, as he was more commonly called from his trade, which was that of a blacksmith. Brian was a young man of scarcely twenty-five years, tall, well-formed, and handsome, and a better hurler than he, a more expert hand at single-stick or at any other athletic exercise, did not live from source to mouth of the lordly Shannon. His heart also was of the true sterling stamp, kind and manly, and with all these attributes to recommend him, together with a flourishing trade at horse-shoeing and various other kinds of work, it was no wonder that the love he bore to young Ellen Tierney was returned by that simple-minded girl with an unusual amount of warmth, confidence, and affection. Brian's house and forge was about a stone's throw outside the village of Rindown or St. John's, beyond the Castle, and scarcely an evening passed over his head that he did not pay a visit to Owen Tierney's house beside the cove, there to talk on affairs of state with mother or father, or have a merry chat with his young sweetheart, who, if certain affairs which we are about to relate happened at the appointed time, was soon to become his wife.

It seems that, along with Owen Tierney's taking upon himself to supply the tobacco consumers of the district with a sufficiency of their favourite weed, Brian Phelimy, inheriting the philanthropic virtues of his father and grandfather, had carried out successfully, for a few years, his jovial resolution of adding to the enjoyments of the neighbours; and for that purpose, occasionally put in operation a certain chemical apparatus, called a *still*, which lay concealed in a lonely chamber at the back of the forge, but the flue from which was ingeniously constructed so as to communicate with the capacious chimney of the latter. In other words, Brian Gow, following the example of his ancestors of jolly memory, manu-

factured potheen, and better-tasted mountain-dew, as the poetic peasantry called it, could not be found within the four corners of Ireland. At the time to which we allude the *still* was in full operation, and it was to the sale of a certain *run* or plentiful distillation of whiskey which was to take place at a stated time, and also to the success of Owen Tierney, who was about setting off on another of his voyages southward in quest of an illicit cargo of tobacco, that he looked forward for an opportunity of being able to marry properly the daughter of the hardy fisherman, and to maintain her in suitable style till another and similar smuggling adventure could be successfully entered upon.

With this purpose in view, Brian Gow eagerly watched the progress of his distilling operation, had a splendid *run*, and at length was in course of preparation for carrying about half-a-dozen firkins of the most glorious potheen to Athlone, where he could easily dispose of them, leaving the gauger altogether of course out of the transaction. Firkins or butter casks were the vehicles the sagacious Brian had chosen in which to convey his cargo to Athlone, because he knew by experience that they had the best chance of being borne through the town without suspicion.

At last the day came on which he was to set out for Athlone, and on which also his intended father-in-law had settled upon for beginning his voyage to Limerick. About the same hour that Brian Phelimy had set out with a stout horse and cart, carrying his joy-inspiring load towards Athlone, the fisherman had spread his sail to the favouring wind, and was moving over the lake on his voyage southward.

"Well," said he to himself, as he steered his boat onward, and left the ruins of the huge castle towering upon its rock behind, as if guarding his little cot beneath, "if this turns out well wid me, they may all load their dudheens wid the gauger's tobacco ever after, for 'tis the last trip Owen Tierney will make for the neighbours' benefit an' his own. I'll then marry my daughter to Brian Phelimy, an' keep to the rod an' fishing net for evermore!"

It was a market day in Athlone, and the streets were crowded, as Brian Phelimy stopped his cart and prepared to lodge it in a certain yard belonging to a public-house keeper of his acquaintance, to whom he usually sold his cargoes. A butter-buyer soon came in and offered to make a bargain, but was told by Brian that the load was already disposed of. Another immediately followed with his tasting instrument in hand, and was just about proceeding to regale his olfactory nerve by an experiment on one of the firkins, when he also was got rid of in the same manner. It was now evening, when a third butter-buyer came into the yard. This was a sharp, vicious-looking little man, whose name for probity in his dealings was not the best in the country, but who still, from his energy of character, contrived to make many a good bargain on market days.

"There's no mark on those firkins," said he, pointing to the load. "Will you sell?" continued he to Brian, moving nearer to the suspicious-looking casks. "Prices are down now, an' you can't expect as much as was goin' durin' the mornin'."

"I'm determined to take it home," answered Brian evasively. "I don't like the price, an' can afford to wait for better times."

"Let us look at the quality of id at anyrate," said the buyer, moving nearer.

"What's the use," answered Brian "as I'm not goin' to sell? You can't see the butter."

"I can smell id, howsomever," returned the little tormentor, giving a sniff of his nose and a malignant wink, and with that he left the yard.

Another hour passed away, and the firkins of potheen would soon, under cover of the coming dusk, be stowed away in the cellars of the public-house. Brian, who was not without his suspicions of the little butter-buyer's fidelity, was at last in the act of bearing one of the firkins into the cimmerian cellars of his customer, when a hand was laid upon his broad shoulder, and turning round he beheld, like a terrible apparition, the gauger and half-a-dozen soldiers standing right before him. The very same gauger was, on account of his stern character, his cruelty in various ways to those who came under the power of the law, and his implacable pursuits and persecutions of all and every one engaged in any kind of illicit trade, the detestation of the whole county, besides up to this point of his career having been the cause of the hanging of something near a half-dozen countrymen. At the sight of him, the precious cask of

potheen dropped from between Brian's sturdy arms, and smashed upon the pavement of the yard, its contents flowing away inconspicuously through the gutter. The soldiers then surrounded him, took him prisoner at the bidding of the gauger, and marched him along the now half-deserted streets towards the jail, the gauger himself taking possession of the cask of potheen in the name of the king. The soldiers, who thought they had a being something after the nature of a lamb to deal with, were greatly surprised when, on approaching the door of the jail, Brian struck one of them a tremendous blow of his clenched fist upon the forehead, that tumbled him senseless against the wall, snatched a musket from another, and striking right and left with its butt, rushed round a corner, and away down a narrow street. It was a sudden surprise, but the soldiers as suddenly recovered, and rattled away in hot pursuit after him. The street along which he was now darting at his topmost speed led down to the river, without a single turn by which he could escape to either side. He knew there was no chance for him but the river, which was broad and deep before him, but his pursuers were now almost at his heels, shouting to one another exultantly, as they imagined he would have to turn back, and thus fall into their hands. But they had a man of no ordinary physical powers to deal with—one who, in conjunction with his activity and strength, was also rendered desperate. As he approached the edge of the dark water, he cast another hasty glance behind, and to the amazement of his pursuers, instantly plunged in and struck out for the middle of the river. The military did not dare to fire without orders, else probably poor Brian Phelimy would then and there have ended his career. On he plunged, and being a practised swimmer, succeeded at last, in spite of his heavy clothes and shoes, in gaining the middle of the broad stream. The current here was very strong, and he was gradually yielding to its influence, and beginning to float rather helplessly downward, when he was hailed by a well-known voice from a dark object towards his right, and steadying himself for a moment, and looking over the obscure water, to his great joy he at last saw, a few perches away, Owen Tierney quietly resting on his oar, and keeping his craft steady for his reception. In another moment Brian Phelimy was in the boat; and after a few words of explanation and surprise, the pair were floating down the stream, and far beyond the reach of Randal Clinch the gauger.

"Begor!" said Brian, as he divested himself of his coat and began squeezing it, "we're done for, Owen. Put the boat into shore and let me peg away to Rindown. If I don't, ould Clinch will be there afore me, and flitther *still* an' all to pieces!"

"Never mind the *still*," said Owen, coolly. "If you go now, you'll sartinly be taken again by ould Randal an' the sojers. The *still* will be seized whether you go or not, an' 'tis better for you to keep out o' harm's way for a time. Come to Limerick with me, an' we'll bring back as much tobaccy as will pay for all."

"'Twouldn't be a bad plan," answered Brian, reflectively. "Here, I'll go! Settle that sail, an' give me the oars 'till I warm myself, an' if you have a drop o' the mountain-dew in the bottle, I'll take a taste of it also."

In about a week afterwards they were on their return from Limerick with a cargo of tobacco, far larger than usual, stowed away in the boat. Meanwhile Ellen Tierney sat at her cottage door, beneath the castle, talking to her mother, and wondering at the absence of Brian Phelimy. It was the day after Brian's adventure in Athlone, and as she turned towards her mother, for the sixth time, to wonder why Brian did not pay his usual early morning visit, a tall, stern-looking man, of middle age, walked down from the castle and accosted her.

"Is this Owen Tierney's house?" inquired the stranger, taking a sharp survey of the premises.

"It is, sir," answered Ellen, standing up with natural politeness, and moving her chair forward. "Won't you take a seat, sir? The mornin' is hot, an' perhaps you would like a drink of something after your walk."

"No, thank you," returned the other. "I merely want to ask you a question. Do you know one Brian Phelimy, who lives somewhere hereabouts?"

"Indeed I ought, sir," answered Ellen, blushing. "He lives beyond there, near the village."

"Do you know where I might see him?" said the stranger again. "I have something to say to him that will be for his own advantage to hear."

"We were just talking about him," returned Ellen, "an' wondering why he did not come to see us this morning, for he comes often. I suppose you'll find him at his own house."

The stranger, seeing that Ellen could give him no information regarding the whereabouts of Brian, bade her a polite good morning, and took his departure. It was only in the evening, when she heard of the wrecking of Brian's house, and the capture of his *still*, that Ellen came to the knowledge that she had been conversing that morning with the dreaded gauger, Randal Clinch himself. Days passed away without the appearance of her lover, and many a sad hour poor Ellen Tierney spent upon the battlements of the old castle, looking out for she knew not what, over the bright, gleaming expanse of Lough Ree. It was the evening of the tenth day. The skies were of a lurid copper-red hue, and the winds were howling savagely over the wide waste of waters, for there was a storm on Lough Ree, when Ellen, from where she sat in a sheltered nook on one of the ancient towers of the castle, beheld a sail far to the southward, struggling with the blast. A glance told her that it was her father's boat, and she waited eagerly, as the night gathered down, for his arrival, hoping that he might bring some news of her lover. As for the storm, Owen Tierney was the boldest boatman on the lake, and his daughter had but little fear for his safety.

The night came, and Ellen, who had now left her perch upon the tower, was standing on a rock over the lake, at one side of which was a little cove where her father usually landed his illicit cargo. At length a boat drove swiftly into the cove, two men stepped from it to the strand and began ascending the rock, and the next moment—to her great joy,—her father and her lover stood beside her. Scarcely was their first greeting over, when they heard a rush in the little cove beneath, and the quick tramp of men approaching them. In an instant Brian Phelimy and Owen were seized in the king's name, and the first man who spoke was the hated gauger, Randal Clinch, who, with the help of a soldier, held Brian a firm prisoner. Brian, however, was not a man to yield easily. A blow from his ponderous fist prostrated the gauger, and a terrible struggle then ensued between Brian and the soldier, from which the latter soon rose, leaving his antagonist senseless upon the ground. Brian was now standing upon the edge of the rock, when the gauger arose and presented at him one of the long holster-pistols which he never failed to carry with him on such errands. Ellen saw the pistol presented, and the noble girl rushing forward to shield her lover, just as she had succeeded in standing between him and the gauger, received the bullet through her faithful heart, and instantly fell dead upon the extreme edge of the cliff. With a terrible bound Brian Phelimy sprang upon the gauger and tore him to the earth, and then both went rolling over and over in mortal struggle towards the verge of the rock. Poor Owen Tierney struggled hard to reach the body of his daughter, but three of the soldiers held him fast while the rest ran to aid the gauger; but ere they had time to reach the combatants, the latter still locked in their deadly embrace, rolled over the brink of the precipice, carrying with them in their wild struggle the body of poor Ellen Tierney, into the black gulf of whirling and roaring waters beneath, where they were lost for ever.

From the prosecution that followed, Owen Tierney escaped with a short imprisonment, and then returned to his cot beside the old Castle of Rindown, where he never ceased lamenting his faithful daughter and her lover till his death.

LOVE ME LESS, OR LOVE ME MORE.

Why thus leave me madly doubting,
Maiden, if thou hast a heart?
Wherefore all this useless pouting,
Bid it play a worthier part!
Fear not that thy frown will grieve me
Time can peace of mind restore;
Smile upon me still, or leave me—
Love me less, or love me more.

Is thy heart with grief o'erladen?
Tell thy grief and ease thy pain;
Sighing will not soothe thee, maiden,
If thy sighs are all in vain.
Leave me, if you've learnt to doubt me,
Then be happy as before;
I have lived, can live, without thee;—
Love me less, or love me more!

J. E. C.

THE MALISON BRIDGE.

AN ODD GHOST ADVENTURE.



HERE he sat, that ancient dog, shaggiest of terriers, by name Gariffe, or the Rough, upon the parlour window-ledge. The seat was an uncomfortable one, indeed, for he had to place himself in a diagonal position in order to obtain due vacuum for his tail in the corner. The prolonged vertebrae of other dogs may, if you like, be termed a caudal extremity, or caudal appendage, but his was emphatically a tail. Shaggy as he was from nose to heel, there was no shagginess here. No superfluous hair broke the symmetry of its outline, nor could the eye of idleness ever be attracted by its flowing tresses—no! it totally ignored all such things as capillary attraction. It was a round, unvarnished, and straight-backward tail.

Was it nature—was it scissors duly and sternly applied? we have not had the opportunity of knowing, neither have we had the leisure of caring much. It takes also a certain amount of energy to be inquisitive—and though we oft-times mused upon the phenomenon, the musing merely brought us up against that dead wall, whither the exploring minds of all philosophers must go, sooner or later, and against which they unwillingly must strike. This seems like digression, though it certainly is

not: therefore we won't beg our readers' pardon, after the wonted manner of literary culprits who catch themselves rambling, but we shall obligingly return to our Gariffe.

Gariffe the Rough seemed to cherish a tender regard for his tail. We do not say it influenced his reason, yet we think he followed its bent more than once. So tender was Gariffe of his tail, or perhaps, so tender was the tail of Gariffe, that he had always to seek for its accommodation before his own. So it now cosily ascends the angle between window-frame and wall, its extreme point, whereon appears a small brush of hairs, like unto that luxury of a shaving-brush which turkey-cocks adorn their bosoms with, its extreme point slightly ascending and descending by a sort of perpendicular wag, with the motions of his body and sentiments of his mind; and when it ascends, the extreme hairs touch a cobweb, and cruelly tantalize a confiding spider, who makes eager rushes, just a moment too late.

Yet, Gariffe is more than compensated for the discomfort of his situation by the advantage which it gives him over a drop of water which at intervals attempts to drop down upon his contemptuous nose. Here he can keep his eye upon it far more conveniently than if he were on the ground, and that ground damp, too. And he does keep his eye, through a mass of hair, steadfastly upon its probable coming. As it descends he warily, and as it were angrily, snaps at it. Not that anger disturbs his calm mind at all; but it is more piquant, and gives affairs a certain interest to seem so. Sometimes, indeed, as he lifts up his muzzle to watch, thus putting himself in a rather defenceless condition, the drop which had left the eave before his look arrived there, tumbles headlong into his nostril: which makes him sneeze to an extent perilous to the safety of the excruciated and astounded spider and its tent.

The window looked out on a small park. Bounding its edge, a private road conducted to the mill a little farther down the stream, whose murmur we could faintly hear running behind the house. The mill was neither corn, flax, nor paper, but an iron compeller; so that instead of the humming, contented, monotonous noise of those, we had a constant pulsing, loud, mellow, comfortable, and regular series of blows from the great hammer, and variable musical blows, forming themselves into all manners of fantastic tunes, from the little hammers, which were many.

Along that road, then, returning from his dinner, in yonder little white cottage beside Una's bridge, comes a "helper" to his work in the mill,—a "helper" being one who aids, assists, and abets the "finisher" to complete spade or shovel to the ideal. His it is to blow bellows, heat iron, heap coals, wield sledge, put in rivets, furbish, file, and oil the new-created implements.

The rattle of his leathern apron, which covered him, narrow un-

der the chin and broad about the waist, caused a slight quiver in one of Gariffe's ears. But, as the sound was well-known, and specially as he was intent upon a drop about to come, he made no effort to second his instinct and elevate his ears.

Now, beside me was a lad of sedate comportment and uncontrollable waggery. His name was Jac, a transmutation not of John, but of James, through its Latin form Jacobus. Thus his schoolfellows called him, utilizing their slender knowledge of Latin. But the community named him Jim, or Master James, according to circumstances.

Seeing the incipient elevation of Gariffe's ear, and hearing the rattling rustle of the apron, Jac looked out, and exclaimed:

"Boru!"

At the word, abruptly out of place, one of Gariffe's ears went up in a most exalted and peaked style, slightly thrown forward, the other taken aback by the suddenness of the call had turned upon itself, and was folded inside out, but as energetically peaked as the ineffectual struggle could make it.

The "helper" cast a suspicious glance over in our direction, and quickened his pace. Now, Gariffe's eyes had been wandering, but the quick step increasing, the thunder of the apron attracted his eyes at once. On the instant, forgetful of all caudal caution, he jumped suddenly down, smiting his tail against the ledge. A shaft of agony clearly pierced his brain, for he turned round and hastily bit it. Then he set off, his tail at right angles with his body, and as he galloped the helper ran. But not at the helper ran he. The man had to pass beside a heap of turnips, and to them the dog bounded—the helper seemed anxious to avoid them. Gariffe, however, rapidly choosing one too large for his mouth, as rapidly left it for a small one which he tugged by the top after his fleeing butt. The helper escaped at the door of his workshop, but it pleased Gariffe to set up a yell at once so disappointed and victorious, that a swarthy head, youthful or aged, appeared at every casement of the long row of workshops, and beholding Gariffe and his turnip, a burst of jolly, stentorian laughter made the air quake, and a unanimous cry of "Boru" broke forth.

Gariffe, reanimated, took to tossing and turning the turnip back to its place again.

But I, a stranger, what could I understand of all this incomprehensible mystery, this flight, these laughs, and especially the abrupt and singular mention of a renowned warrior's name? Evidently nothing. And musing being of no use, besides impossible in the state of inquisitive energy which had seized upon my mind, I energetically sought for the key from my young friend, in whose eyes tears were standing.

"Do you weep for that helper's wounded feelings?" said I, severely; for being out of the play, I had no philosophic resource but to act the stoic and virtuous censor. "Is it for this the tears come to your eyes, young friend?" said I, encouraged by a blush overspreading his face, and pursuing my homily on humanity "that a dog with such a wretched tail, with such a frivolous mind, which is clearly shown by a drop of water weighing so much upon his brain—"

"Water on his brain! Oh, now you're unjust to poor Gariffe," said Jac, in a broken voice.

"Do you really dare? did you intend that as a pun? I scorn punsters. Dr. Johnson has said elegantly: 'He who would make a pun would pick a pocket.'"

"You, yourself?"

"No, young friend, no; I myself intended no such thing. If such a notion were in my head—"

"An ocean in your head! good gracious! now—now," answered Jac again with a voice scarce audible.

I treated him with silent contempt, which is always the safest thing to do when you are posed for an answer, and pursued my homily, showing his inhumanity, especially as the man must have been really courageous among men, as he had acquired a hero's name—here I was interrupted by a cough and loud burst of laughter.

Irritated, I sought at first in my mind for some epigrammatic line which might represent bitterly how fools laugh, when they should grieve, but not finding it, I found an irresistible sympathy, an uncontrollable desire to join him. As it was uncontrollable I didn't control it.

Mollified by this, my friend Jac condescended to inform me of the state of the case.

"'Twas about this time, last year," said he, "that I and a comrade were essaying to allure some bashful trout out of the stream behind. Gariffe was there, of course. Wherever I was, Gariffe tried to be. But, finding our trade rather dull, he seceded down to the mill-wheel, and occupied his spare time by expostulating with it for its monotonous activity. Wow! bow, wow!"

'His bark was on the shore,'

as constant as the evolutions of the wheel, varied only by the different points of view, or stand-points, as the German says, (in his case, sit-points,) from which he expostulated, and an occasional interruption by enthusiastic but vain efforts to stop the flow of water, by snapping thereat, under the delusion that he might thereby catch it, and hold it firmly between his teeth. He was a younger Gariffe then; now he only barks."

"Oh, yes! he's greatly reformed, very sage; witness his conduct to-day, with that drop, and the turnip."

"Poor Gariffe! well, it's no use denying he always liked the drop, and had a spite against water; but of the turnip more anon—as G. P. R. James would say, if he were yet in the land of novels, which he isn't. Therefore, hasty impressions and first views are not al—"

"Conceded, conceded; I give in; go on."

"'I cave in, go ahead,' is a more elegant and republican expression, therefore you might as well have used it. However, as we were pursuing our piscatorial pleasure, we heard, or rather felt, the weight of a noise go off the air. The mill-wheel went slower and slower, and Gariffe's barks became louder and more triumphant. He doubtless felt, as he expressed, satisfaction at having put down the noisy monster. So we fished a moment in quiet. A moment, and I felt a patronizing touch upon my back, and saw my cap careering up along the bank, in a most rollicking style. Gariffe, with superabundant energy, was making endless efforts to catch it, doubtless, to bring it back. But the moment he caught it in his mouth, that moment up it went a couple of feet into the air, so that I and my comrade, Johnnie, had to abandon all thoughts but that of recovering it, which we did by an artful ambushade."

"This seems far enough from an explanation, young friend."

"Just be patient, or I'll make a pun. Having obtained the cap, we adjourned into the forge, where Gariffe took possession of a spluttering water-rat, that had been tempted out of its hole by the cessation of noise. As usual, we found platers, welders, finishers, helpers, in various degrees of preparation for going home. Huge fires raked out threw up a red glare upon the black rafters, great bellows, hammer, and immense beams."

The helper you saw had but lately come. His adventures were wonderful, his courage in them all such as to win from the younger "hands" a deal of respect. So they called him "Boru." Not that they altogether believed him. Yet his voice had a large, impressive roll. It sounded, indeed, unsound, hollow, and, though it drowned opposition, reminded one of a bubble. His eyes, of a nondescript greenish blue, were equally bubble-like, and prominent; his nose, however, probably from the prevailing warlike tone of his mind, was a club.

He was relating some of his experience as we entered, so that we just caught the last words:

"'Be ye man or devil, I'll larn ye to come nigh me, and with that I up with a rock that was lying in my road, and gev' it one tremendous hurl that sent the sparks flying out of the road for twenty yards, so that ye might read print by the light. I'll warrant ye, I wusn't troubled then, nor niver after, by ghosts or sperrits.'"

"Ye're a valiant man, Boru!"

"Och, that's nothin'! (patronizingly,) many's the time I saw quare things, and did quare things, but that's neither here nor there now; so can't any o' ye let's hiv a song to put aff the feeling that the young uns may hiv. Come, Cormac, now I did my part, can't ye say a word or sing a song?"

"Now, Cormac, 'Moorloch Mary,' if ye've a heart alive in yer breast, at all."

"Wagh."

This cynical interjection emanated from Gariffe. He intended no relevancy. He had been standing right opposite the glowing fire, his eyes glistening, his tail stiffly receding into distance behind, "small by degrees, and beautifully less"—his tremendous shadow a monstrous chaos. Now gazing at the fire has a tendency to enthrall

any mind, but Gariffe's it seemed to mesmerize. After a space of fixed silence, his nerves strung to their utmost pitch, he uttered that irritated "wagh," and made a short rush at the fire, but, suddenly changing his mind, he retired all abashed from public view into the hollow of a disused great hammer head, that lay upon the floor. Nought broke the iron outline but the tip of his nose in front, and the rigid rod of his tail behind.

Well, Cormac, after as much pressing as is due to singing human nature, which tribute has been enacted not more in Horace's Rome than in our own wild mountains, after the usual preliminary cough and throat-clearing, struck up as follows. The ballad was his own production, and it's odd enough what great numbers of rustic bards we have, possessing feeling and fancy, though expressing themselves queerly in a language still foreign to them:—

"As I roved out of a summer's evening,
Along with fair maids for to be seen;
As I roved out of a summer's evening,
From Aakeen grove unto Smola's green.
I had ne'er been wounded nor yet uneasy,
The pains of love I did never know;
But a smiling fair one she has enslaved me,
All red as roses and white as snow!"

"Faith, she's a beauty, Cormac!"

"Hould your tongue, man, an' listen."

"The first time I saw my Moorloch Mary,
'Twas in the market of sweet Strabane;
Her smiling countenance bereaved my senses,
All other fair ones she did trepan!
Her killing glances bereaved my senses,
That I can scarce know the night from day;
In silent slumber, I start, I wonder—
O, Moorloch Mary! will you come with me?"

"I'll dress you airy, both night an' mornin',
To milk your ewes by the ends of day;
By the bonny woodcock an' lark so charmin',
O, Moorloch Mary, won't you come away?"

"Orra! did she, Cormac? My heart's a-breaking for her—och, say she didn't, do now."

"Isht, an' listen, 'tis herself speaks."

"Yes! I'll press my cheese an' my wool I'll tease,
I'll milk my ewes at the ends of day,
By the whirring moorfowl an' lark so charmin',
An' from bonny Moorloch we ne'er will stray."

"I will build your house on yon high mountain,
An' garnish't round with bush an' tree;
Since I have got you, my Moorloch Mary!
Tho' oftentimes you have strayed from me,
I'll press your head on my tender bosom,
Ten thousand times, love, I'll press it o'er,
Since I have got my own Moorloch Mary!
O, oftentimes I did her adore!"

He prolonged the last note so much that poor Gariffe could not resist joining in, and he did join with some effect, producing such a piercing, melancholy howl that, unable to keep it up or let it down, he had to finish off by a cataract of barks.

"Heaven be about us!" said an old helper, "an' guard us for ever; but isn't that like the yowl of the dog of the Malison bridge?"

"Troth, it's all that, Lily," said another. They called him "the Lily," because he was so exceedingly swarthy.

"The dog of the Malison bridge! why, what's that? I'll warrant it's some o' yer trash-an'-nonsense," says Boru.

"Tell it, Lily, tell it, man."

"Well, if you do, I won't cross it this night."

"Nor I," "Nor I," cried out the younger hands.

"Well, by this and by that," says the Lily, "since it's trash-an'-nonsense, ye needn't care e'ther, but here goes:—

"Ye'z all know the Malison bridge, but it's not by that name

it wint long ago. That's the "cursed bridge," an' wuz given till it whin it wuz only half as broad as it's now—and dear knows but it's narra enough, and hasn't much to spare, for two carts can't cross thegither, nor scarcely one big one. But, if ye misdoubt what I'm telling, any one o' ye can see the truth, if ye go un'er the arch, when ye'll see the division betwixt and between the new and the ould. It has two high range walls (parapets) now, an's all covered thick with ivy that trails down to the water, an' the trees above it make it dark at twelve o'clock, together with its being in a sort of a holla. But if it's lonely now, 'twuz ten, ay, twenty times lonelier then, when it had ne'ther range walls nor ivy, an' wuz only half as broad. There wuz a poor widda (widow) woman livin' in Artigarvan, near it—an' they do say that that word is ould Irish for a height by a rough river, and true for it, but it is the rough river, rowlin' an' splashin' over rocks an' stones—an' I s'pose there wuzn't a house but her own there; an' she had nothin' left to her o' her man an' family but yin (one) boy, an' he was the good boy, and the dutiful son, careful o' her, an' attentive to a' she wanted, when she wuz ould as when she wuz younger. But, lo an' behould ye! she wuz lyin' on her death-bed, an' he wuz like as his heart wud break, but didn't cry for fear it might vex (sadden) her. An' she called him to her bedside, an' tould him that she was dying, an' that they could niver again go wandering into the wood, gathering fagots an' feeling glad that they wor thegither; an' they could niver again go among the bonny heather, to cut an' bind it, in the pleasant sunshine of God; an' that niver more they'd be thegither, here on earth, for anything, whether by the burn-side or in the field, lookin' after the graves o' their own that wor gone. Then she tould him to go for a dear friend that lived over by Liscurry hill, an so he kissed her, and went away. An' when he left her she niver ceased praying that he might be protected an' safe from sin; an' suddintly she felt as if her prayer wuz answered, for she heard a dreadful, desolate yowl, that made her full of strength, an' start up on her bed, an' soon rush down on the bridge; an' when she did, och, you may think what a sorrowful sight wuz there. The night had been as black as jet, but now the moon jist came out from a cloud, an' one beam went down beside the bridge, on its rocky brink, on the pale face of a young boy, and the drippin' form of a dog. An' the poor widda, out of her reason an' senses, knelt down, an' prayed a prayer against that bridge—an' the curse was on it for ever after—so that every sinner that passed it after should, at sartin times, hear the awful growl an' see horrible things.

"God save us all," said his hearers, drawing closer together, and raking up the fire, as some of them looked suspiciously into the dark recesses away behind them. "But what about the widda?"

"Well, when she recovered herself a bit, she went down on the brink, an' found that her boy could breathe and speak; an' jist then the friend, who had been tould by the son, come up, an' as he heard the whine o' the dog, an' the agonizin' prayers of the mother, he turned his eyes down that way an' saw it all, an' came down quietly, an' found the son comfortin' his mother, an' so they died."

"There was a good deal more talk about it, but I," said my young friend, Jac, "whistled on Gariffe and came off; the last words I heard were "trash-an'-nonsense" from Boru."

Mac Award or Mac Ward (son of the bard), the carter, a shrewd old man, with a good deal of sarcastic wit, and great activity of mind, so that he kept accounts and delivered letters, tho' he did not know a figure or letter of the alphabet, was up early in the morning. About two or three o'clock, his carts loaded with spades and shovels, were slowly rattling down towards Derry. When he was about a mile on his way, he saw the figure of a man crouching under a thorn-tree, by the road-side, and, on coming up to him, who was it but Boru! Boru, however, fallen from his high estate, and showing visible marks of terror and exhaustion. His nondescript eyes had at last got some expression, but it did not improve them. Warned by the sight of a fellow-man, he poured his tale of wonder into Mac Ward's breast.

"It was about eleven when we separated to go home. I was coming to Artigarvan, and I was crossing by the upper bridge, but the fellows with me who lived by Donnelly's moor and Liscurry wouldn't hear of it. They dragged me with them, sayin' I must be 'feared of the 'trash-an'-nonsense'; and I'm not afeard of any ordinary ghost; but when they turned off home, I had nothin' for it but to cross the Malison bridge. Now, its more nor one ordinary ghost or spirit (single), I've put to flight, but what's a man to do against a

lot of them? So I come slowly down—och, hoch, how could it is, don't your teeth chatter with the could?—an' I was watchin' about me, not that I was afeard, but a man has a right to watch. Watchin' I was, when suddintly a grate, immense ball of fire jumped out of the middle of the bridge, and as suddintly changed into a terrible, threatenin' face, with open, devourin' jaws; an' then I heard an awful yowl, that made every hair on my head rise; an' I saw a big, black thing rear out of the level road, and jump up; an' suddintly the fiery head turned round three times an' made a dash at me, an' I—och, isn't it could and shivery?—ran as hard as I could, an' missed my way, an' have been lying here all night. O, but there was an awful smell of sulphur, an' queer, dancin', blue bleezes about that bridge!—an' its hard to be in this country."

"Boru, Boru, ye'd always be havin' yer snigger at sich things; I only wonder ye worn't worse off—blue bleezes, ye're lookin' blue yet!"

"Worse off! Why, only I gev' a tremendous blow—an' my arma felt scorched, so it did—at the monstrous jaws of the second one!"

"Second one! ye said there was only one!"

"An' I tell ye there was two; and its jaws were closin' over mo only for my blow! 'Tisn't many wud dar' what I dared!"

"Well, that's enough, I must be off. Ye're safe now; go home, an' sleep it off."

So they parted. Next day there was great commotion in the mill with Boru's adventures. The lower part of the mill was temporarily curtained from the upper by a winnowing sheet, put up to dry. When his narration, still more wondrous than before and more daring, was just over, Randal, the chief plater (worker at the great hammer), pulled aside the canvas, crying, "Is this anything like it, Boru?"

All looked towards the darkened spot, and suddenly beheld a ball of fire leap out of the ground and as suddenly heard a piercing howl, and beheld the dark body of Gariffe jump up at it, seize it victoriously in his teeth, give two or three turns, and come galloping up with it. "I," said Jac, "held the string that, thrown over a beam here, over a bough at the bridge, jerked it up."

"And what was it, young friend?"

"Why, the fellows, though they could hardly see it through the tears of their laughter, knew well enough that it was a turnip-lantern—a turnip, of which nothing hardly is left but the rind, with a hideous face carved on it. Put a candle into it, and it will be all translucent, especially the face!"

"No wonder, Boru does not like turnips since."

"No wonder, indeed! Let's have a walk. Where's Gariffe?" And Gariffe, who, extended at full length, had allowed himself to be taken possession of for bed and carpet, by an unscrupulous cat and her equally audacious, but more innocent family, quietly upset them and all their arrangements, and followed his master out into the woods and fields. He was a wise dog, Gariffe, but his conduct towards his aged aunt had been far from respectable. He in the vigour of youth, she in the indolence of age—he, desiring her for a rollicking playmate, persistently made rapid and horizontal lunges and snaps at her dangling but venerable ears; what wonder, then, that driven to desperation, her white body was found one morning floating in the mill-dam—a suicide.

G. S.

DAINTY LIVING.—The whale was eaten by the Saxons, and when men were lucky enough to get it, it appeared at table late in the 15th century. In 1245 Henry III. directed the Sheriff of London to purchase 100 pieces of whale for his table. Whales found on the coast were the perquisites of Royalty—they were cut up and sent to the king's kitchen in carts. The grampus, or sea-wolf, was also highly esteemed; but of all the blubber dainties, the porpoise was deemed the most savoury. The Saxons called it sea-hog, and the ecclesiastics of the middle ages, *porco marino*. Porpoises were purchased for the table of Henry III. in 1246. At the marriage of Henry V. the guests were treated with "roasted porpes;" and we find it again in the first course at the coronation of Henry VII. This coarse animal was esteemed as food until late in the 16th century. It was often on the table of Henry VIII., and even Queen Elizabeth, who was rather choise in her appetite, had porpoises among her Friday diet, and it was sold as food in the markets of Newcastle as late as 1575, from which time it appears to have fallen into disrepute.

ON AND OFF THE BOARDS.



ENGLISH Opera has now become a recognised entertainment. Perhaps it is even more favoured in those countries than the once all-absorbing and all-pervading Italian Opera. There is a little resistance yet, it may be, in *Prima Donnas*, or their masculine analogues, *Primi Tenori*, to accept a part in them, and ambitious singers will still persist in appearing on the stage as "Edgardo di Ravenswood" or "Lucia di Lammermoor," instead of "Edgar" or "Lucy" in the English version of the same piece; but the public shows its approbation of what it understands by crowding to its performance, and although it will go to listen to Mario or Grisi, or the other stars of Italian song, it goes for the sake of fashion, whilst for the purpose of being pleased it crushes into theatres to be delighted with Sims Reeves or Miss Pyne. But successful as it is now, there was a period when the dramatic effort of English song was ostracised from the stage, and Italian melody alone was tolerated. From the time of the frail and fascinating Duchess of Mazarin, in the days of the Second Charles, English music was neglected. In the celebrated entertainments given by that lady at her residence, a concert of French and Italian music formed the most prominent feature. Under such auspices grew the taste which lavished wealth on the celebrated tenor, Farinelli, in after days, and the fastidiousness which could only endure the conceptions of Italian *maestri*. In this way the resources of English musical genius were neglected and forgotten, under the more admired creations of exotic importation. There were no British compositions to be heard, and no encouragement given to them if they chanced to be put forward for public pleasure. Under those circumstances, native song languished in almost hopeless difficulties. That we delight in the harmonic genius of Balfe in better times is due to the success of a musical drama which gave fashion to English melody; and thus that the "Bohemian Girl" has ever been created, perhaps in great probability is due to the inspiration of Swift and the facility of Gay. Let us recall the memories of its inauguration.

That was a great night when the curtain went down on the last scene of the "Beggars' Opera" amid the cheers of the audience—when noblemen thronged around Mr. Gay, the author, to congratulate him on his success, or felicitated Rich, the manager, on his good fortune in falling in for the piece which Cibber missed—when wits, and beaux, and bloods, gathered in the green room to praise the dashing Tom Walker, as he strode about elated, in the garb in which he had performed the character of "Captain Macheth"—when the Duke of Bolton came round from the stalls to the stage, enchanted with Lavinia Fenton, whose last song as "Polly" was yet echoing in the ears of the playgoers—when everybody was delighted except the ministers and the government of the day. It was the night of the first performance of that musical drama which has been almost banished from the stage by good manners and the fastidiousness of refined society—the first night of the "Beggars' Opera." The morning after that night of the 29th of January, 1728, found fashionable London, and unfashionable London too, in an excess of volubility at its breakfast tables, about the Newgate pastoral which Swift had inspired and Pope corrected; which ministers in place found unpalatable, and ministers out of place considered a pattern of perfection. What an excitement in coffee-houses, where rival politicians discussed its merits with party zeal; where some declared it a plot for the Pretender, and others, just as truthful, swore it a plot for the Pope! What longing in all society, among the upper ten thousand and the lower ten millions, until the day wore round, and the winter's night found link boys rushing with officials of state, and officials of no state, to besiege Covent-Garden for admission, in one tumultuous rout. So it went on for sixty-three consecutive evenings. Every *salon* rang with the music of the "Beggars' Opera," and the streets were vocal with its songs. All the magnates of mind, all the men of fashion, all the names of note in the land, were marked by the sight-seers amongst the audience at the play. Poetry sent its represen-

tative in Pope; manners had its paragon present in the courtly Chesterfield; government was never more fitly typified than in the despotic Walpole; beauty was beaming in every tier and smiling in every stall, whilst cheer on cheer swelled from the audience, and gave point to allusions which were made to bear more political meanings than ever their author intended or conceived could be worked out of them. It was a political epic; and political society at the time went to praise or condemn it; the faction of laudation was the strongest, the faction of disagreement was silent perforce, and the general public was observant of the party contest, but it went with fashion, and cheered as lustily as the most violent of the Tories. From all those causes the "Beggars' Opera" became the greatest success of any musical piece ever put upon the English stage.

If we consider the account given by Pope of its origin, we cannot believe it was intended as a political satire on the government and ministers of the day, as has been so often alleged. In seasons of political excitement allusions which would be unobserved at another time as without point or purpose, pass current as being intended to convey a certain meaning; and as men look for an interpretation of their own thoughts, we can hardly wonder if their eager imaginations find those interpretations. Gay found the men of his party doing this, and found it making his own success, so that he did not ask to undeceive them; but Pope's words are conclusive as to his original design, and his entire proceeding in the development of that design as being perfectly free from political purpose. In relation of its origin he states: "Dr. Swift had been once observing to Mr. Gay, what an odd, pretty thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the 'Beggars' Opera.'" He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly his own writing. When it was done neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who said it would either take greatly, or be greatly damned!" Such is Pope's detail of the conception and fabrication of the most memorable of all the creations of the British Drama for its wonderful success, and the hold it took on public excitement. When it was completed, Gay took it to the autocrat of Drury-lane, Colley Cibber, who declined it with thanks. He then went to Rich, at Covent Garden, who undertook to put it on the stage; with what success we have told. Several times, during the night of its performance, the prospect of its fate looked gloomy enough. To Miss Lavinia Fenton is ascribed the merit of having saved it from utter condemnation. The chances of the piece were dubious until she came to that part of the song where she sighs,

"For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life."

Her exquisite acting, and not less exquisite singing of this ditty, brought down the applause of the house in thunders around her. The audience from this point got into good humour, and were willing to be pleased. When "Lockit" sang the song in which the following verse occurs, the audience took it up in party spirit, and cheered vociferously:—

"When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the courtiers offended should be.
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries, that was levelled at me!"

Amidst the merriment and plaudits of the listeners, every glance at this portion of the performance was directed to the box where Sir Robert Walpole was seated. The party whose politics were in opposition to the government redoubled their shouts and vociferations, and, to take the sting from the shaft which was thus turned at him, the minister applauded more energetically than any one else, and, leaning forward in his stall, cried, in a voice which rang over the theatre, "*encore!*" But, as the play proceeded, Sir Robert's finesse availed him but little, the scene between "Peachum" and "Lockit," where the quarrel was dexterously conveyed to represent the recent

frances between Lord Townshend, one of the members of the cabinet, and Sir Robert, which it was publicly known had taken place at Colonel Selwyn's house. Horace Walpole has given us a description of it. Sir Robert had objected to a certain subject in relation to foreign affairs being brought before the Parliament. Lord Townshend had urged its production in that place. At the meeting of the ministers in the Colonel's residence, some conversation took place upon the subject, when, in answer to Walpole's objections, Lord Townshend replied, "Since you object, and the House of Commons is more your affair than mine, I shall not persist in my opinion; but, as I now give way, I cannot help observing that, upon my honour, I think that mode of proceeding would have been more advisable." To this Walpole replied, "My lord, for once, then, there is no man's sincerity which I doubt so much as yours; and I never doubt it so much as when you are pleased to use such strong expressions." Townshend, offended, grasped Walpole by the collar, and Walpole seized Townshend in the same manner, both then unloosed their holds and drew their swords. Mrs. Selwyn called the guard, but Mr. Pelham interfered, and pacified the irate ministers. The public knowledge of this affair found its parallel in that between the two scoundrels of the drama, and made its application at once. The strong similarity of parody between the scenes caught attention, and discomfited the minister; whilst the name of another character, "Bob Booty," could not be mentioned without drawing out a roar of derisive laughter, and a general gaze at Sir Robert Walpole's box. We shall turn to Pope's account of the gradual development of the success of the piece, and its progress in the favour of the audience. "We were all," he says, "at the first night of it in great uncertainty of the event, till much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyll, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do—I see it in the eyes of all of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the duke, besides his own good taste, had a particular knack in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual. The good nature of the audience appeared stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."

After this night the success of the production was assured. Never before, and, probably, never since, did a play of its character become so popular. Ladies had the favourite songs of the piece written on their fans in the most beautiful style of calligraphy. Houses were furnished with screens having the same poems as their only ornament. The author was the lion of the best society. The actors and actresses of the piece became popular favourites. The fate of Thomas Walker, who originally performed the role of "Captain Macheath," has been noticed in the "Retrospect of the Dublin Stage," which appeared in our first number. He had not been chosen for the part he played in this piece. Quin, who was no singer, had had it allotted to him, but one day at rehearsal, Walker was inside the scenes, and sang a song with such effect that Quin exclaimed to Gay, "Aye, there is a man much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was at once selected, and played the part with what issue we have alluded to.

But the fortunes of Lavinia Fenton were more remarkable, as in consequence of her appearance in the piece, and her singing of the song,

"Oh! ponder well, be not severe,"

she became the idol of the metropolis. Her portrait was engraved, books of letters and verses to her were published, and, to crown all this, as a result of it, the Duke of Bolton made her his Duchess. She has been described as rather pleasing than beautiful, possessing a great judgment and good taste, and upon this account in private society much admired by some of the first wits of the time. She died Duchess of Bolton in the 55th year of her age.

As to the taste it inspired for English musical drama there can be no doubt, but critics have often differed widely in their views of the relations of this piece to morality. Some have asserted it had a tendency to demoralize, and in support of this a fact is cited, that Sir John Fielding once told Hugh Kelly, the dramatist, that after a successful run of this play there was always a huge capture of unlucky robbers, pickpockets, and highwaymen, and referred him to the books of the police-offices for testimony of the fact. It is known that Sir John actually wrote to Garrick and Colman, as managers of different theatres, to urge them not to produce it upon the stage in 1777, and Garrick acquiesced in Sir John's opinions, whilst Colman refused to withhold it from public representation. Swift in his time held that it should have a favourable effect upon morality, because it showed up vice in its most glaring light. Johnson condemned it in a conversation which Boswell details. Society has ratified Johnson's opinion, and for a long time, whilst it was formally placed upon the stage as a stock piece, many of its scenes were not given. Now an act or two are sometimes offered to the public, and even those are greatly modified, to suit the higher and more delicate moral tone of public taste. What changes have come upon society since the first appearance of this, the most notable of English musical dramas! The wits, the nobles, the beauties, who first beheld it or took part in its creation and performance, are long gone to their final account. The passions of the parties to which it owed its buzz of fame are at rest in the grave, where they sleep. The stage has lost its influence as an instrument for party uses. The highwayman no longer dashes upon the belated traveller in lonely roads, or startles him with his command of "stand and deliver." The race of burglars is pretty generally learning to be virtuous in reformatories. Robbery is not fashionable any longer; and younger brothers of good family have learned to look to other avenues of fortune than the Queen's Highway. The diffusion of knowledge, and the facilities of mechanism aid morality in wiser teachings when the "Beggars' Opera" is off, than were generally given when it was a piece on the boards.

CHEAP LITERATURE—"Up to this time," says Mr Blanchard Jerrold, in a paper on "The Influence of Newspapers on the Progress of Popular Education," presented by him to the late Social Science Congress at Dublin, "the new journals which cheap paper has brought into existence are weeds rather than flowers. 'The Dagger and the Bowl,' 'The Murder at the Smithy,' 'The Dashing Gipsy,' all seasoned and leavened with columns of facetiae, and answers to correspondents who exist only in the wild imagination of the gentleman who is retained to make answers by the hundred. Such materials, with stale domestic receipts to fill up the columns, even when supplied at one halfpenny, will hardly raise a race of intellectual giants."

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of those old streets which lead from the more thickly peopled parts of the city to the Liberties of Dublin, stood a time-worn, quaint old house, known as the sign of the "Three Jolly Travellers." It was indeed a strange old pile, as it was a kind of isolation in the midst of a scene of wretchedness and squalor. Its stone-faced windows and quaint gables spoke of its having belonged to a bye-gone period, and its richly carved arches and door-posts illustrated that it was originally intended for other uses than that to which it was applied at the period

when our story opens. The houses that had at one time stood beside it had crumbled to the ground, and their fragments filled the spaces at either side of the "Three Jolly Travellers," that seemed to have remained as a kind of memorial of the past, and persons not acquainted with the locality, in almost every instance, when going along, walked to the other side of the street from a kind of fear that the "old house" would fall just at the precise time they would be passing. It was indeed, a quaint old house that seemed to be in its dotage, and dozing away its old age. It leaned sadly to one side, and to preserve its gravity a number of old posts and uprights were placed against one of its gables to prevent its falling into the site of another mansion which had stood shoulder to shoulder to it for nearly a century, in all weathers. Many years

had passed since it began to settle down, and if its walls had tongues how many queer stories could they tell of youth, and hope, beauty and ambition, wealth and avarice, all long since accounted for and forgotten! In what had once been the parlour was that which was now facetiously called the bar, and the two windows which had originally lighted the apartment were thrown into one to give the establishment a business-like air, and to furnish John Brunt—the portly proprietor—with sufficient light to carry on the business of the concern. Even where innovation had intruded, antiquity seemed to have made a home, as festoons of cobwebs, that had been passed like suspension bridges from the cracked decanters filled with coloured water, to the long clay pipes placed diagonally against the panes of murky glass that seemed to be intended more

for the purpose of excluding than admitting the daylight, had not been disturbed for many generations of spiders. In a lower compartment of the window were some votive offerings to Bacchus, presented many years before by John Brunt. These consisted of flowers made out of paper by some poor girl in the neighbourhood, prior to the time that she visited the "Three Jolly Travellers," after midnight. Lemons that had become dark-brown and calcined from exposure, stood on shelves in dirty wine glasses, and small statuettes in plaster, of Shakespeare and Milton,



holding scrolls, spoke of the refined taste and poetic feelings of John Brunt. On the rickety counter were nailed several counterfeit coins—nailed there by John Brunt himself, to warn dishonest persons, and to illustrate how sharp he was in the detection of knaves. Three small barrels painted blue, with black coloured hoops, stood in one of the back sections of the bar, and beneath were two portly, dis-

sipated-looking tierces, that had evidently been rolling in the gutter, and were anything but presentable. Pints and quarts, that had come in for hard knocks, stood bulged and bruised as if they had been taken out of some drawn battle, and from the want of being cleaned, yellow streaks of stale porter rendered illegible the initials, "J. B.," on their battered sides. Heaps of sawdust, saturated with rancid beer, were scraped together, surmounted by scraps of half-burned paper. In John Brunt's place of business was the tap, in which were wont to congregate all the local out-door misery and wretchedness—the poor street musician, that had been striving to play gay tunes with a sad heart, and, to make the contrast between his music and himself excite benevolence; the vender of small wares, driven in by the weather, and seeking to dry her clothes before she would retire to her wretched home. The street bravo and the midnight marauder were also to be seen around the fire of John Brunt's tap, who, to do him justice, if he had a dislike against anything in this world more than another it was to a bad fire; and for this reason Tony Johnson (John's boy) never really got into trouble until he allowed the fires to go out between the first of November and the first of April, both inclusive. The front and back rooms on the first floor were set apart for John's respectable customers. These apartments fully sympathised with the leanings of the house, as the floors were much higher at one side than another; but they bore about them evidences of having seen better times. Within these rooms were wont to assemble at night those whom vice, crime, poverty, or misfortune had afflicted—in fact, the "Three Jolly Travellers" was a kind of caravansary, in which human misery was to be heard of from morning to night and from night to morning. It was the Alsatia for the ruined spendthrift or gambler, the house of call for the night robber or street stroller, or the place where the fast young man wound up his night upon town, prior to going to the station-house. It was one of the *rendezvous* in which the social outlaw had his home, and his hours of boisterous glee, under the special patronage of John Brunt, who, with his boy, Tony Johnson, were the only residents of the "Three Jolly Travellers." John Brunt was a thick-set man, with shoulders so high that no accommodation had been left for his neck. His face, which was perfectly circular, save when his cheeks fell beneath his jaws at either side, presented the appearance as if some secret process of strangulation was always going on, which he had not the power to prevent. A pair of gray piercing eyes looked out from beneath a low receding forehead, over which was combed, with the most precise uniformity, a quantity of thin semi-brown hair, cut straight across. A small nose, that could not be perceived in profile, and a heavy hanging mouth gave to John Brunt's face a most sinister aspect. Whenever he walked, or rather waddled along, he appeared as if he was carrying a heavy load which he could not lay down; and whenever he wanted to make himself intelligible, he generally expressed himself in a series of grunts, which nobody seemed to understand but Tony Johnson, who was ever up for mischief, and always ready to play all kinds of practical jokes on his employer when out of reach of his arms. Some people went so far as to say that John Brunt knew what he ought not to know, and that bad work had taken place in the "Three Jolly Travellers," of which Tony Johnson was not ignorant. John Brunt put up with a great deal from Tony that he would not bear from others, and for this reason people said that John Brunt and Tony were in one another's secrets, and had between them that which could not be shown the light.

Tony Johnson was an orphan boy, who could be seen roving about the suburbs of Dublin some fifty years since. He was, even when a harmless wanderer, a gay, blue-eyed urchin, ever ready to hold a horse for any amount of time for a penny, or to offer to stand on his head ever so often for a half-penny. He was full of life and fun, and, even in the worst times, he was never badly off for his supper or a night's lodging. There was no crowd going that Tony would not be in the midst of, and if any mischief was done within any reasonable distance of Tony's head-quarters he was always suspected. In Tony's wanderings he met with John Brunt, who induced him to become his servant, and from that time Tony was never seen by daylight out of the "Three Jolly Travellers," of which he became a part and portion. Tony, at the time our story commences, was about fourteen years of age, perhaps not so much, for people said, that the boy was not as old as he looked, as there was something preying on his mind. It was remarked that Tony never went to sleep until he had locked his master in his room, and he

always showed fear when left alone with him. Tony used to wear all kinds of clothes, but he invariably observed the rule that none of them should fit him. On some occasions he was to be seen in a coat the tails of which would be sweeping the ground, and on others pinioned in a jacket far too small for him, but he tenaciously adhered to a head-dress in the shape of a white hat, which, from old age and constant battering by impatient customers, had fallen in, and leaned to one side at an angle like that of the hanging tower at Pisa. Although poor Tony was generally thoughtful, approaching to melancholy, his old love of fun would come upon him, but in the midst of his glee a cloud of sadness would pass over his fine honest face, and he would relax into his old mood, and retire to his old seat on the ricketty stairs of the "Three Jolly Travellers."

One cold wet night in the beginning of December, 1818, while the rain came down in sleety showers, a tall gentlemanly-looking man entered the "Three Jolly Travellers," and asked John Brunt, who was dimly visible in the light of four bilious looking candles, that glimmered in tin sconces on the walls, if Mr. Jacob Barman had been asking for Mr. Frederick Foster that night?

"No," said John Brunt, in one of his most guttural tones, "he was not here last night nor to-night. He knows where to come when he wants John Brunt; but, if he was five times an attorney, he will not beat John Brunt, who beats his master; and I tell you, if you are a friend of his, inform him that John Brunt is not to be trifled with."

Tony Johnson, who was on his old seat on the stairs, was aroused by the loud voice of his master, and exclaimed, "Don't hurry yourself, a big cough will do you good."

"If I had you, you ruffian, within my gripe," said John Brunt, "I would fit you for the coroner, I would!"

"You would!" said Tony; "but there was wan time when you fitted a person for the coroner, and you niver axed that gentleman to look at your work." The boy, who had become quite excited, clapped his hands against his sides, and crowed like a cock.

John Brunt grew ashy pale, and large globes of perspiration burst from his heavy flabby face, over which a smile of fearful malice passed, as he said, "Go along, you cur, only that I am busy I would kick you."

"I can wait," said Tony, "until you can bite as well as kick. I know horses too well not to know that the likes of you is nothing at kicking; you look very like a racer," said Tony, as he withdrew to the door-way, playing the overture to an original opera with his knuckles on his chin. In a few minutes after he hurriedly retreated up stairs, after having accomplished the feat of putting the hat of one of his acquaintances over his eyes, as he was passing along the street.

"That is a great young scamp," said John Brunt, addressing the stranger, who was soaked with wet to the skin, and shivering with cold. "I think you were asking me for Mr. Barman. He was not here, but he is likely to be. So you have better wait for him. If he does not come to-night it will be worse for himself."

The loud voice of John Brunt was heard calling Tony, who, on making his appearance, was told to show the stranger up stairs.

"What name shall I say if Mr. Barman calls?" said John Brunt, eyeing the stranger closely.

"Mr. Frederick Foster," was the reply, as Tony lighted the new corner up the old creaky stairs, that groaned beneath the heavy tread of Foster's feet, as if they had been affected with rheumatism.

Foster appeared to be about forty-five years of age, and, as he stood in the light of the fire, there were evident marks of care and privation on his well-formed face. There was an ease and elegance in his manner and bearing which did not escape the scrutinizing eye of Tony, who, perhaps for the first time in his life, called a person "Sir!"

"This was a cold night outside, sir," said Tony, as he poked the fire into a blaze. "I thought at first," continued the boy, "that you were here the night they planned to burn the big house, to get the insurance from some rich company in England, but I don't think it was you. They often agree between themselves, here in this very room, to burn houses, and 'by dad,' they do be lit up the next night, after the tide goes out."

"You are speaking about people burning houses and defrauding insurance offices," said Foster; "will you be good enough to tell me what I know about such things?"

"By dad, I don't mane to say you do," said Tony, "for if you

did, the devil a use was there in telling you anything about it; but, let me ask you, if you are not up to some dodge, what did you want of Barman at the 'Three Jolly Travellers,' at this hour, such a night as this? It was for fun you came out to get wet and could," said Tony; "or, perhaps the missis and you had a scrimmage," added the accomplished young gentleman.

Foster, who was now enveloped in the steam which the fire had extracted from his wet, thread-bare clothes, had to laugh outright at the gestures of Tony, who threw a summersault, and having satisfied himself by standing on his hands and throwing his feet against the wall, approached Foster, and asked him what he was "going to liquor?"

"I have no money," said Foster; "wait till Barman comes."

"Don't mind," said Tony; "I'll stand, or I'll know for what."

In a minute Tony was in the shop, where John Brunt was looking over a file on which were impaled layers of greasy papers.

"I say, Brunt," said Tony, with a leer of quiet mischief playing over his thin sharp features, "put them up—don't let him see 'em."

"Who see them?" said Brunt.

"Hawksworth's nephew," said Tony.

The file fell from the hands of Brunt, as he stood aghast in the presence of Tony, who followed up his advantage. "The gentleman above," continued Tony, "wants to know his uncle's address, and I was thinking of telling him to inquire under the flags in the old kitchen."

Brunt staggered to a seat, and as he remained gasping for breath, with his eyes bent on vacancy, Tony deliberately filled a large measure of whiskey, with which he retreated up stairs to Foster.

"Did I not tell you I would stand?" said Tony, as he re-entered the room. "I don't drink myself, but pitch that into you lively."

The dialogue between Foster and Tony was interrupted by a shrill voice, calling as loud as it could call, for Tony to come down stairs.

"What's the matter?" said Tony.

"John Brunt," said the voice, "looks as if he is dying."

"Is that you, Wisp?" said Tony, from the head of the stairs; "come up, you are 'on the round!'"

The person called Wisp was not long in availing himself of the invitation given to him by Tony, and, having taken a fair share of whiskey at a draught, shook his wet clothes, lit a short black pipe, and seated himself opposite the fire.

"This gentleman's name is Foster," said Tony, "and he is waiting for your friend that owes me five shillings."

"You mean Barman," said Wisp.

"The same," said Tony; "and although I do not drink, I will pledge you, Wisp."

"You young rascal," said Wisp, "you have picked up all the lingo of the crew that comes here; but, now that I think of it, what has come over the governor?"

Tony, who had poured some whiskey into a broken glass, observed, "I did not interfere with your drink, let me take this first," and smiting the action to the word, he threw the whiskey down his throat. "You want to know what ails the governor, do ye? Now, suppose you were told, would that make you better? Well, Wisp," continued he, "you make a fine thing out of it by not nabbing fellows when you get the parchment. How long are you going to keep Abel Isaacs out of the money you were telling me the young officer owes him, for gold watches made out of gilt pewter?"

"You knows too much," said Wisp; "but, as you knows something, I will tell you more. The Jew took the writ out of my hands because he found out the young officer's bill was a forgery."

"Ould Isaacs is stuck, then," said the precocious Tony.

"By no means," said Wisp, taking another pull at the whiskey; "the family of the young chap offered twice the amount of the bill, but Abel won't give it up unless he gets four times the amount and costs, mine included," said Wisp, as he relit his pipe.

Foster and Wisp entered into general conversation, as Tony retired, whistling to the shop.

"Tony," said John Brunt, "like a good fellow, tell me is that his nephew?"

"As sure as you are John Brunt!" replied Tony; "and it would be too much to have two such handsome men living together! Why don't you die, and make room for some one more purty than yourself, my ould Peruvian sparrow! I will tell you what, I would not stay wid ye for all that is in your ould house, and for fifty times what you tuck from him before you buried him. You told me you

killed him, and you often tried to kill me; but that would not save you, as Jerry, the tinker, knows it!"

"He is dead, stone dead!" said John Brunt.

"I saw him yesterday, in this street," observed Tony.

"Liar and devil!" exclaimed John Brunt, furiously, and seizing a large bottle, he threw it at the head of Tony. The missile passed him, and broke in atoms against the wall.

"Missed again!" said Tony; and from the top of the stairs he shouted, as he proceeded to join his friends, "Brunt, I tell you again, it is his nephew; and I will give him the old exciseman's address in the back kitchen! Do you hear me, Brunt?"

"What's the row?" said Wisp. "The old chap is out of sorts to-night. I don't know whether it is the rain or not, but it is coming down as I never heard it before." As Wisp spoke the wind howled through the streets, and shook the "Three Jolly Travellers" to its foundation. The rain fell in torrents, and pattered against the crazy windows.

Further conversation between Wisp and Tony was checked by the entrance of Jacob Barman, who at once recognized Foster, and said, "This is a fearful night to be abroad! I scarcely hoped to see you, but I wanted. What news? Will the Jew do the needful?"

While these questions were being put, Foster looked with anxious gaze on Barman, who waved his hand to Tony and Wisp, and said that "he wanted to be alone with his friend." When Tony and the bailiff had retired, Barman laid his hand on the shoulder of Foster and said, "All is up, unless one thing is done. Your wife at her death has the power to make a will, leaving the funds in court to whom she pleases. My clerk, Quill, will draw up the will, and she can sign it."

Foster groaned aloud, and in a paroxysm of anguish exclaimed, "My poor wife, starving and dying, and I without the means of giving her mere bread!" As he said this he rose from his seat, and as he walked along the wretched room big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Fool!" said Barman; "listen to me; when the will is signed, Mrs. Foster must get out of the way, and we will manage a mock funeral!"

"How shall we make them believe that she is dead?" observed Foster.

"I will get a certificate of burial," said Barman, "and I will get Dr. Bramble to state he attended her in her last illness, and he will also state the cause of death, which will satisfy the lawyers."

"Is this Bramble the man you call the 'Black Doctor?' and if so, can we trust him?" said Foster.

"With your life!" replied Barman. "And I will see you here at this hour to-morrow night."

Wisp and Tony were enjoying themselves at the expense of John Brunt, as Foster and Barman went through the drenching rain to their miserable homes in different parts of the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES AND LOOKING GLASSES.—To my mind, looking glasses are the greatest enemies ladies have: they ought all to be broken to everlastin' smash. It isn't that they are false, for they ain't; they will reflect the truth if they are allowed. But, unfortunately, a truth never looks into them. When a woman consults her glass, she wishes to be pleased, she wants to be flattered, and to be put on good terms with herself; so she treats it as she would her lover; she goes up to it all smiles, looking as amiable and as beautiful as she can. She assumes the most winning air; she gazes at the image with all the affection she can call up, her eyes beam with intelligence and with love, and her lips appear all a woman could wish, or a man covet. Well, in course the mirror gives back that false face to its owner, as it receives it; it ain't fair, therefore, to blame it for being unfaithful; but as ladies can't use it without deceivin' of themselves, why total abstinence from it would be better. Now, people may deceive themselves if they have a mind to, but they can't go on for ever. Time will tell tales. Whatever year a gal is born, she has contemporaries; when she looks at them and sees that they are ageing, or the worse for wear, she tries to recall the days of her youth, and finds that they are lost in the distance, and when she sees her schoolfellows and playmates married and parents themselves, all the glasses in the world fail at last to make her believe she is still young.—*Sam Slick*.

THE FOX-HUNT OF DARRA.



FROM the notes of explorers in the fields of natural history, it would appear that before a colony of foxes determine on settling in a neighbourhood, they send forward a pioneer, which, after accurately examining all the points, bearings, and facilities of the place, returns with his report ready drawn up, on hearing which, if it be favourable, the whole family throw the dust off their feet at the enemies they have made, leave the spot which, mayhap, they have rendered too warm by their nefarious practices, and stealing away under cover of night, quietly settle down upon the fresh lands they have chosen, and there commence a new and systematic career of depredation, most fearfully inimical to the game preserves and poultry yards around. If this be the case, the original founder of the fox colony in the valley of Darra must have been a

patriarch of great judgment and foresight. In fact he must have been employed in the selection of this fastness some of the same description of skill under whose ministrations arose many a stern feudal stronghold by the river shores of north and south Britain, by the far banks of the storied Rhine, and by the craggy margins of our own glorious Irish streams—castles from which, in the mediæval times, the steel-clad and marauding barons were wont to issue forth at the head of their armed retainers, and levy black-mail from the surrounding plains, towns, and hamlets.

The judgment attributed to the fox in the above sentence is no untenable assertion. We challenge any historian of ancient or modern times to produce a greater mass of evidence in support of the possession of extraordinary genius by one of his heroes, than can be brought forward to prove that the fox from the very earliest ages was a personage of wonderful accomplishments in all the arts and sciences, from the picking of a bone in the most approved gastronomic method, to the selection of a safe citadel wherein to allow digestion to take its course after the best epicurean fashion, and from that to the highest examples of strategy and worldly craft. Have we not the works of the immortal Æsop to refer to, in which that facetious and sparkling little descendant of Ham seems never tired of relating incidents illustrative of the cuteness, the wisdom, the experience, the hair-breadth escapes, the funny exploits, and bold deeds of Reynard? Take a run through the literature of any country in the world:—ere you have gone through half a volume of any poet, fabulist, or historian, you will find similes, tales, and allusions to no end, all bearing testimony to the brightness of Reynard's brains. But putting all these stray witnesses out of the question, have we not an epic to attest his greatness?—yes, an epic that shall remain green and blooming in the memories of mankind, when Homer is forgotten, Virgil unread, and Milton, as the Kerry schoolmaster said, shadowed under the curtain of oblivion—an epic whose incidents we gloat over in childhood, and remember fondly as we advance in years, namely, the immortal "History of Reynard the Fox" himself; and we ask triumphantly, without fear of denial or a single reservation in the response, is there a man, woman, or child, unacquainted with its soul-stirring and enrapturing contents, from where the constellation of the Southern Cross sheds its light upon the banquets of Austral cannibals, to where the stunted Esquimaux gorge themselves with whale blubbers, by the icy shores of the Boreal Sea?

Even tradition itself is ever garrulous and eloquent in Reynard's praise. According to that everlasting authority, there was once upon a time a fox that could tell fortunes by the shore of Lough Ree, on the Shannon, and another at the foot of Croagh Patrick which attended on an ancient hermit who dwelt there, as his gillie or

servant. This individual knew his business so well that he not only gathered firewood for his master's abode, but brought in daily a supply of berries, watercresses, and game sufficient to appease the appetite of the old hermit. Not content with this, he generally superintended the making of the fire, roasted the wildfowl to a turn, and laid the table with a degree of taste and elegance that would set the best French cook out of his wits to emulate. There was another fox which dwelt in a certain wood in the south of Ireland, between whom and the gamekeeper a tacit treaty existed, the nature of which was that as long as he lived unmolested by the gamekeeper, the poultry and geese of the latter were to remain intact. Now, on a certain day a number of gentlemen came with a splendid pack of hounds to the wood, unearthed Reynard, and chased him, neck or nothing, over many a rough mile of hill and valley. In the end, however, he escaped, but that night the best geese of the flock disappeared from the paddock of the gamekeeper. It seems that the fox, after his terrible run, being too exhausted to go on his usual rounds in search of prey, was forced by the pangs of hunger to catch the geese for his supper. The gamekeeper of course vowed vengeance for this infringement of the treaty, and next morning was proceeding, gun in hand, to inflict condign punishment on the offender, when, from the brow of a little hill near his home, he saw a sight which convinced him that a fox, of all animals in the world, has the tenderest conscience and the truest appreciation of the point of honour. In a field beneath was his friend of the wood, making his way in a deliberate run for the desecrated paddock, with a live goose thrown over his back. After gaining an adjacent field, he left his burthen by a fence, and then returned for another goose which he had left in some field behind, and which he bore into an inclosure at a distance beyond that in which he had deposited the first. Returning again, he bore the first some distance further, and thus carrying both alternately he at last deposited them with the flock in the gamekeeper's paddock, an ample payment for the robbery hunger had forced him to perpetrate on the preceding evening. Merely making allusion to the luxurious fox that at present is said to smoke his pipe every evening after dinner on Dawson's Table, near Gaultymore, we shall end our paragraph with the above exemplary individual, and pass once more to the valley of Darra, the scene of the hunt whose incidents we are about to relate.

The valley of Darra lies in the midst of a range of mountains from whose summits no finer, more extensive, or more varied prospect can be seen in Ireland. It stretches from west to east, and was formerly clothed from end to end by an ancient and luxuriant forest of oak, mountain ash, and pine. At its western extremity rises a small green hill on the summit of which stand the ruins of an old church and round tower. Some distance from this hill, beneath a gigantic crag, rises one of the streams celebrated by Spenser in his *Fairie Queene*, namely—

"Molana, daughter of old father Mole,"

which, after flowing downward with an infinite number of meanderings through the whole extent of the valley, discharges itself through a savage and romantic pass into the plain of Cork, where its waters soon join those of the pastoral Funcheon. Abutting into the valley at its south-western side rises the most elevated summit of the range, a steep conical hill with a mighty cairn of stones upon its crest. Along the left flank and foot of this hill stretches a dense and solitary wood, partly the remains of the ancient forest that once clothed the whole district. This wood from time immemorial has been infested with such a number of foxes, that no poultry yard, however well fortified, can be considered safe for miles around its vicinity.

If you take a ramble through the old churchyard mentioned above, your attention cannot fail to be attracted by an ancient, half-defaced tombstone which stands beside the dilapidated wall that fences in the dwellings of the dead from the green pasture land outside. Upon this tombstone can still be traced various quaint figures of hounds, horsemen, and a fox in full career, which circumstance will at once tell you that some mighty hunter sleeps beneath. And such is the case; for the spot marked by that old tombstone with its fantastic figures, is the last resting-place of Tom Geelahar, the most celebrated huntsman that ever wound horn or set foot in stirrup amid the green woods of Munster. We are, however, somewhat over hasty in calling the spot Tom's last resting-place. It

may be so by day, but it is the firm belief of the inhabitants of the valley that he haunts Kyleglass, or the Green Wood, that sylvan expanse which we have mentioned as stretching along the foot and side of the hill. Often will the peasant tell you, after returning belated from bog or high pasture land, that he has heard the lonely hollows of the wood echoing the wierd sounds of Tom Geelagher's hunting horn and the wild yells of the spectral pack as they swept madly over glen and glade; and so minute is the description, that you will most probably be treated to an account of the peculiar creaking noise made by the new saddle which Tom had used on the day of his tragic death, and with which he still revisits "the glimpses of the moon" when going on his nightly fox-hunt. Innumerable are the stories related of Tom's appearance in that wild and solitary wood.

On one occasion Paddy Shanahan, one of the best pipers that ever twirled a chanter, was coming late at night down the mountain path that led by the southern skirt of the wood. All at once he beheld a red-coated horseman riding up the path with a splendid pack of foxhounds behind him.

"Arrah, Paddy Shanahan," said the horseman as he came up, "a cead mille faithe to Kyleglass!"

"The same to you sir," said Paddy, not a whit frightened, for he knew by the hearty and kind tone of the horseman that he intended no harm.

"Sit down, Paddy," said the cavalier again, "and play us up the Maddhereen Roe. I haven't heard it this month o' Sundays, and 'tis your father's son that ought to be able to finger the chanter in style and glory."

"Wisha, begor, sir," answered Paddy, "never say it twice, as' you're welcome to the best tune in my pipes!" and with that he sat down on a bank and began to put his instrument in order.

"The Maddhereen Roe is the best tune!" said the horseman; "and I haven't heard it now since the day your father played it over my grave the day I was buried on the hill of Ardpatrick!" and in a sweet but unearthly voice he began to hum one of the verses of that soul-stirring Irish opera of which Reynard is the hero, and from which Moore has taken one of the finest airs to his Melodies—

"' Good morrow, fox! ' Good morrow, sir!
' What is that you're aitin' ?
' A fine fat goose I stole from you—
Come taste it while you're waitin' !' "—

Yoicks! yoicks! tally ho! Strike up the time, Paddy Shanahan, for I haven't long to delay; and bethune ourselves the hounds aren't to be depended on!"

"Never fear, sir!" answered Paddy, for he had just succeeded in setting his pipes in tune; "here goes for the honour and glory of ould Darra an' the blue skies above id!"

With that he struck up the Maddhereen Roe in a style that would stir the heart of a stone; and at every skirl of the pipes, the hounds yelled joyously and the huntsman hollowed or wound his horn, till the deep recesses of the wood resounded with the uproar. At last, as Paddy came to that portion of the piece of music which represents the hounds and horsemen rattling away in full chase over bush, brake, and glen, a huge fox, which appeared to be gray with age, darted out from the wood, and with his neck stretched out and his long tail sweeping the ground, darted swiftly along the hill-side.

"Yoicks! yoicks! tally ho! Towler, Nelly, and Ringwood there he goes—tally ho-o-o!" shouted the horseman, and striking the spurs into the flanks of his spectral steed, away he went with his yelling pack on the track of the fox over the hill, in a wierd and fearful chase, leaving Paddy Shanahan still skirling his chanter upon the green bank beside the haunted wood.

But now for old Tom Geelagher's death, burial, and our fox-hunt. One day old Captain O——, to whom Tom was huntsman, sent intimation to the various gentlemen around, that on the Monday following he was about to have a tremendous fox-hunt in the valley of Darra. At this time there was great rivalry between the gentlemen of the county Cork and those of Limerick with regard to their equestrian feats after the switching bush of Reynard. So you may be sure that when the morning of the hunt came there was a large attendance of sportsmen from both counties. Old Squire Pringle, whose legs had been broken five several times in the chase, was there from the banks of the Blackwater; but though his legs were quite crooked, and he was scarcely able to walk he was so lame, let him

once get into the saddle, and he was the best and most daring rider of his county. On the other hand, pitted against him by the gentlemen of Limerick, was old Major Weston, from Ballinacurra-Weston, who, with an iron hook in place of his bridle hand—half the limb had been shot off by a chain-ball at the storming of Seringapatam—was still the boldest and most expert rider from Gaultymore to the Shannon. Others were there also who were determined on that day to emulate the exploits of their leaders, and even the very huntsmen of the rival fox-hound clubs looked upon one another with no friendly eyes as they proceeded to the covert of Easmore, in order thence to start the largest, most cunning, and most renowned fox in the country, which was said to make that wild glen his usual place of abode.

Sure enough they found him there, and the delighted eyes of the red-coats, of whom there were about a hundred and fifty on the ground that morning, testified to the size and wind of the fox of Easmore when at last he broke cover. He was a fine animal. Patches of gray hair on his head and tail showed that he had attained a great age, but his lithe motions and long stretches over the side of the hill as he came into view proved that age had not done away with his activity, and the vigour of his muscular frame. Away over bottom and rushy moorland, and up again across the highland valleys and slopes he led the dogs and red-coats in a mad chase for nearly two mortal hours, at the end of which it became apparent that the county Limerick gentlemen were getting the worst of it, for their rivals from Cork county were getting far ahead, and not a rider save old Tom Geelagher seemed capable of retrieving the honour of the red-coats of the Darra Hunt. Old Tom, however, was still in the van, side by side with the redoubtable Squire Pringle. The fox was now approaching the Glen of the Black Crow, which runs down through the centre of the wood of Kyleglass. At a certain point this glen narrows, forming a deep chasm; over which Tom Geelagher had once sprung his horse some years before. Here was an opportunity of retrieving the lost honours of the Limerick fox-hunters, and poor Tom was not slow in availing himself of it. Calling out to old Squire Pringle to follow, he dashed his horse at the terrible chasm, but the hither bank unfortunately gave way, and Tom Geelagher and his steed going headlong to the bottom, were both killed upon the rough fragments of rock that lay strewn beneath. This dreadful catastrophe put an end to the hunt for that day.

Old Tom Geelagher had often expressed a wish to his master that when he died the gentlemen of the Darra Club, with all their paraphernalia of hounds, horns, and red-coats, should attend his funeral. On this sad occasion, old Captain O—— attended most religiously to the wish of his faithful huntsman; and for that purpose invited all the gentlemen then present to wait for the mournful obsequies. Another wish of the eccentric, old huntsman was, that when the last sod was laid upon his grave, the best piper in the country should be brought to play the Maddhereen Roe over him as a requiem. The day of the funeral came, and the gentlemen in their red coats, with Captain O——'s pack of fox-hounds following, attended in long array behind poor Tom's coffin, as it was borne slowly along the winding road that led to the old churchyard of Ardpatrick, on the top of the green hill. The grave was made, the coffin lowered, the earth thrown in, and the green sods smoothed above, and then old Paddy Shanahan the elder sat down upon the fresh mound, tuned his pipes, and struck up the Maddhereen Roe in tones that drew tears from the eyes of the assembled multitude.

Just as Paddy had come to the lament in which the fox is represented sitting on the summit of a green lonely hill after a hard chase, mournfully giving vent to his outraged feelings in a heart-rending strain of melody, a young hound, which had contrived to steal away from the pack, suddenly gave a wild and savage cry within the ruins of the ancient church, and the next moment out bounded the identical old fox that had lured poor Tom Geelagher to his doom, and clearing the churchyard wall, swept away across the adjacent glen and right down into the valley, with the single hound behind him.

"Yoicks! yoicks! yoicks!" resounded from the attendant throng of red-coats.

"Tally ho! tally ho! tally ho-o-o!" and the next instant the whole meet, with the eager pack in front, swept from the churchyard, crossed the glen, and rattled away down the valley on the trail of the cunning old fox. Squire Pringle and old Major

Weston rode abreast in front, and never on any occasion was such prowess shown in crossing dangerous quagmire, scrambling over scraggy fence, and flying headlong over deep trench and stone wall. Away! away! down the bottom of the valley by rolling stream, leafy wildwood, and fair dell—on and on with unslackened and desperate speed, now close upon the brush of old Reynard, and now far behind. Crag and wildwood tree seemed to fly past as the headlong chase swept on, till they reached the eastern extremity of the great valley, where the Molana rushes outward into the plain, from the pass of the Spirit's Ford. Before entering the pass, the Molana receives a tributary from the northern range of hills, and the confluence of the two streams was at that time crossed by a solitary one-arched bridge, and surrounded by a dense wood, no traces of which now remain. In this wood the fox for some time contrived to elude the eager pack. At last a peasant who was fishing by the river happening to look beneath the old bridge, saw Reynard quietly sitting upon a stone beneath the shadow of the arch, and deliberately licking himself after a few refreshing ablutions in the cool water.

The peasant immediately gave the alarm, and away went the fox once more back again up the valley, with the hounds and horsemen after him more madly than ever. It was a wild and dangerous chase, for none but the best and boldest horsemen could run the length of that rough and craggy valley, without a headlong fall or perhaps a broken neck. Before it was over old Squire Pringle broke his leg for the sixth time, and the veteran Major Weston lost his iron bridle hook, but what of that? He was now close behind his victim's brush, as that wary individual, after doubling again around the foot of Ardpatrick hill, swept away once more towards the terrible chasm in which poor Tom Geelagher had met his woeful doom. As Reynard approached the edge of the chasm, however, with the intention perhaps of luring a few more of the horsemen to their fate, a wild and jovial cry broke from Major Weston, who was still far in front, for Blue Nelly, the mother of the pack, seized her flying foe at last by the steaming flank, and thus ended the renowned fox-hunt of Darra.

R. D. J.

LITERARY VAMPING

IS not so acceptable as the process of vamping applied to leather, in the construction of shoes and boots. Nevertheless, thoughts will arise in the mind while we are reading, and we admire a composition as being complete, or feel disposed to add to, alter, or otherwise arrange, perhaps disarrange, it, as it happens to suit our views. It has occurred in the course of my reading, that I have disapproved of the manner in which Byron, Macaulay, Goldsmith, and Mrs. Hemans have terminated particular poems, or in which they have treated the subject of their muse in a moral point of view. This, of course, will appear to be presumptuous. Admiring as I do each of these writers, and admitting how my puny muse must "pale its ineffectual fire" before such luminaries, I yet cannot be justly charged with audacious egotism or unpardonable impudence. Instead of attempting to vamp up compositions of celebrated writers, perhaps it might be more rational in me to endeavour to write something equally good; but in every man there is a little of the critic, and I have not only found fault with the denouement or conclusion of three of the compositions of the author, in question, but have ventured

upon an amendment of the defects which I have supposed to exist in these poems. The first which I shall notice—one of the many splendid productions of a noble poet, who may be reckoned in the foremost rank of the poets of any age or country—is that in which the destruction of Sennacherib has been described. It is unnecessary to narrate the history of Sennacherib. Byron has thus begun his Hebrew Melody on this dramatic theme:

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold!"

In the sixth (the concluding verse) we are told that—

"The might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord,"

but full justice has not been done by the great poet to the subject which he has treated with so much fervid eloquence. He has not remembered that Sennacherib was worshipping in the house of Nis-roch, his god, when his sons smote him. The following lines have therefore been added to complete the story; the attempt is feeble, but it is made without presumption, and indeed I feel how faint and insipid the lines are, compared with the glorious lyric of the greatest orator amongst the poets, Byron.

And the leader hath fallen—did the hand of the foe,
Or the blast of the angel, the tyrant lay low?
At the shrine of his god, he is kneeling again,
And the sword of the children the father hath slain.

The next poem to which I venture to add a verse is the heroic one of Macaulay relative to the dispersion of the Spanish Armada. The gifted writer thus speaks of the occurrence:

"It was about the lovely close of a warm Summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay,
Her crew had seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lay heaving many a mile."

Then follows a glowing description of the rising in different parts of England, but the poem wants a finish. Like some of the old plays, it has "a lame" though not "an impotent conclusion;" and we are not told what became of the Armada. The cobbler again intrudes to put a peg in the classical boot:—

But stay you here, battalions, stay, you've naught to fear from Spain,
The tempest of Omnipotence is raging o'er the main;
The voice of God, a Guardian God, hath o'er the waters breathed,
Then furl your flags, recall your bands, let all your swords be sheathed;
The Spirit of the Storm hath done, all that your hosts might do,
Then bless the tempest and the Lord, for thus preserving you.

The third poem to which I shall advert is the very spirited composition of Mrs. Hemans—"The Spanish Champion." The subject represents a young Spanish warrior awaiting the expected arrival of his father; the king promises that they shall soon meet—the cavalcade advances—the king and the youth go forth to meet them—but the youth discovers that his father has been slain, and that it is only the lifeless body, dressed in armour and seated upon a horse, that appears before him; he is shocked and enraged, and drags the king towards the body of his father, placing them face to face—"the king before the dead"—the poem thus concludes:—

"He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell upon the silent face,
He cast one long, deep, mournful glance, and fled from that sad place;
His after fate no more was heard amid the martial train,
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of Spain."

I am inclined to say, as Mercutio said, when Romeo left without resenting the insult of Tybalt—

"O, calm, dishonorable, vile submission!"

And fain would I substitute the following verse for that which in the original describes the young warrior as casting a glance and flying from the place:—

Then from the scabbard of his sire the sword he quickly drew,
And at the guilty monarch's throat, like blood-hound, wildly flew;
Exclaiming, while his skull he cleft, "Accursed of thy race,
Thou, too, shalt have the spectral-look of my dead father's face!"

CRISIAPHON.

FICTION.—Fiction is the keenest, and deepest, and most real of all realities; the result of years of experience, observation, inquiry, reflection, and learning; the outpourings of a heart enriched too amply for its own peace, with all the varied contributions that a life of study, disappointment, and suffering can bestow; the upheaving of hidden treasures, which the bosom throws back again to fertilize the world from which it called them, as the fountain flings over the earth the waters that it had been silently gathering from the ocean, the cloud, and the mist.

LOVE AMONG THE GIPSIES.



THE character of every nation is strongly marked in the habits and customs of its people; but in no people that has ever come under the observation of a writer, are those characteristics so completely developed as in the wandering Bohemians that make every land their own. Gipsies resemble Jews in so far as they are to be found in all countries; but there the resemblance ceases. The once great people of Israel is scattered over the world; they are to be met with in every clime—subjects of every sovereign; but wheresoever the Jew settles, there he remains and there he is certain to acquire wealth, if not fame. The wealthiest, and the most famed for wealth among the citizens of the world, are Jews. The name of Rothschild is to us what that of Croesus was to the ancients—a pillar of gold. In England, Russia, Austria, and France, its influence is felt, acknowledged, and revered. America would be cap and knee to the millionaires of the eastern hemisphere. Even Andorre, that little state of which so few know anything, and which, with extraordinary politeness, returns the compliment to the unconscious many, knows that such a house as Rothschild exists, whose very name can conjure up untold treasures, and purchase almost every pleasure that human nature can desire.

Many interesting and amusing descriptions of Gipsies have been given by some of our best writers. Sir Walter Scott has immortalized the gipsy mother in his great novel, "Guy Mannering," upon which photograph Signor Verdi undoubtedly had his eye when he composed his best opera, *Il Trovatore*; and a still better picture of gipsy life is given by Cervantes, one of the very few great writers that have ever flourished on the other side of the Pyrenees. In our younger days we read a gipsy story, from the pen of the author of "Don Quixote," (in the original,) which we here transcribe from twilight recollection.

When Philip the Third, of the house of Austria, was King of Spain—a time when it was an honor to be a Spaniard—there resided in the capital of the kingdom one Don Fernando de Azevedo, who, at the time our tale opens, had been married close upon a year to a renowned beauty, Dona Guiomar de Meneses, who had just presented her lord and master with a daughter. This beloved child was christened Constanza de Azevedo y de Meneses—so as to combine in her own title, the illustrious names of both her parents. When the child was but nine months old, that is to say in the year 1595, she disappeared; and although indefatigable exertions were used to recover her, no trace of the missing heiress could be discovered.

Years rolled on. Don Fernando de Azevedo was appointed corregidor in Murcia, whither (accompanied by his lady) he went to reside.

The 15th of June, 1610, brought to the city of Madrid a band of gipsies, who, by singing, dancing, conjuring, and stealing, managed to collect a considerable sum of money. On the banks of the Manzanares—that most contemptible of rivers—the gipsy troop was collected about eight in the evening of the day we have mentioned. The vagrant band was surrounded by a number of idlers and cavaliers; and amongst the latter was a young man remarkable for the beauty of his face and the symmetry of his proportions. His gaze was intently fixed upon a young gipsy girl who was dancing, and who elicited by her graceful motions and her exquisite beauty many expressions of admiration from the motley audience. When the *zarabanda*, which is a rapid Spanish dance, was finished, an old gipsy woman made her way through the crowd with a begging face and a beseeching tongue, receiving each *ochavo* with a profusion of thanks. On approaching the young cavalier whom we have specially noticed, she said:—

"Signor will bestow a *real* upon the gipsy girl."

"Send me that lovely creature who danced and I will give thee an *escudo*."

"Preciosa, Preciosa, my love," cried the old gipsy, addressing the dancer, "come this way."

As the girl advanced the crowd respectfully made way to let her pass. When she arrived at the place where the cavalier and the old gipsy stood, she said:—

"What want you with me?"

"This gentleman," replied the gipsy, "will give you money."

"Corpo di Bacco!" exclaimed the cavalier, "I would give half my fortune for one smile of those lovely lips."

"Ah, signor," the girl said, "I am used to such speeches from gallants like you, but they are never worth anything."

"You shall not have that reproach to offer me," he said, placing an *escudo* in her hand; "and I am sorry you have classed me amongst those that speak lightly to you, for they must be villains indeed."

"An *escudo*!" exclaimed the girl. "Oh, thanks, signor; the gipsy girl shall always bless your kindness."

"Give me the gold, grand-daughter," the old gipsy cried, seizing the money; and putting it into the common purse, she hastened away to try her luck with others.

"That your grandmother!" said the cavalier. "Oh! I am sorry for that."

"Nay, she is very kind to me, signor," the girl replied, "and she loves me dearly."

"You are a good girl," said the gentleman, "and most beautiful. I am almost sorry that I have seen you, for it will be long before I recover my heart again."

"Farewell, signor, and bless you," she said, tripping lightly off to rejoin the people of her nation.

That night, an hour after the sun had sunk through the portals of the west—as the little stars came out one by one like maids of honour in attendance on the Queen of night—as the placid moon paid out her fathoms of silver light, the cavalier whom we noticed at the gipsy performance of the morning, might be seen walking leisurely down one of the principal streets of Madrid. He was evidently engaged in deep thought, for his head was sunk upon his chest, and his hands were clasped behind his back. But at length his reverie was broken by the cries of a woman, which issued from a neighbouring street. He hastened to the spot, and found the pretty gipsy girl, who had so strongly interested him that morning, struggling with a man, who, judging from his manner, had evidently indulged rather freely in the wine cup. On perceiving the approach of our hero, the girl cried—"Oh, signor, release me—save me!"

"Unhand the girl, villain!" exclaimed the cavalier.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the person he addressed; "and pray who are you?"

"Release her, I say," repeated the girl's champion, striking the other on the face.

"Furies!" exclaimed the man so struck, letting go the girl's arm, and drawing his sword; "a blow! You shall answer this with your blood, Don Juan."

"So then, you know me, Signor Clemente," quietly observed Don Juan, drawing his sword also, and parrying some furious thrusts which the other made at him.

"Know you, I do; and if you were fifty times a greater man than you are, I'll avenge your insult."

"If you can, signor, you are welcome."

For some moments Don Juan stood only on the defensive, but a slight scratch on the arm, inflicted by his adversary's sword, changed his tone and called up the angry blood. After a few passes more, the sword of Don Juan entered Clemente's right side, and the wounded man fell with a groan.

"Oh! signor," exclaimed Preciosa, who had watched the conflict with breathless agony, "what have you done?"

"Punished the villain that dared to insult you."

"Oh! kind signor, I am the cause of all this. But let us bind his wound," she said, at the same time kneeling by the body and binding the wound with her scarf.

Don Juan lent what assistance he could; and, after feeling his pulse he said, "By my father's shade, I fear I have done for him. But he brought it upon himself. This is very awkward, Preciosa. He is the *alcalde's* nephew, and I will certainly be prosecuted. I must fly the city; but whither must I go? Can you advise me how to escape the consequences of this unfortunate affair?"

"You had better come with me, signor, and join our camp. There you will find a shelter, however poor, and a welcome for the protection you have afforded me."

"Agreed, sweet Preciosa," responded Don Juan; "and I shall ever deem this mishap a lucky chance, that it furnishes me an excuse for being near thee."

That night Don Juan was introduced to the gipsy camp by Preciosa, where he was received with all honour by the tribe. The King furnished him with a change of clothes and dyed his skin, which altered his appearance so completely that even his most intimate acquaintances would not have recognised him.

As they sat around the blazing wood, the King enlarged upon the advantages which gipsy life enjoyed beyond all other modes of existence.

"We are the lords of the country," he said, "of the fields, the woods, the hills, the rivers. The rocks afford us shade; the ravines, cooling breezes; and the caverns, shelter. The inclemencies of the weather do but refresh us—the snow serves to cool us, the rain to bathe us; the thunder is our music, and the lightnings are our torches. We say yes or no, as we find it most convenient. For pictures, we have those that nature paints—those noble landscapes of lofty mountains and snowy peaks, of winding streams and verdant dales—of spreading lawns and lordly forests. We sleep under the open sky, and see the first breaking of the dawn, and watch the stars flying before the approach of day, and see the sun as he mounts to heaven in his fiery chariot, gilding the peaks and circling the mountain heads. In short, we enjoy life as best we can, and are satisfied with those luxuries which nature supplies, and which our own ingenuity can furnish."

Some of the sentiments contained in this oration were rather new to Don Juan, but he judiciously held his peace.

The gipsy encampment remained for some days a short distance from Madrid, during which time Don Juan was thrown constantly into the society of Preciosa, the influence of whose beauty and gentleness was every moment becoming stronger upon him. On the third evening of his residence in the gipsy camp he was accosted by Preciosa, who had just returned from the city. She told him that she had there heard of Signor Clemente; that his wound had turned out to be one of very light importance, and that he was rapidly recovering.

"Therefore," she added, "you are at liberty, Don Juan, to return to your own home, and bid the gipsies good bye for ever."

"Nay, Preciosa," he answered, "I will not return, save on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That you accompany me. Dear Preciosa, I love you too deeply to suffer the agony of parting from you now. Come with me, and take the position which it was intended by nature that you should occupy and adorn. Preciosa, I lay my love and fortune at your feet."

"I will not endeavour to hide from you, signor," replied the gipsy girl, "that you are as dear to me as I could possibly be to you; but still I cannot accede to your request. It would not be for your happiness. In a few short months you would come to deplore the error you committed in marrying a poor and ill-educated gipsy girl; and then I would be even more wretched than I shall be when we part."

"I swear to you, Preciosa"—

"Nay, signor, oaths prove nothing. But if you are indeed attached to me, and willing to prove the sincerity of that attachment, I have a proposal to make."

"I agree to it," Juan said, eagerly, "I agree to it, whatever it may be."

"Well, then, if you can be content to reside with us for one year, and if at the end of that time your sentiments remain unaltered, then I will joyfully become your wife."

"Dear Preciosa, I am well pleased with the course you propose, for it will afford me an opportunity of proving to you how devotedly I love you."

It was so agreed upon. The next morning the gipsies had disappeared from Madrid, and were bending their steps towards Murcia. It took them nearly three months to reach that place, and when they arrived within a mile of the city they took up their quarters at a comfortable hostel. It so happened that a military party was stopping at the inn when the gipsies arrived; and they all, officers and men, turned out to have a look at the Egyptian wanderers. The officer of the party was no less a person than our old acquaintance, Signor Clemente, who was instantly recognised by Preciosa and by Juan. On seeing Preciosa, Clemente uttered a long whistle.

"And so," he said, "do we meet again, my pretty one? Let this be a pleasanter meeting than our last. Come, that scratch I got on your account deserves a couple of salutes."

With these words he advanced towards Preciosa with an insolent swagger. But Juan stepped before her and stood face to face with Clemente.

"Stand back," said Juan, "nor dare to offer an insult to that girl."

"How now!" exclaimed Signor Clemente, "am I about to meet another Don Juan here?"

"You will find one at least," replied the disguised cavalier, "that will act by you exactly as Don Juan did."

"Begone, insolent thief!" exclaimed Clemente, striking Juan in the face.

The proud Castilian blood crimsoned Juan's brow in a moment, and rushing furiously upon Clemente, he drew his sword from its sheath, and buried the blade in its owner's bosom, exclaiming—

"Liar! die like a dog!" and Clemente fell dead at his feet.

Juan was seized in a moment by the soldiers, and he, together with the entire party was carried to the city, and brought before the corregidor. Don Fernando de Azevedo no sooner beheld Preciosa than he turned pale, and trembled violently.

"Come hither, my child," he said; and when Preciosa complied with his desire, he said—"What is thy name?"

"Preciosa, your excellency." "How came you to be in such company?"

"I have no relation, your excellency, but my grandfather,

mother, who stands there." She pointed to the old gipsy woman who was standing at the farthest corner of room, and appeared unaccountably agitated. As soon as the corregidor's gaze settled on hers she came forward and fell on her knees at his feet.

"Oh! your excellency," she cried, "I acknowledge my crime."

"What do you mean, woman?" the corregidor asked.

"Your excellency's child—"

"Yes, yes," he said eagerly, "what of her. What know you of my dear Constanza? Tell me and thou shalt be richly rewarded."

"It was I, your excellency, that stole her."

"Dreadful woman!" he said, in a tone of deep sorrow; "and what has become of her?"

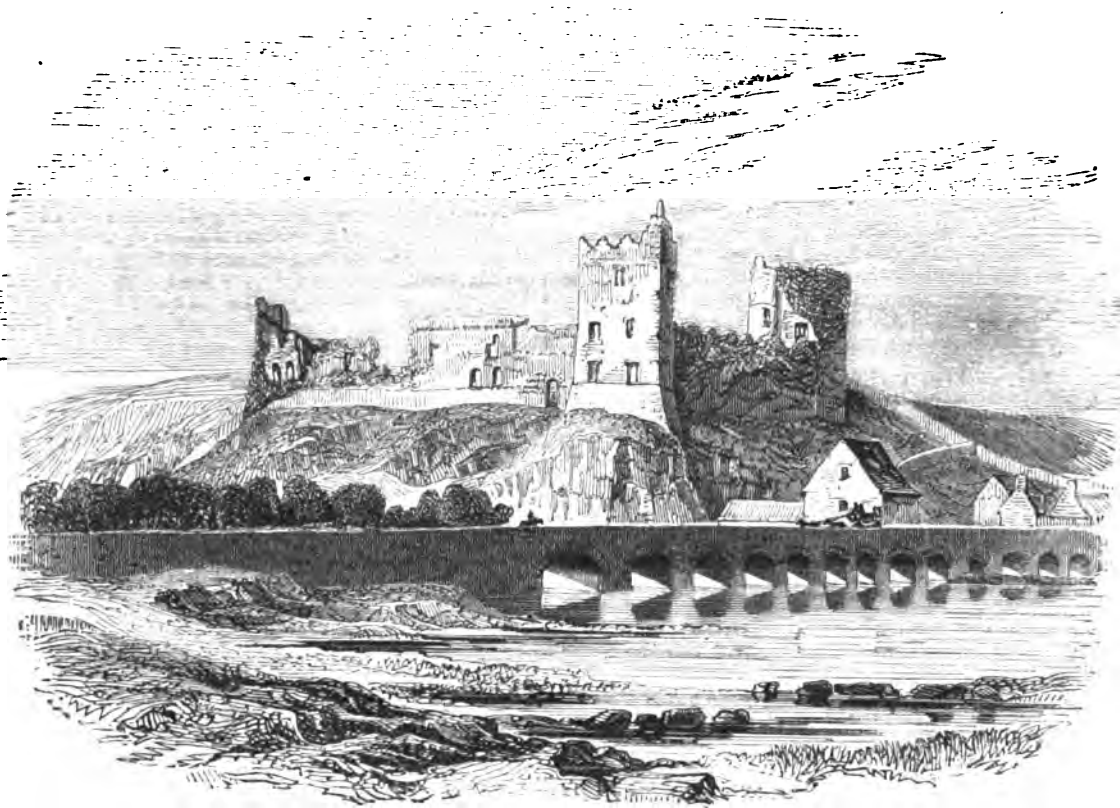
"She stands before your excellency now. Yes, Preciosa, you are no relation of mine, and now I restore you to your father."

To describe the scene which ensued is more than pen dare attempt.

Preciosa, restored to her parents, became the joy and pride of their old age. Her hand was bestowed upon Don Juan, who had long since won her love by his sincere and honourable attachment to her as a poor gipsy girl. He lived with his bride long and happily, for the laws of Spain were not so absurd as to punish a nobleman for avenging an insult.

G. B. O'H.





ARDFINNAN CASTLE.

ARDFINNAN CASTLE.

THE village of Ardfinnan, in the county of Tipperary, is a place of very considerable antiquity, and derives its name from a celebrated ecclesiastic who founded a church here in the seventh century, prior to which time it was called in the Irish Annals "Druim-abhradh." The magnificent ruin of Ardfinnan Castle is one of the most picturesque and attractive features of the river Suir. It was erected in the year 1185, by John, Earl of Morton, afterwards King John, of infamous memory, of whom it has been remarked that he achieved nothing during his sojourn in Ireland, but the construction of this and two other castles, namely, Lismore and Tibraghny. A large amount of judgment and military skill were exhibited in the selection of Ardfinnan as the site of a fortress, as it commanded one of the principal passes into South Munster. As its ruins still sufficiently show, its general form was that of a parallelogram, strengthened by square towers at the corners, and having a strong entrance gateway. It was preserved as a military stronghold until the year 1649, when it was dismantled by that inveterate castle-destroyer, Oliver Cromwell. The village of Ardfinnan itself was once a place of great importance, and appears to have

had a corporation, as it is on record that in the reign of Edward II. a grant of "pontage for three years" was made to "the bailiffs and good men of Ardfinnan." The banks of the Suir, beneath the Castle, are connected by a bridge of fourteen arches, said to be coeval with the erection of the fortress.

THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

AFTER visiting the stupendous cliffs of Moher, the tourist who proceeds inland and climbs to the summit of a certain steep mountain in the parish of Kilnaboy, county Clare, will see shining beneath him in the summer sunlight the beautiful lake of Inchiquin, with its solitary island and its ruined castle. This lake is nearly three miles in circumference, and with the wild tier of mountains that rises abruptly over its western shore, and the varied succession of woody glens, fern-clad slopes, green meadows, and heather-empurpled moorlands that meets the eye from their summits, the traveller who gazes upon the scene will scarcely fail to pronounce it a picture of beauty equal to the best he has seen during his wanderings amid the fair hills of our romantic isle. Not alone from the circle of beautiful scenery of which it forms the centre is this fair sheet of water interesting. Hoar tradition still lingers by its shores, and the solitary herdsman who sits with you on the brow of the mountain, or the sun-embrowned peasant in the corn-field beneath, who returns your salute with the warm response peculiar to his native land, will treat you to a number of legends associated with that delightful neighbourhood, many of which the careful in-

quirer will find to be connected with some historical incident of olden time. The poet, too, has not left it unsung. One of our most gifted bards has limned it in a poem of more than ordinary excellence and beauty—"The Monks of Kilcrea."

The point of land on which the ruin stands seems to have been originally an island. The castle, though now greatly dilapidated, is still interesting, both from its situation and from the historical and legendary lore connected with it. It was built by a powerful chief of the O'Quins, the ancestors of the present Earl of Dunraven. Passing from the date of its erection, which is involved in obscurity, we come to about the middle of the fifteenth century, some time previous to which the castle seems to have been taken possession of by the O'Briens. The first of that name who made it his residence was Thiege, Prince of Thomond, whose death, according to the "Annals of the Four Masters," occurred in the year 1466. From that date it continued to be the residence of the successive chiefs of that powerful family, the O'Briens of Inchiquin, whose title of earl is now merged in the higher one of Marquis of Thomond.

Like many another Irish lake the waters of Inchiquin are said to roll over the domes and palaces of a submerged city. The solitary fisherman who rows his light skiff or curragh over its smooth expanse on a calm summer evening, still believes that he can see

"The round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining"—

and will tell you a tale of a remote ancestor of the O'Quins, in which that hero is represented in the act of being overwhelmed by the raging waters, castle, town, and all, on account of some offence against one of the fairy potentates of the locality. Be this as it may, we will now come to the last O'Quin who ruled over the wild and romantic territory of Hy-Ifearnan, his ancient patrimony, and relate the cause of his expulsion from that region of mountain and moor, lake and tumbling river, together with his migration at the head of his broken clan across the Shannon, and his settlement in the county Limerick where his descendants, as we have remarked above, remain to the present day, still holding a considerable portion of the rich lands of which they originally took possession.

In the castle of Inchiquin dwelt Donal, an aged chief, whose youth and manhood had been spent in battle and turmoil, but who now in his old age determined to throw aside targe and spear and iron glove, and spend the remainder of his days governing his broad lands in peace and equity. Of all Donal's children none remained to cheer his heart as he trod the final stages of life's troublous journey, save his youngest son, Rory the Black, a youth of whom the old chief was very proud, and who was already renowned for both his personal beauty and for his many knightly accomplishments. At the period to which we allude, young Rory the Black was just after leaving the ancient monastery of Kilfenora, in which he had been educated from his childhood, and from which he had never been allowed to come forth, save on such times as he was sent to the wars to learn the profession of arms, or during the great days of festival held by his clan in their merry principality of Hy-Ifearnan.

One day, after his departure from Kilfenora and final settlement in his father's castle of Inchiquin, young Rory went out to hunt. Unattended by either headsmen or horse-varlet, he crossed the rugged chain of mountains that overhung the lake, and rode down into a deep glen through the bosom of which a murmuring brown stream rolled down sparkling in the sunlight. After traversing several miles of this glen with his four gray stag-hounds behind him, the green forest beneath which he rode gradually became more stunted and at length disappeared altogether, when before him opened a wide, stern, and solitary valley, without a single shrub or tree to hide its grim rocks and barren hollows. On making the circuit round the base of a huge crag that towered over the turbulent stream, he looked up the valley and saw a huge red stag rushing down its eastern slope, with a man who ran with extraordinary swiftness in close pursuit behind him. This strange hunter was clad in the skins of beasts, and held a short bright spear in his hand, which he cast at the stag as the latter with a bound cleared the broad bed of the torrent. He missed his aim, however, and the spear stuck quivering deep in the green sward on the further bank, while the stag bounded swiftly up the other slope of the valley. And now the hunter, also with a single bound, cleared the stream, snatched up his weapon, and with chest bent forward and head erect darted up the hill at a speed that soon brought him within his original distance of the panting stag. But beyond that distance he seemed unable to advance as both swept up the hill, till at last they disappeared from the view of Rory the Black beyond its verge.

The young chief now rode farther up the valley, expecting to see no more of the hunter and the stag; but after a short time they appeared retracing their headlong course, and enacting over again what had occurred at the crossing of the torrent. Six times was all this repeated, during which Rory had great difficulty in preventing his hounds from darting forward and joining in the marvellous chase. At the seventh time, just as the hunter had thrown his spear, and was in the act of springing across the glen, his foot caught in a looped ivy stem that stretched along the edge, and he was thrown headlong into the deep pool of water beneath. Rory knew that such a hunter had but little to fear from the narrow pool of a mountain torrent, and seeing the stag rush up the hill, he found himself unable to resist the temptation any longer, so, throwing the bridle loose and touching his steed with the spur, he called merrily to his hounds and dashed in pursuit. The stag had got a good start, and as Rory gained the ridge or spine of the hill, was half way down the slope at the other side. But now both steed and hounds went bravely downward and began to gain upon the deer, till the latter, coming to the base of an immense wall of rock at the bottom, turned upward in a circular course, and went back again in full career for the first valley, where, instead of directly crossing the stream as he did previously, he now rushed obliquely along the slopes and rocks towards the extreme end, and there turning, came down at a thundering pace on the opposite side, with Rory and his baying hounds still close upon his track. Another round of the immense valley, and again the stag came down, now on the very brink of the roaring stream. Just as he had gained the spot where his first pursuer fell, however, Bran, Rory's best hound, seized him by the haunch, and after a violent struggle, during which the other dogs had come up, all rolled over the abrupt edge into the stream. Rory, on coming to the spot, dismounted and looked down. The huge stag was stretched dead beneath upon the sand, and the hounds were quietly lapping the cool water beside him. The strange hunter, however, was nowhere to be seen, till Rory, after descending the steep side of the glen and making a close search, at last found him lying upon a damp bank, apparently dead from the effects of his fall.

After a copious sprinkling of water from the stream, the stranger at length began to revive, and was soon able to stand and account for himself.

"Knight of Inchiquin," he said, "thou hast done me a service, for which I will repay thee well."

"Who art thou?" returned Rory; "for I never saw a man in thy strange guise amid these mountains before."

"I am Merulan the Wizard," answered the stranger.

"Take thy stag, then," said Rory, "Wert thou another hunter I might claim him for myself, seeing that my hounds have killed him; but, by my knightly faith, it were pity to deprive hunter like thee of such spoil. Take him—or, stay. Come to my father's house, and thou wilt have good cheer during many a merry moon."

"I cannot go," answered Merulan, "but I thank thee none the less. Thou and thine wert ever bountiful to the poor and friendless from generation to generation, since the day that the mighty Ollic Oluin put his sword in the scabbard, and made the wise laws for the sons of Inisfail."

"Why canst thou not come?" said Rory, looking kindly on Merulan. "Thou hast nought to bind thee to one spot, so come with me, and we will have feasting and merry revel for many a day in the halls of Inchiquin."

"It cannot be," returned Merulan. "I must spend a year and a day, in the cave that lies beneath yonder crag. The stag thy hounds have killed will give me food for a long time; and," continued he, with a smile of strange sweetness and benevolence, "when I want another, thou hast seen enough of me to-day to show thee that I cannot die with hunger whilst a single deer bides within these mountains. However, for the service thou hast done me, take this," and putting his hand into his leathern pouch he drew therefrom the semblance of a butterfly, carved in flashing gold, and handed it to Rory. One of the legs of the glittering little image was pointed like the pin of a brooch.—"Take this," continued he, "and place it as a clasp for thy plume. As yet thy heart is kind and full of equity, but when thou growest older, the world may change thee, as it changeth every mortal man. Wear this, however, above thy forehead, and as long as thou dost right it will continue to shine brightly as thou seest it now; but the moment the doing of a bad

deed enters into thy heart, it will cease to shine, and become dull and dark as the damp sod beneath our feet!"

Rory, after looking with delight on the strange gift, placed it as a clasp to the plume of his light-barred cap. Merulan, with another smile, bade him farewell, and then both left the glen, Rory riding across the ridge into another valley, and the wizard bearing the body of the stag towards his solitary cave.

When Rory had crossed the range of mountains, the mighty and rugged spurs of which shot out into a wide plain, a great forest extended itself before him, within the mazes of which he wound his horn merrily and hunted all day long, till the sun seemed resting beyond upon the far glittering waves of the boundless ocean. He then bethought himself of returning, but before he did so dismounted and sat down upon a green bank, in a flowery dell surrounded by many a silver birch and waving rowan-tree. At last the sun set, and the dim shadows of twilight began to steal upon the resting-place of the young hunter. He now took off his barred-cap, and looked again upon the golden butterfly. Its two minute eyes seemed of diamonds, and as the dark shadows gathered down faster and faster, and made a gloom upon all the forest around, the wonderful image emitted a light that seemed to fill the whole glade, and enabled him to distinguish the smallest leaf or blade of grass, even to a point far in between the trunks of the encircling trees. After gazing and wondering for some time, he again mounted his steed, and calling his hounds, proceeded through the forest homeward, the magic plume-clasp lighting his way through dark recesses and tangled paths with a brilliancy far transcending that of the brightest star or the yellow moon of autumn.

On the farthest verge of the forest ran a broad, swift river, to which the turbulent stream of the desert valley was a tributary. As Rory came towards the bank of this river, he heard a wild and piteous scream, which seemed to proceed from some one struggling for life in the water. Down he rode to the bank, the magic butterfly still lighting his way, and looking out upon the stream, beheld in the midst the figure of a young girl as she floated helplessly with the tide, still, however, faintly endeavouring to keep herself upon the surface. In an instant Rory dashed his horse into the river, at a point below that where the girl was still struggling, and as she floated downward, caught her in his strong grasp, and carried her safe to the other shore. For a time she lay insensible on the bank, but she soon recovered and thanked her deliverer in a voice of exceeding sweetness. She said that she was the only daughter of a kern, or foot soldier, who lived hard by, and who served the lord of Inchiquin, and that as she was crossing the ford, a little distance above, she had lost her footing and fallen into the river.

Rory, by the light of the golden image, had time to examine the features and form of the young girl, as she stooped up and prepared to depart for her father's cot. He had never before beheld a being so beautiful. She seemed at first frightened at the strange light emitted by the image, and began to think that she owed her deliverance to some forest sprite, but, when again she looked upon the smiling, noble face of the young chieftain, and heard his kind words, she knew he was mortal, and invited him to partake of the hospitality of her father's cot beside the river. This invitation Rory thankfully accepted, and when they arrived at the wood-kern's cottage, the surprise of the young girl knew no bounds when she saw her father welcoming Rory as the son of the brave lord of Inchiquin.

The more Rory saw of the beautiful young girl, the more he admired her, and when he took his departure in the morning, it is not to be wondered at that he resolved to return frequently to the cottage. And he did return, and who will marvel when they hear that he was at last in love with the beautiful Enna, the daughter of the wood-kern, and that he swore, come what would, to make her his wife. All this, however, he kept secret from his father, for he knew that the latter, though just and wise, would sooner see him dead than the husband of a low-born maiden such as Enna.

And thus a year passed away, at the end of which the old lord of Inchiquin, finding his health failing, and wishing to see his affairs settled before his death, began to negotiate a match between his son and the daughter of O'Brien, lord of Thomond. It was now that Rory found himself sorely beset, between his duty to his father and his love for the young peasant girl. In those times the wishes of children were not consulted, particularly by their parents, and so

after a few meetings between the lord of Thomond and his vassal chief, old Donal of Inchiquin, the match was made, and the day was appointed for the marriage of Rory the Black and the haughty Maud O'Brien.

The important day came, and Rory, who had secretly married the lovely Enna in the interim, refused of course the hand of the princess of Thomond, for which rebellious act, at the instigation of O'Brien, he was lodged in one of the strongest dungeons of Inchiquin by his incensed father.

Day after day the old chief visited Rory in his prison, expecting the latter to be brought to reason, and thus matters went on for nearly half a year, at the end of which time Rory grew tired of his confinement, and began to think in his misery of repudiating his low-born wife, and marrying the young princess of Thomond. The father, noticing the change, now worked upon his mind untiringly until at length Rory gave his consent, though he knew that in the far-off cottage by the forest river, his rightful wife would die when she heard the woeful news. It was now all rejoicing in Inchiquin. Rory was liberated, and another day was appointed for the bridal that had caused so much trouble. The lord of Thomond's castle was situated a considerable distance away from Inchiquin, beyond the mountains, and that they might reach it about noon, Rory and his father, and their gallant train set out on their journey before the dawn of day. On they went, and now some glamour seemed to influence Rory, for never a thought came into his mind of the golden butterfly, and the kindly warning of Merulan, in connection with it. At the crossing of a glen his horse stumbled, but there was now no light to guide his way—nothing but darkness before and around him. During the passage of a quagmire, again his horse stumbled and almost fell forward into a treacherous pool of water; still he thought not of the golden gift of Merulan.

And now upon the plain smooth road, the horse for the third time stumbled and fell forward, bringing Rory down with him.

"I would to heaven," exclaimed the young chief, as he extricated himself from his horse, and then helped the animal to rise—"that it was on the road to the far-off forest I was, where dwells my loved and lawful wife!"

At that moment the golden butterfly cast a faint glitter upon the dark road.

"She will die, poor thing," resumed Rory, "when she hears of the base act I am about to do. I have half a mind to refuse once more, be the consequence what it may!"

The gleam from the golden image became brighter.

"Yes!" exclaimed Rory as he now noticed the change suddenly, "come what will I will not advance a step further towards the consummation of this bad deed. I will return and proclaim my wife to my father's vassals, and die if necessary to defend her!"

And now the light became like the rising sun, brightening all a-ear. Rory sprang to his saddle, wheeled his horse around, and in a moment dashed away on the backward track, pursued by his father and the train of gallants who attended him. It was still dark, and the rays from the magic butterfly lit Rory's path as he fled fast and far towards the cottage of his young wife. His father was soon left behind, and the pursuit at length entirely ceased.

Rory reached his wife before the hot noontide, and lived concealed in her little cot beside the river for a month. At the end of that time his father died, and he was proclaimed chief of Inchiquin. He then avowed his marriage, when a fierce war followed between himself and the prince of Thomond, who swore that he would never rest night or day, till the clan O'Quin was swept, root and branch, from the principality of Clare. And he kept his vow, for he never ceased till he had driven Rory the Black to such extremities, that the latter, with his young wife and his broken clan, was at length forced to bid farewell to his ancient patrimony of Inchiquin, and cross the Shannon into the county Limerick, where his line, as we have said, is still represented by the earl of Dunraven.

SCENES OF LIFE.—Many scenes of life are holy: the early morn, the twilight hour, the starry night, the rolling storm, the hymn of thousands from the sacred fane, the marriage rite, or funeral dirge; but none more holy than the chamber of the dying, lingering beside a departing spirit, seeing as if already the angel shone above the mortal, waiting but the eternal summons to wing his flight on high.

A VICTIM TO ADVICE.



Y unfortunate friend, Ned Dalton (poor fellow! he has long put off this mortal coil), was respected by everybody, because he did every thing that everybody wished him to do. He once had a small—very small—independence, and had lived a life of ease for some years, until at length the love of strong waters, and the intoxicating charms of society deprived him of all he possessed. He had nothing to do, and his friends have been heard to say that he *did it* remarkably well—so well, in short, that he was not much disposed to do any thing else. This negative mode of employment, however, proved very unprofitable in the end, and poor Ned was fain to resort to his friends for assistance, but he soon discovered that they were not sufficiently acquainted with the doctrine of “moral obligations” to re-

cognise the principle that, because they had been willing to accept favours from him, they should be equally willing to grant him favours in return. He had puzzled his brains to such an extent, without any favourable result, that at length he began to think he no longer had any brains to puzzle, and being reduced to extremities, he meditated a trip to America, or to one of those distant colonies (at the time I write of the gold regions of California and Australia had not been discovered), where people imagine that fortunes are to be picked up like acorns on a windy day. He mentioned this idea to his friend and quondam associate, Ralph O'Malley, who took, or affected to take—which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, means the same thing—a warm interest in his welfare. “I am quite weary,” said he, “of this precarious state of lodging-house existence, for, without money or employment, I am as helpless as a turtle on the broad of its back. There's *nothing* to be done here, for people will not employ me because I wear moustaches, and there's *nobody* to be done, because the Small Debts Act has given to trade an advantage over speculation. I shall, therefore, be off to the colonies, and bid good-bye to the miseries and mysteries of Dublin life.”

“Pooh, pooh! my dear Ned,” said O'Malley, “don't talk in that strain. Fortune is, at best, but a fickle goddess, and as often changes her favourites as a country changes its ministers. Take my advice, stay where you are; and I'll tell you how you may jump out of your present chrysalis state, and become a butterfly of the choicest colours.”

“Well, let me hear it,” replied Dalton; “but don't lead me into any rash speculation which may in turn lead me into a prison.”

“Nonsense, my dear boy,” rejoined O'Malley, “I only want to lead you to the altar, not to the gallows. Be advised in time, and now is the time. Get married. I'll introduce you to a girl who is well qualified to make a faithful wife, for she has plenty of money and very little beauty.”

Now, amongst the various schemes which Ned Dalton had conceived for the improvement of his fortunes, the idea of matrimony had not once entered his head, but he was never too proud to take advice, and he immediately yielded to the suggestion proffered to him.

The preliminaries were speedily arranged through the dexterous contrivances of O'Malley, and in the course of a few days Ned Dalton was received as a visiter at the house of the young lady's parents. He was not devoid of natural gifts, and so well did he

display them before the fair damsel whose fortune he wished to make his own, that in less than three weeks he was her accepted suitor. Miss Laura Nettleton (for her name need not be concealed) was certainly not handsome, nor was she very young, but her manners were tolerably pleasant, and she had a head of black hair which was always so beautifully arranged that a fashionable coiffeur would have been proud to exhibit it in his window. Now a head of black hair was a most charming ornament in the eyes of Ned Dalton, and as in the present instance it bore the recommendation of belonging to a lady of fortune, he thought he should be a very happy Benedict. As he could not boast that degree of respectability which is said to belong to “a gentleman who keeps a gig,” he contrived on several occasions to borrow a horse, in order that he might raise himself in the estimation of his beloved *fiancée*, whose confiding nature, he was quite sure, would never allow her to doubt that the animal was a part of his own stud. One fine morning he proposed to Mr. Nettleton, the father, that Miss Laura should take a ride with him in the Phoenix Park, for Mr. Nettleton was himself the proprietor of a horse, and Miss Nettleton was the proprietress of a habit. The matter was soon arranged, and Ned Dalton and Laura were amongst the dashing equestrians in the Park, the former thinking how delightful it would be when he and his wife could disport themselves on their own chargers, and the latter meditating upon her good fortune in having gained so promising a husband. Suddenly, the horse which Miss Nettleton rode made a bound forward, and whilst that young lady was endeavouring to ascertain the cause of this eccentric movement, he began to indulge in various gymnastic exercises, which, though apparently very agreeable to himself, were extremely dangerous to his rider. Dalton seized the horse's bridle, but not in time to avoid the shocking catastrophe that ensued. The lovely Laura, being unused to such capers as we have described, was unable to maintain her seat, and in the violence of the shock which disturbed her equilibrium, her hat fell off; and, oh, horrible to relate! the head of black hair fell with it, revealing to the astonished eyes of Ned Dalton a stunted growth of—“*carrots*”—(the dreadful word must out, however angry the ladies may be to see it), which would doubtless have shone forth in rich luxuriance, had they not been deprived of their fair proportions!

As a novelist would say, I must throw a veil over Miss Nettleton and the scene which followed between that young lady and the bewildered Dalton. Suffice it to say that, having been deceived in one instance, Ned began to fear he might be so in another; and, therefore, he thought it advisable to make minute inquiries respecting the “fortune,” which, together with the beautiful black hair alluded to, constituted the attraction of Miss Laura Nettleton. The result of those inquiries was, that the fortune proved to be no more a reality than the hair, and thus was poor Ned Dalton's disappointment complete. He had innocently thought to improve his hapless condition; and whether he did so or not will be gathered from a brief dialogue which took place between himself and Ralph O'Malley, about a month after the appalling accident in the Phoenix Park.

“Here's a nice predicament you have brought me into!” exclaimed Dalton, as he entered his friend's apartment. “I'm a victim to your confounded advice!”

“What's the matter now?” said the astonished O'Malley, “I thought I had given you advice which any man ought to be grateful for; and I not only persuaded you to marry, but I introduced you to a young lady of good connections and large property.”

“Yes!” replied the deluded Dalton, scarcely able to control his indignation, “a lady whose *property* might be purchased at any wig-maker's in the city of Dublin.”

O'Malley was about to seek an explanation of this mysterious speech, but Dalton checked him by exclaiming, “Ask no questions, Ralph, but be satisfied with what I tell you. All I need say is, that I have become the victim of your gratuitous advice, and that, instead of being the husband of a lady of fortune, I am the defendant in an action for breach of promise of marriage!”

The result of the trial was, that the would-be Benedict was mulcted in heavy damages; and I have good reason to believe that he paid the debt of nature without paying the penalty of his matrimonial defalcation. There is, moreover, strong ground for supposing that, in his determination to avenge himself upon the gentler (and ficker) sex, he afterwards penned that bold piece of advice which Sir Cresswell Cresswell must long since have endorsed—“To persons about to marry—Don't!”

G. H.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAREWELL.

*(From the Spanish.)**

Ballyshannon, flowery village,
Flowery village, once my home!
Peaceful rest amid thy mountains
That afar off see me roam.

Left my little flock for ever,
Never, by the river-tide,
Shall I tend the merry kiddings
Leaping by the mother's side—
On the upland pasture, never
Pass the glowing noon away,
Shaded 'neath the wavering wild-rose
Looking o'er the dreamy bay!

Bear I these alone for dower,
Flowery village, once my home!
Sweet old songs and tunes of childhood,
In my breast where'er I roam!

On this mountain-slope above thee,
Where I spent my happy time,
Mid the fruit my hands had planted,
Gladened by thy distant chime,

Here, ere leaving thee for ever,
Here I light a fire—the last,
Mid my cot's down-broken ruins,
And the ruins of the past.
Nought remains of all my labour—
Nought but broom and nettles rank,
Thistles, gorse, and wild weeds cluster
Over meadowy field and bank.

Burst in flame, dry weeds and branches
Light the ruins of the home,
And the sad steps of the master
Who afar off now must roam!

Seeking some fair spot of safety
O'er the hills my path shall lie,
Sleeping, mayhap, in their bosoms
Neath the vigil of the sky.

Sleeping, mayhap, by the fireside
Of some shepherd rough and kind,
With my heart gone back in slumber
To the land I leave behind.
Or, it may be, in the valleys,
Roving through the gentle spring,
Tilling mid the lowland gardens
Whilst the flowers are opening.

Or upon the moving waters,
Seeking good gifts of the sea,
Till another tempest coming,
Drives me off, as now from thee!

But amid the cities never,
Never shall my pathway lie,
Where great walls shut out the mountains,
And dark smoke the roofy sky.
Ballyshannon, flowery village,
Flowery village, once my home!
Peaceful rest amid thy mountains,
That afar off see me roam!

ERIONWACH.

* The original is the composition of Dr. D. Joaquin Villanueva, a distinguished Carlist, who having been compelled to leave Spain from political reasons, sought and found a happy refuge in Ireland. His historical work, in Latin, in reference to Irish history is well known, but few are aware that amongst his poetical works are to be found many a grateful reminiscence of Irish scenery and legend. The original of the above commences thus:—

Ballyshannon la florida
Do fue un tiempo mi casar,
Quedate entre tus colinas
Que me voy a otro lugar.

CHINESE DELICACIES.



ONE of the most curious food products in high repute in China, is in the form of the edible nest of a species of swallow, extensively obtained in some of the islands of the Eastern Archipelago. These nests are attached to the sides of rocks, like those of our martin and swallow to walls, and look like so many watch-pockets. The eggs are white, with a slight pinkish tinge, and are generally two in number. The nests are either white, red, or black, and the natives maintain that these are built by three distinct species, but this is altogether erroneous. The gathering of these nests takes place three times a year—in the end of April, the middle of August, and in December. The yearly produce is commonly between 50 and 60 piculs of 133 lbs. The business of collection is described as being opened with great ceremony by the natives. By the assistance of ladders and stags, made of rattan, the collectors descend the rocks and cliffs, provided with the requisite bags to contain the nests, which are taken from the wall by the hand, and those which are on the roof by an iron hook made fast to a long bamboo. The birds feed upon different kinds of bloodless insects.

The nests are brought principally from Java and Sumatra, though they are found on most of the rocky islets of the Indian Archipelago. The species of swallow whose habitation the nest is, is known as the "Hirundo esculenta." The nests are composed of a mucilaginous substance, but as yet they have never been analysed with sufficient accuracy to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-concocted, fibrous isinglass, and are of a white colour, inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce. When dry, they are brittle and wrinkled; the size is nearly that of a goose-egg. Those that are dry, white, and free from dirt and feathers, are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattans run through them, to preserve the shape. Those procured after the young are fledged, are not saleable in China. The quality of the nest varies, according to the situation and extent of the caves, and the time at which they are taken. If procured before the young are fledged, the nests are of the best description; if they contain eggs only they are still valuable; but if the young are in possession of the nests, they are regarded as worthless. The best are found in deep, damp caves, which, if not injured, will continue to produce indefinitely. The method of procuring these nests is not unattended with danger. Some of the caves are so precipitous, that no one but those accustomed to the employment from their youth can obtain the nests, being only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must often be performed by torchlight, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would be instantly fatal to the adventurer. Such is the price paid to gratify luxury. After the nests are obtained they are cleansed, carefully dried and packed, and forwarded in the native junks to market. The majority of the best kind are sent to Peking for the use of the court. It may be remarked that this curious dish is only an article of expensive luxury amongst the Chinese; the Japanese do not use it at all. The labour bestowed to render it fit for the table is enormous; every feather or impurity of any kind is carefully removed, and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, it is made into a soft, delicious jelly. Mr. J. H. Moor, in his notices of the *Indian Archipelago*, published at Singapore some years since, thus writes concerning these nests. "One of the principal and most valuable articles of exportation is the edible bird's-nests, white and black. These are found in much greater abundance in and about the Codi, more than any other part of Borneo, or from what we at present know on the subject, all parts put together. On the western coast they are scarcely known to exist; about Banjerassin and Bagottan there are none; at Bataliching and Passier they are found in considerable quantities. At Browe there is abundance of the black kind of a very superior quality, but little of the

white. At Seboo, and all the parts to the north of Borneo, we know there is none, as I have seen many letters from different Rajahs of those countries averring the fact, and begging the Sultan of Coti to exchange his edible nests for their most valuable commodities, and at his own price. Nor ought this to create surprise, when we consider not only the large consumption of this article by the Cambodjans, who almost exclusively inhabit some of the largest Sooloo islands, and the northern parts of Borneo, but the amazing demand on the whole coast of Cambodia, particularly of Cochin China, the principal inhabitants of which countries are as partial to this luxury as their more northern neighbours, the Chinese. There are in Coti and adjacent Dyak countries perhaps eighty known places, or what the natives term holes, which produce the white nests. I have seen the names of forty-three."

The exports of birds'-nests from Java, between the years 1823 and 1832, averaged about 250 piculs a year, but latterly the exports have not averaged half that amount, and in 1853 and 1854 there were only about thirty-five or forty piculs shipped.

Talking about Chinese dishes and Chinese cooking, the late Albert Smith, writing in 1858, says: "It consists for the most part of rats, bats, snails, bad eggs, and hideous fish, dried in the most frightful attitudes. Some of the *restaurateurs* carry their cook-shops about with them on long poles, with the kitchen at one end, and the *salle-à-manger* at the other. These are celebrated for a soup made, I should think, from large caterpillars boiled in a thin gravy, with onions." Not a very inviting repast that! The following is said, with what amount of truth we know not, to be an extract from the bill of fare of one of the San Francisco eating-houses:

Grimalkin steaks, . . .	25 cents.
Bow-wow soup, . . .	12 "
Roasted bow-wow, . . .	18 "
Bow-wow pie, . . .	6 "
Stews ratified, . . .	6 "

What is meant by "stews rat-ified"? to say the least of it, this dish is very dubious. In contrast to this, however, take another description of a Chinese feast in San Francisco. The writer (an American) after describing some ten or twelve courses, consisting of stewed acorns, chesnuts, sausages, dried ducks, stuffed oysters, shrimps, periwinkles, and ending with tea, each course being served up with small china bowls and plates, in the neatest manner, observes: "We have dined in many a crack restaurant, where it would be a decided improvement to copy from our Chinese friends. The most difficult feat for us was the handling of the chop-sticks, which mode of carrying to the mouth is a practical illustration of the old proverb, "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." We came away after a three hours' sitting, fully convinced that a China dinner is a very costly and elaborate affair, worthy the attention of epicures. From this time henceforth we are in the field for China, against any insinuations on the question of diet à la rat, which we pronounce a tale of untruth." But we fear the truth of the great consumption of rats in China as a delicacy is incontrovertible. Mr. Wingrove Cooke, the special correspondent of the London "Times," in his graphic letter from the Celestial Empire, describing a certain gaol, says that two hundred rats are destroyed in it every night, which the prisoners saw every morning "with tearful eyes and watering mouths" cast out in waste. Unable at last to see these delicacies thus wilfully destroyed, they indited a petition to the authorities, proving from Confucius that it was sinful to cast away the food of man, and praying that the rats might be handed over to them to cook and eat! Mr. Cooke vouches for the authenticity of this circumstance. It is not long since a genius originated the idea of introducing a new article of traffic into the China market from India, namely, *salted rats*! A correspondent of the "Calcutta Citizen," in writing from Kurrachee, the principal town of Scinde, a province much infested with rats, announced his determination to export 120,000 salted rats to China. He said:—"I have to pay one pice a dozen, and the gutting, salting, pressing, and packing in casks, raises the price to six pice a dozen (about three farthings), and if I succeed in obtaining anything like the price that rules in Whampoa and Canton for corn-grown rats, my fortune is made, or rather I will be on the fair road to it, and will open a fine field of enterprise to Scinde."

What can be said of Chinese delicacies after this?

THE LONG VACATION.



E all remember the delight with which the word "Vacation" used to fill us when we were schoolboys. The mere thought of the glorious season when he should be at liberty, when books were to be thrown aside, and the rule of ushers should for a time be no more, was enough to make us bear up cheerfully against the manifold disagreeabilities, which after all make up no small portion of a schoolboy's existence. Well do I recollect how, as the blissful day of release drew nigh, the dreaded cane, that awful sceptre of pedantic despotism, would be filched from its place by some daring spirit, covered with crape, and hung up over the scroll which adorned the schoolroom wall, and from which blazed out, in the most magnificent calligraphy, the dear old doggrel Latin lines—

"Omnia bene, sine pœna,
Tempus est ludendi.
Venit hora, absque morâ
Libros deponendi."

There was not a dunce in the place, whose palms had grown callous from repeated "pandyng" for hopeless obtusity in the matter of Delectus or Greek Testament, who could not construe those verses, aye, and if need were, parse every word of them. The head boy of the school himself, great a scholar as he was, found in them a philosophy and a charm, which the sweetest of Horace's lyrics did not contain, and even the masters could hardly refrain from allowing them to get mixed up with every task which they set, and every lesson which they heard. And then, when all was over, when the break-up had come, and the only work before us was that of packing up our trunks and getting off as fast as we could, to what a cheer did the roof of the school-house echo? How warm were the hand-shakings as we bade each other good-bye, and set out for our several homes, and how bright and happy were the faces which but a few days ago were heavy and dismal, heavy with wearisome attempts to master tasks which would not be mastered, dismal at the prospect of speedy and certain corporeal correction. But all that was forgotten now; the most mortal enemies became reconciled, and even Pickle, whose life, during the year, was one long flagellation, and consequently one long vow of dire vengeance against the tyrant who wielded the rod, forgot on this day both his sufferings and his purposed revenge, and parted kindly from the hated Doctor. And then the place was empty, save for perhaps one or two of the Masters who remained behind, and perhaps too, some poor little fellow whom some evil destiny compelled to stay, when all the rest were gone, and for six long, wretched weeks,—how short and happy for others,—to mope in solitude about the deserted playgrounds and class-rooms, without even a lesson to learn and kill time with. Another kind of breaking up I also remember, that at a large continental college, at which it was my fate to have been a boarder for some years. There was not the same boisterousness about it which is usually found at an English school. French boys, and Germans too, are, in general, rather quiet and subdued in their manners. There is more uproar in an English school in one day than in a French one in a month. But though there was no cheering, though there were no doggrel Latin rhymes, though there was no funeral decoration of the cane,—one good reason for this being, that there was no cane or other instrument of bodily torture in the school,—the signs of the approach of vacation were manifest enough. Frequent visits had to be made to the school tailor for clothes for the journey home, some of our residences being distant enough, and the period I am writing of, being anterior to the general existence of railways on the continent. As time wore on, the boys struck out the several days in their *Ordos* or school almanacks, a process which had the effect, rather of making time move slowly, than of adding any swiftness to his flight. Then various boys began to take their departure, some alone, some in companies of twos or threes, others in larger numbers. Before they went, they always came dressed, for the road, to the playgrounds of the various divisions, into which the school was divided, to bid farewell to their companions. Then was performed the ceremony of what, as well

as I remember, was called the *caravan*, that is, those who were going away were taken by the arms of those who remained, and all the division, linked thus together, walked backwards and forwards in two long lines facing each other, for twenty minutes or half an hour. This of course was meant as a token of regard and affection for those who were about to depart. Then, when it was time, the caravan broke up, and there ensued a scene, not of hand-shaking in our honest, insular way, but of weeping, embracing, and kissing, as is the fashion, even among males, on the continent. And so, well embraced and much wept over, each departed. Then as the last day drew nearer, those who were to spend their vacation in walking tours, such as M. Töppfer has described in his admirable *Voyages en Zig Zag*, became the lions of the moment, by virtue of the thick-soled shoes studded with heavy nails, and the leather gaiters in which they began to clothe their nether extremities. And so, little by little, all melted away, somewhat more rapidly indeed, after the prizes of the year had been distributed, than before; but still it was a melting away rather than a breaking up. The last to leave were the *les Voyageurs*, who, in two or three detachments, clad in blouses, their sticks in their hands, and their knapsacks on their backs, set out on their various routes. Ah, how vividly I still remember those glorious tramping expeditions! As I write, the old times rise before me, and I seem once more to be in places that I have not known for many a year. Pleasant halts on Swiss hill-sides, with the shade of the pines over our heads, and the cold waters of a stream flowing at our feet, flowing away to the lake that glittered in the distance; rambles through districts covered with vines, when the songs of the vintagers were ringing through the air, and,—unromantic, but to a school-boy, wearied with a long march, delightful fact,—grapes were to be had in abundance for nothing or next to nothing; grand climbs through the wild snow-clad scenery of the Alps; weary, weary trappings along dusty, ill-shaded Lombard roads, with no tree in sight taller or broader than a mulberry tree, and not a drop of water to be had wherewith to wet our parched lips; strolls through Italian cities, visits to churches, palaces and galleries, pleasures and pains of foot-travelling, blisters, fatigue, well-earned repose, lovely scenery and hearty dinners, where are ye all now? Alas and alas! the "Black Monday" of life has come, and worse than French college or English academy is the school where I am finishing my education; sterner than Dr Birch or my old continental friends, is the master who now wields his rod over me; and a right well-pickled rod too, I must say it is.

Yet, after all, why should I speak thus. I began this paper with a certain object in view, and assuredly that object was not to make a moan about life; yet, somehow, recollections of old times forced themselves upon me, and I believe that if there is any one thing which more than another must tend to make men melancholy, it is looking back into the past. Better cling to the present; and after all, life is not all one long "Black Monday." A good deal of it is hard enough, no doubt; still it has its pleasant seasons, and the pleasure of those seasons derives an additional zest from the hard work that goes before them and is to come after them.

In this matter of vacation, of all men who earn their bread by hard work, there are none perhaps so much to be envied as lawyers. Other mortals, to a great extent, take their recreation in fear and trembling. They do not know what opportunities their absence from their business may cause them to lose; they never can be assured that some sudden emergency may not arise to call them back from their short-lived leisure to the wear and tear of the work-a-day world. A fluctuation in the market, an extensive bankruptcy may dash the cup of pleasure from the merchant's lips, before he has almost had time even to sip from it, and hurry him back reluctant, but yet of necessity yielding, from the banks of the Rhine or Tiber to the shores of the Liffey or the Thames. The physician sets out for a month's enjoyment, but when he does so he cannot but feel that he is running a certain risk. People will get sick at the most unreasonable times; they have not always the courtesy to wait until the regular family physician is within call; and when they do take this absurd fancy into their heads, they have the bad habit of sending at once for the nearest medical man, rather than wait for a few weeks for the return of the doctor who, from long knowledge of their constitutions, is the best fitted to treat their disorders. Hence connections are lost; hence Jack Camomile, who has hitherto scarcely been able to keep a roof over his head, springs suddenly into a well-

appointed brougham, and drives about, fat and pursy, with all the appearance of a man who has a good balance at his banker's, while Doctor Sangrado grows pale and sickens when he compares this year's decreased tot in his fee book with the much more comfortable figures of but a year ago. But the lawyer! From the middle, or at all events the end, of August to the end of October he is secure, and as free as a bird. Even if he would go to court and harangue judges and jury, he cannot. There is no judge, there is no jury, there is no court. His business cannot be filched from him, for there is no business. There is a sort of Truce of God in the war of litigation, and the *Condottieri* on both sides may for the while unarm and wander whither they list. And well for them is it that it should be so; for there is, perhaps, no profession in which a fixed recognized vacation is more necessary.

Let our reader enter into any of the Courts during the last few weeks of the sittings, and observe the men who are doing the business there. There is not one of them whose countenance does not tell of long-sustained exhausting work. A yellow skin, heavy eyes, and a general weariness of manner visible through all the energy which they put into the business before them, all show that the men who are sitting there must soon have rest, or sink under their toil. And so it is, and there never yet was a schoolboy who so ardently looked forward to his holidays as the hard-worked barrister does to his long vacation. He longs for the time when his days shall be passed in some purer atmosphere than the hot, close, stifling air which he breathes in Court, and where he shall be able to give his nights to sleep, and not to the almost endless study of dry books and drier papers. For his labour has this peculiarity: it does not, like that of most men, end with the working hours of the day. When the merchant, ay, and the ploughman and bricklayer, are forgetting in sleep the cares and the toil of the by-gone day, and gathering in repose strength for the morrow, the lawyer is sitting by the light of his lamp, writing, studying, thinking, committing hard facts to his memory, and deeply pondering over the legal principles which are applicable to them. And then he stays till the gray light of morning breaks in through the chink in his shutters, and then when the last weary paper has been read, the last argument carefully thought over, and noted down for to-morrow's use, he goes off at length for a short sleep, to be followed by more work and more work again. Such is his life throughout the greater part of the year; but at last the vacation draws near, and he sees daylight through the mass of business that yet remains to be done. At his chambers briefs come fewer and fewer; in Court the list of cases is gradually growing smaller, as one by one each of those that is to be heard before the vacation is disposed of. He can find time to make arrangements with his friends about a tour abroad, or a moor in the Highlands. His family sees more of him than it has done for some time. Court is emptier than usual; the public is beginning to be tired of sitting in the gallery; the great body of the briefless, who usually devote themselves to carving their names, or drawing pen and ink sketches on the back benches, are growing lazy, and invent excuses for absenting themselves from Court—excuses to their own minds I mean, of course—for saving a feeling that they ought to be on the spot to show their diligence and attention to the business which they have not, there is nothing to detain them. Accordingly, they show themselves but rarely, and for the most part addict themselves to smoking in their chambers, or to trips into the country, or pulls up the river, according to their respective tastes and inclinations. Attorneys' clerks and apprentices grow fidgetty, constantly mislay or forget important papers just when they are most wanted, and, of course, receive tremendous snubbings, both from the Court and their counsel, in consequence. But even the Court itself—whereby we mean the solemn old gentlemen who preside there, and look down from an awful height alike on counsel, solicitors, and public—feels the influence of the time, and is plainly anxious to rise and be gone. It approves of cases being settled, deprecates irrelevant arguments, and accedes with alacrity to any statement that a matter is not pressing, and can very well stand over until next Term. Occasionally it grows irate, and remarks in strong language on the impropriety of bringing on a heavy case at this late period of the sittings. In fact, the Court, with all its grandeur and dignity, has one half its soul on the Continent or in the country, and the other half, which alone is attending to business, is impatient for the Continent or the country also. Accordingly, the Court we fear is in that state of mind, in which it cordially sub-

scribes to Sheridan's maxim of never doing to-day what can by any possibility be put off till to-morrow, and being in this mood, it despatches business with great rapidity; that is, it settles or postpones everything which will bear being settled or postponed. At length, by dint of hearing a little, half-hearing a good deal, and not hearing at all a great deal more, the list is got through. Then comes a rush of juniors with motions of course which ought to have been moved long ago, but which his Lordship will kindly attend to before rising. Be wary, oh ye juniors, with your motions; move on; lose no time in standing up when the man before you has obtained what he has required, for of a surety his Lordship longs to be away, and if ye delay, if any long pause ensues between the "Thank your Lordship" of the motion which precedes, and the "if your Lordship pleases" of the motion which follows, his Lordship will be off the bench with scant ceremony, your golden opportunity will be gone, your words will be addressed to an empty seat, and you must wait three long months ere your voice can again be lifted up in this place. And see, said I not so? Old Humdrum who has worn stuff, and consequently been a junior for something like thirty years, has a motion and is rising to move it. But Humdrum's movements are all marked with a certain gravity and slowness, which are sadly out of place in this bustling age, and so, when he has slowly got upon his feet, slowly opened his brief, slowly fixed his glasses, and slowly begun to draw out "If your Lordship pleases, in the matter of"—he is interrupted by a roar of laughter from his brethren of the bar. The court which saw him not, or affected not to see him rising, has disappeared, and Humdrum is sarcastically advised by his friends to follow it to the moor in the neighbourhood of Ben Lomond, whither it will proceed by a very early train, and see if his motion will be entertained there. Poor Humdrum folds up his papers, and in five minutes the place is empty. The Court is "up for the long vacation."

This picture of the legal breaking up applies, however, only to the Courts of Equity. Those gentlemen of the long robe who prefer the fun of the Common Law, to the stately pace of Chancery proceedings, are already enjoying a sort of modified vacation while their less fortunate brethren are still perspiring and inhaling mephitic air in the capital. The Common Law Bar is scattered in several bodies throughout the length and breadth of the land doing the business of the Assizes. The circuits are all out, and though on them, there is plenty of serious work seriously done, that does not prevent circuit from having a certain vacation air to all those who go it. In the first place it involves travelling, moving about, often through a pleasant country, and visits to quaint old places, which, dull and stupid enough through all the rest of the year, wake up into bustle and life, as the judges with their attendant train of registrars, barristers, attorneys and litigants, draw near them. Then there is all the light-hearted fun of the mess with its jokes, its songs and its mock trials, when the Attorney General of the Circuit arraigns some luckless brother for some breach of bar discipline, real or fancied, and Briefless is assigned as counsel, and first in this hour of misrule exhibits those qualities which after-

wards more seriously employed will, perhaps, lead him to eminence in the graver duties of his calling. Not the slightest charm, too, of circuit is the manner in which young and old are thrown together and forced, as it were, into a familiarity which the comparative stiffness of town business could never produce. All this tends to make circuit-time a season of extreme pleasantness, even for the leaders, who, at the end of the day, find in their lodgings just such piles of briefs, and just such hard work as awaited them at their chambers in town. We have only to look into the life of Lord Eldon, or into Lord Campbell's books, to see how barristers on circuit can join fun with hard work, and make the two pull very well together. But after all it is only a modified holiday, and even after it the grand, full leisure of the long vacation comes most welcome to the wearied juriconsult. Then he seeks some spot where not even the rumour of law may reach his ears. He has had quite enough of it during the year, and now his grand object is to avoid it. Off he goes then to Scotland, to Germany, to Italy, to Egypt, anywhere so that he may no more see calf-binding, parchment, or red tape. What matter is it to him that reports are coming out week after week, and that he will have hard work to read them up when he gets back to town? What matter is it that in some nook of the country events are brewing which must result in litigation and consequent employment of him? All he knows, or cares to know, is, that he is in the long vacation, his own master, and bound almost in duty to enjoy himself as much as possible before his "Black Monday," the first day of Michaelmas Term, comes round. And when that day comes, what a different being is he from the saw-toothed, heavy-eyed man, who but a short time ago, was unexcitedly drawling out a most unexciting statement to a wearied judge. Look at him and his brethren on the day when they first assemble together after the vacation. All are in high spirits; their cheeks are still sunburnt, and hale and hearty with sea or mountain air. Everyone shakes hands with everyone else, and anecdotes go round, of how one learned brother was seen with a fierce moustache shading his lips, and an alpenstock in his hand, striding off for one of the most inaccessible passes of the Alps, while another was recognised in a Turkish garb, entering a mosque somewhere in Syria or Egypt. They seem to have hardly yet grown accustomed once more to their wigs, those grave legists, and they hold their bags and briefs awkwardly, almost as awkwardly as they did when many years ago, they entered as unskilled apprentices the workshops of litigation wherein they are now masters. They linger lovingly at the doors of the courts, as if loth to enter, and so pass the barrier that for another year must separate them from leisure and recreation. But a buzz goes round; the judges are sitting; the groups that were loitering together break up into human fragments that rush off in different directions, and in five minutes more, the man who a moment ago was the best shot in the Highlands, the cleverest fisherman in Norway, or the sturdiest walker in Switzerland, becomes again what he was three months back, a cool, calculating, talkative, keen-witted lawyer. The Long-Vacation is over.

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THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Tony and Wisp had been left alone the bailiff took off his old hat, which was stuffed with law documents and newspapers, and having placed it under the ricketty chair on which he was sitting, drew nearer to the fire. Having performed these movements, he said to Tony, "Aint this jolly?"

The boy looked cautiously towards the door, and having satisfied himself that Brunt was not listen-

ing on the lobby, replied—

"I may be jolly for you, Wisp, but it aint for me, and I will tell you now that

you must stop in this house with me to-night, as I do not like Brunt's looks. I know Brunt too well of late to trust him. He knows I know too much," continued Tony; "but how could I help finding it all out."

Wisp cocked one of his grey, sharp, twinkling eyes, and having ran his right hand inside a red cotton handkerchief that was

twisted like a rope round his thick, muscular neck, said—

"Brunt and you are nice customers! What is it that you and the old chap have between you?"

"Nothing," replied Tony evasively, waving his hand. "We will have a prime lot here to-night; but for the life of me, I do not know what's keeping Bramble, the Black Doctor. It can't be the rain, although it's coming down like mad—as, wet or dry, storm or no storm, Bramble is sure to be here every night. I tell you what,

Wisp, Bramble knows a good deal about the weather at night, for he never goes to bed. He is not a bad poor devil after all—he is very obliging. Now," continued Tony, "for fear I should forget it, why is it that they call you Wisp?"

"Because I am a man of straw," replied the bailiff, laughing. "My name is Tim Mullins, but every one knows me as Wisp. Many a man in my time did I take up to limbo on a suspicion of debt. I had dirty work to do, Tony, for attorneys, about manor courts and police offices; but, I must say, that I often did a good turn for a boy at the assize, by swearing an 'alibi' for him."

Wisp, who was always to be seen by daylight in company with men like himself, strolling about attorneys' offices, or watching at

corners of streets, was a thin though athletic man, about fifty years of age. His dress consisted of a snuff-coloured surtout, which had become highly polished from friction; old blue, patched, and worn continuations; short boots, armed with big-headed nails, and the old hat turned brown from age, with the red, greasy kerchief above referred to, completed the costume of Wisp. His face bore the marks of divers collisions with combative debtors, and a surgical operation performed with a pewter measure flattened his nose on his upper lip, after the manner of an otter. This



alteration gave a peculiar nasal twang to his mode of speaking. Tony was proceeding to deliver himself of some refined observation, when he was interrupted by a person whistling out of tune as he ascended the stairs.

"How are you, Quill," said Tony; "your governor is gone an hour since with a gentleman, who has great talent for crying."

The person addressed was Mr. Jonas Quill, law assistant to Mr. Barman. Jonas was a young, thin man, dressed in fossil sables

that had been dug out of one of the numerous museums where they had been deposited after having been exposed to a great many hard rubs in the world. There was a solemn, six-and-eightpenny expression in his face, and whenever he addressed his acquaintances, his attitudes were quite forensic, and his language assumed a legal form. In fact, Quill was always in the habit of studying the peculiarities of the Nisi Prius barristers, with the object of being better prepared to hold forth in argument and eloquence at the "Three Jolly Travellers" nightly. Jonas had been for a long time in the office of Barman, in which he held a high position on a high stool, on which he was wont to balance himself for hours together, while, with a pen placed across his mouth, his eyes were in the habit of being fixed on the dirty layers of paper, tied with faded red tape, that reposed in mouldy bundles on strata of black dust, on tumble-down old shelves that surrounded the place of business of the astute Barman.

"Take wine for your stomach sake," is a fine old saying," said Quill—"I say, Tony, bring me a glass of whiskey. I saw Brunt in the bar, looking like a calf in a pound," continued the loquacious Jonas.

Tony rose slowly to bring the whiskey, and when he retired Quill said, addressing Wisp—

"Well, friend, what's up to-night, that we have the honour of your company?"

"I have to see the Black Doctor to hear some news and to get my instructions. I think it is something about Brunt and Tony he wants to see me."

"Indeed!" said Jonas. "The Black Doctor is a rare fellow—did he not know old Nelly that lived here, when Tony first came to this place?"

"He did," replied Wisp, "and he knows a trifle or two, between you and I and the wall."

A growl from Brunt and a loud scream from Tony disturbed the conversation between Jonas and Wisp.

"What's the matter?" sung out Quill.

"Nothing," said Tony, as he re-entered the room, "but what old Brunt shall hear of, and others besides."

Wisp winked at Jonas, and gave a peculiar kind of cough, which was taken up by Quill, who observed that it was a terrible night outside.

"Your master beats you I believe," said Jonas, addressing the boy.

"He does," said Tony, "but what is that to you, Mr. Quill?"

"That's the Black Doctor below stairs," said Wisp, "or I'm no bailiff and a sworn officer."

"You're right," observed Jonas, "I would know his voice in a thousand."

Rather a long conversation ensued between the Black Doctor and John Brunt, but it was carried on in such a subdued tone that even Tony, who was on the *qui vive*, could not hear more than a passing word. But matter of the most vital importance was going on in that wretched shop. By the flickering of two tallow candles the figure and face of the Black Doctor could be distinctly seen. Brutus Bramble was an Ethiopian and a native of Cuba. He was brought to England in the beginning of the present century when a young man. He received a very liberal education at the expense of his patrons, who intended him for the medical profession. He attended lectures, smoked, and drank whiskey and water as extensively as any of his fellow students. Although fiery and vindictive when roused, no one bore a higher reputation for courage and good nature. When about seventeen he came to Ireland, where he became acquainted with a number of fast young men, who led him into all kinds of folly and dissipation. He was known to all the ruined gamblers, *post obit* drawers, and night walkers of high and low degree, and his head quarters at night was the "Three Jolly Travellers." He was below the middle height, and stout, approaching to corpulency. His dark hair, sooty black, crisped into small woolly curls, over a large round head that seemed to be too heavy for the stout little man who had to carry it. His forehead was low, though broad and massive, and his nose was elevated above a heavy sensual mouth, armed with large teeth, that looked extremely white, because of the contrast which they formed to the dark coppery hue of the skin of his face. When he walked his legs were wide spread, and his short stout arms, terminating in big swollen hands, stood out at angles from his portly sides as he waddled along. Nobody could say that Bramble was a disagreeable person,

as there was great ease in his manner, when speaking in a broad musical accent, which he used with great fluency. He always wore black clothes, and his love of dress approached to womanish vanity. Brutus Bramble was the terror of his enemies, and when he gave one of his deep, loud, guttural laughs, even his most intimate friends felt a kind of instinctive fear.

Long and earnest was the conversation between the Black Doctor and John Brunt; and when the former was going up stairs, Brunt looked the picture of fear. Bramble had nearly reached the door of the room in which were seated Tony, Wisp, and Quill, when he suddenly returned to the bar, and said:

"I tell you, Brunt, touch not a hair of the boy's head."

"But he will tell all," groaned Brunt.

"Beware of me," said Bramble; "and remember, on Tony's safety depends your precious neck."

"They will hear you above," said Brunt.

"No matter," replied Bramble, as he went to join his friends.

"Well, Tony, my young terrier," said Bramble, as he entered the room, "has your respected master made any attempt on your precious life since I saw you last?"

"He has," responded Tony; "and will again."

"Again, will he?" said Bramble, as a smile of intense meaning passed over his face. "Well," continued he, turning to Wisp and Quill, "you appear to be drinking nothing. Say what you will imbibe, as I intend to nourish myself powerfully to-night."

"Good," said Quill. "I have been a long time at scrivenery, but there is nothing I would sooner be 'engrossing' than whiskey-punch."

"His sentiments are mine, Doctor," observed Wisp.

"Good again," said Tony. "I had better be off for the punch."

"Any amount of punch," said Bramble, as Tony pretended to fall down stairs.

"That's a clever boy," observed Quill.

"He is so," rejoined Wisp; "and a good boy."

"We will want him," said the Black Doctor, "to let us into a secret or two when he comes back. I believe Brunt has heaps of money, and we have very little," laughed the speaker. "I think Tony will help us to get some of it."

"I want you, Doctor," said Quill, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"There will be great value to-morrow night, and Barman wants to meet you here particularly. He told me to tell you so."

"Any rhino in the wind?" inquired the Doctor.

"Lots," replied Quill. "You will have to assist at a mock funeral of a lady, and to swear that she is dead, though the contrary is the case."

"Does Wisp know anything about the 'little game'?" whispered Bramble.

"No," said Quill; "but he will—we want him. Wisp is not to be sneezed at when a job is to be done."

The return of Tony, with a steaming jug of punch, and a number of glasses, caused a pause in the conversation, which was broken by the Black Doctor addressing Tony, with the remark: "Remain here; we want you."

"All right," replied Tony; "particularly as I was not going."

"Do you drink punch, Antonio, for if you do, pull in your chair," said Bramble.

"I won't drink to-night," replied Tony, as he seated himself opposite the fire, over which he spread his attenuated and dirty hands.

"Old Nelly, that was here, kept you at school?" inquired the Black Doctor.

"She did," was the reply; "and she was always very good to me."

"Did she tell you anything when she was dying?"

"She did," said the boy, "and pointed out the place where they buried him."

"Who were they?" said Quill.

"Brunt and the tinker," replied Tony.

"Did I know the man they buried?" asked Bramble.

"Ah, well you did. It was Hawkesworth, the exciseman, who had all the money always in his pockets. Won't you stop here to-night, Wisp?" added the boy, who appeared to get fearfully frightened lest Brunt had overheard the revelations which he had just made.

"I will, to be sure," said Wisp, as he rose and threw some coals on the fire.

"I will see you to-night," said the Black Doctor. "It is now within an hour of daylight."

The Black Doctor and Quill left the house, and Wisp and Tony remained seated in the position which they had so long occupied.

In a few minutes after the bailiff and the boy had been left alone, Brunt was heard carefully locking and bolting the street door.

"He is up for mischief to me," said Tony. "I knew he meant no good when I asked you to stop."

"I will hide behind the old table," said Wisp, "and I'll show him some sport."

Wisp had scarcely ceased speaking when Brunt ascended the stairs.

Tony held his breath, as the voice of his master was heard exclaiming: "So, Master Tony, you are to tell on me, are you? Make your will in five minutes, for that's all the time you have. Come this way," said the ruffian. "I want to show you the old kitchen you are so fond of speaking of."

He entered the room, and approached the boy, who was sitting at the fire. He was deadly pale.

"I have you at last—I have. No more tales out of school."

Wisp sprung from the place where he had been concealed, and stood before the horrified Brunt, who thought that the bailiff had gone home with the Black Doctor and Quill.

"Go to your bed, Brunt," said Wisp. "I am far too fond of Tony to leave him alone with you."

The landlord of the "Three Jolly Travellers" retired, and Wisp and Tony waited by the fire until broad daylight.

When the Black Doctor and Quill had left Tony and Wisp, they walked along through the lonely streets without exchanging a word for a considerable time. Jonas lifted the collar of his coat about his ears, and having placed his chin on his chest, and stuffed his hands into his trousers pockets, followed in the wake of his companion, who appeared to be quite indifferent to the influence which the sudden transition from a warm room seemed to exercise over the more susceptible Quill. Bramble walked with his hands behind his back, and his eyes bent on the ground, as if he was thinking deeply over some matter that weighed heavily upon him. The dim uncertain light thrown from the greasy street oil-lamps, made the damp cold morning appear more miserable and cheerless. There was still no sign of light in the sky, and the progress of the wayfarers was not interrupted, nor a sound met their ears save the tramp of their own footsteps on the rugged pavement. Not a soul was abroad save some half-drunken watchman, then called a "bulkey," who, on being awakened from his dose by the approach of footsteps, called out the hour, three hours later or earlier than it might be, for the purpose of informing the public that he was vigilant at his post.

The night robber even had retired to his den, and it was only when the rattle of a dairy-cart could be heard in the distance, that a person would be led to believe that the whole community had not made up their minds to remain as quiet as possible. On Bramble and Quill walked through lanes and alleys, in which the doors of all the houses were open, to give free egress and ingress to the street wanderer, the vendors of saloop and purl, and hordes of pickpockets, who did business around the doors of late taverns, and who were wont to charge excited citizens the moderate price of all that was in their pockets for seeing them safe home.

"I can't go any further," said Quill, "I am aground."

"Come on," said the Black Doctor, "there's milk-punch hot in the distance."

This assurance gave new life to Quill, who, giving a lurch or two, righted himself and resumed his walk, after having ascertained with his shoulder on two or three occasions, that there was no fear of the walls of the houses at either side falling down. In one of those experiments he fell himself, and as he lay on the ground, exclaimed:

"All right, Doctor! my foot only slipped. Give me your hand, I want to get up."

"Fool!" said Bramble, as he raised him from the ground. "Where is your hat?"

"I am sitting on it," said Quill; "and I am afraid it is injured."

Bramble, though not in the most amiable of humours, had to laugh outright, as he placed Quill against the post of an old doorway.

"Plead justification," muttered the legal Quill. "File an affidavit, and lodge the money in court, and pay no costs till the bill is taxed."

After delivering himself of this profound decision, he fell backwards into the hall of the house, where in a few minutes he composed himself to deep sleep, and was dreaming over addresses

to juries and favourable verdicts, as the Black Doctor was continuing his journey to the place where he was to see his friend Bob Stammers. After many and various turnings, Bramble stopped in front of a low two-storied house, in the centre of a narrow, dark, and dirty lane. Having carefully looked around him, he placed his ear against one of the old shutters which hung from the outside, and gave a short, sharp whistle, which was answered from within. In a minute the door was opened, and Bramble entered the front room on the lower floor. Around a low table a number of squalid-looking creatures were playing cards for some money, which was in the remains of an old snuff-tray, and two or three miserable-looking beings were huddled together, fast asleep on the floor. A large fire, composed of old timber, gave light and warmth to the room. An old woman, with toothless gums, sat dozing on the hearth, and as the blaze fell on the shrivelled parchment that was stretched over the bones of her face, she appeared more like a disinterred mummy than aught that breathed and lived. The entrance of the Black Doctor interrupted the card-players, who "turned down" their hands.

"Was Splint here to-day?" said Bramble, as he stooped to light his pipe at the flame of a candle, which was burning in a broken bottle.

"Is it Stammers you mean, Doctor?" said the old woman, who was called Tabby.

"Hush!" said Bramble, "you ancient witch. I thought you were asleep."

"He is above stairs," continued the old woman, "and never stirred out this two days."

The Black Doctor bit his lips.

Relaxing into one of his meditative moods, as if thinking of something that he could not find, he seated himself on an old stool beside Tabby, and asked her in a low voice: "Is Jerry the Lift and Jerry the Tinker, that I used to see at the 'Three Jolly Travellers' with John Brunt, one and the same person?"

"Yes," said Tabby; "and while I am here purring like one of my namesakes, I could tell much about Jerry. Oh, ho!" said the hag in an affected laugh, "what a tinker he was!"

"I will go to Newgate, and return here again. In the meantime, tell Stammers when he wakes to take care that Squint does not leave this," said the Doctor, as he took his departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

WHEN I sit down to read the news,
And know each thing that passes,
I frequently my temper lose,
If I can't find my glasses.

When through the streets I chance to stray,
To see the Dublin lasses,
Recalling pleasures past away,
I oft forget my glasses.

When to the theatre I go,
Where all the splendid gas is,
I am obliged to walk quite slow
When I forget my glasses.

And when I mingle with a crowd,
To make one of the masses,
I oft in pain cry out aloud
That I forgot my glasses.

When I would view the sun's bright ray,
My great defect, alas! is,
That age hath dimm'd the brightest day,
If I have not my glasses.

Except in bed when sound asleep,
Or in the fields where grass is,
I spectacles on nose must keep—
Depending on my glasses.

Time steals the vision from mine eyes,
Still more each hour that passes,
And points his finger to the skies,
Where none require glasses.

CONCERNING LOBSTERS.



Cicero is said to have delivered one of his most effective orations after a dinner of stewed lobsters. We are told that at a supper given to the Emperor Vitellius by his brother, there were, amongst other kinds of fish, eight hundred lobsters. Another Roman Emperor, Maximinus, is affirmed to have eaten twenty large lobsters

at a single meal. Charlemagne the Great, according to a work called "Things that Be Olde and Newe," published in London in 1611, was passionately fond of lobsters, upon which he feasted every night. In a book called "Specimens of a Diary," published towards the close of the eighteenth century in London, we read the following: "June 27, 1771. Went to see the 'Maid of Bath' performed for the first time at the Haymarket Theatre. Saw there Lord Lyttleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Garrick, and Oliver Goldsmith. We all went out to have some refreshment. The Rev. Mr. Horne, afterwards John Horne Tooke, met us at the threshold of the play-house; and, learning our errand, he proposed we should all go with him to sup upon lobsters, cooked in a new fashion, with the richest sauce, at a fish-house hard by. We all consented readily, except Lord Lyttleton, who hung fire a little, but was prevailed upon to come with us, and Horne entertained us with some of his most piquant jokes and *bon mots*." Few of our readers, we opine, would object to join such a lobster party as the above. Porson, the famous Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, and so well known for his profound classical knowledge, and dissipated, grovelling habits, regaled himself three nights out of the week, to the full bent of his appetite, with lobsters. He had a curious theory that these shell-fish were the purest in the ocean, and lived entirely on water, and was accustomed, when in his cups, to argue the point with great vehemence, which occasioned many parquinades to be chalked on his door. Dr. Parr's fancy for hot lobsters, with shrimp sauce, is well-known. He once told a friend that he wrote some of his finest pieces after his lobster suppers. Old Elwes, the miser, lived almost solely on chocolate and lobsters. He was in the habit of occasionally attending Billingsgate market to purchase this fish at as cheap a rate as possible.

There is little doubt that the lobster has been known from the most remote times. It is frequently found represented on medals and coins, both ancient and modern. Many of the ancient coins of Tyre and Greece bear the figure of the lobster on their reverse sides, but we do not believe the meaning of the emblem has yet been accounted for. One Roman medal portrays the Emperor Nero riding on one, as a mark of derision. Some of the fables associated with the history of lobsters are very amusing. Olaus Magnus and Gesner gravely assure us, that on the shores of Norway, and also in some localities in the Indian Ocean, they have been found twelve feet long and six broad, and have been frequently known to seize unwary mariners with their claws, and drag them to their retreats and devour them! A certain Italian writer on natural history affirms that he once saw a lobster which measured fifteen feet, and was so viciously inclined as to require six men to terminate its existence! A curious, but it is said well-authenticated, incident is related of a storm which took place on the southwestern coast of Scotland in the year 1627. The violence of the

hurricane cast upon the beach of the parish of Caerlaverock, an incredible number of lobsters, which were seen crawling about in all directions. A very large one happened to be thrown into a cradle containing an infant, which in the hurry and confusion of the moment had been forgotten by its parents, and was in danger of being swept away. The lobster, however, surprised possibly at the novelty of its position, seized the foot of the infant with its claws, and the screaming which it set up, brought people to its providential rescue.

Of the physical conformation of the lobster, it may be observed that the limbs are divided into three sets. First, on each side of the mouth are five limbs called foot-jaws, furnished with tentacular appendages employed in masticating its food. There are next five pairs of true limbs, of which the two first are developed into powerful claws or pincers, of which one, sometimes the right and sometimes the left, has its edges finely dentated, to use as a saw in seizing and rending its prey. The third class of limbs are arranged on the under surface of the tail in five pairs, and are termed false feet. The head and thorax form one mass covered with a dorsal plate of armour; broad semi-belts of the same consistency protecting the abdominal viscera. One of the most striking facts connected with the natural history of this fish, is the power which it has of reproducing its limbs lost by accident, and of the moulting and re-acquisition of its shells.

The lobster is often called the scavenger of the seas, and is a determined marauder, pouncing upon garbage of all kinds; its carnivorous voracity leads to its destruction. It appears to have a powerful sense of smell, although we are not aware that any distinct organs for this office have been as yet detected. The capture of lobsters is actively carried on all round the British coasts. The mode of taking this epicurean crustacean is exceedingly simple. The apparatus used is generally made of wicker-work, with an aperture at the top or the side for the animal to enter by. Having been baited with any kind of half-decayed fish or other garbage, they are sunk in great numbers on a rocky part of the coast in water which is four or five fathoms deep. A line from the traps attached to a floating cork, denotes their whereabouts. On some parts of the coast of Yorkshire, strong bag-nets are used. The season for lobsters begins about March, and is supposed to close with September. After being trapped, the lobster has his claws secured preparatory to being boiled alive.

The supply of lobsters from the Norwegian coast is very extensive. They are brought in steamers built for the purpose, having perforated wells in which the animals are kept alive during the voyage.

THE FIRST REPORTERS.—As reporting is now a scientific profession, the following note may prove of interest to "gentlemen of the fourth estate." Few of the learned professions can boast such an ancient and noble origin. In O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, published in Limerick in 1778, is the following curious entry:—Bille, a Milesian king of a portion of Spain, had a son named Gollamh, who "solicited his father's permission to assist their Phœnician ancestor, then greatly distressed by continental wars," and having gained his consent, with a well-appointed fleet of thirty ships and a select number of intrepid warriors, he weighed anchor from the harbour of Corunna for Syria. It appears that war was not the sole business of this equipment; for in this fleet were embarked twelve youths of uncommon learning and abilities, who were directed to make remarks on whatever they found new, either in astronomy, navigation, arts, sciences, or manufactures. They were to communicate their remarks and discoveries to each other, and keep an exact account of whatever was worthy of notice. This took place in the year of the world 2650. It is quite clear that those "twelve noble youths" were reporters, and it is curious enough that when a few of the Dublin or London reporters attend in the country, at meetings or on other business, they do what those "noble youths" were commanded to do, namely, "communicate their remarks" and information to each other. Reporting, therefore, according to the above, must be over 3200 years old as a profession. What will our friends in the "gallery of the house" say to this? We know a few of the latter, and would back them as "short-hand writers" against the dozen of noble youths who sailed with Gollamh from Corunna!

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

HEAVILY, drearily, wearily murmurs

The swift spinning-wheel from the top of the day,
Till, slow, through the noon-haze, the little bells tinkle;

And the oaks by the road-side are misty and grey,—
What am I thinking of, what am I dreaming of—

Whom am I waiting for? Look at that shadow

That slants in the sun, o'er the village path dusty,
And grows, with increasing delight, from the meadow.

Ah! 'tis my brother,

I thought 'twas the other—

Is he not tiresome to linger so long,

Whilst I, a poor maiden,

With heart overladen,

Mask all my fears in the moonlight of song!

Yesterday, bless you, he stood by the wicket,

Long after mass time; bronze-templed, yet fair,
"Give me," quoth he, and his voice sank to whispers,
"One little lock of your wheat-goldened hair."

I turned to him sharp, with an eye that knew scarcely

How to encourage or how to reprove best—

"Dear," I replied, "I retain all my tresses

For him whom I know well and him whom I love best."

With a cheek red as fire,

Down by the sweet-briar,

Passed he, with slow-pacing footsteps, believe me.

Oh, love! well-beholden,

Take all, rare and golden—

Take it, and keep it, and only forgive me!

What did Maude Rice in the evening time tell me,

That late, in the village dance, Charley was seen
With his arm round the waist of that Alice M'Sweeney,

In her ball-dress of white and a petticoat green;

And they walked, if you please, by the woods near the castle,

And she filled his pauses with sunniest laughter,

Heeding not young folks who walked by them slowly,

Heeding not old folks who came swiftly after.

Ah! wickedest Alice,

When laughter means malice,

There's blight on the wheat and there's smut on the barley;

Most patient and meekest,

Take what thou seekest,

But, sweet, at your peril, be chary of Charley!

Hark, did you hear it? Dear saint, there's his footstep,

Oh! little wheel, whirl round, and hide half my shame;

On his face glows the light of a rich, ripe affection;

On his lips, oh, God bless them, there trembles a name!

Go, leave me, and fly to your true love, Miss Alice,

Oh, she's your first-cousin—now, none of your kissing!

Oh! aunt, look at this! I am cruelly pilfered,

The longest and best of my love-locks is missing.

Am I your blossom?

Ah! poor little bosom,

My heart, in its weakness, is fainting and sinning:

Don't gaze at me, hypocrite,

Sit in the fading light,

And look, if you like, whilst I'm singing and spinning!

THE LOST FAN.

A TALE OF VENICE.

SOME few years ago I had been travelling through Belgium, and was *en route* to Calais, where I intended to make a prolonged stay, when I stopped for the night at Ostend, with a determination to proceed to my destination on the following morning. I had not the means to accomplish this object on the day of my arrival, but I had sagaciously written home, some short time previously, requesting that a remittance might be forwarded to me at Ostend. In due course the money ought to have been at the *poste restante*, awaiting my arrival; but it was not there, and when the morning came, I found, upon making application, that I was doomed to another day's disappointment. Ostend is certainly, or at least was in those days, a most uninviting place to a stranger, with its cold monotony of buildings, and cheerless absence of activity, even in the more populous parts of the town. The hotel at which I stopped was tolerably well conducted, but the *salle-à-manger* was huge and dreary in the extreme; and, to add to the discomfort consequent upon this fact, there was only one occupant of the apartment besides myself. Moreover, the rain poured in torrents during the entire day; so that I had no alternative

but to confine myself to my bed-chamber, or to try my fortune in the gaunt and dismal *salle-à-manger*, hoping that some fresh arrivals might be the means of introducing me to passengers who would help me to "beguile the tedious time." But, alas! it was not the season for travelling, and still less was it the *weather* for it; and I had no other course open to me than to cultivate the acquaintance of my fellow-traveller. I had an easy opportunity of addressing him, for I had heard his name at Brussels, and he had just handed to me *Galignani*, after studiously conning its contents. As I took the paper in my hand with a pretence, but with very little desire, to read it, my companion immediately began to comment upon the news which he himself had uninterruptedly mastered—a course of proceeding which, though in most cases it is anything but provocative of good will, received in the present instance my grateful approval.

Upon his remarking that the paper was full of details relating to the Carnival of Venice, I replied with that degree of shrewdness which is peculiar to my country—"Indeed!"

"Did you ever travel in Italy?" inquired my companion, whom it is as well I should at once introduce in his proper name—Carlo Volponi.

"Never."

"Then you have never seen Venice?"

"I regret to say I have not."

"You need not regret it," said Volponi, suddenly rising from his seat, and pacing the room, as if a strange thought had occurred to him—"for a pleasure to come is surely preferable to one that is past."

"So says the old proverb," I rejoined; "but after all, there is something very gratifying in the recollection of places one has visited in distant parts, and in the power which is thus afforded of conversing freely on topics of universal interest."

"True," said Volponi, resuming his seat, and averting his head as he spoke; "but when I allude to past pleasures the thought suddenly occurs to my mind, that, for me, *all* pleasures are past, and I see nothing in the future but gloomy associations. I was once happy in the recollection of the past—in the enjoyment of the present, and in the prospect of the future; but now all is changed, and even the once beautiful Venice frowns upon me with a cruel scorn, and seems to close her gates against me."

"Once beautiful!" I remarked, beginning to feel peculiarly interested in his conversation, for he spoke in language which expressed a "rooted sorrow," and which I felt I should be able fully to interpret if I encouraged him to proceed. "Is not Venice still beautiful in your eyes?"

"Far from it," he replied. "The sun shines upon the city as brilliantly as ever; and the waters of the canals still reflect his

beams amid the busy scenes which are constantly passing on their surface. To the eye of the expectant traveller Venice, doubtless, presents manifold beauties; but for me, whose birthplace it was, and who am driven from my home by adverse fortune, all its charms are gone, and I regard my native city almost as a city of the dead."

"But," said I, watching him earnestly, "you still feel some interest in the every-day life of the place—you have just been reading the particulars of the late carnival."

"Ay, true," answered Volponi; "it was because I was thus brought back to the most eventful period of my ill-starred life."

"Ill-starred!" said I, becoming more and more anxious to lead him into disclosures which were evidently calculated to gratify curiosity, and which he seemed but too willing to make.

"It was during the carnival time," he said, "that the events occurred which caused a blight to fall on my fortunes—not the late carnival, but one which was held some few years since, and in which I played so conspicuous a part, that my name, in connection with the period, is recollected to the present day; as you will perceive by referring for one moment to the newspaper I have just placed in your hands."

I hastily glanced at the paper, and perceived some complimentary allusion to his name, accompanied by expressions of regret that a sad calamity should have kept him from his native shores, at a time when he might have been the cynosure of admiring eyes.

"A sad calamity, indeed," he went on to say, "and one which I would willingly bury in oblivion, but that recent revelations have revived it in my memory. As I before observed, it was during the time of the carnival, and I was invited to a grand ball at the palazzo of one of our distinguished nobles, where all the guests were expected to assemble in their masquerading costume, due care being, of course, taken that none should be present whose mode of attire would be unbecoming an occasion which called together the wealth and distinction of the land. My dress was simply that of an Italian noble of bygone times, such as has been handed down to us by the highest ornaments of the lyric stage. It was certainly very handsome, and was considered to sit gracefully and effectively upon me. In short, I may be permitted, at this distance of time, to say that my appearance was allowed to be one of the great 'successes' at the ball; and I found it far from difficult to secure such partners in the dance as attracted my most rapt attention. The scene was, indeed, a gay and cheerful one, and I need hardly say that in such a motley group there was, perhaps, less restraint than is generally observed where large numbers of both sexes are gathered together for the purpose of social enjoyment. Amongst the beauties who were polite enough to accept my attentions, and to join me in the dance, even when she had declined to grant that privilege to others, was one whom I will introduce to you by her Christian name of Adelina. I had seen her in the day-time in one of the balconies in the gayest part of the city, when I was occupied in playing my gambols for the general amusement; and abundantly engaged as I was, I could not but reflect upon the winning beauty of her face. It appeared to me to be all that a painter could desire for the more delicate touches of his pencil, or a poet for the more graceful touches of his pen. To describe her natural charms, I will not presume to attempt; nor would you thank me for doing so, inasmuch as I should most imperfectly do that which your own imagination can effect much more satisfactorily to yourself. In a word, Adelina was lovely in the day, when I saw her bright eyes beaming on me in the distance, and, if possible, still more lovely at night, when I was sufficiently close to her to regard her every feature and to watch her every movement. I will not dwell minutely upon the nature of our converse, or upon the means by which I succeeded in awakening her to an interest in me, such as I could not have had the hardihood or the vanity to predict. Suffice it, that before my final dance with her was concluded, Adelina had reciprocated my professions of friendship—dare I call it *attachment*?—in language which I think too sacred to be revealed. I had led her to her seat, and was about to procure for her a valuable fan, which I had carefully put aside ere the dance commenced, when I discovered that it had been removed. During the dance I had perceived a tall and handsome, though somewhat brigand-like, Neapolitan lingering near the spot where I had placed the fan, and whom I had several times observed taking especial notice of my movements, and regarding me with a look which I could only construe into jealousy of my happy position. Having expressed aloud my desire to recover the fan, some

little commotion was produced in the *salle*, and immediately afterwards I saw the Neapolitan descending the stairs from the ball-room. I followed him, and somewhat imperatively requested him to assist in recovering a lady's fan which had been suddenly lost or—*I was about to say stolen*—but I checked myself, wishing to avoid any expression which might lead to an altercation. He turned hastily round, as if offended at my words, and exclaimed:—

"Why do you ask me, and in this suspicious tone, Signor Volponi?" (for my name was well-known to him, and his to me).

"Simply from a desire," said I, "to recover a treasure which is valued by another; not to render any benefit to myself."

"But, whence comes it," said Casolari, "that I, who have unavoidably quitted the ball-room, should be called upon by you to 'assist' in recovering that which does not appear to me to warrant your interference at all?"

"It was," I replied, "because I observed you quitting the room at the moment the loss was discovered, that I have sought to gain from you some knowledge of the missing property."

"Dare you insinuate, Signor Volponi," exclaimed Casolari, in a loud and threatening tone, "that I have —"

"I have made no insinuation," I cried, interrupting him, and at the same time feeling a consciousness, amounting almost to a conviction, that—either from jealous motives, or possibly from the pleasure he might see in restoring it to its owner on the following day—Casolari had the fan in his possession, and was conveying it away with him—"I have made no insinuation hitherto, Signor Casolari; but I now demand of you to give into my hands the fan which, it is my fixed belief, is in your pocket!"

"Impudent pretender!" he exclaimed, with a degree of rage which betokened more of bravado than honest indignation; "take the consequences of your groundless insolence," and, striking me a violent blow on the chest, which threw me backwards against the stairs, he hastily darted from the scene. I was endeavouring to pursue him; but the blow had for the moment rendered me comparatively powerless, and I thought it more prudent to seek reparation for the injury at a subsequent period when my actions would not tend to disturb the enjoyment of others, than at the present moment.

It chanced that in the back of the fan was a small receptacle, in which, as Adelina informed me, on my return to the *salle*, (where the resumption of the dance had caused the absence of her property to be little heeded,) she had placed a piece of paper, containing my name and address, and the hour fixed for me to see her again. Her own address was also enclosed in the same place; and, to say truth, it was at that address, or rather on the margin of the lagoon which fronted the residency, that I undertook to meet my charming Adelina, after sun-set on the following evening. Imbued with that spirit of romance which, from time immemorial, has been associated with all that pertains to that romantic city, and which has supplied such inexhaustible material to the poet, the novelist, and the painter, I agreed to be beneath Adelina's window in a gondola, with a guitar in my hand, (for I should tell you I had the reputation of being a graceful musician,) and attired in the same costume which I wore on the eventful day, and the still more eventful night.

That night passed away; and in the morning I sought every opportunity of gaining access to Casolari, whom I resolved to chastise for the personal injury he had inflicted upon me; but being unable to obtain any clue to his whereabouts, I suppressed my indignation for the present, and awaited with tremulous anxiety the coming of the hour when I should again behold my lovely *innamorata*. A whole lifetime seemed to be concentrated in the brief period during which I had abandoned the pursuit of Casolari, and the time appointed for my assignation with Adelina, so conflicting were my emotions, and so perplexing did I find it to realize in my mind all that had happened to me since I joined the maskers in their joyous revels. Was it a dream? or was it a reality decreed by Fate to test my powers of endurance, and to put my susceptibilities on the rack? A dream it was not, *could not* be, and being a reality, why should it not have its source in a happy intervention of the All-merciful Dispenser of life's blessings? And yet, whence the black cloud which hung over all, as seen in the inexplicable conduct of Signor Casolari? What had I done, what offence committed? Still less, what had the innocent Adelina done, that each should be made the victim of his merciless effrontery? Time would, doubtless, solve the difficulty; and I devoted my thoughts for the remainder of the

day to the interesting object of all my hopes and aspirations. At length the evening came, and never had I seen the sunset on that favoured spot reflect more exquisitely the acknowledged beauties of the scene. The Carnival had closed on the previous day, and the city was now, at the hour of twilight, wrapt in calm repose, as if sleeping after the excitement and fatigue she had undergone. There were still a few gondolas on the grand canal, and, taking possession of one of them, I proceeded on my agreeable journey. I had thrown my roquelaire over my shoulders, and slung my guitar round my neck, so that my personal appearance was in most perfect accordance with the romance of the position. I approached the window where I saw the light, which in a few moments more was to disclose to me the vision of my fair enchantress, and was preparing my guitar for the tune by which it had been arranged I should invoke her attention, when a sound from behind suddenly arrested my notice. Turning round I observed another gondola immediately in my wake, and which the twanging of my guitar had prevented my seeing, or rather hearing, previously. At this moment, however, the plucking of the oars in the second gondola was too loud to remain unheard, for the boatman was evidently striving to overtake me. This task he easily accomplished, and as I saw the trusting Adeline throw open her window to welcome my arrival, I received a sharp tap on my shoulder, from a man who was hitherto almost invisible in the other gondola, but who now stood erect before me. It was Casolari!

"Your presence is most inopportune, Signor Casolari," said I; "but as I have sought you all day, I ought, perhaps, to thank you for placing yourself within my reach. I received a blow from you last night; am I to understand that you are now here to offer me reparation?"

"Did you not deserve the chastisement I gave you?" he inquired unflinchingly; "and were not your attentions to the Lady Adeline somewhat unwarrantable?"

"A blow, Signor Casolari, is what no man ever deserved, unless he had abandoned his honour; and as for the lady, do not couple her name with aught that is not free from stain."

"You charged me with theft, did you not?" said he, looking me full in the face, and then turning a glance towards the window, where stood the anxious and expectant Adeline, watching, with a degree of suspense which may be readily imagined, the painful scene that was now passing beneath her eyes.

"That word never escaped my lips," cried I, preparing myself against an anticipated attack, for, happily, a trusty dagger formed part of my accoutrements; "but I charged you with the possession of that which belonged to one in whom my honour is interested."

"Do you still hold to that charge?" said Casolari, placing himself in an attitude of attack, and threatening an aim at me.

Smarting under the recollection of the indignity I had received, and being too glad of an opportunity, however ill-timed, of avenging the insult, I unhesitatingly answered:

"I do!"

"No! no!" cried the sweet voice of Adeline, who, unable any longer to suppress her fears, thus boldly declared her presence, in the hope that she might bring the sad dispute to an end. But her intervention was too late, for Casolari had struck me the threatened blow, which I speedily returned, and he fell headlong into the stream!

What would I not have given, what sacrifice would I not have made, rather than that untimely disaster should have occurred? But, alas! the revengeful spirit which filled my very soul when I saw Casolari standing undaunted and unflinching before me, superseded for the time those tender emotions which ought to have predominated over all other feelings, and which now absorbed my whole being. I thought not of the act I had committed, nor of the consequences which might follow. My mind was occupied with the reflection that I had embittered the sleepless hours of the fair Adeline, and that I had converted myself from an object of love into one of detestation. She whom I had gone forth to meet, in the happy prospect of a blissful interview, she whom for worlds I would not do aught to aggrrieve, was now driven into the solitude of her chamber, to meditate upon a scene, every thought of which must have been poison to her delicate senses! But I forbear dwelling further on the terrible result of my adventure on the lagoon, for it pains me to associate the name of Adeline with events which her gentle nature would revolt from.

When morning came, I made inquiries respecting the fate of

Casolari, and I found, much to my relief, that the blow I had given him was pronounced not to be mortal, the fact of his recoiling at the moment having lessened the impetus, and in like manner caused him to fall into the water, from which he afterwards emerged. For myself, my cloak effectually protected me, and I remained unscathed. But why had Casolari pursued me on the lake, and whence the mystery of the lost fan? The manner in which he had discovered the appointed time and place for my interview with Adeline, seemed apparent enough, from the fact that the fan contained, in itself, the requisite particulars on that point; but in opposition to the presumption that the fan was in Casolari's possession, stood the inference that if he had been guilty of theft, he would hardly have dared to assault me as he had done, and afterwards throw himself voluntarily in my way. I confess that the more I reflected upon this complication of affairs, the more perplexed I became; and all this time, why had my thoughts wandered from Adeline? They had not wandered from her. They were always with her; but I feared to return to her, until I had ascertained the fate of my antagonist, and had gained some information regarding the fan which I became more and more desirous of recovering, and the loss of which had led me into this very unenviable, and, indeed, painful dilemma.

In a fitful mood I was passing through the Piazza of St. Mark, hesitating whether I should endeavour to obtain ingress to the dwelling of the wronged Adeline, and meditating on the possible or probable issue of these strange adventures, when the fair lady herself, accompanied by a female attendant, flitted like a vision before me. Whether she saw me or not, I am unable to say. Most probably she did not, for her veil was down, and my attire had been so much changed since we last met, that I might very easily escape her notice.

Darting forward, with the impetuosity of one who had just lighted on a long-lost treasure, and was eager to seize it, I was instantly by the side of Adeline.

"Fair lady," said I, in a subdued tone, "will you grant me a few moments' audience?"

She beckoned me to a more retired spot, and I followed her, the attendant (who, I found, was in the confidence of her lady) keeping a few paces in the rear. I then expressed to Adeline, in the most emphatic language I could command, the intense regret I felt at having been a party to an encounter, which, to say the least, must have been most unseemly in her eyes, and was certainly calculated to involve her in the bitterest anguish. I told her that, albeit the origin of the quarrel was not of the most serious nature, referring as it did merely to the loss of a fan, the insult I had received was such as my Italian blood was unable to brook, and the less so as her proud name had been associated with mine in a manner which I did not consider respectful to herself. I assured her that I had no thought of Casolari, or of any object in the universe, save her own sweet self, when I set forth on my peaceful mission in the gondola, and that the sad conflict which followed was forced upon me by one who, I feared, was too dangerous a foe to be spared my revenge. Providence, however, seemed to have decreed that he should not fall a victim to his cupidity, and therefore I had not rendered myself amenable to the laws. Hence I begged her to regard me, not as a malefactor, but as an injured person, whose sole idea of happiness was centred in herself, and whose life should be spent in offering homage to her goodness. Adeline, evidently overcome by emotion, was about to reply, when I observed a tear in her soft, expressive eye, and I was fain to exclaim:—

"Pray forgive me, that I have caused you a moment's grief, and tell me if I have said aught that has conjured up recollections which your gentle nature would dispel. If in my words I have offended you, or in my deeds injured you, pause not to visit me with your displeasure, and let me atone for my conduct with the most profound self-denial; but do not punish me so severely as to make me witness of your tears."

"Slightly recovering herself, she said, with an ill-suppressed sigh:—

"Would that the catastrophe had not occurred to one who!"

"And is Casolari then known to you?" I cried, eagerly, but inadvertently, interrupting her.

"He was the friend of my father," she replied, "during many years of exile, and though I have seen him but little of late, he has always held my esteem, and I would not that a gentleman, whose

name was always mentioned with honour by my now deceased parent, should receive an injury at the hands of one who wishes well to me."

"Thus, then," cried I, almost involuntarily, "is my cup of misery rendered complete by the reflection that my enemy is *your* friend! Such a discovery is sufficient to drown all thoughts of animosity, and to compel me, without reservation, to avow myself in the wrong, and to seek forgiveness from Casolari. I will at once fly to his abode; and, when I behold you again, Adelina, as I fondly hope to do ere night-fall, may Heaven enable me to say that Casolari and I are friends, and that he is fast progressing towards recovery."

It was not, however, so ordained, for after I had escorted Adelina to a gondola, and was proceeding towards the residence of Casolari, a messenger hastily placed in my hand the following brief epistle, and as hastily disappeared.

"One who lies at the point of death, desires to see Signor Volponi, in order that those hands, which last met in enmity, may now join in friendship; and that, ere the final hour shall come, a mystery may be solved which has been the cause of all."

Very little time had elapsed ere I was at the bed-side of Casolari, and I then found that, although in the first instance his wound was not considered fatal, alarming symptoms had since presented themselves, and it was now too evident that he could not survive.

In my inmost heart I could call Heaven to witness, that I had acted only on the defensive; but still I had undoubtedly given the provocation which led to the first assault, and, in any case, how could I ever dash from my brain the reflection that I had slain a fellow creature—and that fellow-creature an object of interest in the eyes of her I loved!

I need not distress you by dwelling minutely on the scene which took place at the death-bed of Casolari. It does not behove me to tell you more than is requisite to enable you arrive at a solution of the mystery, and to understand the position in which I am now unhappily placed. I expressed to Signor Casolari my heart-felt contrition; and he reciprocated my sentiments with an earnest devotion which made me feel more keenly, perhaps, than I otherwise should have done, the remorse which had now seized me. I was about to divert his thoughts for a moment from our relative positions to some consideration of the lost fan, and had almost pronounced the word, when he significantly pointed to his desk, which stood inside an open *escrutoire*, and—breathed his last.

In due course the desk was opened, and amongst Casolari's papers was one, the contents of which were very illegibly written, but which bore an interpretation to the effect, that, finding his end approaching, and lest the opportunity for a verbal explanation should be denied him, he had deemed it right to himself and to those who thought ill of him, to declare that—when he went to the fatal ball, it was his desire to cast a protecting shield around the fatherless Adelina—that he was somewhat chagrined to find her attentions monopolized by one to whom he had become known only through the gay frivolities of the Carnival, and that he hoped for an occasion to avow his sentiments in that respect—that long ere the dance took place, during which the fan was supposed to have been abstracted, he had observed a mysterious-looking personage in a corner of the room, going through a series of vagaries, which induced him to think he was a professor of legerdemain. Having been refused by a lady as a partner in the dance, he seized her bracelet (which she had doffed for the moment), dashed it to the ground, and, and to all appearance, trampled it to pieces; but the bracelet was afterwards restored to its owner uninjured! When it was announced that a

lady's fan was missing, the thought occurred to him (Casolari) that, either from a malicious design, or from a desire to shew his magical skill, the same adroit person had, perhaps, subjected the article to some extraordinary process of destruction or metamorphosis, which would result in its ultimate restoration. He was in quest of that mysterious individual, when he encountered Volponi on the stairs; and it was because his jealousy had been aroused by the latter's attentions to Adelina, and because he was irritated at the *tone of accusation* in which he mentioned the subject of the fan to him, that he forbore to tell him his own impressions, and resented, by a blow, the final indignity he had cast upon him. When the guests were departing, the magician (for so he proved to be), whose face was still concealed beneath a mask, produced the fan from a conspicuous spot, to which, he said, he had conveyed it while all eyes were looking on him; and his motive for doing so was, that he might cause a diversion unfavourable to one whose movements had excited his envy. He (Casolari) had taken the treasure (for it proved to be an article of considerable value and of most uncommon construction), to his own abode that night, intending to return it to the owner on the following day, and having read the piece of paper enclosed in the receptacle at the back of the fan, he was prompted, by some unconquerable spirit of evil, to repair to the dwelling-place of Adelina, at the time and place appointed for her interview with Volponi. When he emerged from the water, which he did without

much difficulty, wounded though he was, he remembered that the fan had fallen into the gondola, and would, perhaps, never have been recovered, but that the owner of the boat chanced to know him well, and brought it to him on the following morning. The fan was now in his *escrutoire*, and he was happy to be the means of restoring it to her for whom he would have died to preserve it."

Then followed a few incoherent words respecting his fate, and the hasty language on my part which had led to it, but these were scarcely comprehensible, save for the moral they conveyed, viz., that we should ever be cautious how we charge others with guilt, lest their *innocent* blood should afterwards flow in judgment against us.

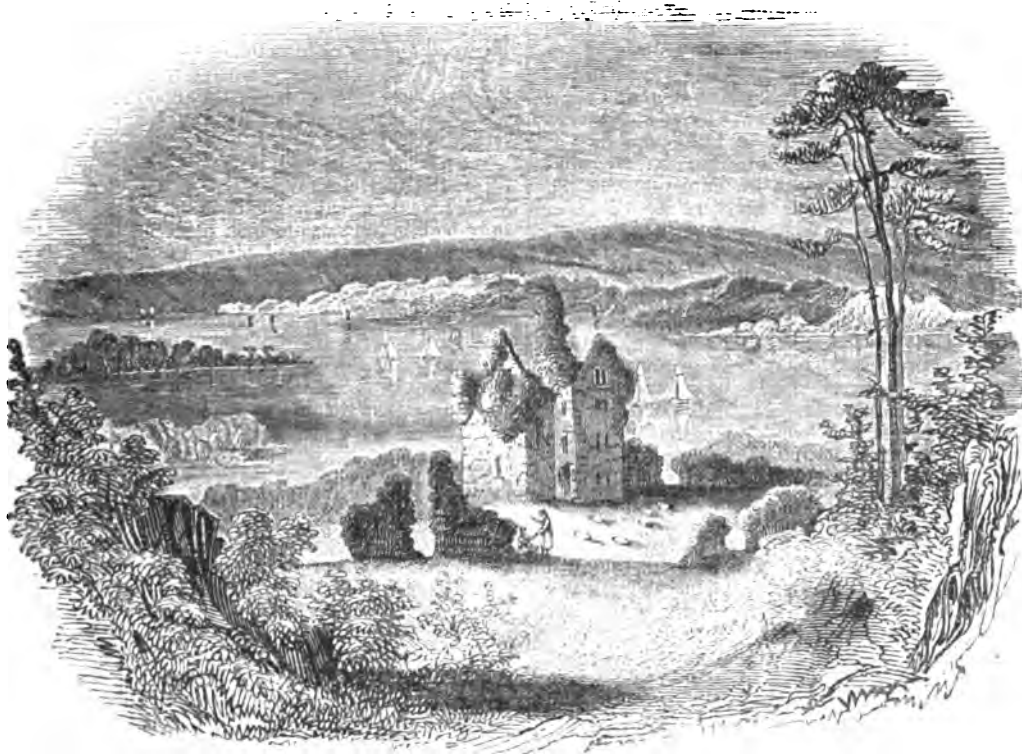
The fan was immediately restored to the now deeply distressed Adelina, and I was doomed to perpetual banishment.

Here ended Signor Volponi's narrative, and on the following morning we parted.

Some two or three years afterwards I chanced to be travelling on the Italian frontier, when I observed, at a *table d'hôte*, a gentleman of commanding figure, and conspicuous attire; and seated by his side was a middle-aged but still beautiful Venetian lady. The one was Signor Volponi, the other Adelina Strozzi. The offence had been condoned; Volponi had returned to Venice, and Adelina and he were now making their wedding tour. G. H.

FLOWERS.—The body and the spirits are alike improved by the cultivation of the garden. More grows in the cottar's plot than flowers; the cultivation of pansies may tend to his heart's-ease, the bed of thyme may speed a dull hour, and kind thoughts spring up while watering the clump of forget-me-nots. Everywhere the heart of man blesses flowers; the child seeks them in the hedges, the old man finds in their culture and study soothing recreation and delight. Pagan and Christian have used them in their rites; flowers deck the bride, and are strewn on the grave. In every country they smile around us. Babylon had its hanging garden; Greece its roses and lilies—"Lilia mista Rosis;" and Rome its boxtrees cut into the figures of animals, ships, and letters, to say nothing of its violets and crocuses.





TULLY CASTLE.

THE castle of Tully is situated on the south-western shore of the lower lake of Lough Erne, county Fermanagh. Amongst the English and Scotch settlers "planted" in this county, the most largely endowed with the confiscated estates of the Irish was Sir John Humes, or Hume, the founder of the castle the ruins of which, as they appeared some years since, form the subject of our illustration. The property of Sir John, consisting of nearly five thousand acres, remained in the possession of his male descendants till the demise of Sir Gustavus Hume, in 1731, who dying without surviving male issue, it passed into the possession of the Loftus family. The castle was for some time the chief residence of the Hume family, but on the breaking out of the Civil War of 1641, it became the refuge of many of the English and Scotch settlers of the county, who were besieged in it by the Irish forces, under the command of Rory, brother of Lord Maguire. The garrison having surrendered on a promise of quarter for their lives, and safe conduct to either Monea (illustrated in our third number) or Enniskillen, is said to have been inhumanly massacred, and the castle pillaged and burned. It does not appear to have been re-edified

after this. In its general character, as shown in its ruins, it seems to have been a keep, or castle, turreted at the angles, and surrounded by a bawn or outer wall. Pynnar, writing of it in 1618, describes it as a "bawne of lime and stone, an hundred feet square, fourteen feet high, having four flankers for the defence. There is also a fair strong castle, fifty feet long, and twenty-one feet broad. He hath made a village near unto the bawne, in which is dwelling twenty-four families."

THE ROSE OF DRIMNAGH.

WHATEVER side we turn to around the city of Dublin we are sure to meet mementoes that carry our thoughts back to those turbulent days when lance and sword usually settled questions which are now adjudicated without disturbance, save an occasional battle of tongues, in our peaceful courts of law. Many of these ancient fortresses, which, like a crescent chain of watchful sentinels, towered beyond the city for the protection of the Pale, still remain and raise their hoary heads over valley and river shore, adown which, in bright array, plumed nobles, and steel-clad knights, and men-at-arms rode gallantly forth to battle—where the weary cravat lowed, after the foray in which they had been driven from some far-off fastness of Imayle, Leix, or Ossory; and where the minstrel, half-Irish and half-Norman, once twanged his glittern, as he went from castle to castle, relating in rousing and voluble stanzas, the deeds of the knights of St. George.* Among the most remarkable and interesting of these ancient structures is the Castle of Drimnagh—the subject of many a legendary tale. Could the bearded old warriors who once thronged its halls awake, they would witness many a wonderful change since the half-forgotten

days when they lived and loved, revelled and fought, conquered or sustained defeat. Where the "Asla" or mounted courier, once spurred forth upon his hasty errand, the lightning of heaven now speeds by telegraphic wires to the farthest corners of the land; through

* This band of knights was instituted in the year 1475, for the protection of the English Pale. A troublesome life they must have led in those days, for there never passed a season over their heads that they did not cross swords with the neighbouring Irish clans.

the craggy passes and along the level plains, marked some centuries ago with scarcely a bridle path, the mighty steam-horse thunders over its iron track with its ponderous load, and instead of the small city which lay cooped up within its battlemented walls around the castle, a glittering panorama of streets and squares, docks, store-houses, towers, and splendid domes, now spreads outward to the capacious bay, where, in place of the crazy fleets of diminutive war galleys and merchant vessels, with their fantastic prows and carved mast-heads, the huge hull of the steam-propelled ship now rides at anchor beside the populous quays, or ploughs the blue waves beyond the hoary headlands of old Ben Hedar, like a miniature volcano, with its attendant cloud-volumes on the far horizon line.

Retaining still some of its ancient appurtenances, such as its moat, curtain walls, etc., the Castle of Drimnagh presents one of the best specimens in the neighbourhood of Dublin of the ancient feudal stronghold. It stands beside the way leading from Crumlin to the village of Clondalkin, and within a few short miles from the city. According to the most authentic accounts, it was founded in the time of King John, by a knight named De Bernival, who came to Ireland in the train of that prince, and received from him a grant of the surrounding lands. From this knight the different families of Barnwell in Ireland claim their descent. His death occurred about the year 1221, and his descendants held possession of Drimnagh and the Terenure till the time of James the First, when their possessions, after a tedious lawsuit, fell to Sir Adam Loftus. During the great insurrection of 1641, it was garrisoned for the King by the Duke of Ormond, and had the rare fortune of escaping the destruction that followed after the arrival on those shores of Cromwell and his stern legions. It is still inhabited and in good preservation, and will well repay the tourist who leaves the dust, and toil, and din of the city, and saunters out along the quiet country roads, to pay it a visit. Should he linger there, and hold converse with the surrounding peasantry, he will hear many a story and romantic legend of days gone by, the particulars of which will prove no unpleasing accession to his note-book. One of these we will now proceed to relate, and hope it may prove as interesting to the readers of the "Dublin Journal" as it did to ourselves when we heard it told one quiet summer evening, beneath the shadow of the ivy-wreathed battlements of Drimnagh.

During the reign of a certain English monarch, whose name we need not particularly mention, Sir Hugh de Barnwell ruled with a high and lordly hand in his feudal stronghold of Drimnagh. He was a stout and stern knight, whose life had been spent amid the commotions of the war that year by year raged between the Palemen and the Irishrie. Many a tough battle he had fought, and many a wound he had received since he first donned the knightly spurs, and it will not be wondered at, therefore, when we mention that he looked upon the native races around with no small amount of hatred. Among those against whom his animosity burned most fiercely were the O'Byrnes, lords of Imayle, whose chief had once sacked his Castle of Drimnagh, and driven the herds pertaining to it over the southern mountain barrier into Wicklow. The chief was still living at the time our story commences, and had two sons, the youngest of whom, named Sir John O'Byrne, was a knight of unwonted bravery. To his great personal beauty was added every accomplishment fitted for one of his high station, and when, at the head of his bold horsemen, he rode down the mountains, on a foray into the Pale, it would be hard to find, in the whole wide champaign over which he cast his eagle eye, a man of more splendid appearance and gallant bearing. Sir Hugh de Barnwell had one son, who was renowned throughout the Pale for his prowess and for the ferocity with which he always fought against the neighbouring chief of Imayle. The following will explain his reasons for hating the O'Byrnes with such bitterness. Living in his father's house at the time was his cousin Eleanora de Barnwell, who, in consequence of her beauty, was called "The Rose of Drimnagh." To this young lady Sir Edmond de Barnwell had been betrothed, and matters went on smoothly and pleasantly enough for some time, till, during a truce entered into between the Palemen and the Wicklow clans, Eleanora met Sir John O'Byrne at a nobleman's house, on a festival day, in Dublin. Up to this "The Rose of Drimnagh" knew little of her heart, but she soon learned to love the young Wicklow chief, and, as a natural consequence, to look with coldness and indifference upon her cousin, who, after at length coming to the knowledge of the affair, swore to be avenged upon his rival. The truce was scarcely over when he was up and at work,

and many a rifled hamlet and burning dwelling marked his track through the glens of Wicklow, and many a desolate widow cursed his name and race as she sang the *keen* over the bodies of her slaughtered ones, who had fallen beneath the spears of Sir Edmond de Barnwell and his ruthless followers.

But at last a time came when a triumphant light shone in Black Sir Edmond's eyes, for he thought upon the day, now near at hand, which was fixed upon for his marriage with the lovely "Rose of Drimnagh."

"Once more," he said, "I will seek the mountains, to find him before the marriage revel. By the soul of a knight, an' I lay my hands upon him, but he shall rue the hour. Yes, rue it, for I swear to bring him in chains to look upon the bridal, and then to string him up, as I would one of his own mountain wolves, upon the gallows-tree, before the gate of Drimnagh!"

It was nightfall as he spoke thus. Little he knew that at that same moment Sir John O'Byrne was sitting quietly beneath the dark shadows of a tree outside the moat, looking up, cautiously, at the window of the little chamber in which Eleanora de Barnwell was sitting, weeping bitterly over the sad fate to which she knew but too well she would soon have to submit. As she sat thus, a low soft sound, like the cooing of a dove, fell upon her ears. She listened intently a moment, then stepped softly over to the single window of the apartment, and, opening the casement, looked out. Again the sound stole up from under the dense foliage that shaded the outer edge of the moat. Eleanora leant upon the sill, and peered down into the gloom, but nothing met her gaze save the ghostly shadows of the trees upon the black belt of water beneath.

"It is his signal," she whispered to herself, as the sound was repeated once more. "Ah, me! I fear he will get himself into danger on account of those nightly visits. And yet, I cannot—I cannot bid him stay away!"

She muffled herself in a dark mantle, moved towards the door, opened it cautiously and listened, ere she ventured to steal down and meet her lover.

"I must and will warn him to-night to stay away," continued she, as with a light and stealthy step she descended the winding stair—"ah! to stay away, and leave me to my misery. It is hard, but it must be done, otherwise he will assuredly be captured and slain."

After stealing down an infinite number of dark passages, corridors, and stairways, she at length emerged into the open air, and glided through a neglected postern out beneath a spreading beech-tree, that shaded the inner edge of the moat opposite the spot whence the signal of her lover proceeded. Again she peered into the gloom, at the other side, and saw there a tall dark figure standing beneath a tree on the edge of the water. Well she knew the graceful outlines of that figure, and fondly her heart throbbed at the sound of the voice that now addressed her.

"Dearest," said the young mountain knight, in a low tone, "I thought thou wouldst never come. I have been standing like a statue against the trunk of this tree behind me for the last half hour watching for a light in thy window pane. But it seems that darkness pleases thee better. Ah! Eleanora, I hope thou art not still indulging in those sorrowful forebodings."

"And wherefore not, John?" answered she sadly. "What thoughts but gloomy ones can fill my mind, when I am ever thinking of the danger thou incurrst by coming here so often—and thinking, too," she added, after a pause, "of the woeful fate to which we are destined?"

"Think no more on't," said her lover, in a cheerful tone. "We have hope yet, Eleanora; for, mark me, thy marriage with Sir Edmond de Barnwell will never take place."

"Alas! there is no hope," resumed Eleanora. "Even to-day, my uncle, the Knight of Drimnagh, hath fixed the time for—to me—the woeful bridal. And thou, John—Let this be our last meeting—our last meeting, alas! in this world. Wert thou ta'en prisoner by my dark cousin, he hates thee so, that he would burn thee at a stake in the courtyard."

"Fear not for that, dearest," answered the young chief. "And this bridal that thou fearest. Listen, Eleanora. Before the hour comes, or perchance at the very hour when he is about to place the bridal ring upon thy lily finger, the gay goshawk may swoop down and bear thee away to his free mountains—amid their sunny glens and bosky woods, to love thee, darling, as no other mortal man could love thee!"

"Ah me!" sighed poor Eleanora. "Would that it could be so. But I fear that we are fated to see each other for the last time to-night. I warn thee, John, to be wary henceforth, for I am well watched. Hush! was that a foot-fall amid the grove yonder?" and she pointed to a clump of trees some distance to the right of where her lover stood.

"By my faith, but it may be so," answered he; "and so thou hast better return to thy chamber. In the meantime, I will wait here till I see the light in thy window once more, and until thou biddest me farewell from the casement."

Again they listened and heard a slight rustling sound amid the trees to which Eleanora had pointed. It ceased, and then the fair Rose of Drimnagh trembled at the thought of her fierce cousin, waved a fond farewell to her mountain lover, and then gliding once more through the postern, ascended the stairs to her chamber. But the bold knight of Imayle was not to be frightened away by the sound, whatever might have caused it. He moved in beneath the shadow of the tree, listened for a time, and hearing nothing further, advanced again and looked up to where the light was now burning brightly in Eleanora's window. Seating himself upon the side of the moat in the shadow, and still looking fondly upward, he commenced, in a voice low but distinct, a lay in praise of his mistress, of which the following paraphrase may convey some idea:—

"Oh! wilt thou come and be my bride,
Oh! wilt thou fly with me,
Where wild streams glide by mountain side,
By glen and forest tree;
And thou'lt be lady of that land,
And like a queen shalt reign
O'er shore and strand, and mountain grand,
And many a sunny plain!

I've found a lone and lovely cave
Where gleams a little lake;
Where the wild rills tinge the silver wave,
And the birds sing in the brake—
The lake gleams clear, the rills dance bright,
Down gorge and rocky pile,
But the darkness of a starless night
Is in my soul the while!

And nought can light it save a glance,
A beam from thy jet-black-eye,
And nought can break my heart's cold trance
Save thy witching song or sigh.
Then come!—I've decked that cave for thee,
With summer's fairest flowers,
Away, away o'er the hills with me,
To the forest glens and bowers!"

The moment the song had ceased the fair form of the Rose of Drimnagh appeared at the casement overhead. She waved a fond farewell to her young mountain minstrel, and closed the window, but the light that shone through its pane had now lost its charm for him, as he had no longer her fair face to look upon. He stood up, and after gazing once more at the casement that glimmered like a star amid the dark masses of masonry above, was turning to depart, when he felt the heavy grasp of a steel-clad hand upon his shoulder.

"Stay!" exclaimed the intruder in a deep stern voice, whose tone the young Knight of Imayle knew but too well. "Thou hast a small account to settle, fair sir, ere thou leavest this spot. I am Sir Edmond de Barnwell!"

"And I," answered the other, "am Sir John O'Byrne of Imayle; what seekest thou from me?"

"That thou shalt soon know, skulking hill-cat!" answered de Barnwell, unbuckling his sword, unsheathing it, and throwing belt and scabbard upon the ground. "There be a certain tide which men call blood, coursing beneath that breast-plate of thine. I seek to discover its fount with this!" and he extended his weapon.

"There be a certain tide behind thee, which thou art more likely to explore presently!" retorted O'Byrne, "Ha! ha! 'ware the hill-cat's spring, de Barnwell!" and he gave a sudden bound that brought him inside the guard of his antagonist, whose waist he instantly encircled with his sinewy arms. There was an ineffectual attempt to pluck forth their daggers, and then Sir Edmond de Barnwell was hurled from the stalwart arms of the brave Knight of Imayle, and sent plunging headlong into the black waters of the moat.

Leaving his foe to scramble as best he could from his dangerous bath in the fosse, O'Byrne glided through the thickets and sought his steel, which he had left in a lonely grove hard by, and was soon riding in headlong haste across the plain towards the stern mountain barrier that lay between him and his native glens. And now, de Barnwell, after extricating himself with great difficulty from the treacherous waters, stood all dripping upon the firm bank, his burly frame quivering, not from the chill of his immersion, but from fury at his mishap. Pursuit of his late antagonist was, he knew, of little use now, so plucking up his sword which lay beside him, he raised the cold steel blade to his lips, kissed it, vowed a stern vow of vengeance against O'Byrne and his race, root and branch, and then striding down by the water side, crossed the draw-bridge, and sought his chamber, where he sat till long after midnight brooding over various plans of merciless and bloody retribution.

The particulars of his subsequent cruel raid into the glens of Wicklow it is unnecessary to relate, and we shall now come to the day which his father had fixed upon for the marriage. It was early in the morning, and the fair Rose of Drimnagh, surrounded by her lovely maids, looked sadly upon the gorgeous white bridal dress which lay on a table beside her, and which she was at last about to put on.

"Ah, me!" she sighed mournfully, "that it hath come to this. In vain have I watched for him to appear in his accustomed place by the moat, but his promise is broken, and what could have broken it but death?" and the tears gathered into her eyes as she thought thus of her lover.

"Cheer thee, Eleanora," said her cousin, a young and gay city dame, "I warrant thee that such a bridal as thine was never seen in Dublin; I only wish I were in thy place."

"Alas that thou art not," returned Eleanora. "Something tells me that what thou sayest is but too true—that such a bridal as mine was never seen!" and with the help of her maids she now began to don the dress.

The marriage was to take place in the city, and Sir Edmond de Barnwell had summoned his kinsmen of the Pale, with all their fierce retainers, in order to strengthen his escort for the bridal train, which at last in splendid array crossed the draw-bridge of Drimnagh, and moved along the winding road that led to the western gate of Dublin. This road was crossed by another midway between the castle and the city, and within a wood which stretched down from the mountains to the shores of the Liffey. About half the bridal train had passed the cross, and the remainder, with the bride and bridegroom before them, were moving gaily forward, when all at once the wild war-cry of the O'Byrnes resounded from the wood all around, and the next instant a large body of men headed by the young knight of Imayle sprang from their concealment, and fell upon the escort, front, rear, and flank. It is needless to go minutely into the details of the terrible fight that then took place at the Minstrel's cross, as the spot was called. The escort were at first put to flight and pursued by the O'Byrnes, but returning again to the charge, the light kerne of the mountains were borne down by their heavy horses, though they fought it out bravely to the last. The knight of Imayle, after badly wounding the bridegroom, was shot through the heart by the old lord of Drimnagh, as he attempted to seize the bridle of Eleanora's palfrey. This ended the fray. The body of the young knight was borne away by his followers, and buried in the lonely graveyard that lay amid the mountains. The bridal train, instead of proceeding to Dublin, returned to the castle of Drimnagh, where Sir Edmond de Barnwell was laid upon a bed from which he never rose.

Three days after the fatal battle at the Minstrel's cross, Eleanora disappeared from the castle of Drimnagh. Search was made for her throughout the surrounding country, and even in the neighbouring city, but it was of no avail; she was nowhere to be found. At length a party of the O'Byrnes, who were driving a creak of cattle across the mountains, halted beside the solitary churchyard to pay a visit to the last resting-place of their young chief, and upon the fresh sod that lay above his gallant breast, found the lifeless body of the ill-fated Rose of Drimnagh. They hollowed her a grave beside her lover, and there, in the words of the old ballad,

"These loving hearts by fortune blighted,
By sorrow tried full sore,
In life apart, in death united,
Sleep side by side for evermore!"

MY EXPERIENCE AS AN INTERPRETER.



IT chanced that in early life I became, for a short time, tolerably intimate with several natives of Poland, and that, as one result of my intercourse with them, I picked up a certain portion of their language. Let the reader not be astonished when I say that that portion only amounted to three very short words, and that my knowledge even of these was not extremely clear. In fact, any one who has heard as much Polish spoken as it has been my good fortune to have heard, will not, I am persuaded, charge me with dullness for not having achieved more in that most unattainable of languages; but be my dullness or aptitude what they may, the three Polish words I had learned, or at least attempted to learn, were *dobra*, *dobja*, and *tak*—three mysterious sounds it must be owned, and calculated to remind one of the *Abacadabra* of the ancient Cabalists. The meaning of the two former words, is, I believe, “good,” and “well,” but which is the adverb and which the adjective is a point I have failed to recollect. The third word is simply equivalent to the little affirmative, “yes.”

Now, it fell to my lot to exercise this very scanty knowledge of the ancient Slavonic dialect of Poland once in a very remarkable manner; and to explain how this came about it is necessary, in the first place, to mention that I frequently attended the proceedings at the Dublin police courts in the capacity of a reporter for a morning newspaper. There are few positions in which a man has an opportunity of observing a greater variety of the phases and vicissitudes of human life—much more of the evil than of the good, no doubt; but often some of the good, also, and still oftener a vast deal of the ridiculous. Sometimes, when more industriously inclined than usual, I attended Major Sirr's morning levees at the Head Office, and would feel, of course, greatly edified by his worship's pious exhortations upon the numerous night charges brought before him. On these occasions the prisoners generally found it the best policy to make an ample confession of their guilt, and the more abject their assumed contrition, the greater chance they had of mercy. Thus, a dilapidated weaver from the Liberty, who, while in a state of intoxication, had nearly murdered his unfortunate wife, hung down his head very low, one morning, and heaved some most penitent sighs while the major was denouncing human wickedness in general, and that of the prisoner in particular. He then ventured to say, in a very meek voice:—

“Ah! true for your worship! It was nothin' but the Devil that tempted me;—cross of—oh, I beg your worship's pardon!”

Major.—“I see you are an unfortunate man.”

Prisoner.—“Ah! your worship, I am very unfortunate,” (and then, *sotto voce*), “the murderin' ould villain, I wonder could he count all the people he hanged!”

One day, I stepped in at a later hour, and found the court unusually dull. The Major sat quite mute, with eyes closed, spectacles raised on the bald forehead, and hands clasped together on the desk before him. He was in one of his accustomed reveries. The alderman tried to rouse himself from a state of impending somnolence to sign some official documents which had been placed before him by the office sergeant; and I stood examining the charge sheet which lay at one end of the bench, vainly searching for a “case.” It was indeed a day hopelessly barren, or, as a learned policeman had called it just before, a “dies non,” when suddenly the drowsy tranquillity of the court was broken by the entrance of two men in a state of considerable excitement. In a moment it seemed as if the office, which, until then, was quiet, had been visited by a whirlwind. The Major opened his eyes, but the alderman would not descend from his importance by looking up, at least, for a while, from the documents to which he still appeared to be affixing his signature. Indeed, had a real whirlwind entered he would not have condescended to notice it for a moment or two, that he might sustain the magisterial dignity.

One of the new-comers was a small, elderly man, with a short, cocked nose, and an irritable expression of countenance. His face was meagre and dirty, and his habiliments greasy and thread-bare. He was evidently the plaintiff in the case.

The other was a foreign-looking personage, rather fashionably attired in blue dress coat and white waistcoat, with gilt buttons on the latter; and there was something of the *ancien militaire* about his neck and chin. He was, of course, the defendant, and appeared by much the more excited of the two.

The plaintiff, in stating his case, said:—“This foreigner, your worships—he's a Pole, your worships—well, he took a room from me for a month, and he left it the very next mornin' without payin' me a farthin' rent, your worships, and so I brought him here to get justice.”

The defendant, who seemed almost bursting with indignation, and jerked his whole person about in a spasmodic state of excitement, could not wait for the preceding brief statement to be finished, but made sundry efforts to explain the case in his own way. His language was a strange mixture of Polish and English, but unfortunately the English, as he spoke it, was not a whit more intelligible to his auditors than the Polish, and so he might as well have held his tongue. Of this, however, he did not seem sensible, and he continued to pour out a torrent of sounds perfectly incomprehensible.

“Oh, I give you my oath it's true!” said the plaintiff, attempting to resume his statement of facts.

“What is true, man?” exclaimed the Major; “we cannot understand one word from either of you.”

“What I'm tellin' your worship is true, and not what this foreigner is sayin’,” resumed the plaintiff.

This drew forth from his antagonist a perfect cataract of Slavonic and pseudo-English eloquence, which was quite lost upon his auditors. The magistrates seemed bewildered; we were evidently treated to a second edition of the confusion of Babel; and in an unlucky moment I permitted myself to utter, in an undertone, the word *dobja*!

Had I shivered a talisman in pieces, in the days of Abdelmelek the son of Mirwan, the effect could not have been more astounding. The poor Pole turned towards me, and delivered what was, I am sure, a very effective oration in Slavonian, if I could only understand one word of it; while he, poor man, imagined that I understood it perfectly, and congratulated himself on meeting an interpreter in such an emergency.

All eyes were now fixed on myself, and I endeavoured to look as solemn as possible, and after the Pole had proceeded some way in his vehement exposition of grievances, I ventured to use my second word of his language, and pronounced the mystic syllable *dobra*! very significantly. I knew it must answer, for I had often heard *dobra* and *dobja* used indiscriminately, pretty much as the French employ their interjectional *bon!* and *bien!* and it appeared I was quite right, for the Pole himself repeated *dobra* very emphatically, and went on with a great deal more to the same effect, which every body present, except myself, thought I understood perfectly well.

“What on earth is he saying?” enquired the alderman despondingly, and looking towards me.

“We don't understand a word from you, my good man,” said the major calmly; neither did my brave Pole care whether he did or not, seeing that I could understand him so thoroughly, and could explain every thing to the bench.

I began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable, and addressed the Pole in French, but he intimated that he knew nothing about that language; and it was evident that my French and the defendant's Polish sounded pretty much the same to the worthy magistrates.

“I am sure I don't know one word he says,” repeated the alderman enquiringly, and looking towards me.

“Your worship,” I replied, “he appears to give a very satisfactory explanation of his case, and it is quite clear he cannot remain in this man's lodgings.”

I thought I might go so far in safety.

“And what objection does he make to your lodging?” said the magistrate, addressing the plaintiff, who looked terribly perplexed all this time.

“He says it's dirty, your worship, and every thing, but sure there isn't a word of truth in that, I give you my oath,” replied the irritable-looking old man.

“Oh, we must dismiss the case,” said the alderman.

“And wont he pay me the month's rent?” ejaculated the astonished plaintiff.

“Don't you hear man, we can do nothing for you?” said the major.

In the meantime the excited defendant continued to ply me with Polish, and as I saw the case was coming to a close, I thought I might hazard my third and last word in that language, so I said "tak," nodding my head very wisely. Still the Pole persisted, and as I had exhausted my vocabulary, I repeated *tak, tak*, rather impatiently, and with an air which implied;—"your case is settled and you may now go about your business; I have other affairs to attend to."

The litigants departed, and all was soon peace again, but for a while the magistrates did not seem to have recovered their usual placidity. I could perceive, however, that I had risen considerably in their estimation, and the rather because I had been able, a few days before, to interpret their behests to an Italian organ-boy, who was brought up for disturbing a nervous gentleman by his music, and who could not be made to understand a word of English. Thus was my reputation established as an interpreter; and yet I knew a case in which even a smaller amount of linguistic knowledge was turned to more profitable account; for I myself, in my juvenile days, was swindled to a small extent in Boulogne by a fellow who gained my confidence by repeating *vere goot! vere goot!* though I firmly believe he did not know another word of English even such as that was.

But to return to my Polish exploit. On leaving the board-room, I went into the office of my friend, Ross Cox, and told him how I had acted the interpreter. He enjoyed the joke so well that he made the entire establishment ring again with his peals of laughter—and many a time and oft did similar peals from the same generous and kindly heart, long since stilled in death, echo through the same sombre halls and offices, but having had so narrow an escape in my first attempt, I resolved never again to set up for a Polish scholar. M. H.

THE LAST NEW POEM.



We should, perhaps, incur less risk of being misunderstood as to the subject of this notice, had we chosen for it a title slightly different. It is not our intention, of course, to be satirical, and hint that Mr. Alexander Smith's production is not a poem, for such it is in every sense of the word; but, as every lady is a woman—and something more—so *Edwin of Deira* is more than a poem, it is an epic. Therefore, had we given this paper the heading of "The Last New Epic," (though some exception has been taken to *that* too,) we could not possibly have been understood to refer to any of the lucubrations of those gentlemen, who, to judge of their writings, possess the "fatal facility" of pouring forth verse in quantity and of quality similar to that of the prose of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

In the year 1851 Alexander Smith was unknown; at the present moment he holds, if not the second, certainly the third place among the poets of the day. In ten years he has acquired a reputation equal to that of some who have been before the public for twice that period, and by each successive work has managed to deepen the impression produced by its predecessor. From the first the public perceived that they had to deal with a great poet, possibly the greatest of the age; and hence the immediate popularity which his writings obtained.

The manner in which they were introduced to notice affords a good lesson to those amateur poetasters who imagine that they would lose caste did they suffer their verses to appear in the pages of a periodical. In the early part of the year 1852, the *Critic*, a well-known London print, contained from week to week portions of different poems, which attracted general attention, from the evident powers they displayed. These extracts being quoted and kindly commented upon by the *Leader* and other journals, it transpired that the author was a young man about one-and-twenty years of age, who was engaged in mercantile pursuits in Glasgow. The approbation with which these fragments were greeted induced a London publisher (Mr. Bogue) to bring out, in a separate form, such pieces as had been completed; and a volume, entitled *Poems, by Alexander Smith*, was the result. Its success, which, as

we have mentioned, was very great, was, however surpassed by that of his next volume, *City Poems*; while his last work, *Edwin of Deira*, a little epic, bids fair to eclipse all his former productions.

The subject of *Edwin* is good. The poet has evidently brooded over his idea, planned and re-planned it, years before he committed a line to paper.

In marking out his plot, which is very simple, Mr. Smith has, in many instances, deviated from the account given by Bede, his chief authority. Most of these differences are perfectly allowable, but others, to say the least, are unnecessary. We are first introduced to the hero after a great battle, in which he has been utterly defeated by Ethelfrid, whose name Mr. Smith has changed, somewhat gratuitously, we think, the accentuation of both words being the same, into Ethelbert. He flies for refuge and aid to the court of his father's old friend Redwald, who, after hesitations to incur the enmity of the powerful king, Ethelbert, at length gives him an army under the conduct of his seven sons—

A kingdom's strength upon a battle-day,

with whose aid he succeeds in overthrowing the usurper and recovering his kingdom. He then weds the daughter of his benefactor, and the poem concludes with the conversion of Edwin and his people to Christianity.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Smith has called in no adventitious aid in the shape of intricacy of story, no dreadful woman-in-white-like secret to be disclosed at the end of the volume, and has dragged in no "strong situation" neck-and-heels, whenever he felt the interest flag. He felt that his poem needed no such "relish" to make it go down, and he acted accordingly.

The delineation of the heroine, Bertha, in whom Edwin's two real wives are judiciously amalgamated (for what romance *can* there be in second love?) was, with the poet, evidently a labour of love. In reference to her, are found the finest passages in the poem. From her entrance—

—"With the dawn, and like another dawn,
But fairer, Bertha came."

To the last line which refers to her, she is surrounded by a halo of true poetry. Her meeting with her father Redwald is thus described:—

"He clasped his withered hands
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking flower,
To make its perfect beauty visible:
Then kissed her cheek and mouth."

But the best bit in the whole poem, to our fancy, is the following, which describes the effects of first love on a young girl:—

"The woman's heart that woke
Within the girlish bosom—ah! too soon!
Filled her with fear and strangeness for the path,
Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown, sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick hour,
From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
Within the channels of the careless stream
That erst ran chattering with the pebble stones."

To a certain degree the poetry of Alfred Tennyson has influenced the poetry of Alexander Smith. There is hardly a living poet, with the exception of Browning, and perhaps of Owen Meredith, who does not owe his poetic being to Tennyson. Some are mere servile copyists, and as such reap their reward; others, like Mr. Smith, are indebted to the Laureate for the form and manner only of their utterance. We understand that Mr. Smith avers the greater part of his poem was composed and written before the publication of the "Idylls of the King." This we can well believe. We think that the similarity which undoubtedly exists between the two poems is almost entirely due to the fact of their both being Saxon in character; and as to those passages to which, we are informed, "Tennyson might have set his initials," we confess ourselves unable to discover them.

A REAL GRIEVANCE.

A GLANCE AT THE GRIEVANCE OF MR. SNOBBINS, AND A NOTICE AT SOME LENGTH OF MRS. SQUEEZER AND HER CAT.



HE intelligent readers of the "Illustrated Dublin Journal" may, perhaps, remember a paper, (we were going to say a remarkably clever and interesting paper, but we smother the vain suggestion,) which appeared in our first number, on the subject of "grievances," real or imaginary. We trust that they were satisfied with the manner in which this interesting subject was treated, and are quite ready and willing to hear more on the same important matter. It is very satisfactory to ourselves, at all events, to know that the discriminating Editor of this "Journal" was quite satisfied with our humble paper; and you will understand this point more clearly, courteous reader, when you call to mind that in these matters the satisfaction of a prosperous and well-to-do editor is wont to be expressed in a very substantial manner. Some journals are started on the plan of getting all they can for nothing in the shape of contributions; and we must say, that writing for these journals, after one gets over the first satisfaction of seeing one's own productions in print, is a very profitless and mild kind of an undertaking. We don't deny that one receives a profusion of *thanks*, but, then, what are mere thanks, we should like to know?

"Airy nothings!" On the other hand, when one is engaged in writing for a journal like the "Illustrated Dublin," conducted with so much tact and discrimination by our worthy friend, the Editor, if he will allow us to call him so; (and here our friend places his hand upon the region where his heart is supposed to be, and bows to us,) it becomes a very different thing; and the arrival of a polite note and still more welcome enclosure, gives to the airy nothings of which we just spoke, "a local habitation and a name." Shakspeare, hem! Hence, courteous reader, you will now clearly understand, we are sure, how satisfactory it was to us to know that our paper on the subject of "Grievances" met with the approbation of our friend (if he will allow us) the Editor; and how willing we were to respond to his invitation to continue our humble efforts to amuse and interest his hundreds of thousands of readers.

And before we proceed to investigate still further the subject of grievances, we must beg in this place to be allowed to make one little remark. It strikes us very forcibly that there may be some of our readers rather inclined to turn up their noses (excuse the homely simile) at the preceding remarks. Snobbins, for example, sent in a paper, and Snobbins's paper was rejected. Snobbins is quite sure that the subject of his paper was quite as interesting as the subject of "grievances" can possibly be. Of course, it doesn't become Snobbins to speak of the style, language, and composition of his paper, but he is quite prepared to leave that point to the judgment of his friends, and yet his paper was rejected, and the rapid, silly paper of this "Mr. Incog"—whoever he may be—was accepted with many thanks, and printed in the very first number of the "Journal." Now, Snobbins, don't be in a passion, but listen to reason, like a good old fellow. You know that some one must be the judge between you and us, and you have no right to maliciously insinuate that you will "demolish" the "Journal" in the columns of the "Weekly Crusher," for which you now and then write a stray article. It would never do for us to decide on the merits of our own papers. Then, perhaps, you haven't been at the business so long as we have. We assure you that we wrote a long time, and received nothing more substantial than thanks in return. We have been at the work some time now, and, between you and us, very up-hill work it is, and still our papers, even now, are not always accepted. Only a very short time ago, a paper which cost us a great deal of labour in its composition was rejected, for the simple reason that we had made a mistake in the selection of our subject, and had written "above" our readers, their tastes and inclinations; of which tastes and inclinations, the editor of the journal for which we wrote our article was the natural judge. Your turn may come next, and some day, when one of our pet articles may be quietly sleeping in the bottom of the

pillow-case, where our friend, the Editor, puts the rejected communications to rest, you may be figuring in large type. At all events, don't be angry, but if you feel that you have the "stuff" in you, stick to it, and in the end you will rise to the surface; and, Snobbins, dear old fellow, don't let you and us ever forget how much power of doing good God has put into our hands through the instrumentality of our pen; and then we shall work together bravely for our common object. Perhaps, when you looked hurriedly through the pages of the first number of the "Dublin," and found that your piece was not accepted, you threw the magazine down in disgust, and read no more. If such was the case, take it up again, and read the "Greeting" of the "Dublin," and you will there find a sentiment which, we venture to say, we shall both of us be the better and the kinder for remembering—

"For the brother help'd by brother,
Hath a force that none may stay."

Let us apply this to ourselves. Don't you be angry because your article was rejected, but try again, like a man, and you will succeed at last; and we assure you that we shall be delighted to hail the appearance of your article, although it should involve the rejection of one of our own; and we will give you our hand, frankly and heartily, and do whatever we can to help you on your way in the world of letters, and if you should come hereafter to be crowned with glorious bay leaves, whilst we never get beyond a wreath of stinging nettles, with, at most, here and there a scattered leaf of sham laurel, we will try to look on at your coronation without envy or spite, and to join with all our heart in the ovations which greet you as you traverse the Olympian way. We will do all this, and a great deal more for you, if we are able, Snobbins, dear old fellow, only don't speak of us as "that Mr. Incog, and his silly, vapid papers," for we are sensitive on this point; and don't get into a passion with us because our paper was accepted and yours rejected; and, above all, don't abuse and get into a fury with the poor Editor, who, we are certain, has done his best to do justice between you and us.

But, to return. Having spoken in our former paper of the grievances under which our friends Scroggins and Jenkins are labouring, we now proceed to speak of our own special sources of suffering, grumbling, and general discontent; and here we are aware that we may be met, in the very outset, by the question, "Cui bono?" What's the use of it? What do we care about it? Well, dear friend, it may be of use both to you and us to investigate this matter. First of all, you know we all have grievances, or what practically comes to the same thing, we fancy that we have. These grievances may, indeed, be without foundation, "trifles light as air," yet they prey upon one's mind none the less, and perhaps one of the greatest comforts we can experience is to talk them over with a sympathizing friend. Thus the poet asks—

"Why should calamity be full of words?"

And he answers, as tritely as truly,

"Windy attorneys to their clients' woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, though what they do impart,
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart."

Hence it is that we venture to bring our own grievances before the countless readers of this journal, in the hope of meeting with many who will sympathise with us, and whose kind sympathy will help us to bear our afflictions more cheerfully for the time to come. Secondly, we imagine that it is only by developing these ideas, and bringing our mutual grievances under the notice of one another, in a familiar manner, that we can strike the balance fairly, and come to a just decision as to whether, after all, our blessings or our grievances do most preponderate; and whether or not a great many of our grievances are not grievances because we make them so, and do not take out of our every-day life all that it might be made to render us of happiness, of love, and mutual help. Listen to the poet again. How beautifully he writes upon this subject.

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities,
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

And, to speak for ourselves, we really must confess that we have already derived great benefit from the investigation of this subject. We confess candidly and openly, that we are much more inclined to make light of the grievances of our friends, Scroggins and Jenkins, than we were before we began to write these papers. And, in regard to our own special sources of grumbling, we must admit that we begin to feel rather shy of bringing them forward at all. However, as we are still persuaded that some, at least, of our grievances are grievances and no mistake, we shall now, with your kind permission, proceed to lay them before you, with as much brevity as the importance of the subject admits; merely premising that we are perfectly prepared to submit the decision on our own case to the enlightened judgment of our readers.

You may remember that in our first paper on this subject we described ourselves as a single gentleman, of a certain age, with a literary turn of mind; and from one or other of these three sources all our grievances have their origin.

We are a single gentleman; consequently we live in lodgings; and living in lodgings, naturally enough, we have a landlady. The name of our landlady is Mrs. Squeezer. We should be happy to describe Mrs. Squeezer as a prepossessing female, if our regard for truth would allow us to do so, which, we are sorry to say, it will not. We should be equally delighted if there were less appropriateness in Mrs. Squeezer's name to her nature; but here again, candour compels us to admit that Mrs. Squeezer is a "tight" one in the severest sense of the term. In fact, no one but ourselves know, how much we suffer from this aged female; and yet, somehow or other, either we cannot or we dare not assert our liberty and leave her. When we first came to Dublin we were recommended to Mrs. S. as a motherly woman, who would make us a comfortable home. We called and looked both at the apartments and the landlady. Of course, Mrs. Squeezer hadn't been accustomed to set lodgings, or "apartments," as she called them; and "only since the lamented death of Mr. Squeezer had she been compelled," etc., etc. We were prepared for all this, and didn't much heed it. Mrs. Squeezer's appearance was not prepossessing, and we confess that the tint of her nasal organ was rather higher than we altogether liked; but then, her dress was so neat and matronly her air so serious and reserved, that we thought she must be an unexceptionable character. During our interview, which did not last more than half an hour, we had learned much more of the late lamented Mr. Squeezer than we at all cared to know; for, after all, what interest could we be supposed to have in that defunct gentleman, who, we dare say, was a very respectable member of society in his day? We were also told of his blessed end, and the charge he had imposed upon Mrs. S. with his dying breath, of devoting her widowhood to works of mercy; such as providing young men, like ourselves, with a home where they might receive a mother's care and watchfulness. Whether Mr. S., in these last words of his, made any reference or not to the "consideration" which Mrs. Squeezer delicately introduced into the conversation, did not appear. However, the end of it was, that, in consideration of a certain monthly sum, Mrs. Squeezer undertook to take us in and do for us, as she expressed it, and we can pathetically assure you, sympathizing reader, that we have been taken in, and done for. We have occupied Mrs. Squeezer's apartments for nearly three years, and have suffered a martyrdom during the whole time, and yet, how to sever the connection we can't possibly conceive. We never read "Dombey and Son" without warmly sympathizing with poor Captain Cuttle, although we firmly believe that the rule of Mrs. M'Stinger was light and pleasant compared to the tyranny of Mrs. Squeezer. You know, after all, Mrs. M'Stinger was a coarse, violent woman, and although she managed to cow poor simple Captain Cuttle, that kind of tyranny could never have been exercised over a man of more mind and education. Mrs. M'Stinger merely represented the principle of brute force—if we may be allowed to apply such an ungallant expression to a lady—but it is quite different with Mrs. Squeezer. Our difficulty in regard to Mrs. S. is, that she is so intensely respectable, that she will not quarrel with us. We have several times endeavoured to provoke her to the use of opprobrious language. Say what we will, she only folds her hands, raises her eyes to heaven with the resignation of a saint, and sighs so deeply and bitterly over our depraved nature, that we suddenly became quite ashamed of ourselves, and, with tears in our eyes, recall the "warning to quit our apartments," which we had just given her; all the time feeling in our heart that this woman is stealing our milk, nibbling at our chops,

using our coals, taking our novels from our book shelves, whither they are returned all greasy and soiled, and exercising over us a thousand acts of tyranny and spite. "Taken in and done for," indeed! We are taken in and done for, and no mistake. All we have to say is, that if any one can put us into the way of finding a Captain Bunsby, whom Mrs. Squeezer may carry off and marry, in spite of himself, we shall do our utmost to bring about an introduction between the parties, and will make a present of presentation copies of all our works (red morocco and gold) to the person who will kindly find such an individual for us.

Then, there is Mrs. Squeezer's cat. We are quite sure that most of the persons who read these remarks would, if they were placed in our position, consider Mrs. Squeezer's cat a decided grievance. We don't say that we do; but this we will say, that a more ferocious specimen of the feline tribe, or one with such an immense caudal appendage, we have never met. The way in which he stalks about the house is quite imposing, and the looks of undisguised contempt with which he regards us, when we happen to meet on the staircase, are positively painful to a man of our highly nervous temperament. It is not, however, so much on these grounds that we object to him. We object to Mrs. Squeezer's cat on the ground of his appetite. Being a large animal, it is natural enough that he should have a large appetite; but we indignantly ask whether we are called upon to provide for that unwholesome animal's unnatural cravings? By what right does he drink our milk, and steal our chops, and make dainty meals on the relics of our dinner, which we have put away for a relish for to-morrow's breakfast? We hate that beast with a hatred of the most intense character, and yet we know that the very next time we meet on the staircase, that filthy animal will stand and stare at us, and say, as plainly as cat can say it, "Poor snob! I know you hate me, but, for your life, you daren't touch me. I should only like to see you at it! Wouldn't I claw your handsome face for you, if you did but raise a finger against me!" And then the odious brute gives two or three contemptuous purrs, and, with a whisk of his enormous tail flies down the stairs at two bounds. We are quite certain that we must break with Mrs. Squeezer some day, and we are equally certain, that when we do, we will poison that cat before we leave the house, if human ingenuity can compass a "consummation so devoutly to be wished."

Bad, however, as Mrs. Squeezer's cat undoubtedly is, we are very much inclined to doubt whether he, evil-minded as he is, can perpetrate all that is laid upon his shoulders. If a cat could get up a small tea party, or read novels, we believe that Mrs. Squeezer's cat is the very animal to do it; but we are convinced that no cat can accomplish these feats. How is it, then, that our tea goes so fast? Although we are a bachelor, we know how to make tea. One spoonful for each person and one for the pot! This, we believe, our fair readers will admit, is the orthodox allowance. We have measured how many spoonfuls there are in a quarter of a pound of tea, and we invariably find, that when we neglect to lock our caddy our tea only lasts about half the time it ought to do. How is this? The only living beings in the house are ourselves, Mrs. Squeezer, and the cat. Of course, we don't steal our own tea. Of course, Mrs. S. doesn't do it—it must be the cat. We spoke to Mrs. Squeezer about our milk, our chops, and our cold meat, nay, even about our tea and our brandy, for *this* goes too. She drew herself up to her full height, and surveyed us with ineffable pity and disdain. Her lips moved slightly, and we could just catch the words, "the cat." "But, Mrs. Squeezer," said we, "allow us to remark, madam, that cats don't read novels, and here is our beautiful edition of 'The Brimstone Eater' completely spoiled." That injured woman did not vouchsafe to answer the insinuation conveyed in our words, but swept from the room with a look that was intended to wither the very marrow in our bones. Oh! who will protect us from Mrs. Squeezer and her cat!

But, although we might put up with all this, there is one thing which is a still greater grievance to us than Mrs. Squeezer's cat, and this is the state of our linen. We candidly confess that we are particular on the matter of shirt buttons. When Mrs. Squeezer undertook, for a consideration, to take us in and do for us, she undertook at the same time to do for our linen; and yet we never put on a clean shirt without finding a button wanting, in what we may call some vital part. We have remonstrated, but without effect, and are gradually lapsing into comparative indifference on this important matter. Last Sunday morning, indeed, we were dressing with a

little more care than usual. Our things were all laid out. Fawn-coloured inexpressibles, white waistcoat, dark blue coat with velvet collar, and mauve neck-tie—about the proper thing, we imagine! But, what is this? Another button off! We confess that we *did* storm a little, and that the tones of our voice, as we bellowed for Mrs. S., may have been somewhat of the loudest. After some time that placid lady made her appearance. We held the garment in question before her face. Perhaps she may say that we rudely thrust it into her face, but we didn't. At all events, she proceeded calmly to examine it. Neck-button all right! Wrist buttons all right! A look of conscious triumph mantles on Mrs. Squeezer's expressive countenance. "But," we suggest, "don't you see, Mrs. S., that the breast-button is wanting, and we can't wear a shirt with no button on the bosom, for we don't use studs." Mrs. S. makes no answer, but stands provokingly silent, with the garment at arm's length, in her hand. We suggest a needle and thread. Mrs. S. shakes her head impressively. Use a needle and thread on the Sabbath, indeed! Catch her at it! She knows her duty too well to do any such thing. We snatch our garment in a fury from her hand, but Mrs. Squeezer is not in the least disturbed, and as she sails majestically down stairs, after her fresh victory over us, we hear her murmur to herself, "All this fuss, indeed, about a button! He ought to be thankful that he has a shirt to wear at all, for some of his betters are without one. Poor young creature! So thoughtless, and so ungrateful!" Oh! again we ask, and ask pathetically, who will protect us from Mrs. Squeezer?

Thus far have we pursued courteous reader, the subject of our own grievances. We are sorry to say that we haven't half exhausted our matter; but we are afraid that, if we "spin it" out much longer, we shall run the risk either of having our article consigned to the pillow-case of which we have spoken, or, if we succeed in passing that Rubicon, of wearying you; and, as we are very anxious to avoid either one or other of these unpleasant circumstances, we shall conclude for the present. Permit us, however, to repeat that we have by no means exhausted our subject; and if it shall appear good to our friend, the Editor, we hope, with his permission, again to bring this matter before the readers of the "Illustrated Dublin Journal," for our mutual amusement, consolation, and instruction. But if Mrs. Squeezer should conclude that we have now done with her, and that she may henceforth carry on her tyranny without fear of again being held up to public reprobation, we beg to inform that amiable lady that we haven't half done with her and her evil ways yet. We beg also to inform her, for her greater comfort and consolation, that having suffered from her tyranny so long, and now finding the means of retaliation in our grasp, we shall not desist until we have made her a strong, and, we trust, salutary example to all those, who, under pretence of being mothers to single young men like ourselves, inveigle us into their dwellings; and when they have once succeeded in "taking us in," "do for us," and no mistake. So, Mrs. Squeezer, our compliments to you, madam, and *au revoir*.

INCOG.

THE PRIZES OF LIFE.

I.

A YOUTH leapt out from childhood's thrall,
His onward course to run,
With stern resolve to rise or fall,
By duties bravely done.
He reck'd not ways that led to pain,
Nor thought he of the past;
His only hope was hence to gain
The student's prize at last.

II.

The boon was gained, while yet the spring
Was in its golden prime;
Ere birds had tuned their throats to sing
The joys of Summer time.
Those days now gone, the strife and din
Of commerce bind him fast:
The youth has yet a prize to win—
A home through life to last.

III.

The same proud zeal that lent him power
The boy's bright goal to reach,
Still leads him forth, in sterner hour,
To do what parents teach.
No more he heeds the coldly wise,
Who round him dangers cast;
For now he holds life's golden prize—
A trusting heart at last.

IV.

'Tis thus ambition leads us on,
From childhood unto age:
No prize so high but may be won,
At each succeeding stage.
Let youth be warn'd, though fate seem hard,
And hope be overcast,
How oft in life our first reward
Leads onward to the last!

G. II.

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NOTICE.

The extraordinary and unexpected circulation which the "ILLUSTRATED DUBLIN JOURNAL" has already attained, renders it quite impossible for the Publisher to have a sufficient supply (100,000 copies) of the First Part of WEBSTER'S CRITICAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY ready for delivery with the seventh number of the Journal, on the 19th of October, as already announced. He is, therefore, obliged to postpone the delivery of the First Part until Saturday the SECOND OF NOVEMBER, when it will be delivered with the Ninth Number. The Subscribers to the "Illustrated Dublin Journal" will please to give their names to our Agents, on or before the 26th of October, in order to enable the latter to provide a sufficient supply, as the First Part of the Dictionary cannot be given GRATIS after the 2nd of November.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MERTON MANOR;

OR, HOW ELLEN O'MALLEY WAS WOODED, LOST, AND WON.

LOVELIER spot than the little village of Merton it would be difficult to find, nor a more cheerful or pleasant residence than that known as Merton Manor.

Everything there spoke of comfort and hospitality, for Frank O'Malley was as fine a specimen of an old Irish gentleman as could be found in the kingdom. When he came home to settle down on his property in the county D—, after years of residence

abroad, he did what most men under similar circumstances will do. In other words, he took home a wife. In the discharge of all his duties, public and private, he contrived to journey along the road of life as evenly as most men, meeting, however, with an irreparable shock in the death of his wife, who left him one child—a daughter. Just then, as if in part to fill the vacant spot in his heart's affection, and to give a companion of her own years to little Ellen, it happened that his brother, Myles O'Malley, died, leaving his only child, Philip, now parentless, to the love and care of Frank. Time thus passed on; the cousins grew up to be man and woman, or nearly so, but Philip, at the time when our story opens, had not visited the Manor for nearly two years, having been pursuing his studies in old Trinity.

In the meantime, however, it was tacitly understood that when he had completed his studies and been fairly started in a legal career, he would find a reward in the hand of his pretty cousin.

Seldom was the tranquillity of the beautiful little village of Merton so put to the rout as it was one fine May evening, in the year 18—, when a neat and dashing currie with two horses, followed by two mounted grooms, in a rich, though not gaudy, livery, whirled up to the door of the 'Merton Arms.'

There is something wonderful in the celerity with which the tidings of an arrival are spread through the population of your small, quiet villages, where such an event is of unfrequent occurrence; the knowledge becomes universal in spaces of time so exceedingly brief, that it seems to be the result rather of intuition than of any ascertained mode of communication. Such was the case in the present instance. It was not every day that a currie with outriders was to be seen in the village of Merton, so the excitement of the Mertonites was intense, and the occupant of the vehicle was received with a degree of curiosity and attention adequate to his distinguished appearance. He took the two best rooms at the 'Merton Arms,' and was understood to intend making a long stay in the village. He was rich, and paid for everything with an unquestionable and most agreeable liberality; young, handsome, and accomplished. In short, never were the people in and about Merton so delighted with man, as with the dashing proprietor of the currie. He had a particular faculty of making himself acquainted with everybody, and by the end of the first week of his stay, was on visiting terms, not only with every family of the least

note in the village, but with all the neighbouring gentry within a circle of twenty miles. But there was one thing that slightly—but very slightly—diminished the universal satisfaction felt and expressed at the



presence and manners of the new-comer; and this was the mystery in which, for some reason or other, he thought proper to envelope his parentage, connexions, and pursuits.

At any rate, he neglected no occasion to let all the world (of Merton) know that the subject was one on which he did not choose to be interrogated. One of his first visits was at the Manor, a circumstance which was the result of an accident. Amongst his other habits, Frank O'Malley was a sportsman, and at the close of one day when he had been enjoying the pleasures of the chase with some of the neighbouring gentry, he found himself quietly riding homeward in company with the stranger, who had ridden to the bounds during the day, and who now beguiled the road by pleasant discourse. 'Imperceptibly, by his apparent frankness and cordiality, the latter so favourably impressed the squire (as Frank was called), that when he arrived at the gate of the Manor, he tendered him an invitation to his table, which, after a slight demur, was accepted. Probably the stranger's acceptance was influenced by the appearance of Ellen, as she flew down the avenue, like a fawn, to greet her father's return; certainly he speedily made himself at home and at ease, evidencing the most flattering estimate of the hospitality that made him thus comfortable. The day turned out very stormy, and Frank solicited the stranger, if he were not particularly pressed for time, not to "break cover" for the night, a request to which he readily acceded. Indeed his time, he said, was quite his own, as he was an idle bachelor, rambling leisurely through the country. And not only for that night, but for many succeeding days and nights, did he remain at the Manor. Frank O'Malley found out that he was very cunning at tying flies, and handled a double-barrelled gun like a man that knew what he was about. Ellen at first merely thought him a very agreeable, pleasant fellow. In point of fact his visit appeared about to be indefinitely prolonged. He presented Ellen with a guitar, piles of new music, and some charming *bijouterie*, all of which he laid with such easy grace before her that she felt no embarrassment, nor thought of declining his gifts.

And so the summer passed away, and autumn found the captivating stranger still at the Manor, which for many years had never been so gay as under the inspiring influence of his presence. The men all swore that he was the best rider, and one of the best shots they had ever seen. The old ladies eulogized his profound skill and attention at whist, and the young ones were all in raptures with his fine voice, his exquisite taste in dress, and his delightful gallantry. He was always proposing and carrying into effect some particularly agreeable scheme of amusement; to-day a picnic on the summit of one of the bold hills at the base of which reposed the Manor; to-morrow a ride to the ruined castle that frowned over the river, which, either leaping and tumbling down over rocks and shingle, or warbling along the flat, rich meadows for a space, lent such a picturesque effect to the valley of Merton.

Ellen from simply regarding him as a pleasant visiter, gradually but surely was affected by his assiduous and elegant attentions. She was a delightful creature, and when her bright hazle eyes made the stranger (Hugh Dalrymple, as he at length acknowledged his name to be) her slave, was just nineteen. Occasionally thoughts of her absent cousin, Philip, would strike her, and she would ask herself were it possible that the affection which he believed to be centred in himself could ever be transferred to another, but still she could not shut her eyes to the evidence of her power over the stranger, nor (with a woman's vanity) to the deal of envy which his marked attentions to her excited.

Such was the state of matters on one evening, when those grey lines in which September monotonously, but sweetly, arrayed the little village, verdant mead, and tinted wood, were gradually deepening, Ellen O'Malley sat in pensive thought on a green bank, beneath a canopy of umbrage, formed by a cluster of ancient sycamores and elms, in the park of the Manor; a few patches of gleaming sky from above redeemed the place from the character of gloom which the loftiness of the trees and the masses of foliage contributed to produce. A deep shade of melancholy had settled upon her lovely features; a frightened, nervous expression, betokening long unrest. A few days previous, a letter had been received by her father from Philip, in which he announced some college success, and his intention of paying the Manor a visit, after his lengthened absence. That very day, too, Dalrymple had told her, in low and hurried accents, how he only lived in the hope of winning her love, and that one little word from her lips would decide whether he should be a

wanderer without aim or end of existence, or remain by her side.

Confused and surprised, Ellen found no words for utterance. Almost suffocated with contending emotions, she besought Dalrymple to be less precipitate. Yet she did not appear deaf to the voice of the charmer, but on that September evening, as she pensively sat beneath the spreading sycamores, she could not avoid reproachfully asking herself how she had rewarded the devotion of her cousin. In their infant days they had played together in the shrubby lanes and the grassy meadows, and were ever the companions of each other's hours; and the mutual sharers of all childish joys and sorrows. But the phase of childhood passed over, and feelings which fill the breast of infancy with pleasure, and hedge in its hours with a heyday of joy, gradually change—as the capacity of heart increases, and take new shapes with the ripening years. And so, just at the period when Philip left the Manor to pursue his studies in the metropolis, the timid little Ellen, who sported with him in the meadows, and accompanied him upon all sorts of expeditions, had begun to grow shy of her playmate. There was another expression in her eye, and a womanly sedateness mingled with her smiles, as she laughingly and blushing promised Philip to be his wife when he returned a great man. Was she now about to withdraw her consent to their betrothal, and bestow her hand upon another, and that other a comparative stranger? Slowly and heavily passed the hour she spent beneath the sycamores, and keen and bitter were her feelings that night, as she rested her head on her pillow.

Philip, in his letters to Ellen, seldom reminded her of their betrothal. All earth's powers could never have persuaded him that in his absence her tastes or feelings would have become perverted. His faith was centred in a belief of her high principle, her truth, and her warm heart, and so when he heard from herself, as well as from her uncle, of the continued sojourn of the handsome stranger at the Manor, and of the attention which he paid her, no jealous pang wrung his heart, and he hopefully looked forward to the time when emancipation from his studies would place him once more within the domestic circle at the Manor.

About a week before the time when Philip was to arrive at the Manor, the 'Merton Arms' received an accession of guests, in the shape of two travellers, who, if not as aristocratic as the one who had dashed up to its door in a curricle some months before, preceded by outriders, were, at any rate, equally mysterious in their movements. One of them was a man of some five and forty years, rather short in stature, and whose features were harsh and unprepossessing. But there was a certain amount of plausibility in his speech, and he evinced considerable tact and cunning in the manner in which he contrived to acquire information relative to the various families in the neighbourhood, and the principal items of local gossip. Much of his time, for a day or two after his arrival, was spent in the bar-room of the 'Merton Arms,' in the company of Hugh Dalrymple's two servants, who still remained there, although what he was able to see in their society, was more than the portly landlord could fathom. When not thus engaged, he busied himself in his own apartment in the careful perusal of various bundles of papers, while his companion, who was much more reticent and reserved in his manner, availed himself of the privilege accorded to residents at the 'Merton Arms,' by Frank O'Malley, of visiting the grounds surrounding the Manor. In the course of these rambles he now and again encountered Ellen and Dalrymple strolling through the demesne, and upon these occasions, although it might have been observed that he respectfully stood aside to allow them to pass, he would follow their after movements with a degree of scrutinizing zeal, that evidenced the interest he took in them was of no ordinary kind.

And that he and his companion had a motive in their apparently eccentric proceedings, was soon clear, for a circumstance occurred, so much out of the ordinary course of events in Merton, that to this day it forms the most notable event in the history of that quiet little village.

One fine afternoon Charley Grace, then the butler, but at one period the huntsman of Frank O'Malley, perceived, with no small surprise, the two guests at the 'Merton Arms,' leisurely walking up the avenue that led to the Manor, and to his still greater amazement, saw that they were accompanied by the village constable. O'Malley was not a J.P., and what the latter's object in thus seeking the Manor was quite beyond Charley's comprehension, and,

therefore, he hastened to apprise his master, who was in his study, of the circumstance. O'Malley was no less surprised as to the meaning of this unusual visit, and directed the trio to be shown into the parlour of the Manor, where he speedily joined them, anxious to know the cause of their appearance there. To his inquiry on this point, the sojourner at the 'Merton Arms,' to whom we have more particularly alluded, said:

"I have the honour, I believe, to address Mr. Frank O'Malley?"

"The same, sir, at your service."

"And I, sir, have the honour to introduce myself to your notice, however unpleasant my visit may ultimately prove, as John May."

"The name is one that I do not immediately call to mind. Perhaps you would—"

"Probably not, sir, but it is one well known in London. I am, in short, as well as my comrade, a Bow-street officer, and my present business here is to arrest a person who has been enjoying your hospitality for, I believe, some months. My justification for this seeming strange proceeding, is this warrant," he added, producing that document.

"Arrest my guest, sir!" said O'Malley. "I do not exactly comprehend you."

"I am convinced of that sir, but allow me to explain myself in as few words as possible. There are so many charges against the person in question that you would be hardly able to comprehend the general nature of the proceedings instituted against him. Nor is it necessary that you should do so, but the specific charge upon which I hold this warrant for his arrest, is his malversation, to an incredible extent, of the funds of a London bank, in which he held the position of cashier. I have had," continued the officer, "for the last six or eight months a stern chase after him, and that is proverbially a lengthened one, but I have earthed him at last, and while my success is to me a source of more than mere gratification, I have only to tender you, awkwardly it may be, but I can assure you sincerely, my regret that my professional avocations should have necessitated my intrusion into the residence of a gentleman whose character is beyond any suspicion, and whose only association with the business which I have in hand, is that he has unwittingly allowed himself to be made the dupe of an impostor."

The feelings of Frank O'Malley at the conclusion of this speech are indescribable. Motioning the speaker and his colleagues to seats, he remained silent for a few minutes, but at last observed:

"I need not remark how poignant is the regret which I experience at the fact of my roof-tree having for a second sheltered one whose antecedents are such as you have described. And this regret is the more irritating, seeing that the plausibility of his manners has gained for him so much of the society of my daughter, while his qualifications as a sportsman have secured his access to the circles of all the chief families in the neighbourhood of Merton. He is not at present within, but I expect him every minute, and will gladly afford you every facility to aid the ends of justice."

But this change of malversation of the Bank's funds was not the only one against the gentleman who whirled up to the 'Merton Arms' one May morning, followed by a pair of outriders; whose *distingue* appearance and off-handed manner so completely awed the good people of Merton; who followed the county hounds with such sportsman-like ardour and dash; who was the cynosure of all eyes; who so coolly made himself at home at the Manor; and who wooed and almost won the daughter of its owner. "Hugh Dalrymple," (as he called himself when he did condescend to give a name) had so many aliases that it would be a difficult task (even for John May) to trace his true patronymic. There were few of the gaming-tables in continental cities at which he was not disadvantageously known. He was, in fine, an accomplished rouse and black-leg, and it was whispered even worse, although it was difficult to fix the darker crimes upon him. How he contrived to obtain a position of trust in a London bank was never known; the only feasible opinion hazarded was, that having got the son of one of the firm into his power in some "hell," he had employed his advantage in securing a berth in the establishment—with what result we have seen. So cool and consummate a scoundrel was he, that when arrested by John May (whom he at once recognised as an old acquaintance) on his return from a stroll with Ellen, he coolly raised his hat as he left the place in custody, and, with one of his most elegant bows, remarked that there were few

pleasanter days in his career than those which he had spent at Merton Manor.

And what said Ellen to the *denouement* of this strange but true story? She flung herself upon her father's neck, and while her bosom heaved and throbbed, as her feelings sought to gain utterance in speech, no words could express them. They were too deep for speech, and it was not until her parent soothed her with all a parent's tenderness that she at length revealed how deep a hold the stranger possessed of her affections, and in what a new light Philip stood in her estimation. Never before had she appreciated his patient and enduring attachment. Pressing her hands upon her burning forehead, she remained some moments buried in deep thought, but at length she exclaimed:

"Oh! has it at last come to this; and is my once happy home to be rendered desolate for ever through me. Oh, Philip! Philip! how my poor brain racks and throbs—how you will hate and loathe me when you learn all!"

Philip *did* learn all, when a few days afterwards he reached the Manor, and found Ellen prostrate on a sick bed, and delirious through an attack of fever. And when at length some reason glimmered through the dark feelings of desolation that had for a time clouded her faculties, the first low voice she heard beside her couch was that which murmured her name:—

"Ellen! dear, dear Ellen!"

It was Philip, who strove by every means to assuage the grief that so entirely depressed her spirits; but, though he never once alluded to the painful cause of her illness, she had herself awoke from her delusive and bewildering dream.

To no explanation would he listen; and if the wonted peace and quiet of Merton was singularly disturbed when the dashing guest at the Manor was (under the safe conduct of John May,) conveyed, handcuffed, from his snug quarters there to the 'Merton Arms,' and thence, in his own curriole, (without the outriders,) to the county gaol, pending his transmission to the locale of his last offence, it was more than paralleled by the scene which that pleasant hamlet presented not long after Ellen's recovery. Then the church bells rang out merry peals; then the village children strewed the path with flowers, and then Philip O'Malley led his fair cousin—so unexpectedly wooed and so providentially lost by another, and now fairly and honourably won by himself—to the altar, and in after years, many were the golden-haired children that joyously gambolled with old Frank O'Malley and their parents, beneath the ancient sycamores that shaded the grounds of MERTON MANOR.

E. M. M.

THE BLUE SKY.

'Tis true that youthful hopes deceive,
But ever the flowers return with Spring;
That tenderest love has cause to grieve,
But still when the young birds pair they sing.

The west winds play with the leaves of May,
And the peach hangs ripe on the garden wall;
And the blossoms grow and the fountains flow,
And the bright blue sky bends over all.

Though Love may fade with early prime,
As the cowslips fade on the fallow lea,
Yet Friendship cheers the face of time,
As the sunshine gilds the apple-tree.

The morning's pain may be evening's gain,
And sometimes 'mid the flowers we fall;
And the sun for thee is the light for me,
And the bright blue sky bends over all.

The Reason lives when Fancy dies,
For the season's blessings never fail;
And Winter oft has brighter skies
Than April with her sleet and hail.

Our joys and cares are wheat and tears,
And our griefs, when ripe, like the fruit, must fall;
And come what will, 'tis justice still,
For the bright blue sky bends over all.

HALF AN HOUR AT RINGSEND.



UBLIN has not inaptly been described by the late Lady Morgan as "the most car-drivingest city in the universe," and there is, perhaps, no other portion of it in which the character and idiosyncrasies of its Jehus can be better studied than the immediate neighbourhood of Carlisle Bridge. The unsophisticated provincial or utter stranger who may chance to find himself for the first time in its vicinity—at the corner of D'Olier-street, for example—cannot fail to

be amazed at the sensation which his appearance is certain to create amongst the knights of the whip, who, by the permission of the municipal authorities, when disengaged, here range their vehicles, on what is technically known as "hazards." The attitudes and pursuits of these worthies when idle are manifold. Some of them lounge "in meditation fancy free," either upon or against their vehicles. Others kill time by burnishing their harness, or by the aid of a social pipe, while a few persistently endeavour to acquire a knowledge

of the literary or political news of the world from some magazine or newspaper. This latter employment, however, is a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, for the police magnates have expressed their unqualified disapproval of the habit, and often mark their sense of the enormity of the offence by a fine or temporary suspension of license. But no matter whether the Dublin representatives of the Sam Weller school be seated, standing, lounging, reading, burnishing, or smoking (the idea of their ever sacrificing at the altar of Bacchus is an absurdity), the advent of a pedestrian, as if by magic, inverts the order of things. No crack company of a crack rifle corps can excel them in the rapidity with which they come to the "attention," and the stranger beholds with amazement a forest of whips elevated in the air, while a perfect Babel of voices stuns his ears, the drift of which he will find considerable difficulty in solving, until he can distinguish an individual voice, when he finds it to be simply the query, "Going out, air?" Where the "cut" is situated will be his next wonder, but this he can speedily learn if he accedes to the Jehu's request to "get up," and make one of a party of half-a-dozen, whom the latter is willing to "rowl out" to Ringsend, Irishtown, or Sandymount, for a trifling consideration per head. And by the way, the cars which in former times plied to these localities, were the earliest and rudest specimens of these peculiarly Irish vehicles. They have been described as consisting of a seat suspended on a strap of leather—which supported the entire weight of the company—between shafts, and without springs. Theophilus Cibber, in his familiar epistle to Mr. Warburton in 1753, has an allusion to the "driver of a Ringsend car furiously driving through thick and thin, bedaubed, besplashed, and bemastered." This description of car was called a "noddie," from its oscillating motion backwards and forwards. The use of the noddie by certain classes originated the proverb—"Elegance and ease, like a shoeblack in a noddie!" The noddie was succeeded by the "jingle." "The jingle and jaunting-car," says the clever and amusing author of "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," "were both in use for some time after the Union, when most of the nobility became absentees, and gave occasion to the *bon mot* of the witty Duchess of Gordon, that there were but two titled men who frequented her soirées at the Castle—Sir John Jingle and Sir John Jaunting-Car." The latter was an allusion to Sir John Carr, of pocket-book celebrity."

The etymology of the rather odd name, "Ringsend," has occasioned some controversy. Many aver that previous to the formation of that portion of Dublin which is now termed "Sir John Rogerson's Quay" (being so called after its maker, who was at one time

Lord Mayor of Dublin), there were great piles of wood driven into the sand, and to each of these piles were attached large iron rings, for the convenience of the shipping moored there. The outermost of those piles having a ring, was called *ring's end*, that is, the end or last of the rings. Another derivation, and one having a greater *vraisemblance*, attributes the name to a corruption of *Rinn-Abhainn* (pronounced Rinn-Aun), i.e., the point or turn of the tide, said to be the correct title of this locality. One etymologist has endeavoured to trace it to a Norse word, signifying a sewer, "which the river Dodder is to that part of the country." However, whatever its radix may be, and despite its present unimportance and malodourousness, Ringsend was once a place of very considerable note. It was here, on the 14th of November, 1646, that the Parliamentary forces disembarked, and here also, on the 14th August, 1649, during a severe storm, Oliver Cromwell, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, arrived in the bay with an army of 13,000 men, to commence his memorable nine months' campaign in Ireland. "On his arrival in the bay of Dublin," says Ludlow, in his memoirs, "the men-of-war that accompanied him, and other ships in the harbour, rung such a peal with their cannon, as if some great news had been coming. He and his company went up in boats to the Ringsend, where they went ashore, and were met by most of the officers, civil and military, about the town." The direct approach from Ringsend to Dublin formerly lay across ground overflowed by the tide, but passable at low water for a man and horse, about the place now occupied by the Ringsend bridge. About the year 1650 the first bridge was erected over the Dodder here, and had scarcely been completed when, singularly enough, the stream suddenly altered its channel, "in which perverse course," says Boate, "it continued, until perforce it was constrained to return to its old channel." In 1670, Lord Berkley, Baron of Stratton, landed at Ringsend as Viceroy, and in the same year the Dodder here overflowed its banks, and flooded high into the city, causing much loss of property. In 1672, Sir Bernard de Gomme, of the Royal Engineers, arrived in Ireland for the purpose of ascertaining what works were necessary for the defence of the ports in that kingdom. A copy of his map, which was entitled "an exact survey of the city of Dublin, and part of the harbour below Ringsend," and was, with the necessary estimates, presented to Charles II. on the 15th of November, 1673, was exhibited at the *conversazione* of the President of the Royal Irish Academy in the March of the present year, accompanied by some interesting explanatory observations by Charles Haliday, Esq., M.R.I.A., to which we are indebted for much of our information on the subject. The site selected by Sir Bernard for a citadel for the defence of Dublin, was in the vicinity of the space now occupied by Merrion-square, to the foot of which the sea at the time flowed. It was not then quayed or deepened, and flowed at low water in streams, winding in devious courses through a labyrinth of sands. Mr. Jonas Moore, in his report, in the year 1675, states, that "if his majesty should think fit to proceed in the design of building a fort-royal on the strand, near Ringsend, as was designed by Sir Bernard de Gomme, it is doubtless the only proper piece of ground where a fort can be built so as to be relieved by sea, although for arms the sea-air will be very prejudicial." The citadel was designed to be a pentagon, occupying a space of 1,946 yards, with ramparts, ravelins, curtain, and bastions; the walls were intended to be of brick, faced with stone, and built on a frame of timber and piles. The estimated expense was £131,227 5s. 9d. In Sir Bernard de Gomme's map Ringsend is represented as a long and narrow tongue or point (*rin*) of land, running out into the sea, "the water on its western side," observes Mr. Haliday, "spreading over all the low ground between Irishtown and the slightly rising ground on which stands the barracks at Beggar's Bush, and under Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, along the line of Denzille-street and Great Brunswick-street, to Townsend-street, called Lacey otherwise Lazar's Hill, and flowing even to that front of the Parliament House called the Lords' Entrance, facing College-street, as may be seen on the ground plan of Chichester House (the site of which the Parliament House occupies), where ground under this face is described as 'the Old Shore.' At Lazar's Hill, in the year 1657, we find a frigate built and launched. Among the Treasury warrants issued by the Commissioners of England for the affairs of Ireland, is an order dated the 24th March, 1656-57, 'That James Standish, Receiver-General, do issue forth and pay unto Mr. Timothy Avery the sum of £100, on account, the same being to be by him issued out towards the finishing and speedy

fitting to sea the new frigate, called the *Lamby Catch*, now rebuilt and lately launched at *Lazey-hill*, Dublin, according to such orders as he shall receive in writing under the hand of Captain Edward Tomlins, and Joseph Glover, who is to command the said ship, for payment whereof this is a warrant." In the year 1674, Andrew Yarranton, the publisher of some plans for the improvement of English harbours, came to Dublin, and, at the solicitation of the then Lord Mayor, devoted some time to a survey of the port, in the course of which he tendered many suggestions for an artificial harbour and fort for its defence on the strand (then covered by the tide) between Ringsend and Townsend-street, the want of some protection for the trade of Dublin just then engrossing public attention, in consequence of a French privateer having entered the bay, and cut out a Spanish vessel from near the bar. Yarranton's plan appeared in a treatise entitled "England's improvement by sea and land, to outdo the Dutch without fighting," published in 1677.

In April, 1690, the famous Sir Cloudealey Shovel, who had conveyed a fleet of vessels, containing provisions and munitions of war for King William's army, to Belfast, learning that a frigate and several merchantmen were lying at anchor in the bay of Dublin, destined for France, "took the Monmouth yacht, and one or two more, with several long boats, and went to Poolbeg, where the frigate lay, having sixteen guns, and four paterroes. King James, when he heard of it, said, it was some of his loyal subjects of England returning to their duty and allegiance; but, when he saw them draw near the ship, and heard the firing, he rode out towards Ringsend, whither gathered a vast crowd of people of all sorts..... Captain Bennet, that commanded the frigate, ran her on ground." Such is Story's account of this affair. In December, 1690, when de Ginkel was departing for England, the Lords Justices, and most of the nobility and gentry of Dublin and its vicinity, accompanied him to Ringsend, when he embarked on board the Monmouth yacht. The Earl of Wharton landed here in 1709, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In 1782 the old bridge over the Dodder was swept away by a flood, and it was not until 1786 that statutory enactments were passed for restoring the communication. The bridge erected in its stead was, however, together with Ormond bridge, completely destroyed by an inundation in 1802, after which the present substantial one was erected. On the western side of the Dodder, in the immediate vicinity of the village of Ringsend, are the Grand Canal Docks, comprising an area of twenty-five acres, with two thousand yards of quayage, and about eighteen feet depth of water. They have three commodious graving docks, and are entered by two gates, called the Camden and Buckingham locks. They were opened on the 23rd of April, 1796; the following curious and interesting account of the ceremony is from "Walker's Hibernian Magazine:" "This being St. George's Day, was exhibited one of the grandest and most interesting spectacles ever witnessed by this kingdom—the opening of this Grand Canal Floating and Graving Dock. At 11 o'clock his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, attended by his suite, and accompanied by Mr. Secretary Pelham, went on board the yacht (commanded by Sir Alexander Schomberg) lying in the river. The yacht immediately proceeded into the great eastern ship lock, from whence she passed into the floating docks. As soon as the yacht entered the basin a royal salute was fired from the park of artillery on the south bank of the docks, which was returned by the yacht as soon as she came to anchor, when she also hoisted the royal standard. About twenty vessels of considerable size entered the docks after the yacht, and each of them saluted as they came in; they were followed by a considerable number of small craft and a variety of barges and pleasure-boats handsomely decorated, which gave great variety and beauty to the scene. His Excellency, Earl Camden, with Mr. Pelham, attended by Sir Alexander Schomberg, came ashore, and was received on the wharf between the two large graving docks by the Court of Directors of the Grand Canal. The company, which consisted of about a thousand of the principal nobility and gentry, then went into a breakfast, prepared in tents." From the point of Ringsend the south wall of the harbour extends into the bay, nearly three English miles and a half. It was commenced in 1748, and is formed of immense granite boulders, strongly cemented, and strengthened with iron cramps. At its extremity is a lighthouse, commenced in 1762. It is formed of white hewn granite, firmly cemented, and is three storeys high. From its summit a magnificent view may be obtained of the glorious Bay of Dublin, and its villa-diapered shores.

THE HAUNTED LAKE.



I.

"My love, braid up thy golden locks,
And don thy silken shoon,
We'll sit upon Kilbrannon's rocks
Where shines the silvery moon;
And bring thy little babe with thee,
For his dear father's sake,
Thy lands where he'll be lord to see,
By lone Kilbrannon lake!"

II.

She's braided up her golden locks,
She's donned her silken shoon,
And they're away to Kilbrannon's rocks
By the cold light of the moon;
Sir Hubert he took both wife and child
Upon that night of woe,
And hurled them over the rocks so wild
To the lake's blue depths below!

III.

And he has married another May,
With the locks of ebonie,
And her looks are sweet, and her heart is gay,
Yet a woeful wight is he;
He wakes the woods with his bugle horn,
But his heart is heavy and sore;
And he ever shuns those crags forlorn
By lone Kilbrannon shore!

IV.

For down in the lake the dead won't rest,
That vengeful murdered one,
With her little babe at her pulseless breast,
She walks the waters lone;
And she calls at night her murderer's name,
And will call for evermore,
Till the huge rocks melt in doomsday flame
By wild Kilbrannon shore!

FEARDANA.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EGGS.



Of course all of our readers have made up their minds in a collective manner that they will not read one word of our lucubration about eggs. We fancy the expression of indignation which is evoked simply by the heading of our chapter only. We can imagine the general contortion of disdain which wreaths every lip in the family circle as each of its members inquires what can be said upon such a subject, or rather, what does any one want to know about it! Everybody asserts his or her perfect knowledge of everything interesting in relation to eggs. They could tolerate Oysters, and find Crabs endurable in a dissertation; but nobody ever could conceive anything new to be related about eggs, or nobody ever heard of an essay on eggs before. If the gentle reader or the gentle listeners will be but patient with us for a little, we trust to convince them that there is a great deal of matter about our subject, as well as in it, which is entirely novel to them, and which may afford much more pleasing information than ever they had any notion was or could be contained in any reflections arising from eggs.

History is silent as to who first boiled an egg, and finding it good eat it, deriving much comfort to his inner man therefrom. But there is no one can deny that the primal Ovophage was a great benefactor to his species, although the obscurity of ages conceals him from our gratitude. Many a time the convalescent, just escaped from days in whose dreary shadow death lingered, has felt the first impulse of returning strength vouchsafed to him through the nutriment of a fresh egg. Many a time a valuable life has been saved from the simple fact, that when the weakened organs, vitiated by disease, could tolerate no stimulant or strengthening food, they could just bear an egg, cooked by a skilful hand, and borrowed thus a little more supply to keep the fire of life alight until it could bear to consume a richer fuel. And for a final instance of the value of an egg, many a time the traveller, taking his rest in "mine inn" on some far wayside, has dined with a gusto from the genial though homely dish of bacon and eggs, fried and smoking, which devourers of French dishes at Mivart's or Very's never knew.

Amongst many nations to this day the egg is a sacred object as representing the great mundane germ of the transition of things from chaos to order. In the Rig Veda of Hindooism the supreme spirit is represented as decreeing the evolution of the world from an egg. At a later period of its mythology, Brahma is stated to have deposited in the primordial waters an egg shining like gold. In the days of the Pharaohs, in the temples of Luxor, it was taught by the Egyptian hierophants that Cneph the Demurgus produced an egg—the symbol of the world. In the Sandwich islands an eagle is represented to have deposited an egg in the primordial seas, from whence sprang all of which we have cognisance. To this day, in portions of Finland, where the people have not forsaken the ancient idolatry of their race, they have the same legend as the islanders of the South Sea, with the difference that the wonderful egg is said to be the produce of an aquatic bird. In the dim old Celtic legends, the mundane egg was produced by a serpent, which had no sooner brought it forth than it hastened to devour it. The littlest boy at his Virgil will tell us the fanciful creed of Lacedæmon, wherein Leda produces two eggs, from one of which issued Helena, and from the other the Dioscuri. The city of Salmonus, the grey old Elis, had its wild legend, too, of twin heroes, called Molionides, produced from a silver egg. In far Peru, in the tracks of the footstep of the victor Spaniard, we meet with another of those symbolic tales in which it is told of two miraculous eggs, one containing Apocatequil, the Prince of Evil, an idol reverently worshipped in that country; and the other containing Figueroa-Catequil, who called his mother from the dead. In the Flowery Land we find the same idea expressed in a different way. Martini tells us that the Tonquinese have a legend, that the princess Auleo produced a hundred eggs, from which came forth a hundred male children. To prevent quarrels amongst this numerous progeny, the father and mother agreed to separate—the one to the sea-coast, the other

to the mountains. According to Father Martini, the Chinese acknowledge the creation of a first man, whom they called Pooncu. This man derived his being from an egg, the shell of which was snatched up to heaven—the white expanded through the air, and the yolk remained upon the earth.

Curiously enough, not only is an egg chosen to represent the mundane origin, but it is found as the emblem of the renovation of the world after being purified by fire. Herodotus—old Pagan dreamer!—relates that the Phoenix buried the body of its father in a mass of myrrh of the form of an egg. The modern Jews, in many places, eat eggs in funeral feasts in token of the resurrection. In Russia also the custom of using eggs in the Paschal season is understood to have the same emblematic signification.

Klaproth gives, from a volume of Japanese chronology, which has been for more than a hundred years past in the library of Paris, a system of cosmogony, which states "that at first the heaven and the earth were not separated; the perfect principle and the imperfect principle were not disjoined; chaos, under the form of an egg, contained the breath of life, self-produced, including the germs of all things. Then what was pure and perfect ascended upwards, and formed the sky, while what was dense and impure—coagulated—was precipitated, and produced the earth." At Miaco, in Japan, there is a pagoda consecrated to a hieroglyphic bull, which is placed on a large square altar, and composed of solid gold. His neck is ornamented with a costly wreath; but what is most remarkable is an egg which he pushes with his horns whilst he seizes it between his fore-feet. This bull is placed on the summit of a rock, and the egg floats in water, which is enclosed within a hollow space. This egg represents chaos. The Japanese say that the whole world at the time of chaos was enclosed within this egg, which floated upon the top of the waters. The bull observing this egg, broke the shell of it by goring it with his horns, and so created the world—by his breath forming the human species. In the Persian belief, they taught that Ahriman, the power of evil, created twenty-four genii, which he enclosed in an egg; and that Ormuzd, the power of good, created the same number, which he also enclosed in an egg. Those eggs breaking, say the Persians, the good and evil became mingled, and pervaded all things. The great merchant peoples of Phœnicia worshipped an egg with idolatrous rites; and no doubt our forefathers, in this Irish land, may have looked with awe upon the strange homage paid by the Tyrian wanderers who traded to their shores, if perchance they beheld them at the religious solemnities of their country in their ships by the sea-board.

So far for the fiction of our subject, now we will treat of the facts. For the weight of substance contained in it, there is no other article of human food as nutritive as the egg. It is divided into three different structures—the shell, the white, and the yolk. The shell is composed of carbonate of lime, and is penetrated by numerous minute pores, which convey air to the embryo during the process of incubation. The same access of air through those tubes is the cause of decomposition occurring in the egg. A very simple process is sufficient to preserve it from this incident. To rub the egg over with any fatty substance closes those minute pores, and preserves it as hermetically sealed as those meats which are put up to keep during long voyages. For this reason eggs are rubbed over with butter by the dealers who desire to preserve them sound. A peculiar sign for discovering fresh eggs arises from this fact: An unsound egg, if shaken near the ear, will give the sound which is conveyed by a puff of air blown with some force through water, the cause of this sound being the presence of air within the egg, whilst a fresh egg, although agitated in the same manner, will emit no sound whatever. The white of egg has a close chemical affinity to the essential substances of meat—musculine and gluten—and abounds in a far greater degree with fat. It is different in appearance and in sensible properties; but its component radicals are almost the same, and serve nearly the same purposes as material for food. In fatty substance it is only equalled by pork and eels, but it abounds in more nutritive elements than either. As an instance of the appreciation which eggs have received as an article of food, their consumption in the United Kingdom has been calculated to be fifteen hundred millions annually, and at the cost of one halfpenny each, the value of this consumption is estimated at three millions a-year, quite a respectable figure, and enough to make our henwives proud and aristocratic. The Irish hen-roosts and duck-houses are considered to produce five hundred millions of eggs, or one million of

pounds worth annually—the kingdom of Great Britain has the credit of nine hundred millions, and from foreign countries are imported one hundred millions; but this importation has greatly increased of latter years.

In France the egg produce is still greater, the smaller division of the farms in that country encouraging and stimulating this branch of industrial effort. In Paris the consumption of eggs is greater than in any other city of Europe, and has been shown to be at the rate of one hundred eggs annually to every living soul. But the consumption in the country districts is far beyond this, as in many places junkets composed of milk and eggs are the principal items of food. The egg produce of France has been estimated at from seven to eight thousand millions yearly, or a quantity sufficient to make a string of beads which would go twice round the world, and at the value placed before by us upon this article of food, that produce is worth fifteen millions a-year. The trade of France to England in eggs has been very considerable since the year 1815, the facilities for transmission and their cheapness of production having increased in a great degree. As an article of commerce the French are pushing a large business in eggs, which is extended every day. At Bastoign there is a farm of two hundred acres devoted to the production of eggs for the London market alone. From Cherbourg to Calais the boats take in cargoes of eggs at every port for despatch to Dover.

The late Isaac Weld, in his Statistical Survey of Roscommon, describes a curious system by which eggs were collected there for the Dublin market, by the persons who traded in them in that neighbourhood. A number of runners—little boys from twelve to fourteen years old—were employed by those persons, called higgler or egg dealers. Each boy had a certain route, extending to about fifteen statute miles over the country. Within this district they went round every day to those farmers or cottiers from whom they knew eggs were to be had, and having collected them, returned to the depot of the higgler in the evening, with their load of eggs in their baskets. For every six score thus brought in, the boys received one shilling. This manner of collection prevailed over the country. The dealers then despatched the eggs collected in crates containing ten thousand, and forwarded them to Dublin or England, and Mr. Weld estimates the sale of those eggs at £70,000 per annum. Before the opening of the Holyhead Railway, the London and North Western Company sometimes received at Liverpool, from Ireland, one million of eggs in a single day, for conveyance to the metropolis. Their trade is still considerable, but the Holyhead line causes a large division by that route.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN PARIS,

OR HOW THE SHAMROCK FARED WITH THE FLEUR-DE-LIS.



THE eventful period which saw the downfall of Louis Philippe, and the dominion of a Provisional Government consisting of Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Cremieux, etc., I was invited by one of the most distinguished writers and journalists in London to accompany him to Paris, whither he was bent on a mission of benefit to a weekly paper which had recently made its appearance under the auspices of his all-powerful name. His object in visiting the metropolis of France was to write a series of articles on the disturbed state of affairs at that time, and his motive for asking me to join him was, that I might collect reliable information for him, while he occupied his time in the sedentary duties of the desk. As a natural consequence, I witnessed many scenes, and had the opportunity of chronicling many events which have long since gone forth to the world; but the incidents I am now about to relate, having occurred subsequent to the departure of my esteemed and now deceased friend from the French capital, did not form part of the stock of "news" which I from time to time conveyed to him. I make no attempt to write a "sensational" story, as I have not the power to do so; my sole intention is to state, in

simple terms, precisely what fell under my own vision concurrently with circumstances which have since become historical.

With these preliminary observations I proceed to narrate what took place within my personal knowledge, apropos of St. Patrick's-day, during the period of the Revolution of 1848. A deputation of the English residents in Paris having already presented themselves to the Provisional Government, at the Hotel de Ville, the natives of the "Emerald Isle," who had taken up their abode in the city, determined to follow so laudable an example; and accordingly advertisements were circulated with a view to collect a meeting of Irishmen at the Place de la Concorde, on St. Patrick's Day. Being anxious, amongst others, to see Mons. de Lamartine and his colleagues, and to gain all the experience I could of passing events, I began to consider whether I had sufficient Irish blood in my veins to justify me in joining the deputation, when the recollection most opportunely came to my mind, that one of my ancestors was a native of Cork, and that my name, as I had often been informed, was of "Hibernian extraction." To the Place de la Concorde, therefore, I betook myself at the time appointed, when I found the entire space occupied by various disunited mobs of people, who had assembled there for the purpose of taking part in a popular demonstration to be made that day in favour of the Provisional Government. The difficulty, therefore, was in discovering my compatriots amongst such a rude and heterogeneous mass of beings, all bent upon the accomplishment of one common object, but without any distinct plan or organisation. At length, however, I discovered a "broth of a boy," with a sprig of shamrock, and on my accosting him in very polite French (for fear of making a mistake), he turned suddenly round to scrutinize me. "*Monsieur, vous êtes Irlandais ?*" said I, whereupon he exclaimed. "*Faith, I am so, sir, more luck to the ould country !*" This was surely quite sufficient for my purpose, and I proceeded to address my fellow-countryman in his own tongue, asking him "*Where is the deputation ?*" "*Sure it's here, sir,*" said he, "*when it comes !*" Being now satisfied that I was in the company of a conspicuous member of the intended Hibernian deputation, I asked my friend to give me a piece of his shamrock, for I desired to look as much like an Irishman as he did. "*By my soul, I'd divide any thing wid you,*" said he, with a good-natured wink, and he divided his shamrock with me. Thus we formed the nucleus of the deputation, and were soon joined by numerous Knights of St. Patrick, who were quickly attracted by the decorations in our button-holes.

When we arrived in the open space fronting the Hotel de Ville, the dense mass of people assembled there was sufficient to cause some little alarm, the more particularly as we were in the midst of a difficulty from which we could not extricate ourselves, except by making our way through the crowd. We were wondering how we should accomplish this desirable object, when a red-hot republican, mounted upon a very powerful horse, rode up to us (for the mob had been obliged to make way for him in order to save their necks), and demanded, in the least complimentary language he could employ, to know the object of our daring to display the shamrock on such an occasion?

"It is Gustave Beauvallon!" exclaimed a hundred voices, as he seized the flag which we had with us, and almost crushed the leaders of our deputation beneath his horse's feet.

"I care not who it is, he shall suffer for this insolence," said one of the National Guards, who, it appeared, was a native of Ireland, and whose Celtic blood, like that of the equestrian Frenchman, was now excited to such a degree that he could no longer brook the indignity which had been offered to the unoffending emblem of his country. Uttering the above exclamation, Denis O'Connor (that is the name by which I think it right to introduce him in these pages) darted forward, and seized the horse's bridle.

"Dare to touch my horse," cried Beauvallon, "and he shall trample you to pieces! For your life, let go my horse's head and explain the meaning of this procession, or my desperation will instantly resolve itself into something more perilous than words." As he uttered this menace, he still held the flag with one hand, while he grasped a whip with the other—a position so exasperating to O'Connor, that, utterly regardless of the consequences, he endeavoured to dislodge the enraged Frenchman from his horse, whereupon the latter gave him a blow with the butt-end of his whip, which would have felled him to the ground, but that the pressure of the crowd was such as to render that result impracticable. Suffering somewhat from the injury he had received, he was at length carried into the interior of the Hotel de Ville, exclaiming, as emphatically as his weakened condition would allow him, that his

assaulter should give him immediate "satisfaction" for the base indignity he had offered him.

As to the deputation, it ceased by this time to be a deputation, for its members were all disbanded, and the majority were fain to betake themselves to a "more removed ground." Though stunned by the blow he had received, O'Connor was soon sufficiently restored to feel, in all its humiliating force, the consciousness of the degradation he had been subjected to; and all sense of pain and inconvenience was absorbed in the one deadly passion of revenge. Whatever might be the position in life of Gustave Beauvallon, he should, on the following day, stand before him, face to face, and answer, at peril of his life, for his insolent temerity. The place should be the Bois de Boulogne—the weapons, swords. A challenge was accordingly sent to Beauvallon, and promptly accepted, it afterwards transpiring that he was an experienced duellist, and rather pleased than otherwise at having an opportunity of exhibiting his death-dealing skill. I undertook to be O'Connor's second; and I shall not easily forget the condition of mind in which, for the first time in my life, I went to the scene of a murderous encounter. I had endeavoured, with all the enthusiasm which was natural to me at such a moment, to form part of a harmless deputation in honour of St. Patrick, and I now found myself second in a duel, which I had no more anticipated than I expected the revolution to bring about the millennium! It was a bleak, cold morning when I rose, and the ride through the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne, generally so gay and cheerful, was, perhaps, the most dismal and dispiriting journey I ever experienced. But O'Connor's determination to be revenged had taken so firm a hold of him, that he felt confident of victory, and he went on his way, rejoicing in the anticipation of this hoped-for result.

Arrived at the place appointed, we found Beauvallon already there, with two friends, one of whom held a pair of swords, whilst I supported another pair on the part of Denis O'Connor. The weapons being chosen, the two men stood forth for the encounter, when I discovered that Beauvallon carried a pistol in his left breast. This I thought it my duty to make known to O'Connor, and the moment the latter had confirmed my statement by his own eyes, an overpowering sense of the murderous intent of his antagonist took possession of him, and he almost lost his self-control. "Coward!" he exclaimed "you have provided yourself with a firearm in order that, should you be worsted, you might take my life by a deliberate aim! Be mine then the task to put your cowardice to the test." Saying this he made a desperate lunge at Beauvallon, which was immediately returned by him, and in the conflict that ensued, the pistol fell to the ground. Beauvallon, intent upon recovering the weapon, was about to stoop for that purpose, as O'Connor made another thrust, and in an instant the former was a lifeless corpse! The whole party immediately surveyed the body to be quite satisfied that the tide of life had ceased to flow, and the sad truth being too apparent, Beauvallon's second, regarding O'Connor with eyes of fire, exclaimed,

"Villain! he was off his guard when you gave him his death-blow."

"Dare you call me villain," said O'Connor. "He would have murdered me with the pistol which lies there. Perceive, it is loaded!" and O'Connor, snatching the pistol from the ground, discharged it in the air. The enraged second of the vanquished duellist, thinking that the shot had been fired at him, immediately seized a sword, and called upon O'Connor to defend himself.

O'Connor, deeply stung by the insulting bravado of his present foe, was for the moment unmindful of the catastrophe in which his

hand had played so prominent a part, and, leaving the prostrate body for the while untouched, he was again engaged in a combat for life or death. His antagonist this time was Ernest Vandermont, a man somewhat older than himself, and bearing in his form and features traces of a life not spent in the calm pursuit of the most healthful virtues. A very few moments had elapsed, ere the two closed, and it was soon evident to me, as also, no doubt, to the friend of Beauvallon, who now stood in the position of second to the other, that the Frenchman was much too excited to have the "chances of war" in his favour.

"You have slain my best friend," he exclaimed, placing himself in an attitude from which it would be difficult to decide whether he meditated attack or defence, "and if my power has not deserted me, your dust shall be mingled with his." Saying these words, he became so violent and ungraceful in his movements, that O'Connor, who had no desire to send him to his account, deeply though he had insulted him, began to entertain fears for his safety, and resolved to do no more than parry his ill-aimed blows. At length, however, Vandermont endeavoured to strike him on the head, and in the almost superhuman effort he made to accomplish this dread purpose, he lost his grasp of the sword, and fell upon its now blunted edge. The contempt which O'Connor felt for him at this moment, prevented his regarding him any longer in the light of an honourable antagonist; and turning to me he exclaimed:

"I will fight with him no more;" whereupon he threw down his sword with haughty disdain, and thus the two weapons crossed each other.

"There," said he, "in the dust let your sword cross mine, and do not provoke me to a revenge which has already cost a life."

I then found that Vandermont was severely wounded, and was unable to rise. He contrived, however, to mutter a few incoherent words, which, though they were doubtless intended as a threat, O'Connor did not heed, but instantly proceeded, with my assistance, and that of Vandermont's friend, to assist him into a *fiacre* which was awaiting us at a contiguous spot. This being done, the appalling spectacle of Beauvallon's dead body, to which we now returned, shot like

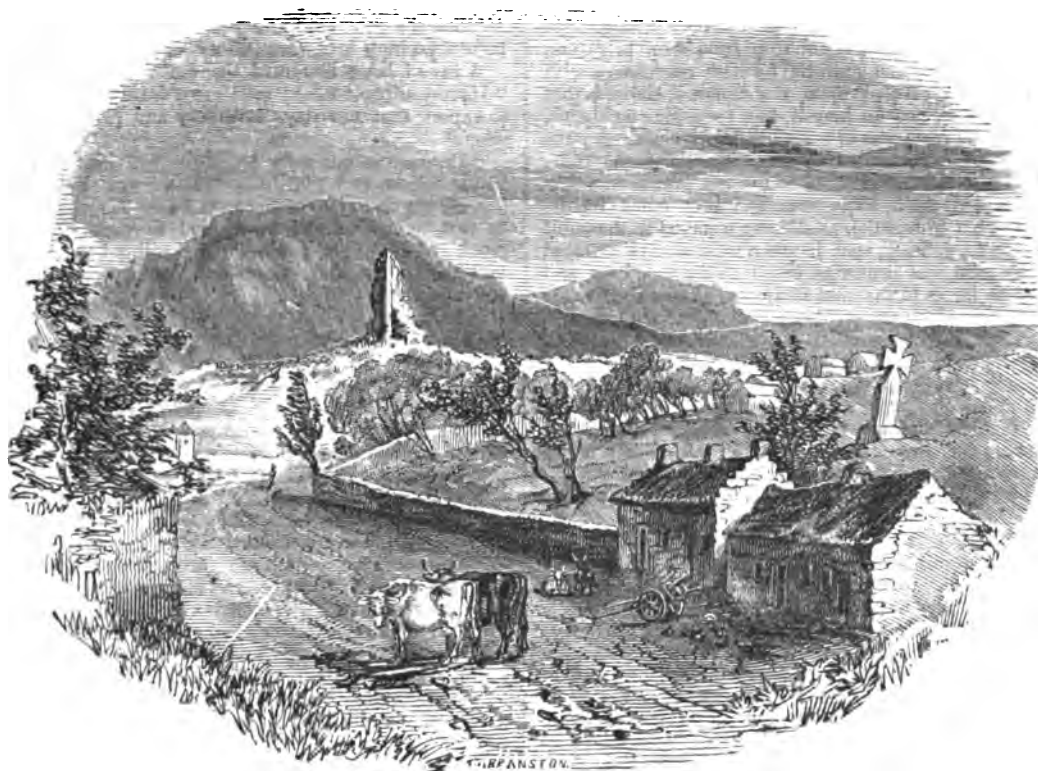
lightning through O'Connor's brain; and for a moment, the power of utterance was denied him. He bent over the prostrate form, and invoked the mercy of Heaven on his repentant head, uttering at the same time a cry of despair which I was fearful might bring witnesses to the scene. It was still early morning, however, and we saw no signs of moving vitality, save in our three selves, to contrast with the cold and lifeless corpse before us. To remove the body was of course our first duty, and having executed this painful task, O'Connor, prompted by a sudden impulse, said in a subdued tone—

"Bear witness that I am guiltless of any sinful design in this unfortunate affair; and that what I did yesterday was to protect the emblem of my country from disgrace."

To relieve the reader's suspense, I need only further inform him that the injury which Vandermont had inflicted upon himself did not prove mortal, and that, as regards the unfortunate Beauvallon, Denis O'Connor was not called upon to answer for the death of a man who had visited with contempt that which it was the duty of a true patriot to protect.

G. H.





DUN-GARBRY CASTLE.

DUN-GARBRY CASTLE, or more correctly Dun-cairbré, the Dun or Fort of Cairbré, is situated on a hill in the vicinity of the mouth of the river Drowis, a stream very celebrated in the Irish annals, county of Leitrim. It was erected by the chief of the Mac-Clanchys, a sept who possessed the ancient district called Dartree, the present barony of Rosclogher. The name of its founder and the date of its erection are not preserved, but, according to Dr. Petrie, the latter may with probability be referred to a period anterior to the reign of Henry VIII., as the Annals of the Four Masters record, at the year 1538; that "Cahir (the son of Feradach, the son of William), the son of Mac-Clanchy, heir-apparent to the chieftainship of Dartree, died in that year, in Dun-Cairbré." From an inquisition taken at the Abbey of Creevelea, on the 24th of September, 1603, it appears that Cathal Oge MacClanchy died in January, 1582, seized of the castle and manor of Dun-carbry, and of the entire district called MacClanchy's country, leaving a son and heir, Cathal Duff, then aged twenty-eight years. On the maps made in the reign of Elizabeth, the castle is marked as an important fortress, but its ruins are now of little

note, consisting only of a side wall, perforated by an arched doorway. "But, trivial as these vestiges are," says the erudite author of the "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland," "they impart some historic interest to scenery of the most delightful character, by which they are surrounded, and are valuable as a memorial of an ancient Irish family."

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER III

THE same night that Frederick Foster was sitting before the fire, in company with Tony Johnson, at the "Three Jolly Travellers," in a two-pair back room of a wretched lodging-house, in a remote part of the city, two females were seated before a miserable fire that glimmered in the bottom of an old-fashioned grate. There was scarcely any furniture in the apartment, save a few old chairs, a small deal table, and a contrivance for a bed, composed of a bundle of straw, covered over with coarse ticking. No one could be mistaken in forming a notion of the character of one of the persons in that squalid room, inasmuch as there was an ease and dignity, combined with tenderness, in her manner that bespoke the lady, or rather that which parvenus imitate but can never achieve. Her voice was low and musical, and, although her dress betokened the extreme of penury, there was a dignity and self-possession about her that revealed good breeding, and the fact that she had been more in the habit of being obeyed than doing service. She was above the middle height, but looked taller, owing to her attenuated condition. Her hands were beautifully formed, and the broken shoes, which rested on the old rusty fender, could not conceal her small foot and gracefully-turned ankle. Her face, even in suffering, was still eminently handsome, and whenever it was lit up with a smile, it was one so tender and thoughtful, that its melancholy was greater than tears. Her dark brilliant eyes, arched

forehead, and exquisitely chiselled nose and mouth, were shown off to great advantage by the extreme fairness of her complexion and the dark luxuriance of her hair, which hung dishevelled over her shoulders, now covered with some portion of her bad clothing. She looked as if she had not only been suffering from deep privation, but from great mental anguish, and the feverish restlessness with which she would listen for a foot upon the stairway, showed that her heart was ill at ease, not for herself, but for some one absent. The other person in the room was of a very different character; she had a round jolly face, surmounted by the mob-cap of the time, which gave a kind of comical expression to her red, honest countenance, into which a red, small, little nose had been stuck for the purpose of enabling her to breathe, as she was so much in the habit of using her mouth for talking, that it was almost always required for that purpose. She was nearly as broad as she was long, and some people went so far as to say that it was her good nature made her fat, because few persons ever saw her eating or drinking, unless a quiet cup of tea, as she was wont to call it, but which was anything but quiet when she had anything to do with making it for other people, inasmuch as her tongue, on such occasions, went like the clapper of a mill. She was unlike most great talkers, as she seldom spoke uncharitably of any body, and was famous for being a great peacemaker, and the settler of many a family quarrel.

A knock came to the door, when the lady rose to open it.

"Can't you lave that to me, Mrs. Foster," said the fat little woman.

"Don't mind, Nelly," said the lady, "I would not like a stranger would see the state of misery to which he and I are reduced; I will go myself." Mrs. Foster partially opened the door, and asked the person who had knocked what was required?

"Tell Nelly Delany, ma'am," said a little girl, "that all the mangle is done, and may I go home?"

"No," said Nelly, who had overheard the conversation, "go up stairs, and I'll be up after ye; put the kittle on the fire; I want to send you of a message. This is a terrible bad night for poor Mr. Foster to be out, God help him! I don't think 'tis the cold wether will be troubling them Jews and hatheens that robbed him out of his rights, when they dies," continued Nelly.

"I always heard," said Mrs. Foster, "that you were most charitable in your observations."

"An' so I am, ma'am," said Nelly; "sure it is charity to give them their due, after they robbed you and Mr. Foster, they knows you are in the worst of want, and they would not give you a bit or a sup to put in your mouth, if you were gasping, achushla."

"Hush, Nelly, hush," said Mrs. Foster; "this kind of language is not right. Oh! what a terrible night it is—poor fellow, his has been a sad and bitter fate, to which Heaven does not seem inclined to extend some kind reversion. How have I prayed for strength, and hope, and courage, to meet his trials and mine own, and but for him I do not believe I could resist the temptation to put a speedy period to my wretched life, and trust in God for forgiveness." Mrs. Foster, who was scarcely able to walk from exhaustion, caught Nelly by the arm, "Here," said she, "this is the last," drawing a jewelled locket from her breast, "take this, and pawn or sell it. It is all I have. A mother's dying gift, which she told me never to part with; but my husband, as he walks the streets, is famishing with hunger. He, once so proud, so noble, hospitable, and still so good; and shall I keep this bauble and leave my poor Fred to starve? No; take it, Nelly," and the poor lady resumed her seat by the dying embers of the fire.

The storm seemed to have a special object in throwing all the sleet against the windows of the house in which Mrs. Foster lived. It used to go away for a while, and then come back as if to make another attempt to force the windows open. It would run down the chimneys and drive out the smoke into the rooms, and perform all kinds of practical jokes on the old house. In the midst of that storm poor Frederick Foster wended his lonely way to his miserable home, and he arrived weary, exhausted, and wet to the skin, as Nelly had arranged the supper on the small deal table where Mrs. Foster was sitting.

"Welcome home, sur," said poor Nelly, "you're drowned wet entirely."

"Indeed I am, Nelly, it is a fearful night," and Nelly beat a retreat up stairs to get tea, while Mr. and Mrs. Foster were eating their first meal for forty-eight hours.

When they had partaken of their humble fare, the latter said, "I can't tell you, Fred, how kind that poor Nelly has been to us; only for her we could not have lived."

"She is a good kind creature," observed Foster, "and we will soon be in a position to reward her for all her kindness."

A ray of hope illumined the face of Mrs. Foster, as she asked, "Have you come to any settlement with Jacob Isaacs, and are we to expect that our days of misery and privation are drawing to a close?"

"Barman is our only hope," replied Foster. "He is a good honest fellow, and will do his best for us. You must make a will, leaving the money to your credit in the English Courts to me, and by that means we will be enabled to realise funds to save us from death and ruin. In a day or two I will get the means to enable you to leave Dublin, and once more, Laura, we shall be free of those hell-hounds."

"And shall we be again, Fred, what we used to be before your kind heart led you to trust in those who call themselves your friends? Do you remember when first you won Laura Saville, did she not tell you that in life or death, nothing would estrange her love from you, and has she not kept her promise? If she had kingdoms to will away, she would give them all to you as freely as she did her heart, and if any sacrifice of hers can give one hour of happiness to her poor Fred, all shall be made."

Foster tenderly embraced his wife, but, being much affected, and not wishing that his emotion should be observed, he said nothing.

"Our early life," continued the lady, "was too happy to last, or perhaps, when we were in affluence and power, we were not thankful enough to Providence for His goodness; but I trust that our many sufferings will atone for our former faults."

"Our sufferings will soon be over, and bright days are yet in store for my poor Laura," said Foster. "I am to see Barman to-morrow night, when I will have good news for you."

Nelly entering with a crude tea-service, put an end to the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who retired to rest shortly after midnight.

The morning was far advanced when Quill was awoke from his sleep in the hall, by some inmate of the house falling over him.

"Sixpence damages and sixpence costs," said Quill, as he raised himself on one elbow.

"To the deuce with you!" said the gruff voice of some person lying on the floor beside him; "you have nearly dislocated my shoulder; what brought you there?"

"That is more than I can tell you," said Quill; "but I hope you are not hurt."

"To be sure, I am hurt," said the owner of the gruff voice, as he walked into the street.

After divers efforts, Quill succeeded in regaining his feet, but he was so stiff from the cold, that he could hardly stand. "So the Black Doctor left me to my fate. Such is friendship!" said he, as he ran his right hand through his matted hair, striving at the same time to collect his thoughts, and wondering where was his hat, which, after groping for a long time, he found, collapsed like the bellows of an accordion. He searched his pockets, and found all his money consisted of an old rusty knife, a piece of tobacco, and a latch-key. "I never will be able to get the change of these," said Quill, "till the bank is open." Having made up his mind to appear in public, he fixed his battered hat on his head as well as he could, and proceeded on his way. His attention was attracted by a churn standing at a shop-door, and the thought immediately struck him, that a drink of buttermilk would do him great service. He entered the shop and addressed the dairy-woman, by informing her that it was a very fine morning, and that the locality was a most dangerous one, inasmuch as he had been knocked down and robbed.

"Was there much taken from you, sir?" inquired the woman.

"Fortunately," said Quill, "not much, only my purse and a trifle of money, my watch and chain, and a diamond ring!"

"You ought to inform the watchmen of the district," said the dairy-woman.

"The watchmen, indeed!" replied Quill "I would not have my name brought into question for twenty times the amount I have lost. Give me a quart of fresh buttermilk," said the legal scribe, which, on being handed to him, he drained with an energy which rather took the woman by surprise. When he had sufficiently recovered!

his breath, he enquired, "What do I owe you for that drink—I suppose a half-crown?"

"No," replied the woman, "only two-pence."

Quill affected to laugh—"Is that all? I am an apprentice of Mr. Barman, the celebrated solicitor, and I will send the hall-porter down to you with the amount when I go to the office."

Having delivered himself of what he had to say, he made off as fast as he could to be at Equity-row before his master should arrive. On getting to the hall-door leading to his place of business, he began to make explorations for his latch-key in all kinds of secret pockets, which were distributed in the most ingenious manner over divers parts of his costume. After several failures he succeeded in finding what he sought in one of his boots.

"Strange," said Quill, as he opened the door and proceeded to perch himself on his stool to wait his master's coming. After having made a melancholy attempt to whistle a tune, he commenced to carve the initials of his name on the cover of the desk at which he was sitting.

"Come in," said Quill, in reply to a knock which had been given at the door. "Is that you, Wisp?" continued the scribe. "That was a great spree we had last night—who paid old Brunt? because I know I didn't, as it will be 'in re Quill' with me soon. I was thinking of imagining a schedule and keeping it in my hat, so as not to be taken by surprise when coming to a settlement with rapacious creditors."

"You are nearly as great a fool as your master, who could make a fortune for himself and me," said Wisp, "if he would only mind his business. I am after putting a fellow hiding in the sheriff's prison who has been hunted for debt for the last two months," continued he, as he balanced his hat on the front of his head.

"You arrested him, you mean?" inquired Quill.

"Not a bit of it," replied Wisp. "The best place in the world to hide from one of my cloth is in the 'jug.' No one will tell on him; but the fever is very bad there just now, and it is a terrible place to be. Four poor debtors died there this morning, and I think, Quill, they died of starvation. I know Green-street sheriff's prison for a long time, but I never knew it to be so bad as it is now."

"You are up to your eyes in doing nothing—are you going to arrest anybody to-day?" asked Quill.

"No," replied the bailiff, "unless Jacob Isaacs gives me the parchment for the special edification of Stammers. I tell you what, Quill, it will be a case of sudden death with Stammers if the Jew is not settled with to-day. Tell your accomplished master that Wisp will do himself the honour to look into this elegant place of business in the course of the day, or I will see him at old Brunt's to-night, and perhaps you will favour us with your company at the same time and place?"

Quill affected to be undecided as to the course he would pursue, and throwing his arms outwards and upwards as he pretended to yawn, he said:—

"If I can I will look over."

When Wisp took his departure Quill took his hat out of a drawer, and, with the assistance of some paper and paste, he proceeded to strengthen the sides of his head-dress, and to remedy, as far as possible, the results of the severe collisions it had sustained on his homeward journey.

The cold, sharp air of the early morning did not appear to affect the Black Doctor as he walked along in the direction of Newgate. Though it was long previous to the time fixed for the execution of a wretched culprit, who had, in accordance with the savage custom of the time, been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to die within forty-eight hours of his arrest, crowds of miserable-looking creatures began to pour in to the one centre where a terrible scene was to be presented. Old and young, the strong, the weak, in all the eccentricities of rags, were to be seen making for the one point. Some were singing snatches of coarse songs, and others laughing heartily at their own levity or that of others. On they pressed through the cold, wet mist, all anxious to get a good place from which they could best see the last throes of the death agony of a wretch most unfitted to die. Above the gate of the prison the old, black, iron cage protruded, the bottom of which being lifted, told to all that the fatal arrangements had been made. Through this motley crowd the Black Doctor forced his way to the principal entrance, where he was immediately recognised by the warder, who admitted him.

"Are you come for the *pōst mortem*, doctor?" said a grey-headed little man, with a red face. "I have turned off a number in my time, and I should now be allowed to retire into private life. How is Tabby?" continued the executioner, for such was the calling of the person who addressed the Black Doctor.

"She is well, Tim," replied Bramble, evidently not relishing the familiarity of Tim, who had become a part and portion of the prison in which he had resided for many years. "I want to speak with Jerry the Lift," said the Black Doctor.

"Come this way," said Tim, and he led him up a circular staircase that opened on a dimly-lighted corridor. The guide stopped before a massive iron door which he opened, and Bramble was in the presence of Jerry the Lift, who in one short hour would cease to exist.

The murmuring of the thousands of busy voices in the street could be heard by the condemned man as he sat crouching in a dark corner of his dungeon.

"Don't you know me, Jerry?" said the Black Doctor, approaching him.

"Well," said Jerry, who knew Bramble's voice. "This is a bad business; and that housebreaking affair, which brought me to this, would never be found out only for Brunt. He was afraid of me because I knew too much about him—he and I were deep in crime for years and years together, but his was all the profit, mine the loss. I was an honest man when I first met him—but I will have revenge. I will ask you, doctor, as a request from a dying man, to do what I ask you. Brunt and I killed Hawksworth, and buried him. We made short work of the exciseman. He is now dead nine years," said Jerry, thoughtfully. "He was kind to Brunt when he was poor, and he was one of those who gave the name of the 'Three Jolly Travellers' to his house. It was Brunt killed him, I only helped to bury him. Nelly, the old servant, found it out, and, I think, told Tony Johnson all about it. Brunt made Hawksworth drunk on that terrible night, and strangled him. We buried him in the old back kitchen, near the grate. The dead man had much value in his pockets, but Brunt and I were afraid to touch it when the deed was done. We buried him money and all. Tony Johnson will show you the place, and aid you in getting revenge for Jerry the Lift."

"He has told me enough already," said the Black Doctor; "and on this night I will begin to keep the promise which I now make you, to have satisfaction out of John Brunt."

"I have made heaps of money for Brunt," said Jerry; "but I will trust in you for revenge. If you were to know the way he contrived to make Hawksworth bring all his money the night he killed him, you would say that he was a designing, bloodthirsty ruffian."

The entrance of the sheriff's deputy and Galvin, the executioner, was the signal for the Black Doctor to take his departure from the condemned cell. He bade Jerry a cordial farewell, and after having shaken hands warmly with him, he hurried back into the street, which was now densely crowded. The windows and doorways of the houses opposite the prison, or commanding a view of it, were filled by men, women, and children, while the waving sea of heads in the street were swayed about as if acted on by a tempest. In the crowd the Black Doctor recognised the white hat of Tony Johnson, who, as well as Wisp, with whom he was in company, seemed to enjoy the excitement of the scene. Bramble, by hard pushing, succeeded in getting to the place where Tony was standing.

"There you are, you young scamp," said Bramble.

"Yes, doctor," replied Tony, "here I am, and there you are."

"I want you," said the Black Doctor; "so keep close to me."

"I must be forsaking you, Mr. Wisp," said Tony to the bailiff, as he affected to bow with the greatest reverence. "There is no fear of you in the crowd, you are too innocent; nobody will do you any harm."

Wisp had to laugh at the comical appearance of his young friend, as he made off to keep as close as possible to the Black Doctor, who appeared to be quite indifferent to the scenes which were being enacted around him.

"Come this way," he said to Tony, as he retraced his steps to the residence of Tabby Masters.

"You have brought company with you," said the old woman, eying Tony, who showed that he was determined to make himself

quite at home by seating himself at the fire. "Stammers is up and has been asking for you."

The Black Doctor, without replying, proceeded up stairs to a small, squalid room. On a miserable bed, a fashionably-dressed young man was sitting. A profusion of light-brown curly hair fell in disorder over a finely-moulded head and face. He looked dejected and care-worn, and as he rose gracefully, with his right hand extended to salute Bramble, his fine manly form and elegant bearing were strangely contrasted with the miserable room of which he was the occupant.

"Cheer up!" said the Black Doctor, "I think that awkward affair of yours will be all right to-day."

"Did you offer Isaacs to pay him all that he demands?" said Stammers.

"No," said Bramble; "but I will. You are safe here, and he believes that you are not in town."

"This suspense is fearful," said Stammers. "I would give worlds for possession of that accursed forged bill. I did not do it for the means to supply my real wants, but out of an idle caprice, and by a wanton act of folly I have placed myself in the fangs of a rapacious and relentless enemy. Have you seen my wife and sister?" continued Stammers; "for if you have not you must see them at once. Tell them I am away somewhere, and make the best case you can for me—but how are we to get this terrible bill? My life, my honour, my all, depends upon it."

"I will get it, or die in the attempt," said Bramble, "even if it was folded round the heart of Isaacs!"

"Oh, that I had it!" groaned Stammers. "You must," said he, catching Bramble convulsively by the arm, "you must call at my house with as little delay as possible, and you must make another attempt to soften the Jew."

"I will," said Bramble; "and I expect to be back here in a few hours."

The Black Doctor descended the rickety old stair-case to the kitchen, where Tony, after having tried several plans for tormenting a cat, was amusing himself by falling on the palms of his hands, and throwing his feet against the wall.


"I must lose no time in getting Stammers out of this," said the Black Doctor, as he prepared to take his departure, and was about to open the door. He had scarcely done so when Tony observed in a low whisper—

"Danger!"

"The window! the window!" said Bramble, as he dashed up stairs to Stammers' room, forced up the sash, and springing into a back yard, called on Stammers to follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES.



IN his "Pilgrimages in Switzerland," Louis Veullot who, as a writer of fiction, is occasionally entertaining, has strung together a collection of mediæval traditions, many of which read strangely improbable in this nineteenth century light of ours. At Berne, M. Veullot enriched his portfolio with a story, curiously illustrative of the social life and judicial processes of the Middle Ages. It runs in this wise:—Jorg de Fellis, and Pierre de Koepf, two eminent citizens of Berne, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, had been attached friends in early life. Political differences subsequently tended to estrange them; time only seemed to widen the breach, and ultimately they learned to regard each other with a ferocity which can be explained only by assuming, that the politics of the period appealed more to the heart, and less to the head, than do ours of to-day. About twelve years after the first rupture of their friendship, Mathilde, the daughter of Jorg de Fellis, a fascinating and accomplished maiden, who inherited much of her mother's gentleness, with a strong infusion of her father's determination, whilst dancing at a civic revelry, attracted the eye of Pierre de Koepf, and captivated his heart. He lost but little time in declaring his passion, and making

her an offer of his hand and his ample fortune; but Mathilde firmly rejected his suit, and referred him for explanations to her father, from whom it would appear the passionate de Koepf experienced a rough reception, and an unequivocal repudiation of his pretensions. Wounded in pride and sore at heart, he returned home, and sat down to plot the ruin of De Fellis and his daughter. One morning the citizens of Berne were horrified on hearing that a couple of peasants had discovered the mangled body of Schieb, the Banneret, lying outside the walls. Thither they flocked in crowds, and many of them were seized with fits whilst gazing on one whom they had known so long. The Banneret's head had been cloven in two by his assassin, who seemed to have taken a devilish delight in mutilating the remains of their victim, for no less than sixty halbert thrusts were found on examination of his body. Pierre de Koepf was amongst the first who arrived at the scene of the tragedy. He moved from group to group rapidly, whispering as he passed. "What does Pierre say?" asked a venerable citizen of his nephew. "Pierre says, uncle," replied the boy, "that the murderer of the Banneret is Jorg de Fellis." A few moments later de Koepf had mounted the cross in the great market-place, and openly denounced de Fellis as the butcher of Schieb. The charge derived some colour from the notorious fact that the Banneret and the accused had been for many weeks on bad terms; and the populace, glad of having found some clue to the mystery which puzzled them, adopted the words of de Koepf, and marched through the town proclaiming de Fellis a murderer. The fearful story soon spread, and de Fellis, dragged from his home and from the embraces of his devoted daughter, was cast into prison. "What have I done?" he asked of the jailors who came to put him in irons. "You have murdered Schieb the Banneret," they said. De Fellis raised his hands as if to invoke Heaven to witness his innocence, when, to the terror of his daughter and the jailors, he was struck dumb. The popular imagination, which is always active in such emergencies, directly interpreted this incident as a proof of God's wrath, and a judgment on a would-be blasphemer.

Three days had elapsed since the terrible night on which the wretched prisoner had been torn from his hearth and sent to a dungeon. On the morning of the fourth day he was summoned before the judges and formally charged with the murder of Schieb. He could reply only by feeble gestures, and looks of voiceless agony. Foremost amongst his accusers was his old enemy de Koepf, who swore, that on the night of the murder he had seen the prisoner flying on horseback from the place where the Banneret's body had been discovered. Mathilde looked at the witness, and she well understood that implacable hatred and disappointed passion had made him the accuser of her father. "But," says the chronicle, "she held her peace and prayed." Additional evidence was then produced to shew that de Fellis and no other person could have been concerned in the assassination. For the defence, Mathilde swore that on the night of the murder, her father pressed by business, had remained at home—and further, that by no possibility could he have gone abroad without her knowledge. Under the pressure of such conflicting testimony the judicial mind wavered, and finally, referred the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence to the verdict of the ordeal. Mathilde was overjoyed at this result. Rising in the midst of the court, she solemnly accepted the test, and turning to de Koepf she said—"I charge this man with having perjured his soul in accusing my father of the murder of Schieb, whom God keep in his mercy; and I am ready to prove what I say against him by the ordeal of single combat, wherever and whenever the judges shall fix." A murmur of admiration ran through the spectators, and all eyes were turned on the intrepid and devoted girl. De Koepf having accepted the challenge, Mathilde threw down her glove, and received his in turn. As he presented it, it was observed that his color turned ashy pale, and his strong frame quivered like a reed. The murmur in the court increased; never before had such a spectacle been witnessed in Berne, and the emotion of the people was profound when the challenger and the challenged were conducted to prison, there to await in prayer and meditation the day of the combat.

The anxiously-awaited morning came at last. The sun shone brightly on the streets and the roofs of Berne, and the town was astir from the dawn. Around the lists and enclosing them, was raised a temporary amphitheatre from which the citizens could witness the fight. At noon the heralds' trumpets sounded, and

Mathilde clad in a suit of elastic chain-mail, stepped with modest confidence into the arena. The beautiful proportions of her figure were seen to advantage in her novel costume; and her long yellow hair, which had escaped the confinement of her casque, streamed down to her waist. Though many of the spectators pitied her as the champion of a bad cause, few there were who could refuse her their sympathy or their prayers, for her success. And now, de Kœpf strode gloomily into the lists. As he stood before his frail antagonist the odds in his favour were so obvious, that every one trembled for her fate. There was a short delay in consequence of its being found impossible to comply with the law, which says "that the combatants in ordeal must be equal in every respect." "Bind the left arm of Pierre de Kœpf," cried the spectators. "Hold," exclaimed Mathilde, "see that ye fetter him not. I am willing to fight the knight armed and free as we are; and so God judge me aright." The only condition she insisted on was, that the combat should be fought on foot, as she was unaccustomed to sit on horseback; this was immediately granted. Then riding to the four corners of the lists, the heralds proclaimed aloud the penalties which the laws inflicted on any person obstructing the fight or favouring the combatants. When they ceased Mathilde and De Kœpf knelt down. As the latter, in conformity with the usages of the ceremonial raised his vizor, his face, pale with the consciousness of his shameful position, was seen for a moment; and the strange contrast which offered to the countenance of Mathilde, radiant with innocence and hope, was looked upon as a good omen by all who sympathised with the brave maiden. Each having made a confession of faith, Mathilde, in a clear melodious voice, said, "Man, whom I hold by the right hand, and who hast received in baptism the name of Pierre, but who oughtest rather to be named after the fiend, I swear that the words you have uttered are perjured, and so may Heaven assist the justice of my cause!" De Kœpf quailed beneath her eyes as he answered—"Woman, whom I hold by the left hand, and who hast received in baptism the name of Mathilde, it is false that I have wrongfully accused your father, so God judge between us!" This was the marriage ceremony of the ordeal, in which one of the two, at conclusion, was espoused unto death and infamy. When it was ended, both rose and retired, Mathilde to the east, De Kœpf to the west, and prayed a little while. When Mathilde dropped on her knees hundreds of the spectators knelt also, turning their faces to the east. And now the trumpets breathed for the last time, and the combatants approached each other. For a moment they crossed swords and looked into each other's eyes, whilst a groan went up from the benches whereon the people were seated; another instant, and Mathilde's buckler was dashed from her arm by a dexterous sleight of her adversary's weapon. And now the steel hissed and clashed; but, despite all De Kœpf's address, he had not yet sent a single thrust home to his antagonist. Well parried, or avoided with a backward spring, his blows fell harmless, until irritated by the skill displayed by Mathilde, he sprang forward and dealt her a blow on the crown, which brought her to the ground. The brave girl was stunned for a moment, but, rising to her knees and grasping her sword in both hands, she thrust it into De Kœpf's side and wounded him mortally. As he fell, the judges rushed into the lists, and the people, overleaping or breaking down the barriers, followed them with a roar of exultation, to the spot where Mathilde, with her sword pointed to De Kœpf's throat, asked him to choose between instant death or the retraction of the calumnies he had uttered against her father. The craven knight chose the latter alternative, and further confessed that he had devised the assassination of Schieb the Banneret, that he might compass the ruin and disgrace of Jorgon de Fellis and his daughter. On hearing these words the executioners were summoned, and, along with the accomplices whom he named, De Kœpf was put to death. Jorgon de Fellis lived to enjoy the recovery of his good name; and Mathilde, after a long life, blessed with the esteem and sympathy of all good men and women, bequeathed her story to posterity, as one of the richest testaments in the traditions of Berne.

LIFE.—The sorrow of life elevates and refines our perceptions. We look back with tempered pity upon the unsubstantial dreams of boyhood, and cherish, as more truly desirable than its "vain, deluding joys," our passionate farewells, our communion with the dead, our wider but sadder horizons.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

On a gentle summer evening,
In a grey churchyard I stood,
With the rosy sun just setting
All around me, in a flood
Of such bright and golden glory,
As an angel's glance may greet,
On his heavenward pinions soaring;
All the earth below his feet.

But the stream of golden glory,
Fading, fading, fades away,
And the evening shadows, round me
Gather with fantastic play.
But all through the growing twilight,
Well-known forms keep flitting on;
Faces of fond friends departed,
Visions of the dear ones gone.

And my heart is wildly throbbing,
With a strange and burning beat,
And the graves are heaving, heaving
In confusion at my feet.
And my boyhood's friends are round me,
Boyhood's friends, so fond, so true;
Whilst my tongue for ever walleth,
Where, and yet, oh, where are you?

Darker, darker, grow the shadows,
Deep'ning o'er the lowly sod,
Where a brave young heart is sleeping
In the peace and rest of God.
Lo! his well-known face comes nearer:
Feel I not the kindly hand!
Fly ye shadows—lighter, brighter,
Glow the place on which we stand.

'Tis my boyhood's friend is with me!—
Now I strain him to my breast!—
Ah! the cruel shadows deep'ning,
Fall but on his place of rest.—
And my soul is longing sadly
For the friend so fond, so true;
Whilst my tongue responsive walleth,
Where, my boyhood's friends, are you?

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
As the sea-bird leaves her wing,
And the waves with ceaseless wailing,
Still their solemn dirges sing
O'er a sad heart, sadly sleeping
In the ocean's surging bed,
With no tongue to tell his praises,
With no eye to weep him fled.

Gather deeper, oh, ye shadows!
Scarce a smile e'er cheerd his way;
Scarce was there a heart to miss him,
When his form had pass'd away.
'Neath the ocean wave now sleeping,
None may know the sacred spot;
Yet one heart at least bewails him,
Weeping o'er his hapless lot.

Darker, darker. Gather deeper
O'er the dear ones who are fled!
Fall the hot tears, quicker, quicker,
In the presence of the dead.
None may take their vacant places,
Gone for ever is their smile,
And a lone heart, lonely waiting,
Bideth the appointed time!

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER III.

RELATES A CERTAIN MEMORABLE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MRS. SQUEEZER AND THE WRITER, RELATIVE TO A LATCH-KEY, AND THE IGNOMINIOUS DEFEAT WHICH THE LATTER SUFFERED ON THAT OCCASION.



RETURN to Mrs. Squeezer.—The subject is, I am ready to admit, uncongenial and unpleasant to a man, who, like myself, has no dearer wish than to live in peace and happiness with all mankind, and to pass through life with as little annoyance as is compatible with the established order of things amid which we find ourselves placed. I never could understand how some people are always making grievances and annoyances for themselves, fretting, fuming, and drawing trouble out of every little straw that may happen to cross their path, and obstinately shutting their eyes to the bright side of things, and to the real blessings which they enjoy,

“For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we reach the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours.”

Being fully impressed with the sound philosophy contained in the lines of the immortal Bard of Avon, which I have just quoted, I have always, in my passage through life, endeavoured altogether to disregard these little straws which cross our path at every turn; and to remove the big stones, which are real stumbling-blocks, with as little difficulty and inconvenience as possible. Hence, kind reader, you will understand how painful it must have been to my feelings to have been obliged to fall foul of Mrs. Squeezer, and hold her up to public scorn and indignation, as I did in the withering article which appeared in this Journal, under the title of “Mrs. Squeezer and her Cat.” But duty has no choice. “Duty,” says Kant, the great German metaphysician, “is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. Fiat justitia, perat mundus. It commands us to look neither to the right, nor to the left, but straight onward.” Strong in this feeling of duty, I have already endeavoured to draw attention to some of the misdeeds of Mrs. Squeezer and her abominable cat. Supported by the same strong feeling of duty, I shall proceed, without hesitation, on the path which I have marked out for myself. I shall ruthlessly crush the gentler instincts of my nature, which prompt me to spare even Mrs. Squeezer, and I shall not desist, until, heedless of consequences, I shall have “smashed” that amiable lady, as completely as it is in my power to do.

I am happy to believe that I have already given Mrs. Squeezer a stab, from the effects of which she will not soon recover, even if she be not wholly annihilated by the force of this present article. When I speak of Mrs. Squeezer, you must understand that “Squeezer” is not the real name of my landlady, but it is as near an approach as I could make to it, without putting myself within the clutches of the law for libel. I was, as you may imagine, very anxious to bring my article entitled “Mrs. Squeezer and her Cat,” under the notice of my landlady as soon as possible. I knew that all that was requisite was, to leave the number of the Journal containing it on my table, for I am quite convinced that Mrs. Squeezer (as with your permission I will continue to name my landlady) reads all my papers, letters, and books on which she can lay her hands. However, I determined to make “assurance doubly sure,” so, as I was leaving my lodgings in the morning, I tapped at Mrs. Squeezer's door, and was invited to enter the sanctum of that amiable lady. I did so, with the number of the “Illustrated Dublin Journal” in my hand.

“Good morning, ma'am,” said I, with my most fascinating smile, “I hope you are quite well this morning. Poor puss! poor pet!” (This is to that odious cat, who is glaring at me from under the table.) “I have brought you this new Journal, ma'am, thinking you might like to see it. I hear it highly spoken of”—I go on—“and should be glad to hear your opinion of it.” Mrs. Squeezer takes the

Journal from me with her sweetest air, and I bid her “Good morning.” Just as I am closing the door, I return as if I had forgotten something. “By the way,” I resume, “I heard my friend, Jenkins, speaking of some article or other signed ‘Incog,’ which, he declared, amused him very much. Allow me to ask for your judgment on it. Good morning, Mrs. Squeezer—good morning, ma'am. I shall dine out to-day,” I add, not wishing to leave my dinner at the disposal of Mrs. Squeezer, after she has read the article to which I have thus delicately drawn her attention, and in a moment more I close the door, and am gone.

I went down to Kingstown to spend the day, and I am convinced that some of my fellow-passengers in the train must have come to the conclusion that there was something seriously wrong with me, I chuckled and laughed so, all the way down. During the whole journey, and, in fact, during the whole day, the vision of my landlady reading the article on “Mrs. Squeezer and her Cat” was continually present to my mind, and it was only by the most violent efforts, that I could preserve even a decent appearance of gravity. I returned home in due time, and rang my bell for tea. As Mrs. Squeezer brought in that beverage, I kept my eye upon her, and I saw at once that my shaft—poisoned shaft, if you will—had sped home. Her nose was redder than usual, and the expression of her features (which is vixenish at its best) was heightened to a degree that filled me with compassion when I thought of the late lamented Mr. S. Mrs. Squeezer placed my apparatus for tea on the table with a bang which seemed to make the whole room shake. Still I pretended to be unconscious, and proceeded to speak of the new Journal, and beg her opinion of it, if she had had leisure to look through it.

Mrs. S. turned sharply round as I spoke, and eyed me keenly, to see whether I was “funning” her or not. Fortunately, I preserved my gravity, and then, in truth, did Mrs. Squeezer launch out with a volley of abuse against the “Journal,” and every one connected with it, which I shrink from committing to paper—“A nasty, low, mean, filthy, abusive thing,” were among the very mildest epithets which were heaped upon the devoted Journal. I stared with feigned astonishment, said I was very sorry to hear such a bad account of the thing, which had, indeed, been highly recommended to me, and would take care not to obtrude such a very objectionable publication upon her notice any more. But, from all this, I concluded that my shot had had its due effect, and if I had spent the day in chuckling over my anticipated victory, you may imagine in what a state of rapture I spent the evening, now that my hopes had been so fully realized. I had but one regret, and it was, that Mrs. Squeezer's cat was incapable, from the constitution of his nature, of sharing in his mistress's feelings. I called next day at the office of the “Dublin Journal,” and gave orders that, for the future, the weekly numbers of that periodical, for which I subscribe, were to be kept until I called for them. I am convinced that, if the poor little errand-boy were to make his appearance at her door, with the obnoxious Journal in his hand, Mrs. Squeezer, assisted by her cat, would certainly “do” for him.

My sentiments in regard to Mrs. Squeezer are, I readily admit, of a bitter and vindictive nature; but, in order to justify myself before the public, I shall now proceed to lay some more of my grievances, at the hands of that female, before the intelligent and enlightened readers of this Journal, still bearing in mind that I have left the decision of my own case to them.

I have spoken of Mrs. Squeezer's cat, and I have detailed my grievances relative to shirt buttons. The next subject I shall bring before you, kind reader, is that of a latch-key.

My readers, and especially that large class in the same position of life as myself, will, I am sure, be astonished and horrified to hear that the strong-minded female who, for a consideration, takes me in and does for me, does not allow me the privilege of a latch-key. I do not mean to say that there is not a latch-key attached to the bunch which I carry in my pocket; but, what I say is, that the article aforesaid, is, through the machinations of Mrs. Squeezer, rendered of no use, and practically I might just as well be without it.

My first struggle with Mrs. Squeezer was on the subject of this latch-key, and I was ignominiously defeated, as you shall hear. Although a strictly moral young man, as I think I may venture to call myself, still I am a young man, and being a young man, I am naturally fond of society, and a reasonable share of amusement.

When I first took Mrs. Squeezer's apartments, in the rule of life which I laid out for myself, I fixed upon twelve o'clock (I have no occasion for rising very early in the morning) as the hour at which I would, as a general rule, retire to rest; and, as I contemplated spending my evenings, for the most part, amongst my friends, it followed that I should not reach my lodgings much earlier than that hour. Now, Mrs. Squeezer informed me, with her most intensely respectable air, that, in pursuance of certain rules which she laid upon the shoulders of the late Mr. S., (with what justice I know not,) she was in the habit of extinguishing the hall lamp, and retiring to her own apartment at 10 p.m. I ventured to suggest that 10 p.m. was a very early hour, especially for a gentleman whose dinner hour was six; but, as Mrs. Squeezer murmured something about "evening devotions," I could not, in decency, urge that point any further. Still I was determined to have my way, and at once, with great boldness and resolution, suggested the expedient of a latch-key. Mrs. S. resisted, and began at once to dilate with extreme volubility on several single young men, who had occupied her apartments, and who had never made such a request, and with whom, she went on to say, she had enjoyed the privilege of joining in nightly prayer at 10 p.m. I didn't believe a single word of what she was saying, and as I believe still less in Mrs. Squeezer's ideas of religion (as I may perhaps explain more fully some other time), I at once turned a cold shoulder to these hints, and persisted in the idea of the latch-key. When Mrs. S. saw that my mind was made up, she prudently gave in, and furnished me with the article in question, and I went out to spend the evening, gloating over the victory which I thought I had gained. Poor fool that I was! To suppose that I, with my youth and inexperience, had any chance against such a veritable old ogress as Mrs. Squeezer, with her vast experience in "doing" for defenceless young men! I returned home about 12 p.m., after a very pleasant evening. It was some time before I could find the key-hole, which, I must say, bears a very remarkable disproportion to the size of the door. However, I succeeded at last, and got the door open. Pitch dark! I grope about with both hands, but before I succeed in finding the matches, I run headfirst against something or other which falls to the ground with a heavy "flop," after nearly frightening me into fits. At length I procure a light, and then discover that I have thrown over an apparatus, (I don't know the technical name for it,) on which linen is hung before the fire to be aired. As I was convinced that Mrs. Squeezer had placed the article in question purposely in my way, I kicked it and the sheets and blankets with which it was covered, down the back stairs without hesitation, and with a degree of noise, which, I flatter myself, must have startled even Mrs. Squeezer's strong nerves. So far no great harm was done, and the victory was pretty fairly balanced.

But one unlucky night, about a fortnight after this adventure, I returned home about the same hour, and grope as I would I could find no matches—I am now convinced that that infamous woman had purposely removed them—I was proceeding to grope my way to the foot of the stairs, when—oh! merciful goodness—my leg came into violent collision with some hard and sharp projection, which brought me to a stand with a yell of mingled pain and execration. The next instant I struck out madly with my foot, and an article, which from the noise it made, I knew to be an iron pail, went rolling down the stairs into the back kitchen. This time Mrs. Squeezer put her head out of her room, and enquired what *was* the matter; but consigning her in my madness to the keeping of a certain gentleman, whose name is not usually mentioned in polite circles, I made my way up stairs, procured a light, and then discovered that I had grazed the skin off my leg bone, nearly from the knee to the ankle. To say that I heaped curses both loud and deep upon the head of Mrs. Squeezer would be as useless, as it might be unbecoming. Next morning I was confined to my bed. When Mrs. S. made her appearance to enquire after me, I at once broke out into violent exclamations of rage and indignation. I might have spared myself the unnecessary excitement, as that lady was not in the least discomposed by my attack. I charged her with having purposely left the accursed iron pail in my way, that I might fall over it, and lame myself for life. With the greatest calmness and serenity of manner, and with her most respectable air, she repelled and utterly denied my unfounded assertion. I could not say, even to Mrs. Squeezer, what was in my mind; but what was in my mind was this, "Either you did it, Mrs. Squeezer, and you are a liar for denying it (you will excuse the strength of the language when you reflect on the

circumstances in which I was placed), or your accursed cat did it. Take which horn of the dilemma you wish! No doubt it was the cat! Oh yes, lay it upon the cat, by all means! Let it be the cat!" At all events, I was confined to my bed for a fortnight, and my doctor's bill was £7 10s. During the whole of this period I was at the mercy of Mrs. Squeezer, and I am bound to admit, that she made the most of her opportunity, and established over me a thralldom which I shudder to contemplate. I formed several plans on my recovery by which I hoped to meet Mrs. Squeezer on her own ground, but they all failed—ignominiously failed. My most favourite plan was this, viz.: To procure a small bull's eye lantern, such as those used by policemen, and to carry this with me whenever I might be out in the evening, procuring a light before I left my friend's house on my return home. However, the difficulty was what to do with the lantern until it was wanted. I couldn't keep it in the pocket of my dress coat, and have it bumping against my legs every time that I stood up to dance. Moreover, the oil with which these lanterns are supplied at once settled this view of the matter. Neither could I leave it with the servant. It would have been too absurd for a young man of six and twenty to carry a lantern about with him in broad daylight, in order to be able to find his way home again. I am sensitively open to ridicule, and as I know that the servants of the houses where I visit would have made me and my lantern the butt of their coarse jokes, I shrank from this plan. Nothing remained but to try the expedient of carrying a box of lucifer matches in my pocket on these occasions, in order that as soon as I reached home, and succeeded in opening the door, I might immediately strike a light. I succeeded in doing so once or twice, but I failed a great deal oftener, in consequence of the winds, which, at these times, rushed up the back staircase as if they were inspired by the genius of Mrs. Squeezer herself, and just as I thought I had succeeded, after innumerable stratagems and dodges, in coaxing my match into a blaze, with a vicious puff blew it out again, and left me hopelessly groping about in the dark. I persevered in this lucifer "dodge," however, (if I may so call it) until a very unpleasant accident caused me to give it up too. The accident to which I allude, was briefly this. One evening, after dressing for a party, I placed my box of matches in the tail of my dress coat as usual. During the course of the evening, having danced several sets, I became rather fatigued, and sat down to rest myself. Unfortunately I forgot the unlucky box of matches in the pocket of my coat, and seating myself with some little energy, down I came upon the box of matches, which immediately went off with a loud explosion, and with a stench which caused every one to rush precipitately from the room. The confusion was really dreadful—Fizz! fizz! bang! bang! went the matches in my pocket. The ladies screamed and rushed from the room. The gentlemen crammed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and hurried to my assistance. I struggled frantically to get rid of my coat, but before I could succeed in doing so, I gave you my word of honour, that I began to feel very unpleasantly warm in the region where the matches were fizzing away like so many malignant demons; and when at length I succeeded in freeing myself from my coat, and pitching it out of the window into the street, the garment was all in a blaze. This very unpleasant accident completely cowed me, and I gave up the contest in despair. I went coatless home in a cab, and was received at the door by Mrs. Squeezer, who, with more than usual solemnity, began to preach to me about "Providence," and how thankful we ought to be for such merciful warnings, until she nearly drove me mad. However, she had gained her point, and she was gloatingly, though calmly, exultant. Since that night I rarely venture to remain out after 10 P.M., (but I never join Mrs. S. in nightly prayer). I sometimes am bold enough to go to an evening party, but it is very seldom. On such occasions, although I give Mrs. Squeezer clearly and emphatically to understand, that if my hand does not fall on the box of lucifers the very instant that I open the door, I shall leave her apartments without a moment's notice, still my presentiment of iron pails, and other such diabolical weapons of offensive warfare, is so great, that I cannot enjoy myself, and in fact, have almost entirely given up endeavouring to do so. I mentioned my unfortunate case in confidence to my friend Scroggins, some short time ago. Scroggins, you may remember, kind reader, is the party who suffers from the grievance of a German flute, addicted to continual performance of the Nigger melodies, over his head. Scroggins sympathised warmly with me. In a few moments his expressive features lighted up, and he warmly grasped my hand.

"Incog, old boy," said Scroggins, "I have it. Take my advice. Get a cornopean, and practice every night from ten to twelve P.M., it isn't cheerful music, especially in beginners; and if old Squeezer don't come and beg of you to spend your evenings abroad, undertaking to leave the hall lamp lighted for you till you return, I'm a Dutchman, that's all."

I eagerly seized the idea, and rushing out, at once invested several pounds in the purchase of one of the above-mentioned instruments. For three nights I practised unremittingly. Mrs. Squeezer did not make her appearance, but between my performances, when I paused for a few minutes to take breath, I heard her groaning heavily in the room below, and I imagined that, at last, I had conquered her. My joy knew no bounds, and I believe that I laughed aloud in the excess of my exultation. On the morning following my third nocturnal performance, a note was handed to me by Mrs. Squeezer. I tore it eagerly open, not doubting for an instant but that it contained proposals for a truce at the very least. "Sir," I read, "I beg to inform you, that, unless you at once desist from making the hideous noises with which you have for the last three nights disturbed the repose of this hitherto peaceful neighbourhood, I shall forthwith take steps to have you indicted as a public nuisance—

JOHN MUGGINS."

Mr. Muggins, I may mention, is the gentleman who lives next door. A public nuisance! I stamped, and I am afraid that I swore. In my rage I forgot the presence of Mrs. Squeezer, who recalled me to myself by inquiring whether there were any answer. I don't remember what I said, but I remember that Mrs. Squeezer, upon hearing my words, uttered a loud groan, as if ineffably scandalized, and rushed hurriedly from the room.

For the present I have done—Not that I have exhausted my subject, for more of Mrs. Squeezer's atrocities remain to be unfolded, but that I am afraid of exhausting the patience of my kind readers. Moreover, kindly, genial human nature, such as is, I am sure, the attribute of the readers of this journal, won't bear too much of such repulsive details at one sitting. We shrink with horror from their contemplation. I have as briefly, and I trust, as impartially as possible, given you, my sympathising friends, a true account of my first pitched battle with Mrs. Squeezer, and of the ignominious defeat which, I candidly admit, that I suffered on that occasion. To you I leave it to decide, whether my relations with the female who has taken me in and is gradually doing for me, are of such a nature as to warrant you in coming to the conclusion that I am suffering under "a real grievance," in the person of Mrs. Squeezer. To you, too, I leave it to declare whether the measure of retaliation which I have taken by means of these papers, be, all things considered, excessive or not. To you I commit my cause with confidence. Let Mrs. Squeezer tremble, for I feel that justice will be done, since it is left to the kind, the intelligent, and the sympathetic readers of the "Illustrated Dublin Journal," to judge between me and my domestic persecutor.

"To poison the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails."

INCOG.

THE OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY.

I.

THE wild birds warble, the silvery rills
Sing cheerily round the spot,
And the peaceful shade of the purple hills
Falls dim on my mother's cot;
Its windows are small, and its thatch is low,
And its ancient walls are grey;
Oh I see it! I love it! Where'er I go—
That old house far away!

II.

The little clock ticks on the parlour wall,
Recording the passing hours;
And the pet geranium grows rank and tall,
With its brilliant scarlet flowers;
And the old straw chair so cosy and low,
Where mother sat knitting all day,
Oh I see it! I love it! Where'er I go—
That old house far away!

III.

Dear mother! how plainly I see her now
Reclining in that old chair,
With the sunset resting upon her brow,
That was once so smooth and fair;
With her crimped border white as snow,
And her once dark hair now grey,
Oh my heart is with her where'er I go—
In that old house far away!

IV.

Not all the treasure the world affords,
The riches of land and sea,
Not all the wealth of earth's proud lords,
Can blot from my memory
The roof that sheltered each dear, dear head,
And the humble floor of clay,
Where the feet I love! were wont to tread,
In the old house far away!

E. F.

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NATIONAL TINTINGS.

II.—WILLIAM CARLETON.



WILLIAM CARLETON was born in 1796, in the townland of Prillisk, parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone. His father was a small farmer, with a family of fourteen children, the subject of our present tinting being the youngest.

He was a simple peasant, his son tells us, of unaffected piety and unblemished integrity. The extraordinary knowledge of the customs, traditions, and pastimes of the Irish, which enriches Carleton's works, has been com-

municated to him by his father, while he seems to be indebted to his mother for the more poetical attributes of his genius.

From Prillisk the family removed to a place called Tonagh, where he commenced his education under the tutorage of a Connaughtman, named Pat Freyne; but up to his fourteenth year his studies were of a very desultory nature, owing to the erratic habits of those hedge-school teachers, upon whom the peasant children were altogether dependent for educational knowledge in those days. He was placed under several of those country pedagogues and tyrants, among which latter was a classical teacher at Tulnavert, whose name he has refrained from giving, but who figures at full length in one of his most beautiful and popular tales, "The Poor Scholar."



Although possessed of a mind capable of imbibing knowledge rapidly, he made but little progress under those men in his education. We believe book lore to have been the least of it; but the life-pictures he has given us of this class of persons in his works, prove that his attendance upon them was not altogether purposeless, for even at that early period of life he was unconsciously noting those phases of character which they presented.

Notwithstanding that he possessed those powers of observation, he was, in his boyhood, more remarkable for simplicity of mind than precocity of intellect; in exemplification of this, we shall relate an anecdote that is told of him.

He once undertook to deliver a letter from a Catholic clergyman to a physician who lived some twelve miles distant from his residence. He proceeded on his way and returned in due time, or a little before it.

"Why, William, you've got back soon," said his cousin for whom he had performed the journey, as he saw him return.

"Yes," replied young Carleton, "but I didn't go the entire way, for I forgot the name of the gentleman to whom I was going, and had to come back to inquire."

"And where had you the letter?" asked the other.

"I had it here in my pocket," he replied, drawing it out.

His companion took it from him, and turning up the direction, handed it back—"Wouldn't it have been better for you to have looked at that, and have saved yourself the trouble of coming such a journey?" he asked. We may imagine the blankness of the lad's face on discovering his blunder, which, we need hardly add, was for many a day made the subject of raillery among his schoolfellows whenever it was mentioned.

When he had reached his twelfth year, his parents, who designed him for the church, and who were, therefore, anxious as to his progress in learning, resolved upon sending him to Munster, to complete his education

as there was no classical school within eighteen or twenty miles of Springtown, where they then resided. Accordingly, his simple outfit was prepared, the funds necessary to defray his expenses being supplied by his parents; but their scanty means would not permit of their adding to this sum as much as might enable him to travel in the ordinary way; so he was to trust to the hospitality of the peasantry for bed and board on his journey.

It was a beautiful May morning, he tells us, when he took leave of his family, and set out, a mere child, lonely and heart-sore, to seek for knowledge; but he proceeded no farther than Granard, when his courage failed him. An ill-omened dream caused, doubtless, by over-fatigue, aroused his fears, and these, combined with the strong ties of domestic affections, deterred him from continuing his journey. He retraced his steps, and was received by his family with open arms and tears of joy, for they had suffered bitter pangs of remorse for having permitted one so young to go out upon the world alone.

Short as was his journey, it gave him an opportunity of forming a just estimate of the kindness and true delicacy of feeling of which the heart of the Irish peasant is possessed, and to which he has often paid grateful tribute.

An interval of about three years now elapsed before he was enabled to continue his scholastic career. Being designed, as we have said, for the church, he was not expected to labour upon the farm like the common herd; indeed his friends would have considered it exceedingly derogatory to a young gentleman who could give them a Latin or Greek quotation, and plenty of high-flown English, to take a spade into his hands, or to follow the plough. His own distaste for such occupations often prompted him, simple-minded as he was, to play upon the ignorance of his relatives, and to purchase exemption from such uncongenial tasks by exaggerating his literary acquirements, and, in the spirit of one of his own heroes, Denis O'Shaughnessy, he would not only give them a verse from the Greek Testament, but would translate it for them, and, in so doing, paraphrase it to such an extent, that it would require the wisest of commentators to discover its true meaning, or to explain it satisfactorily to the uninitiated.

During these three years the greater portion of his time was given up to athletic sports of every description, in all which he is said to have excelled. But the death of his father, and the declining circumstances of the family awoke him to a sense of the duties he owed to himself and his struggling relatives. He now saw that the course he had been pursuing promised no ultimate success in the career designed for him; and on learning, about this time, that the Rev. Doctor Keenan, a Catholic clergyman, and a cousin of his own, had opened a classical school at Glasslough, he sought him out, told him of the ties of blood which subsisted between them, and was received with kindness into the establishment. Here he remained for two or three years, at the expiration of which time he was obliged once more to return to his family, in consequence of the school at Glasslough having been removed to Dundalk.

When about nineteen years of age he abandoned the design of entering the church. No longer withheld by religious scruples, he now freely took part in all the sports and enjoyments of the people. Not a fair, wedding, christening, wake, or any other of those social pastimes of the peasantry, took place for miles around, at which he was not present. It was at this time, doubtless, that his mind became impregnated with that marvellous store of knowledge of Irish character, which has been transferred to the pages of his works. In tracing his career the reader will see that few other Irish writers ever possessed the same opportunities of studying the peasantry that were presented to him. Being one of the people, he was permitted to mingle freely in the various scenes of peasant life—the secret mill-house, the fairs and markets, and their faction feuds, in which the darker passions of the Irish betray themselves. All these things were caught up and vividly retained by his impressionable mind for after delineation. He has held up to public blame the vices of the people—for where is the national heart without its stain?—but this he has done more in sorrow than in anger, and with the design that the moral which invariably accompanies these shadowings of their darker passions, may work in some degree the desired reformation. Wherever, then, there are extenuating circumstances he has urged them in their defence. To their piety, domestic affections, and many other virtues, as well as to their ready wit and humour, he has borne ample testimony.

That personal vanity, and even foppery, are sometimes associated with greatness of intellect, the history of England's noble poet sufficiently proves. The following anecdote will show that at one time of his life our author was not altogether free from these harmless blemishes. It was customary with him to start on a Saturday evening to an uncle's of his, who resided at some distance, and who had a family of four sons and two daughters, with whom he would remain for several days. These visits were always looked forward to by him and his worthy relatives with mutual pleasure. The girls were fine, blooming damsels, but some unaccountable desire, nevertheless, should seize upon them to imitate their faded sisters of fashion, and to exaggerate the rich tint which nature had bestowed upon their cheeks, by a liberal application of carmine, or some such colouring matter. It so happened that this fact became known to one of their brothers while their cousin was with them, and to him the secret was forthwith communicated. Now, as the girls considered this carmine to be a beautifier of their complexions, these two stalwart young peasants did not see why they also should not profit by it, as a portion of it had fallen into their hands. Accordingly, on the following Sunday morning, they metaphorically "painted lily, and perfumed the rose," or, literally speaking, they painted the roses of their own ruddy complexions, and set out in a very delectable frame of mind, reflecting upon the advantages their heightened attractions would give them over their compeers, in the eyes of the country maidens. But outraged nature was resolved to be revenged, and called the elements to her aid. A heavy shower, accompanied by a strong wind, which blew the rain remorselessly into that side of their faces exposed to it, came down, washing away all trace of the carmine from one cheek only. Had this been all, the vengeance would have been incomplete, and the fact of their having been guilty of such an egregious piece of vanity might never have transpired, as any change or improvement made by the carmine existed principally if not altogether in their own imaginations. It being washed from their faces, however, it was transferred to their shirt collars, of which there was no dearth in those days, and, therefore, the broad streaks which embellished them, and which could be justly traced to their source, made known the disparaging truth. Every eye was fixed upon them, and many found it impossible to restrain their laughter at the ludicrous appearance they presented; but it was while on their way home that the full power of their raillery was let loose upon them, and had the effect of putting them to the blush much more successfully than ever did the carmine. The only persons present who remained silent were those guilty bouncing females who had introduced the pretentious usage into simple peasant life.

As he had relinquished the idea of entering the church, his only alternative now seemed to be to fall back upon the resources of his forefathers, and become a tiller of the earth for his daily bread. This ill accorded with the spirit of romance which was springing up within him, or with the vague ambitious desires which were gaining strength with his boyhood. When he could succeed in procuring one of these novels full of startling and exciting incidents, which were rife in those times, work, food, and all such mundane considerations were disregarded, and he would sit or lie the whole length of a long summer day, in a green meadow under some shady, wide-spreading tree, in a perfect elysium, tracing, perhaps, the heart-rending career of some youthful damsel piteously afflicted with beauty and ardent adorers, or wrapt up in the relation of striking historical events. The classics, too, at this time, were closely studied—indeed it is principally to self-culture that he owes his education, as that which he acquired at school was very limited in comparison. Among the works of fiction which fell into his hands, was that relating to the adventures of the renowned Gil Blas. The history of this hero inspired him with so unconquerable a desire to mingle in more emotional scenes than those which his present life presented, that he left his home without any settled purpose, but with the inward conviction, inspired by hope and self-reliance, that he would succeed in working his way to independence, and gratify his desire for adventure, at the same time. He directed his steps to the parish of Killanny, in the county of Louth, the Catholic clergyman of which was nephew to his own parish priest. This clergyman's residence was close to the celebrated "Wild Goose Lodge," where, some months before, the fearful tragedy was enacted by which eleven persons were committed to the flames, through motives of personal vengeance. The circumstances connected with this

hideous crime made a deep impression upon him, and formed the groundwork of one of his most powerful tales, which he has named after the scene of the tragedy. He has made this tale the medium of conveying friendly warning to the people of Ireland against Ribbonism, showing how many innocent and unsuspecting persons were drawn into its dark vortex of crime, and by its system of chance election to the most guilty offices, forced, in self-defence, to comply with its sanguinary laws. Like the terrible confederacy which had its origin in Westphalia, it was fatal to divulge its secrets, or to attempt to gain freedom from its destructive bonds.

Owing to the exertions of his friend the clergyman, our author was engaged as tutor in the family of a wealthy farmer named Piers Murphy, where he was supplied with board, lodging, and a rather limited salary; but, becoming dissatisfied, ere long, with the uncongenial task of mentally cultivating the young Murphys, and feeling that he was fitted for higher duties, he gave up his situation, and proceeded at once to the metropolis, which he entered with just two shillings and ninepence in his pocket. In the short space afforded in a memoir like this, we cannot trace him in his wanderings through the city in search of employment, with anything like minuteness. Various and oft-times ludicrous were the mistakes into which he fell, owing to his ignorance of life—especially of city life. The following circumstance is related as having occurred at this time.

Seeing, one day, an advertisement upon the window of a certain establishment, by which the public were informed that a person well skilled in the art of bird-stuffing was required, he entered, and addressing himself to one of the persons connected with it, offered his services.

"Are you quite sure you understand bird-stuffing thoroughly?" asked the individual applied to.

"Well, yes. I venture to say I do; I ought, at least, for I have seen a good deal of it at home in the country, and profited by it, too."

"And pray, what may be your method, my friend?" asked the taxidermist, who suspected he was committing a blunder, and thought he would amuse himself a little before he should have done with him.

"Why," replied our author, "the materials usually employed for stuffing fowl, in order to make them fat, are potatoes and oatmeal, and food of that description, forced down 'will ye nil ye.'"

"Ah, my friend," said the other, smiling, "that sort of rough usage would never do for our birds; it would ruffle their plumage so much that the public would have nothing to say to them. They must have a respectable outside or it would little matter what was within."

"Ah!" replied Carleton, "I knew that hypocrisy was very general, but I never thought it was resorted to in bird stuffing!"

Another time, when driven to extremity, he thought of enlisting, but being above taking the shilling in the ordinary way, he wrote a long letter to the colonel of the regiment into which he designed to enter, informing him of his intention, and the circumstances that were driving him to take such a step. This epistle, which was written in very excellent Latin, was replied to in a spirit of kindness, expressive of the writer's regret that a person capable of writing such a letter should be forced to enter the ranks. The reply contained also an earnest admonition not to do so if he could by any possibility avoid it, which admonition was accompanied by a more substantial proof of kindness that gave force to the advice, as it enabled him to follow it.

It was owing to his knowledge of classics that he ultimately procured employment in Dublin. A few tuitions in private families, supplied him with just enough to subsist on. It was in one of these families that he first met with Mrs. Carleton, who resided with her uncle, father to one of his pupils. Although his means were so limited at this time, he attended the theatres constantly, and often denied himself a meal to spare the shilling that would enable him to indulge in the mental luxury of witnessing the performance of some theatrical star of his day, as in former times he had forgotten the demands of nature over some old time imaginings, or striking page in history.

It was impossible that a man of genius such as his should long be regarded as an ordinary person. His natural superiority and his attainments, so remarkable in a individual in his position of life, soon attracted the attention of men of education and intelligence. The

graphic power, the brilliant wit, and the extraordinary humour and thrilling pathos which appear in his works evinced themselves in his conversation, and more especially in his recitals of events in his past life. It was therefore suggested to him by one of his friends to write of those things which he described with so much force in conversation. The result was his debut as a depicter of Irish life and character. His success was instantaneous, and in a short time he reached the zenith of his popularity. It was by no ordinary amount of application, however, that he arrived at that ease and perfection of style which mark even his earliest works. The conceptive powers of the brain are a free gift, but it requires energy and assiduity to perfect them.

He was now married, and an increasing family, as well as a desire for fame was urging him on. Those works which compose the volumes entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," appeared in quick succession. He wrote with wonderful rapidity, for his mind was teeming with fact and imagery. His astonishing memory, too, yielded up its stores.

Distinction ever brings worshippers. His society was now eagerly sought by the higher classes of Dublin. Being of a social temperament, he found it impossible to resist the importunities of his friends, and was often obliged to sit up half the night to pursue his literary occupations in consequence of his remissness during the day. Among literary men, more especially, no convivial meeting was considered complete if Carleton were not present. In the full vigour of his intellect he must have contributed in no slight degree to the brilliancy of those assemblings. Superiority, however numerous its admirers, will always attract a certain degree of envy, and it was hinted by some, that although Carleton's sketches and short stories were admirable, it was more than probable he would fail if he attempted works which would call for greater inventive powers. He had other kind friends who did not fail to communicate those remarks to him, and in a very short time after, the work which is by many considered the master-piece of his genius, "Fardorougha, the Miser," the first of his novels, appeared, and those who had predicted his failure were silenced.

Carleton, on leaving the north, made, as he says himself, a solemn resolution never to return unless with a name that should reflect honour upon himself and the place of his nativity. About fifteen or sixteen years since he visited the north, and was received by all parties and creeds with a fervour of affectionate acclamation almost unparalleled. On market days crowds of the people of every creed and denomination assembled before his hotel windows to catch a sight of him. On those occasions he went out into the town, and it is scarcely necessary to say that he drew nearly two thirds of the market after him.

Such of our readers as have read the "Poor Scholar," will remember the character of "Yellow Sam." Now, Yellow Sam was the actual nickname affixed upon that person in consequence of his bilious complexion, which was almost the colour of saffron. He was the most detested and detestable land agent in all that country, and his nieces were very angry, and heartily abused Carleton for having gibbeted him with such terrific and relentless satire. But what is strange, his nephew, the late Captain Miller of Daisy Hill, a most perfect, liberal, and honourable gentleman, had Carleton a frequent and welcome guest at his hospitable table. Dr. M'Nally, the present Catholic Bishop of Clogher, remarkable alike for his piety and his learning, also had him as his frequent guest. Gentry and peasantry received him with proud enthusiasm, negating in this case the aphorism, which says that a prophet is without honour in his own country.

Many of Carleton's works have been translated into French and German. He has been told that some of them are translated into Italian, but of this he is not certain. A French version has recently appeared from the pen of the accomplished Leon De Wailly, under the auspices of Dentu, the bookseller and publisher who lives near the Palais Royale. "Valentine M'Clutchy" was translated into French fourteen years ago.

In private affairs Mr. Carleton is an indolent man, and very negligent of his own interests. His friends saw this, and came to the resolution of forming themselves into a committee, which they did, and held several meetings upon the subject of procuring him a pension. Two honorary secretaries were appointed. One of them was Stewart Blacker, Esq., nephew to the late Colonel Blacker, the author of that most spirited piece called "Oliver's Advice." It was

Stewart Blacker who established the first Art Union in Ireland. In the true spirit of friendship and generosity, he applied himself to carrying out the design to benefit Carleton, when a pension of two hundred a year was granted in compliance with the request of the memorialists. No person out of Carleton's own family rejoiced more than he, at the success of the undertaking, in which he had himself so powerfully aided. The other honorary secretary was Thomas O'Hagan, the present Attorney-General, who omitted no exertions to promote Carleton's interests, as indeed did all the most distinguished and influential Irishmen and women of every creed and party. It was said that a memorial so numerous and respectably signed never was presented to a British minister. First on the list was the name of Lord Charlemont, who said: "Well, I never thought I should ask a favour from any government; but I look upon this not as an act of favour, but an act of justice." The late Maria Edgeworth, not satisfied with merely signing her name, suggested that if it were possible the memorial itself might be transmitted to her, and she requested that, if it were not too late, a space at the foot of it should be kept to enable her to give expression to her sentiments with respect to him. The memorial was immediately sent to her, and she wrote at the bottom of it as follows: "I have read all the works which Carleton has yet written, and I must confess that I never knew Irish life until I had read them. I have but little space to write what I wish to say; but my fervent desire is that Lord John Russell will take into earnest consideration the claims of this great but neglected man of genius."

For many years Carleton has given up society, and confined himself to the retirement of his own family circle. The *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1852, speaking of him, says:

"It is among the peasantry that Mr. Carleton is truly at home. He tries other characters, rarely, however, and not unsuccessfully. But the Irish peasant is his strong point: here he is unrivalled, and writes like one who has had nothing to look out for, to collect by study, to select, to mould; who merely utters what comes spontaneously into his thoughts; from whom the language and sentiments flow as easily and naturally as articulate sounds from the human lips, or music from the skylark. Those who have in early life dwelt among the peasantry, and since forgotten that period in other and busier scenes of existence, meet again, in the pages of Carleton, the living personages of long past days, like friends returned from distant lands after an absence of many years."

"The primary and essential value of Mr. Carleton's sketches of Irish peasant life and character unquestionably consists in this—that they are true, and so true to nature; but it is enhanced by a circumstance similar to that recently recorded and lamented by Lord Cockburn in reference to Scotland. The living originals are disappearing; some of them have already disappeared. In Ireland, since our author's youth, changes, rapid and deep, have taken place, which, according to diversity of prejudice, and of the other causes that generate diversity of opinions, will be referred to different sources, and be brought to illustrate different political and social theories. Unless another master-hand should soon appear like his, it is in his pages, and in his alone, that future generations must look for the truest and fullest pictures of those who will ere long have passed away from that troubled land, from the records of history, and from the memory of men for ever * * * That field," adds the *Edinburgh Review*, alluding to Irish literature, "in which he stands without an equal among the living or the dead."

DRAUGHTS—The game of Draughts is to Chess what Arithmetic is to Algebra. Antiquarians are not quite agreed, however, whether Draughts is the elder or younger brother; and while some are inclined to support the former proposition, based, among others, upon the ground that the savage tribes of the interior of New Zealand were found to be playing the game, others assert, on etymological basis, that Draughts is nothing but an offshoot of Chess. It is the Chess of ladies, they say. True it is, no doubt, that in nearly all European languages Draughts is called the "Game of Ladies." With the French it is the "*jeu des dames*;" the Germans, "*Damenspiel*;" the Italians, "*il giuoco delle dame*;" the Portuguese, "*o jogo das damas*;" and so forth. In Gaelic there is but one word, "*Taileag*," both for Chess and Draughts; and the Scotch call the Draught-board a "*dam-brod*," evidently from the German "*Damenbrett*," or ladies' board.

AMONGST ODD PEOPLE.



URING my chequered career I have read somewhere, without entirely understanding it, the theory of vegetable circles. I found it explained, in the book which puzzled me, as the distribution and limitation of positive species of plants, within certain defined boundaries. A palm, the book affirmed, had its own circle—a sort of prescribed fireplace, at which it spread out its hands and warmed itself; and even mosses

and heaths, humble though they be, threw out their fronds and antennae within peculiar localities. It was further given to be understood, by the capable, that all the denizens of those aforementioned circles were related, though the connexions appeared rather indistinct to me, by family analogies of physique; and that nature had so unerringly ordered this arrangement that people who travel abroad never think of looking up a date-tree in

Lapland or a Kerry Pippin in Japan. Though, as I have candidly admitted, I do not comprehend the details of this pretty theory as much as I could wish, still I did not fail to see that it is rich in advantages, which might, with some propriety and no little profit, be extended to the great human family, of which you and I, and the Marquis Ducobè, as well as John, the baker's carman, are members in common. The crab and shrimp, the scavengers of the sea, decline to live on visiting terms with the more fastidious cod and dolphin. Oysters have their own beds and pleasure grounds, where they resent all intrusions of the ill-bred cockle. Why should not we be influenced by the same wise laws of distribution, the same economy of space and classification of rank, taste, and passion—why?

I suppose it will be readily conceded that a large share of our daily unhappinesses arises from the constant and inevitable contact of opposite dispositions. Let us take a case in point. I travel down to Drogheda by the mail train, with Jones and his portmanteau, and, feeling the confined air hot and oppressive, let down the window. It is a hundred to one that Jones will indignantly remonstrate, and, shivering, through all his rugs and wrappers, peremptorily demand that the window shall be drawn up. This is a wholesome illustration of the hardship of being confined within the same circle with a gentleman whose temperament and constitution are as different from mine as a sixpenny piece from a tornado. If the window is down his teeth chatter dreadfully in the fresh draughts; if the window is up, I am a victim to headache, sore throat, and incipient dyspepsia. A gentleman of my acquaintance once happened to get into the same carriage with Jones, on the line to Howth. The latter insisted that the window should be closed; and my friend, who loved fresh air too much to sacrifice it to a consideration, tilted his umbrella through the glass, to the tune of seventeen and eight-pence! How much pleasanter it would have been had nature subjected the human species to the circular arrangement—located my friend near the northern edge of the temperate zone, and sent Jones to bake in the tropics. Under such intelligent conditions (I borrow the phrase from the book I could not understand), Jones might have enjoyed a reputation for courtesy and self-denial; and his companion been saved the expenditure of seventeen and eight-pence.

It will be observed, I trust, in the instance quoted, that the repellent instincts of the Jones and gentlemanly natures were strictly physical. They emanated from irritated skin surfaces, operating on sensitive nerve organs, and had little or no sympathy with the intelligent powers. It is when these latter agencies, or seats of agencies,

come into collision, that benign tempers explode, and hiss and sparkle. I refer to a case in point:—This is Mr. Smith's holiday. He has been looking forward to it, over the counter and through the opposite houses, all the way up to Rathmines, for a round month. Mrs. Smith, too, has had her eye on it, but that organ has been turned in the direction of Grafton Street, and along the several short cuts to the right of that thoroughfare. The happy morning has arrived, and the lady, looking at Mr. Smith across the breakfast-cloth, asks if he has yet made up his mind. "Where shall we go?" asks Mrs. Smith with nervous energy. "Go! my dear," returns Mr. Smith, "why where should we go—where do holiday folk always go—where do foreigners fresh from Dublin go—where?" Suddenly the adverbial link is rudely broken by Mrs. Smith, who, resting her elbows on the table, with a cup to her lips, placidly inquires—"Yes, dear, where do they go?" "No where but to the Botanic Gardens," replies Mr. Smith, with a strong effort to look placid. Now the lady has an idea, which, I am sorry to think is the common property of a numerous body of my readers, that the Botanic Gardens are a vulgar place on holidays, because thrifty mechanics, and even intelligent costermongers, take their wives and children there. It behoves a grocer's wife, Mrs. Smith thinks, to be chary of her position in society, and to draw the line of non-association as high as her rank will tolerate. She is possessed with the notion that the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society is a very genteel place, and has set her heart upon mummies, saurians, and odd marbles. To Howth she will not go; for the Museum and its marvels Mr. Smith cares little. The morning has been wasted in idle altercations, the evening follows, with sulks and silence, and the night is embittered by the thought that a pleasant day has been lost for ever. Mr. Smith asserts, through the perverse temper of his wife; Mrs. Smith declares, through the coarse tastes of her husband. I want to know if it would not have been much pleasanter had Mr. and Mrs. Smith, at the start, been born in congenial circles, in which one could go on for ever, poking dead Egyptians, and the other indulge in glass-blowing and botany. Such a system should indubitably, (the word is not mine, but I like the ring of it,) secure equanimity of temper, a balanced ebb and flow of spirits, an observance of holidays, and the abolition of domestic feuds.

But, if you wish for a touching example of the miseries which must attend a solidarity of opposite dispositions, step up with me any evening of the week, between ten and eleven o'clock, to Briar-root Terrace, Drumcondra. I say "any evening of the week," for accuracy sake, as the house does not afford the example on Sunday, being solely occupied on the Sabbath by a maid of advanced years and a contemplative tortoiseshell, who were positively born within the same circle, judging from the tenderness and confidence which control their intercourse. In the front drawing-room of the house, No. 54, there assemble every evening three ladies and three gentlemen. When I tell you that two of the ladies wear blue spectacles, and that the third promenades Sackville-street twice a day, in a green eye-shade; when I state that one gentleman carries a snuff-box presented to him (*vide* the inscription) fifty-seven years ago; that a second gentleman largely depends on bolstered crutches; and that a third carries a wooden arm in a cloth sleeve, you need no assurance that they do not meet to flirt, to sigh, to ogle, and mix toes under the mahogany. Benevolence is the magnet which attracts together the little group, evening after evening, around the polished table and under the sparkling chandelier of the front drawing-room in Briar-root Terrace. They examine books, docket accounts, disburse grants to the indigent, and draw up appeals, as the job-printers say, "with neatness and dispatch." I must be just, and admit that they get on with tolerable good humour and forbearance. But, once the minutes are signed, and the secretary retires, each individual relapses into his or her special idiosyncrasy. To understand this, you must know the six benevolents differ so largely in disposition, in method of observation, and description, that if there were no poor in the world, by no possibility could they agree on the same topic.

Captain Scarr, the gentleman on the crutches, is a specimen, and a very rare specimen indeed, of a sailor. He has been all over the world, and registered soundings in every latitude between the poles. He talks of Greenland villages and Turkish cemeteries as you might talk of Sandymount or Clontarf. His watch-*real* is the carved tooth of an Esquimaux dog, and his tea-sippers were made of the skin of a platypus, caught on an island of unmentionable name, in a very indefinite part of Oceanica. The captain's idiosyncrasy is a

deadly horror of tea. Sitting with his back to the windows, his great shoulders thrown out in monstrous relief against the crimson curtains, you may see his square forehead leap into fifty wrinkles as he hisses, "Say what you like, indulge it as you may, indulge it as you wish, I hate tea! Ladies and gentlemen, I do hate tea! It is effeminate; it makes women nervous and men foolish. Bah!" It is generally understood that the final bleat is intended to represent a vast quantity of expressionless invective. When the captain has finished, (and this is his usual way of concluding,) every body looks at every body, and exclamations of horror circulate freely. In pecuniary matters, it is but fair to mention, Captain Scarr is liberal to a fault. His wife drives a handsome britzka, and her jewellery would command reverence, should it ever go, in the capacity of hostage, to Donegan's. She enjoys every rational luxury but one—the anathemised tea. I have been told, in confidence, by Miss Paletip, that the captain, suspecting Mrs. Scarr of drinking it in his absence, adopted the following plan to test his suspicions. On quitting home every morning, for his "four-miler," he carefully imprisoned a fly in the only teapot in his establishment—retained solely because of its sanctity as a family heirloom. On his return, he lifted the lid and released the captive. The insect was never missed, "for," adds, my informant, "Mrs. Scarr quickly discovered the cruel expedient, and always kept a fly ready."

That gentleman, with the wooden arm in the cloth sleeve, is Mr. Sylvester Buckler. He sees Miss Paletip home every evening, uniformly insisting on her taking his wooden arm, which that little woman bears along the street as a lamplighter carries his ladder. They quarrel all the way, for he objects to crinoline, and she retorts with a commentary on the vanity of having a stick stuck in one's side, as if the wearer were a beer barrel or a roast gigot. Then, he hates Captain Scarr, and declares that people who are unable to support themselves have no right to assist others. "I hate every body," remarks Mr. Buckler; "come on." Jilted in early life, by "a wicked little sneak," (so he designates his first love,) Mr. Buckler went abroad, and buried his disappointed passion in the north of Madagascar. Whilst cruising about Cape Maltie, in a squadron of observation, his vessel was attacked by pirates, and, being cut off from the rest of the expedition, he and his companions were made prisoners, and carried to a villainous stronghold, on the west of the island. Efforts were made by his friends to ransom him, and the sum demanded by his captors having been paid, he was offered his liberty on one condition, "You shall visit us once every year, Inglese," said the pirate, "a lofty man," observes Mr. Buckler, "with long whiskers, a very Dutch face, and pistols in his girdle!"

"Was he a corsair?" asks Miss Paletip, nervously.

"Perhaps 'twas the Flying Dutchman," growls Captain Scarr. "He knows them latitudes, he does."

"Or it might have been Lara," suggests Miss Paletip.

"Lara!" ejaculates the captain, contemptuously. "Lara! who the deuce is Lara?"

"I said I should be most happy," continues Mr. Buckler, not heeding the interruption. "'Then,' he said, 'we shall require this as a hostage for your good faith,' and he touched my arm. 'This,' said the ruffian, 'will make a fine fetish to keep away the devil.' I shivered, but there was no use in grumbling. The limb was chopped off with a sabre, and the stump was dressed by a native with a ligature of date-leaf. I was set at liberty."

"Did you ever go back for your arm?" asks Miss Trumain, with a little shiver.

"No, madam; but I regret that I didn't. I have seen almost every phase of life between Madagascar and Drumcondra, and I pronounce in favour of the modest and least polished. Ladies and gentlemen, spare your smiles, and pay homage to reason. In savage life we suffer none of the inconveniences which make civilisation a bore, and convert your best society into a bedlam, repressed by the action of cold-baths and strait jackets. They smoke, dance, tattoo their bodies, decorate their noses with bones, and hang fish-skeletons in their ears, all for nothing. We paint, but the rouge costs half-a-crown a pot—"

"A small pot only costs two shillings," smartly observes Miss Paletip, with unhappy ingenuousness.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Scarr—"ugh! Then you've been to market, it seems. Now, what would a four-shilling pot cost?"

Here the laugh is turned against the captain, who indignantly demands to know the company's motive for "grinning so."

"We dance," continues Mr. Buckler, "at three guineas a quarter, besides pumps. We bejewel ourselves at five guineas an ounce, except people choose to wear paste and pinchbeck," then the speaker glances significantly at the captain's shirt studs. Scarr, failing to see the allusion, looks at them too, and contents himself with asking:

"Not your's—are they?"

"As for fish skeletons, the ladies will tell you they're not to be had for nothing," adds Mr. Buckler. "And only fancy the absurdity of a woman going about with a bundle of bones in her skirts—all ribs like an unsheathed three-dicker—why the poorest Madagascan squaw would refuse to go abroad, her person lashed together with the remains of a defunct whale. Ah, how that makes the women glare! Glare away, old girls! As for me, I cry hurrah for a savage life, and nine pair of thick lips to call me pappy! Whew!"

During the delivery of this philippic, the wrath of the ladies gradually increases, until it culminates in a simultaneous expression of "disgusting." Miss Paletip eyes the speaker aghast, and turning her back to him, fidgets spitefully with her mittens.

"Sir," cries Captain Scarr, "you rail against the vices of civilisation; pray, how was your pet pirate dressed?"

"Coolly enough," replies Mr. Buckler. "He wore an odd Wellington boot, and a cocked-hat."

"You shocking man!" cries Mrs. Slink—"you shocking man!"

Mr. Slater thinks the gentleman has gone mad; premonitory grumbings of a coming explosion, issue from the deep chest of the Captain. Bless my heart, what miserable bitterness! And all through the lack of a circular arrangement.

Poor Miss Paletip! she is a little morsel of an Englishwoman, with a small, placid, expressionless type of face, which is so common in the grand quarters of London. Her hair, which is of an ashen hue, is tortured into four attenuated curls, disposed with melancholy grace alongside her sad cheeks. Her complexion is that of a bibulus water-melon; and her voice is sharp enough to slice it. Crinoline had raged in the fashionable world better than three years before the little woman would consent to wear it; for so conservative are her ideas of dress, that she deemed it her duty to apologise the other evening for appearing in a Swiss band and a sugar-plum hair-net. She still wears rosettes on her slippers, and tassels her stockings with black silk sandals; and it is her invariable rule, when going out, to carry an apron, a pair of scissors, a needle case, and a black and white spool, in her reticule. She hates the modern novels, and clings with romantic fidelity to Mrs. Radcliffe, Jane Porter, and Monk Lewis. Her educational tendencies are strong, and her arguments in favour of cultivating the minds of the masses, are conscientiously accompanied by illustrations of the imperfections to which her own is subject. Of her age we all entertain different opinions, and I must admit that the lady never disturbed herself in the capacity of judge of our disputes on that delicate topic.

"Were you ever in love, Miss Paletip?" says Captain Scarr, fiddling with the snuff-dish.

"Well, not to say in love as is depicted in romance," replies the lady. "But I do confess that I got rather goodish sentimental a-concerning one or two individuals which was somehow fascinating, and which I rejected, because as they required education. 'Education,' I says, 'is the food of millions, and are the hope of humanity.' I once knew a young gentleman which played divine on the concertina, and took in the latter days of his decline to a hair-lip. His forehead were elevated, so high; and auburned his hair. He smoked dreadful, and spent alarming figures on maerschaum and other sorts of tobacco. When I first did make his acquaintance, my eyes were closed to his intellectual deficiencies; and I took him, as it might be, for an Apoller. Love, as the poet says, is blind; and, in my opinion, should have been sent long ago to the asylum. Never did my eyes open until one day, which is ever alive to remembrance. We used to go to the Round Church, as is burned down now. Now, sitting, as it was, in the one pew, and reading from the one common-prayer book. Heighho! One day, as the sexton comes round with the plate, he says to me (which aint the sexton but the youthful individual), 'Clara Maria,' he says, out aloud, raising his index finger, which were the fore 'un, to my bonnet. 'Clara Maria!' he cries. 'Charles Albert Smith,' I makes reply, 'what can you mean? Do you take,' says I, with lady-like coolness, 'my bonnet for a mousetrap, or is there a cobweb in my feathers?' 'Clara Maria,' he makes answer, 'it is far,

far more serious, which,' he says, 'is a'—and here he mentioned the insect from which is detracted the verb 'to flee'—'which,' he says, 'is a-hopping over your artificials. There it goes,' he cried, 'a skylarking amongst your fuschias;' and, suiting the action to the word, he makes a snatch at my bonnet, and looking in the palm of his hand, exclaims—'I have him.' Of course I faints, and falls on the sexton's plate, a-scattering the copper and three-penny bits, which were silver. I arises, bruised but not broken, and, with a beating heart, says to him—'Charles Albert Smith, the schoolmaster is abroad, like a roaring lion,' I says, 'seeking whom he may edicate. Go,' I adds, 'and seek him. As for me, your brutal conduct, the result of no education, has trepanned you for ever,' I says, 'of my addresses.' 'Clara Maria,' he replies, as cool as a sherry cobbler, 'go be hanged! I contracted,' he says, 'to see you to church, but I had no idea that I was escorting a bee into the bargain.' I retired overwhelmed, not noticing in the least his insolent protestations. 'And therefore it is,' say I, 'edicate the people; give them food—mental food as will refine them. For me, I hates young men without learning; and I never could forgive Eliza Seabright for encouraging the ungrammatical, not to say unpolite, addresses of her husband.'

On the moral climax in which Miss Paletip's discourse culminates, the company split up; and then ensues an uproarious discussion on the merits of young men, "edicated" or otherwise, in which every one opposes the bitter little woman. Goodness me! how I long for the circle arrangement.

Look at Mrs. Broadgear, relict of a retired tax collector, a lady of few words and abundant grievances. She abhors talk, and never opens her mouth in company to enunciate more than a "yes" or "no," or "very well;" she wears false teeth, and has a weakness for silvered poplins. She has a critical passion (only indulged at home) for comparing people's feet. On one occasion she is reported to have said that her Balmorals were an inch too long for her. "Bless me!" says Captain Scarr, "that woman never opens her mouth but she puts her foot in it!" Don't we hate her!

Do you remember the story of the Arabian voyager who was shipwrecked on an island in which the people were all petrified, and no voice arose from the numberless cities that studded the land? Why should not Mrs. Broadgear have been born in that circle, and mated eternally with congenial companions? Why?

For my own part I hate Mr. Stephen Slater, the great temperance orator. Mr. Slater is an Irishman, and so am I; yet my ill nature gets the better of my nationality, when I hear that man roar like a first cousin of Athenian Bottom. "Cold water, give me cold water!" roars Slater. "I love it, and it loves me in return."

"Curse cold water," exclaims Captain Scarr. "Why, your doctrine would make every man and woman a walking reservoir!"

"Well for them they were, sir," replies Slater. "Well for them they were. Sir, I was suckled on cold water, reared on cold water, educated on cold water, and —"

"Do you hear him," cries Miss Paletip. "Does he mean he was nursed on Dublin milk, I wonder?"

Slater gets excited.


"Dear it is," he cries, springing from his seat, and waving his hand around his head. "Dear it is to die for native land, or as the Latin poet has gracefully expressed it—*Arma virumque cano qui primus*.' But dearer still, (*melior*) to die in the cause of temperance. Be mine that fate—*Non est disputandum*—and when I die (*moriunt*) and am buried on an Irish hill, with the daisies at my heels—*arbor crescit*,—and the oak o'er my head, the milkmaid as she trips past in the morning, balancing her pail upon her head (*ex imo pectore*,—and the mower as he returns in the evening, shall pause by my grave—(*hic jacet*,)—and exclaim, whilst the dew is falling around, and the stars begin to twinkle on the heavenly battlements—(*al fresco*)—Here lies the young hero who laid down his life for temperance—here lies the patriarch of his country."

Of course we all laugh loudly at Mr. Slater's eloquence, and of course Mr. Slater exhibits deep disgust, and alludes to the rejection of prophets in their own country.

To give you anything like an honest description of our six or seven odd people would occupy more space than I have a right to. I must close by exclaiming—"Why don't we have the circle arrangement?—why don't we have it?"

CÆVIARE.

A TIMELY ARRIVAL.



I T was in the month of October, 18—(but why be too particular as to dates?)—that business or pleasure—or rather a combination of both—called me into the neighbourhood of —, within a few miles of Westport; for, understand, reader, that I am by profession a lawyer, or, in more respectful language, an attorney; and you know that an attorney must not be over-scrupulous as to the journeys he performs—though sometimes his mission is not of the most agreeable kind. But business is at the root of it, and pleasure is the fruit which springs from it; for if I am employed to legalise a death-bed confession, do I not receive a heavy percentage on every word that is uttered? Hence I say, that the object of my visit to — was a combination of business and pleasure; but it is not to be inferred from this observation that on the occasion alluded to I had been engaged—no, “instructed” is the proper legal phrase—to take down a death-bed confession. My attention was directed to a much more agreeable purpose; and without further preface, I at once avow that the reason of my being summoned to the village of — was that I might prepare a marriage-contract between a young squire in the neighbourhood and the daughter of a poor clergyman in a distant county.

It was late at night when I arrived at my destination; but having previously written to the landlord of the inn, at which I intended to stay, giving him notice of my advent, I found the necessary preparation had been made for my reception, and the host welcomed me with genial good humour—not a cloud upon his brow to disturb his wonted serenity, and nothing in his manner to indicate that he was displeased or discomfited by being kept from his bed far beyond his usual hour for retiring.

Peter Moylan, the name of mine host, formerly held the responsible appointment of boots at a large hotel in the south of Ireland, where, by his punctual attention to business, and his persevering determination to make others punctual, he rose high in the estimation of the travelling community, and his name became a topic of conversation amongst people who had stories to tell, and who wanted a convenient stalking-horse for a comic anecdote or an absurd adventure. Peter's great peculiarity, as I have already hinted, was an overpowering sense of the sacred necessity for punctuality in all the concerns of life, and many of the most amusing events connected with his name had their origin in this very laudable but equally uncommon speciality. If a gentleman gave instructions to be called at an unusually early hour in the morning, he might safely forget to wind his watch up, for at the very moment fixed upon for the tap at the door, Peter would unceremoniously walk into the room, and persistently remain until the would-be riser had jumped out of bed, and commenced the first stage of his toilet. It was in vain to say to Peter, “All right!” “What o'clock is it?” “Come again in ten minutes,” or to make any of the numerous convenient excuses for not getting up at the time which, on the previous night, had been impressed upon Peter as of such paramount importance that his inattention to it would be subversive of the entire commercial interests of the kingdom. “No, no,” thought Peter, “I am not going to be dragged out of bed (did he ever go to bed?) at these hours for nothing. If there is to be a ‘fool for his pains,’ it shall be the *callee*, not the *caller*.” If Peter had received orders to prepare a traveller's luggage in time for a certain train, it was needless for the traveller to say he would “go by the next train.” Bag and baggage were all packed and comfortably stowed away on the roof of the omnibus, and the wavering passenger was thrust into the interior without even paying his bill, which Peter knew would be duly honored at the railway station, and (but this was no part of Peter's reflections), much more to his personal advantage, than if the account had been deliberately scrutinized and settled before the moment of departure. This species of philosophy influenced Peter Moylan in all his movements, and hence he did that which many an unsuccessful man could also do if he would only follow his example; that is to say, he contrived to accumulate a sum of money, sufficient to enable him to transform himself from the grub-like condition of boots to the butterfly condition of landlord. To this purpose he very prudently devoted a portion

of his well-earned gains, and having (notwithstanding his habitual activity), amassed a tolerable amount of flesh, as well as specie, he became the burly, good-tempered, well-to-do landlord of the best village inn which, according to my experience, Ireland can boast.

I had told him of my mission to the village, and, faithful to his long-tried trust, he promised to call me early in the morning, so that I might reach the house, to which I was on business bound, at the hour I had appointed. Ensnconced in my bed-room, I was looking through a bundle of letters which were essential to the legal duty I had to discharge, when I saw the reflection of a light under the door-way, but supposing it to indicate nothing more than that my friend Moylan was about to retire, I paid little attention to it. Some few minutes afterwards, however, I heard the sound of voices, and then I naturally concluded that, late as it was, a customer had arrived, and that Peter, with his wonted good-nature, could not refuse him admittance. This proved to be the case, but I was not at all prepared for the sort of personage the new-comer turned out to be. I thought he must be some intimate acquaintance of Peter's, or, probably, one of the neighbouring gentry, who, not wishing to disturb his own household at a time when all were, doubtless, buried in sleep, had (which is by no means uncommon in many parts of the country) sought shelter under Moylan's hospitable and comfortable roof. But at length I found, from the tones of the voices in which a conversation was being carried on between mine host and his visiter, that I was evidently mistaken in these suppositions, and I was induced to descend into the kitchen, whence, it seemed, the sounds I had heard proceeded. I then discovered Peter dispensing the honours of the table to a poor, emaciated mendicant, who looked as if he had just escaped from a neglected workhouse, and whose general appearance, unprepossessing as it was, was certainly suggestive of poverty rather than crime; though many a man with a heart less open to melting charity than Peter's, would too gladly have formed the opposite conclusion, as the most convenient excuse for refusing to satisfy a claimant's wants. Peter's “customer” had evidently suffered much from starvation, and the worthy landlord was now showing him as much attention as if he were really a most desirable visiter, with abundant means to liquidate his bill in the morning.

“Poor devil!” said Peter, taking me aside, “he told me such a piteous tale, and he reminded me so strongly of a man I knew well when my position was not what it is now, that I hadn't the heart to turn him away. I have given him his supper, and I will now prepare a bed for him. There is a comfortable sofa in the little room yonder, and he can sleep there.”

“I am too much distressed in mind to *sleep* any where,” said the mendicant (for such he appeared to be), but I can rest my weary limbs, and thank you for your Christian hospitality.”

Feeling somewhat interested in his dejected manner, and being fully convinced that he was a man who had “seen better days,” I endeavoured to draw him into conversation, Peter Moylan coming to my assistance, whenever he found that his local knowledge would be of avail in gathering information. Not to dwell minutely on particulars, I soon discovered that some few years previously the man whose brief history had thus unexpectedly come under my notice, had been apprenticed on board a vessel trading to the West Indies. He continued in that service for a considerable time, until at length the owner of the vessel disposed of all his ships, with the exception of two or three colliers, and he was compelled to take up his position in one of those grimy traders, rather than return to his parents, who he knew had not the means of supporting him. He had endured this humiliating life as long as his nature permitted him; but at last a quarrel with his captain, who was a coarse, overbearing, uncompromising north-country man, induced him to run away from the ship, and seek more congenial employment on shore. While in the West Indies he made the acquaintance of a family, in whose establishment dwelt an interesting young woman as governess, and when he found that she was a native of the same country as himself, he sought every opportunity which his occasional absence from duty afforded him, of seeking her society, and exchanging such sentiments with her as appeared to be warranted by national feeling, ripening by degrees into something more than friendship. He, however, discovered, rather to his relief than otherwise (for it was utterly out of his power to become the master of a conjugal home), that the lady was married, and had left her husband, in consequence of the ill treatment to which he had subjected her. But she expressed her intention to return in course of

time, if not to her husband's dwelling, at least to the neighbourhood where he lived, in order that she might gain some particulars regarding his mode of life, and ascertain whether his heart had become softened towards her. She had given him an address where it was likely he would meet with her, and he had never seen or heard of her since. On leaving his ship he discovered that he was not very far from the locality which the lady had indicated; and his first determination was to ascertain whether she was to be found there. The few shillings he had in his pocket at the time, he had husbanded to the best of his very questionable skill in such matters; but his little exchequer was soon exhausted, and he had now been two days without food—a painful position for one whose family, though poor, was respectable. I observed at this moment a tear trickling down his care-worn cheek, and upon my questioning him in regard to his family, he told me that he had a sister to whom he was very deeply attached, and the thought of whom caused his mind to wander back to scenes of home, when his now chequered life was free from care or pain.

Instigated by that species of curiosity which prompts a reader to hasten to the end of a story he has eagerly commenced, I inquired of the stranger whether he had any objection to tell me his name? Having, I said, met him under circumstances of so peculiar a nature, I felt a desire to know more of him; for though I was too well aware that vagrants have generally an ingenious story through which they seek to win favour from the almsgiving public, I was equally certain that, in the present instance, the unfortunate wanderer was not practising deception.

His name, he replied, was Walter Butler, and his father was curate of—, in the county—.

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "and are you the son of the Rev. Mark Butler, whose daughter is about to be married to a rich young squire in this neighbourhood?"

"My father," said he, "is the Rev. Mark Butler; but whether my sister has contracted a matrimonial engagement I am unable to say. Dear girl! it is many years since I last saw her; and I trust most sincerely that, if she has pledged her hand, she has not done so to one whose chief recommendation has been the possession of wealth. She is, or at least *was*, too gentle for the society of the great—too conscious of her own humility to attempt to shine amongst the refined luminaries of fashion."

"The identity of your father being established," said I, "there cannot be a doubt as to that of your sister. From all that I have learned, her disposition is precisely such as you have faintly shadowed; but nevertheless, she is about to become the wife of the heir to one of the best estates in this part of the country; and it happens that I am called upon to execute the marriage-contract to-morrow morning."

"For worlds," said he, "I would not that my sister should marry beyond her own sphere; but doubtless my father has taken care that she should not bestow her hand upon one who is not in every way worthy of her heart. May I ask who is the object of her choice, or rather who is it that has adopted her as his choice?"

"I have both names here," I replied, referring to my pocket-book—"The bridegroom is to be Gerald Fitzmaurice; the bride, Emily Butler."

"What!" he exclaimed, with a degree of emphasis which his exhausted condition scarcely permitted him to employ. "Gerald Fitzmaurice, of Kilmoran Grange?"

"The same," said I. "Whence comes it that the mention of his name has produced such an effect upon you?"

"Villain!" exclaimed Walter Butler, "and would he sacrifice the affections of one who had placed her existence in his hands?

It is indeed a happy intervention of Providence which has brought me here at this moment."

"What mean you, Mr. Butler?" said I, unable to conceive the cause of such unexpectedly violent language.

"I mean," he replied, "that Gerald Fitzmaurice is a wretch of the deepest dye; and I thank Heaven that an opportunity has been afforded me of exposing him in time to save my sister from destruction!"

"How?" said I. "Destruction! Pray, explain."

"He is already married," he exclaimed, tottering towards the window, and looking out upon the shining moon. "Aided by yon silver beam," he added, after a moment's reflection, "I will at once proceed, weak and debilitated as I am, to his residence, and unmask his treachery before another night hushes him to rest."

"Good sir, do not be so rash, but remain here till the morning," said Peter Moylan, who had not hitherto joined in the conversation, but who, seeing the desire on the part of his mysterious visitor to go forth into the high road in the dead of night, thought it his duty, as a good Samaritan, to prevent his adopting so unwise a proceeding.

"But," said Butler, resuming his seat, "why has he chosen my sister—dear Emily—as the victim of his treachery?"

"Are you sure he is married?" I inquired.

"Let us hope he is mistaken," said Peter Moylan. "The world was never yet so bad as it has been painted."

"I am not mistaken," said Butler; "Gerald Fitzmaurice is a married man, and his wife is the identical lady I met in the West Indies. I believe her to be in this country at the present moment, and I was making my way towards the address she had given me, when a light through this window tempted me to seek refuge for the night."

"This is most important information," I remarked, "and as a lawyer, it is my duty to sift it to the bottom, in order that I may show the strongest grounds for declining to execute a marriage-contract between these two parties."

"At present," exclaimed Butler "I can say no more; but I have already told you enough; and, with your permission, I will now follow the good landlord's advice, and endeavour to get a

few hours' rest."

"That's right," said Moylan; "you may, perhaps, be able to see the lady from the West Indies in the morning, and in that case, this legal gentleman can satisfy any doubts he may entertain."

No further persuasion was necessary to cause us to separate for the night; and in the morning I accompanied Walter Butler, at his own request, to the spot he had described as the residence of the lady, who, he confidently assured me, was the lawful wife of Gerald Fitzmaurice.

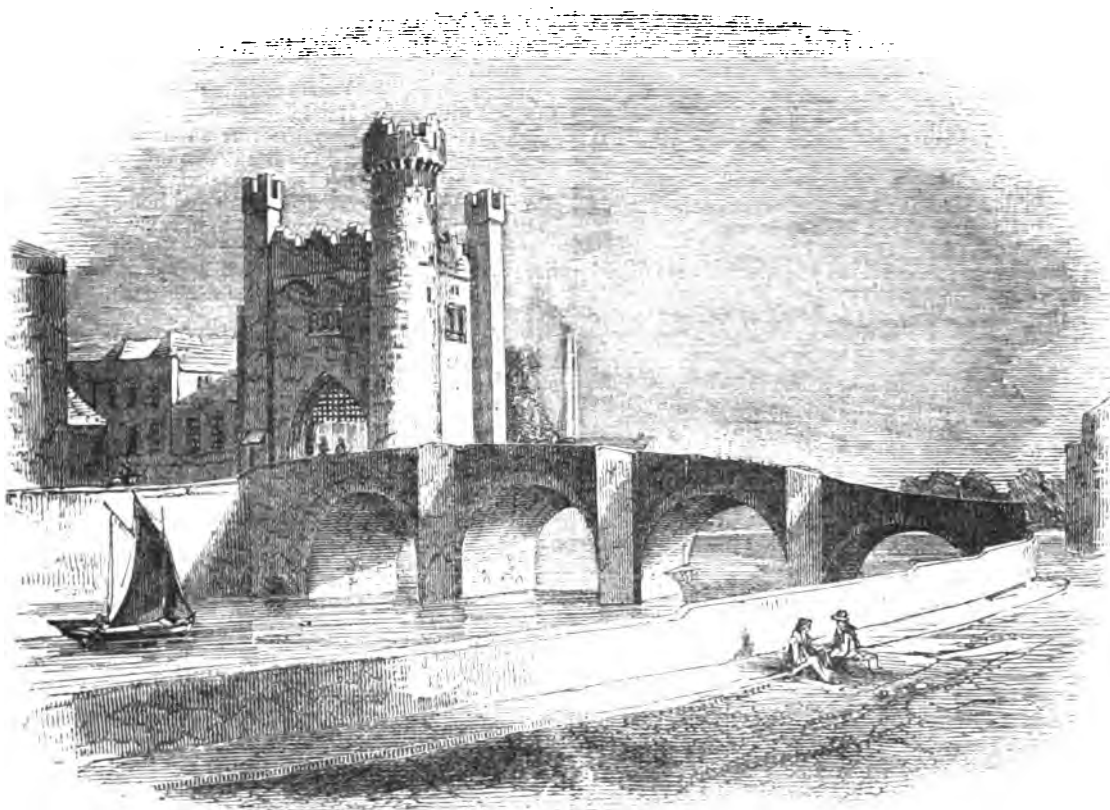
It was too true; for the lady had returned to this country, and seemed overjoyed to see her old acquaintance Walter Butler, who at once explained that I had come into the district to draw up a marriage-contract between *her husband* and his sister.

"Heaven be thanked!" said she, "that he has not been allowed to add this last act to the injuries he has already inflicted upon me."

The cruelty of Fitzmaurice being thus revealed and established, I supplied Walter Butler with the means of journeying homewards; and as for myself, instead of executing a marriage-contract, I could not but meditate upon the singular dispensation of fate, by which the charitable conduct of Peter Moylan had been the medium of averting so much intended evil.

G. H.





OLD BARRACK BRIDGE.

PRIOR to the erection of the present iron bridge over the Liffey, connecting Ellis's-quay and Usher's-island, which was opened for traffic during the recent visit of the Queen to Dublin, when it received the name of "Victoria Bridge," the river here was spanned by a structure properly called "Barrack-bridge," but more popularly known as the "Bloody-bridge." It was originally of wood, and was built in the year 1670, but being found, according to Harris, to interfere with the interest in a ferry which had previously plied in the same locality, a number of the city apprentices assembled riotously, for the purpose of destroying the new erection. Twenty of them were seized and committed to the Castle, but as a military guard was conveying them to Bridewell, they were rescued, and four of their number killed in the fray, from which accident it acquired the name of the "Bloody-bridge." Shortly after this occurrence, the stone bridge shewn in our illustration was erected, consisting of four semi-circular arches, of a very rude character. At its south-western extremity, on the road leading to the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, was a military gateway, designed by the late eminent architect, Francis Johnston, and built in 1811, under his superintendence. It consisted of a square tower, having

smaller square towers projecting from three of its angles, and a circular one of greater diameter and altitude at its fourth or north-eastern angle. It lent a most picturesque effect to the old bridge, but when the quays were extended from this, it was found necessary to remove it. This was carefully done, and it now forms the entrance gateway to the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER IV.

RAMBLE had scarcely reached the yard when Stammers fell heavily on the pavement, by his side.

"You are not hurt?" inquired Bramble.

"I am," replied Stammers. "I fear that I have broken my left leg."

"We are worse off than ever, now," remarked Bramble, "surrounded by those walls—caught in our own trap." One chance remains," said the Creole, lifting his friend in his arms, "that old chimney will do till I come back; but no, poor fellow, you cannot stand in it with one leg." The Black Doctor gave a low shrill whistle, for the purpose of calling Tony, when a crazy-looking door, half covered by a heap of rubbish, opened, and a young girl in rags presented herself. "Hal-loa!" said the Black Doctor, in a subdued tone, "come here, for God's sake, and help me." The girl complied, and in a few minutes Bramble bore the maimed and despairing Stammers to a place of safety.

The door had been scarcely closed when a rough-looking, fat man, about forty-five years of age, presented himself at the window through which the fugitives had jumped. He was Horseman, the detective, who knew every thief in town, and hated stupid rogues with such an intensity of hatred, that he got rid of hordes of them when he found they could not serve his purpose. He took a great fancy to Squint, the cripple, and was on the most familiar terms with him; indeed, out of pure gratitude, he gave him a much greater lati-

tude than he would give to other boys in the same line of business. Horseman got information of Stammers' whereabouts from Squint, at the execution of Jerry the Lift, and was now present to effect a capture for the Jew. The detective saw that he had been foiled, and he descended the stairs for the purpose of holding further conversation with Squint, when the Black Doctor stood before him. Bramble threw his dark vengeful eyes on Squint as he observed,

"Horseman, what brings you here?"

"I came looking for a precious pigeon," said the detective, "but he has flown."

"Indeed," remarked Bramble; "do I know him?"

"I don't think you do," was the reply. "Between ourselves, his name is Stammers, and he belongs to a high up family."

"I asked you if there was any news," said Bramble, frowning.

"If that's all you want to know, I'll tell you, doctor. He forged a bill of Abraham Isaacs, who told me to arrest him without a writ or warrant, and that he would pay anything before he run the risk of the gallows."

"That is no wonder," remarked Bramble, "he must be a clever fellow to have evaded you. Tell me how he did it?"

"I can't for the life of me discover," replied Horseman; "he must have had hard work to get over them walls in the old yard, but I have no doubt of his being not far off."

"I have my own notion on that matter," said Bramble, "and to be candid with you, I must say that I know Stammers, and would wish to see him in your clutches. I will give you a hint. You need not mind doing anything more than to be at the 'Pigeon House' when the packet sails for Holyhead to-night. I will be there, and will assist you."

Squint, who had overheard the conversation, made several attempts to get between Bramble and the detective, for the purpose of giving a hint to the astute Horseman, but in vain. The Black Doctor turned on the cripple like a wolf, and threw him violently on the ground. "That will do for you," said he, looking at the prostrate Squint, and, turning round to the detective, he observed, "that young robber was trying to overhear all that we were saying for the purpose of defeating our plans."

"The thieves that are going now are as knowing as jailors," said Horseman, "and a person can't depend on one of them."

The detective soon left in search of more information, after promising that he would meet Bramble in the evening at the packet.

"Tony," said the Black Doctor, "keep close on that fellow's track, and watch where he goes and who speaks to him. Tabby and I will remain and settle with Squint, the informer." The Black Doctor looked terrible, as he laid hold of the cripple, who loudly called for mercy. "The world would not save you," said the Creole, as he clutched the maimed wretch in his iron gripe.

Tabby, who saw by the Black Doctor's manner that he would have killed Squint, hobbled from the seat on which she had been sitting, and, seizing the arm of Bramble, said, "One death in the family in the day is enough. Jerry the Lift was his father, I am his grandmother. His mother is no more, and for her sake I would save the fellow, bad as he is; let him go, doctor, don't soil your hands with the informing rascal."

The Black Doctor forcibly shoved the despairing Squint from him, and his head coming in contact with an old table, the cripple fell senseless on the floor.

"If you choked him, it would be only his due," said Tabby. "I don't think he will inform again. Where did you hide Stammers?" she continued.

"Don't ask me," said Bramble. "I do not know what to do. His leg is broken."

"That's bad, indeed," observed Tabby, "but where is he?"

"At Joey Dix's," replied Bramble, "where he cannot remain long. I must stay here till Tony returns, as that Horseman might watch me. If you were to know the stake that is to be played for my friend's life, and the honour and happiness of his young wife and sister! Do you think he is safe at Joey's?"

"I do not know that either," remarked Tabby. "Mud Island is the place for him," continued the old woman; "give him in charge to the 'king' and he will be safe from the law. Don't hurt that wretch on the ground," said the old woman, as she saw the Black Doctor observed the cripple had placed himself in a position in which he could hear what was passing between Bramble and herself. "Leave him alone," continued she. "I can recognise in

him something that reminds me of the time when his mother was young and beautiful. In his father's death I see that he has paid the full penalty for all that he can do to me, or all that he has done to you. Lift him up, and bring him here, and I will tell him something."

The Black Doctor placed the cripple upright face to face with his grandmother.

"Come here," said she, catching the limping creature, who shivered with fear as Bramble cast his big, luminous eyes upon him.

"I was told by Jerry the Lift an hour before he died," said Bramble, "that it was John Brunt who informed on him."

"No," said Tabby; "Jerry was always a fool."

"And it was Squint that informed on him?" inquired Bramble, musing; "if so my vengeance is disarmed."

"Here, boy," said Tabby, catching Squint by the hand, "you have done enough of the informing for your life. You were the means of bringing your own father to his death. If fault there was in it, it was mine."

Perhaps for the first time in his life Squint felt something like remorse, as he placed his chin between his two hands, and looked straight in the face of his grandmother.

"I think we can trust him now," said the Black Doctor, "as it would appear that he has had enough of informing for the remainder of his life. Go see your friend Horseman; and wait with him at the 'Pigeon House' to-night, and watch Stammers as he goes on board the packet. Give him his crutch, Tabby," continued Bramble.

In a few minutes after, Squint hobbled on his way in search of his friend the detective.

"I wish Tony was here," said the Black Doctor, "as there must be something up or he would have returned before now."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Tony entered.

"I walked after Horseman till I am tired," said Tony, "and as he had to call on a great number of thieves for information on one another, I had to wait till he was ready to go to a late breakfast—he is now in bed asleep like a king."

"John Brunt will be the death of you for being out so late," said the Black Doctor, laughing.

"Then, aren't you coming home to him?" asked the boy; "I am dying with the sleep."

"No," replied Bramble; "I want you to come with me."

The Black Doctor and Tony were soon in front of a wretched, tumble-down old house, that seemed to be waiting for the signal to fall. Bramble and his two companions were at once admitted into a kind of a yard, which had been the site of a portion of the premises occupied by Joey, which had fallen in; and if a person was to judge of the broken spine of the portion of the roof on the section inhabited by Joey and his dogs, a person would be inclined to believe that it was out of pure respect for Joey that it did not fall down and kill himself and his canine associates.

Joey was a long, gaunt man. He was an honest creature, and never stole anything but any amount of dogs, which he was wont to sell and steal again from a purchaser when an occasion would offer. Such an adept was he in dog stealing, that he would sell a dog before he had stolen it, or sell a dog within an hour after he had sold it, so thoroughly was he up in his art. He was, indeed, a rare dog-fancier, and so great was his love for the canine race, that he knew the address of every one of them worth stealing. Joey was past the middle age. He generally wore a kind of coarse shooting-coat, a waistcoat that lapped over his hips; knee-breeches, leather gaiters, and big hob-nailed shoes. His upper man was covered with a round felt hat, and he always carried a small dog-whip in his pocket. He had no fear of hydrophobia, as was evidenced in his hands, which bore the marks of divers bites from his pupils. In the dull season he used to catch rats alive, for the purpose of selling them to officers to amuse them in their leisure hours. It was generally said that he had made money, and was the owner of a number of horses and "vehicles." He was a convivial soul, and knew the watchmen well, and for that reason Bramble did not trust him. Joey led the way into his wretched hovel, followed by the Black Doctor, and Tony.

"I thought you would not come to-night," said Joey, "and that poor gentleman inside is so anxious; you said that you would not be more than an hour away, and it is now, I suppose, two o'clock."

Stammers was lying on a heap of straw, in agony with his broken limb, but on seeing Bramble he forgot all his pain for the time, and seizing him by the right hand, shook it warmly.

"How deeply grateful I am to you, Bramble," said he. "How can I ever repay you for all your kindness?"

"Business now," said the Black Doctor, "poetry after—how do you feel the leg?"

Bramble did not wait for a reply, but, taking out his knife, he cut off the boot of his miserable patient.

"Have you anything that would make a bandage," said Bramble, addressing Joey.

"No," replied the dog-fancier, "there is nothing in the house that will answer that purpose."

"Get me three or four laths out of the rubbish in the yard," said the Black Doctor.

The dog-fancier was not long procuring the laths from the heaps of rubbish, and Tony's shirt was made ribands of in a twinkling to serve the purpose of a bandage.

"Don't mind, Tony, I will give you shirts enough," said Bramble, as he bound up the leg of his friend. "That will do for the present," he continued—"until I come back. Is there anyone here but ourselves?"

"Nobody," replied the dog-fancier, "but my daughter, who let you in this morning."

"A moment, Joey," said Bramble, as he waved his hand for him to retire. "I am going to see your people and the Jew. It will not be safe for you to remain here much longer."

"God bless you!" said Stammers.

"All right," said the Black Doctor, and turning to Joey, he said: "You come with me. Tony and you remain here till I return. You know me of old," he continued, to the dog-fancier. "I don't fear you, but I do not trust you. Prove but false to me now, if it was only for a minute, and you will not live long enough to regret it. There are friends of mine in a house not far off, and I will leave you there till I come back."

"Very well," said Joey, evidently not pleased. "I don't care where I stop."

The two pedestrians walked on at a hurried pace till they came to a small door beneath something like a stable loft. Bramble knocked, and as a man in the dress of a servant opened the door, he asked:

"Are any of the gentlemen above?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, and Bramble and Joey ascended to the upper storey by something that appeared to be a kind of compromise between a step-ladder and a stairs.

Leaving the dog-fancier with the company whom we found here, and whose character it may be stated was none of the most respectable, Bramble hired a chaise, and drove to a stately mansion in one of the fashionable quarters of the city.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUTHORSHIP AND £ S. D.

NOW-a-days it must be a subject of congratulation for *litterateurs* that authors—at least those having any pretension to the title—do not illustrate the old popular idea of what a writer should be; a miserable dyspeptic wretch, out of elbows, out of toes, out of credit, and more than half out of his wits. It has been said that poor Otway, the dramatist, was choked by a morsel of crust which he swallowed quickly, to allay the pangs of hunger, but we believe this version of the cause of his death to be erroneous. To be sure, though, J. Howard Payne, author of "Home, sweet home," has complained—and complained truly—how frequently he had been in the heart of London, Paris, Berlin, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or hand-organs playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay his head. "The world," he remarked on one occasion to a friend, "has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its memory. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood; my country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." Fortunately, however, for the sake of the universe of letters, such cases as Payne's are isolated examples of the world's

neglect of its men of genius, as a few examples of how some *litterateurs* were and are rewarded will tend to prove.

Dryden received £1300, for his translation of Virgil, and Pope nearly £6,000 for his Homer. By the "Beggars Opera," Gay netted £1,600. Churchill, the poet, realized almost fabulous sums by his satires. Fielding received £700, in all, for his "Tom Jones," and £1,000 for "Amelia." For his "History of England" Smollett received upwards of £2,000. The second part of Gibbon's "History of Rome" produced him £5,000. Dr. Robertson received £4,500 for his "History of Charles V. of Spain." Hume was in the receipt of immense sums for his historical writings. By his "Ossian" and "Great Britain" Macpherson cleared no less than £4,200. For his "Dictionary" Dr. Johnson received £1,575, and his biographer, Boswell, £1,000 for his life of the "leviathan of literature." One can scarcely credit the fact of Hannah More receiving for her writings, from first to last, the enormous sum of £30,000. The immortal "Vicar of Wakefield" only produced Oliver Goldsmith £60, while in a single year he netted £1,800 by his comedies. For his "Seasons," from first to last, Thomson received about 600 guineas. For four separate books of travel Sir John Carr (alluded to in "Half an Hour at Ringsend," in our last number) received the sum of £1,900. Thomas Moore was paid £1,000 for the "Loves of the Angels," and not less than 3,000 guineas for his "Lalla Rookh"—a neat little edition of which has just been published in Dublin for *fourpence*. For many years he was in the receipt of £500 a-year by the sale of the "Irish Melodies," and it was understood that for some years preceding his decease, the Messrs. Longman paid him an annuity of £300 for his entire copyrights. The "Pleasures of Hope" only contains eleven hundred lines, yet Campbell received in all for it the sum of 900 guineas. He had £600 a year for the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine." Southey received £100 for each review article he wrote for the "Quarterly," and, according to his own account, he could write one in a few days. Sir Walter Scott received from £5,000 to £8,000 for each of his best novels, and £12,000 for his "Life of Napoleon," which was at the rate of £33 a day for the entire period occupied in its composition. After his failure he realised by his pen £70,000 in four years! For one of his smaller poems, written in three nights, Byron received from Murray 500 guineas. For her "France in 1839," the late Lady Morgan received 2,000 guineas. Bulwer received £1,600 for his "Harold," and the same sum for his "Rienzi," written in two months. Captain Marryat acquired, in all, fully £2,000 from "Peter Simple," and from £1,000 to £1,500 for some of his other fictions. Harrison Ainsworth got £1,000 for his "Jack Sheppard," and a similar sum from the proprietors of the "Sun Day Times" for "Old Saint Paul's," before they had seen a line of it. For "Nicholas Nickleby" Charles Dickens received £5,000, and for one of his "Christmas Carols," written, according to literary gossip, in a fortnight, £1,500.

There is no doubt that John Milton, blind, and penniless, sold "Paradise Lost" for five pounds, but, after the above list of what rich prizes fall to the lot of authorship, who will say that men and women of genius have any reason to complain that literature is a barren pursuit? What a modern book can cost may be gleaned from some statistics related by Mr. Black, M.P., of Edinburgh, in the course of a speech made at a dinner given by him to the contributors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," not long since. Throwing aside shillings and pence, he stated that he had expended on the seventh and eighth editions of that work:—To authors, £40,970; cost of paper, £52,503; printing and stereotyping, £36,708; copperplate engraving and printing, £18,277; binding, £22,613; advertising, £11,081; sundries, £2,269. The paper duty on the two editions, calculated at 1½d. per pound, was £8,573, or about 17s. 3d. per copy. Altogether, a total of £184,425 11s. 4d. Rather a tidy sum this for one work to cost!

THE MALIGNED.—This is one of the world's mysteries, that one walks among us who seems to have a ban set upon him or her, without any positive reason which can be assigned. All have something to say about them; none can bring any proof of ill; yet on they toil to the end of their pilgrimage, unknown and misjudged. Then it is that Heaven, which has known, judges them, and perhaps may say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

THE RESCUED BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE CUMMERAGHS.



HERE is not in all Ireland a range of mountains grander, more savage, and, at the same time more abounding in the elements of the picturesque, than the Cumberagh— that gigantic tier of summits, which, beginning in abrupt bluffs and swells beside the “lovely sweet banks of the Suir,” stretch south ward through the county Waterford,

and slope down to the very seaboard beside Dungarvan. The wild territory embraced in this range is an unknown land to the tourist. Yet here nature can be contemplated in all its grandeur, and the traveller who ventures to explore those wild scenes, when he returns to his comfortable hotel in one of the adjacent towns, will scarcely fail to express his satisfaction at what he has witnessed. Commencing at the romantic valley of Glenpatrick, near

Clonmel, should he make a circuit round the entire range, he will meet about a dozen lakes or tarns, some of considerable extent, and each with a name suggestive of its own peculiar characteristic. Over these solitary lakes the mighty crags rise in perpendicular ridges, in many cases to the height of several hundred yards, and throw their black shadows upon the still and lifeless water beneath. Nothing can be grander than to stand upon the desert shore, strewn with its naked boulders, and gaze up to the stony pinnacles overhead, where the hawk whistles shrilly as he prepares to dart upon his prey, and the gray eagle expands his strong pinions, and floats majestically upward through the blue, silent, summer sky.

The wanderer who wishes to obtain a true idea of solitude has only to ascend to the highest point of one of those giant summits and look around him. There nature seems entirely dead. No sound will break upon his ears upon a calm day save the drowsy hum of the mountain bee, rising like the low tone of a fairy trumpet in the distance, and dying away again over the golden moss or purple heather, only to render the solitude more silent than before. But a calm day is of very rare occurrence in those elevated spots. When the wind is strong, wild and indefinable impressions of vastness, awe, and loneliness will crowd through the tourist's brain, as he sits upon some fragment of rock looking at the black volumes of cloud flying before the gathering storm, and listening to the blast booming amid the fissured crags, and whirling and bounding from the sharp edge of the ridge down upon the lowland moors and deserted valleys.

This region is rich in legendary lore and tradition. The enchanted prince O'Donoghue is said to hold state beneath the blue waters of Killarney, the great earl, Garret of Desmond, abides with his spell-bound knights and barons in a cave beside the sunny waters of Lough Gur, amid the broad champaign of Limerick, and according to the same popular belief, O'Brien of the Silken Bridle has made his home in a vast pinnacled crag that rises like some ancient and barbaric castle at the entrance of Coum Airach, a savage, rugged, solitary, and basin-shaped valley, containing three small tarns or lakes, and appearing as if it had been scooped out by the hand of some Titan of old from the breast of Moneyvolla, or the Boggy Summit, one of the most elevated mountains of the great Cumberagh range. Many a strange tale is told of this enchanted prince. The peasantry still firmly believe that on certain nights he rides down the mountains at the head of his mailed warriors, as if to make a progress through his principality, and, not content with

this, many of them will tell you that they have had actual ocular demonstration of the reality of these nocturnal pageantries.

“What's the name of that rock?” said I one day to a young peasant girl, whom I met by the shore of the Clydach, a stream that has its source amid the steep Cumberagh valleys. I pointed to the huge crag at the entrance of Coum Airach.

“Sure, sir,” answered she, “I thought everyone knew that. That's the palace of O'Brien, the fairy prince o' the Cumberaghs.”

“Is he ever seen in these parts?” I asked again.

“Wisha, faith, he is, sir,” she replied; “an' I have good reason to know, for I seen him myself wid all his men, last November eve!”

“That's more than I thought anyone in the whole county could say. Where did you see him?”

“I'll tell you how it was, sir,” she resumed. “Myself an' Nancy Power, our servant girl, went down to the ford, beyant there, late that night, to bring home a can o' water. I was just goin' to raise the can upon Nancy's head, when we both heard a sound upon the lonesome road that lades down from the mountains to the ford. It was for all the world like the tinklin' o' bells. You may be sure we got afeard the minnit we heard it, an' both of us ran into the grove beside the ford to see what would happen. We waited there for some time, till the tinklin' an' jinglin' became louder an' louder, an' at last what did we see comin' down the road in the moonlight but a long string o' horsemen, like an army, with the most beautiful young man in the world ridin' in front o' them, his sword in his hand, an' a mighty lot entirely of darlin' blue feathers wavin' on the steel cap he wore on his head. The horsemen that followed had also their swords drawn, an' every man o' them—the young gentleman an' all—wore blue cloaks, on dher which, as they passed the ford, we could see their bright steel jackets glittherin' in the moonlight. Their brides an' trappings were all jinglin' an' ringin' wid grandeur, as they came down an' began to cross the stream. Nancy an' I were shiverin' wid fear as we looked out upon them, but they spoke never a word, an' they looked neither to the right nor to the left, but passed on till they were all across the ford. They then wound up the bridle path to the mountains, towards Coum Airach, an' when they reached the mouth o' that valley we lost sight o' them altogether. I suppose they shut themselves up in the Palace till next November Eve!”

There are, however, stranger tales even than the above connected with O'Brien's fairy palace.

Many and many a year ago, as the story-tellers have it, there lived at the foot of the Cumberagh mountains a rich farmer, named Dunlevie, who had one daughter. Mary Dunlevie was a very beautiful girl—just as good as she was handsome—and as she was known to have a good fortune, her hand was sought in marriage by many of the richest young farmers in the barony. But it was hard to please her in a husband. At last, however, a wooer came in the person of Tom Power of Glenora, who pleased both father and daughter. The match was soon made, the wedding-day came on, and they were married. Tom Power was the happiest man in the county, and when the day of the “Hauling Home”—in other words, the day of the removal of the bride to her husband's dwelling—there never was such a “let out,” as the peasantry call it, in the pleasant valley of Glenora.

Three days after the “Hauling Home” Mary disappeared mysteriously from her husband's house. None knew whither she had gone, or what had befallen her. Search was made throughout the whole county, and even her distracted husband went across the Suir to search for her through the fertile plains of Tipperary, but still no traces of her could be found. At last poor Tom, in his despair, paid a visit to a celebrated Fairy-man, or herb doctor, who lived in Glenpatrick, and asked him for tidings of his missing bride.

“If you came to me before,” said the Fairy-man, “you'd have but little trouble in finding her; but now I fear it is too late.”

“Why is it too late?” asked Tom. “Just tell me where she is—you'll be paid well for it—for if I once knew, no mortal man would keep me from bringing her back!”

“Alas!” answered the spæman, “she is at present in no mortal hands. Tom Power,” he added solemnly, “your wife is at this moment in O'Brien's palace, nursing the young fairy prince that was born the other day; it is now the first of March. You'll have to wait I fear till May-eve before you'll get a chance of bringing her back. Meantime, take this little purse. It is full of the dust of a certain kind of blossom that has great power. If you can throw that

dust upon your wife's head, she will be restored to you, so you had better watch near the palace as often as you can. You may see her even before May-eve!"

It is needless to say that Tom watched the rock incessantly for many a weary day and night. At last, although May-eve had not yet come, he began to despair of seeing her, and to place less faith in the story of the spaeman. He was soon convinced, however, of its truth. One morning at sunrise, while sitting upon a crag in front of the fairy palace, he saw a small, but intensely bright rainbow resting before him, upon the surface of the outer turn of the valley. Underneath this, a figure, at first shapeless, rose into view, and becoming at each successive moment more and more substantial and distinct, at length assumed the lineaments of a young female of surpassing loveliness. She was wrapt in a light robe of blue, all spangled over with bright glistening little spots like stars. Her long, golden hair fell down in glossy ringlets upon her shoulders, and her face—nothing that Tom's imagination ever bodied forth appeared to him so beautiful. He sat spell-bound, half-conscious of having seen the lovely face before. And yet the glamour of enchantment was upon him, for he could not recognise it. The figure still stood lightly upon the glassy water. At length turning towards him, she advanced a few steps, stretched out her arms to him, as if imploring his aid, and then began to recede. When she had reached the middle of the lake, the rainbow slowly melting away, mingled with the light morning vapours. Once more she turned, stretched forward her arms, and then gliding over the water, disappeared beside the fairy rock. In an instant Tom's recollection returned.—

"My wife! my wife!" he cried in a frantic tone, as he now stretched out his arms unavailingly.

But his beloved one was gone, and he was fated to watch many another weary day and night ere he caught a glimpse of her again.

But Tom was duly grateful to the spaeman. He paid a visit to Glenpatrick, and gave the wise old fellow a round sum of money, saying at the same time, that should he succeed in recovering his wife, he would more than double the amount there and then.

"Watch well," said the spaemen, "and you will bring her back."

Tom did watch well, and the day before May-eve caught another glimpse of his wife, still more blooming and beautiful than ever, as she stood beneath another rainbow on the lake. The night gave new hope and energy to his heart, and that day he paid another visit to Glenpatrick, and gave the wise man twice the amount of money he had given before.

"Now," said the spaemen, "to-morrow night it will be impossible for you to see the fairy palace without my help. When you go up to the mountains take the path that leads by Lough Mora, and never show a faint heart at what may happen you on your way."

May-eve came, and in its dim twilight Tom took the path the wise man had told him of to the mountains. As he reached the shore of Lough Mora, a boundary ditch between two estates stretched before him. He climbed the fence, and gave a bound to reach the green turf at the other side, but instead of reaching the ground, alighted upon the back of a huge black horse, which seemed as if it had arisen from the solid earth beneath. And now by the glaring eyes of the animal, and the thundering sound of its hoofs, Tom knew that he was on the back of the Phooka, or phantom horse of Lough Mora. Remembering the parting advice of the old spaeman, he kept up his heart, stooped forward, clutched the long flying mane of the phantom steed, and thus holding on, prepared himself for the terrible run that he knew was before him. Away darted the Phooka, now doubling and rearing, now floundering and splashing through the quagmires of the low grounds, now rushing quick as lightning up the hills again and across the giant crags, or plunging through lake and torrent, till, after what appeared almost an age to his rider, he stopped suddenly, reared on his fore legs, and pitched poor Tom into a dark, damp hollow in what seemed to him the midst of a wide and unknown forest. With a loud neigh of triumph he then disappeared.

Tom sprang to his feet, shook himself, and finding himself unhurt, looked around him. Above him still towered the savage crests of the mountains, with their yawning valleys between. Up to one

of these latter, which Tom recognised but too well, he saw a bright and noble road leading through the sloping forest, and down this was walking at a stately and leisurely pace, a withered little atomy of a man, with a cocked hat and a beautiful bagpipes under his arm. Tom waited in wonder till the little man had reached where he was standing.

"A happy May-eve to you, Tom Power," said the little fellow as he came, with a dignified and polite bow.

"The same to you, sir," returned Tom. "May I ask you where that road leads to?"

"Why you omadhawn," answered the little atomy, much hurt, "oughn't you know by this, that it lades to the palace of O'Brien of the Silken Bridle. Howsomdever, come on. I'll lade the way, and the devil may care who pays the piper!"

With that he put his instrument in order and marched up the bright road, Tom following.

"What tune do you like?" asked he, turning suddenly round.

"The 'wind that shakes the barley,'" answered Tom, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Tis a lucky tune!" rejoined the atomy, and with that he struck it up with a joyousness, that made Tom as if he could fight all the fairy princes in the world for the sake of his lost wife.

"Now," said the little piper, as he finished the tune, "I'd play you up the tidiest *moneen* you ever heard in your life, only I havn't time. Look up. There is the palace afore your eyes. One you know bid me to tell you to stand in the porch, an' wait till the company comes out upon the lawn. You'll see your wife comin' out with them. A word is as good as a sermon. You have the purse o' Lusmore dust in your waistcoat pocket. All I can say is, use it when you see your wife!" With that he struck up the "cricket's rambles through the hob," on his instrument, and marched straight back again down the road, on which he soon disappeared.

The fairy palace was now blazing in all its splendour before Tom's astonished eyes. He ran over to the ground porch, and concealing himself behind a tall pillar, stood waiting for the revellers within to make their appearance. He had not long to wait, for in a few moments a splendid train of lords and ladies began to make their exit from the palace, in order to have a moonlight dance upon the green lawn outside. Tom's heart bounded, as he at last saw his wife with the baby prince in her arm, walking out in the midst of the procession. He had emptied the contents of the purse into his hand, and now waited cautiously till his wife came opposite to where he stood. Then in an instant he cast the whole handful of Lusmore dust upon her head. The moment he did so, a wild and angry yell burst through the hollow chambers of the palace, the fairy babe was snatched away, the bright throng disappeared, and Tom Power and his wife found themselves standing alone and clasped in each other's arms at the foot of the mighty rock that guards the entrance to Coum Airach!

There was joy once more in Glenora, and it need not be said, that Tom Power did not forget his promise to the successful spaeman.

R. D. J.

"SAVE THE MARK!"—The origin and precise meaning of this phrase have been explained as referring to archery. When the archer was seen to have aimed and shot well, and while the arrow was speeding on its course, the spectators in their excitement, exclaimed, "Save the mark!" or "God save the mark!" intimating thereby that the mark was in imminent danger of being hit. And on the contrary, when the archer was but a novice, and shot wide, they shouted, "Save the mark!" derisively and ironically. It is, we believe, in an ironical and derisive sense that the phrase at present is usually employed; for instance, in expressing dissent from a strange opinion, or exaggerated statement. It is to be observed, that a hawk, "when she waited at a place where she had laid game," was said to *keep her mark*; and the sign placed on houses to indicate the presence of the plague was termed *God's mark*; and from either of these expressions conjecture might deduce a plausible explanation of the phrase.—*Notes and Queries*. [We incline to the belief that this expression originated from the ancient coin known as a "mark." Any one actuated by a penurious spirit might be said to have done this or that, but (derisively) to have "saved the mark."]

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH WAS INTENDED TO HAVE CONTAINED AN ACCOUNT OF A CERTAIN LITTLE DINNER PARTY, BUT WHICH IN REALITY TREATS OF VERY DIFFERENT SUBJECTS—LITERATURE IN GENERAL AND THE "ILLUSTRATED DUBLIN JOURNAL" IN PARTICULAR—MRS. JONES'S GRIEVANCE—TOGETHER WITH SOME ELOQUENT REFLECTIONS AND STRIKING CONSIDERATIONS THEREUPON.



BEFORE I return to a further consideration of the interesting subject to which I have already several times presumed, courteous reader, to draw your attention, I must first, with your kind permission, devote a few, a very few, words more to Snobbins.

Shortly after my second paper, in which you may remember that I spoke of Snobbins, made its appearance in the columns of "THE ILLUSTRATED DUBLIN JOURNAL," I happened to meet Snobbins in the street. He immediately came up and shook hands, quite friendly; but I saw that something was wrong, he looked so cross; and you may easily imagine that I made a very shrewd guess what it was that had disturbed the equanimity of my friend's temper.

"Going this way?" says Snobbins, pointing down Sackville-street.

"Yes," says I, whereupon we linked and went on together. After some unimportant remarks on the very beautiful state of the weather, and the very foul state of the Liffey, (we happened to be on Carlisle Bridge at the time, and as the day was hot, you can imagine the rest), we walked on for a few seconds in silence.

"Seen this new Journal?" inquires Snobbins, in a very grumpy tone of voice.

"Yes," says I.

"Low thing," says Snobbins.

"Hum!" says I.

"Know any of the writers?" asks Snobbins, in the same grumpy voice.

"Intimately," says I, whereupon Snobbins pulled in a little.

After a while he goes on again:

"Who's this 'Incog'?" asks he, with an assumed carelessness of manner, which, however, didn't in the least deceive me. "Don't happen to know him, do you?"

"Why, yes," says I, "I happen to know him rather intimately," which you, dear reader, who are in the secret, will at once admit that I was quite justified in saying.

"Oh, indeed," says Snobbins, pricking up his ears, (again I beg your pardon for using such very homely expressions), who is he? what's his name?"

"Sworn to secrecy," says I; "bound not to mention."

"Oh, it's of no consequence," says Snobbins, with the same assumed carelessness. "Low fellow—decidedly low—a mere buffoon."

"Beg your pardon," says I, with some little warmth. "I beg your pardon, Snobbins, but as I said just now, I happen to know the gentleman, and I can safely say that he is one of the most gentlemanly fellows with whom I have the happiness to be acquainted."

This you may think was coming it "rather strong," but just call to mind the circumstances, and you will readily make allowance for what might otherwise appear a somewhat vain and complacent mode of expression. Moreover, you know that it didn't become me in such a case to cry "foul fish," and I wasn't going to do it either.

"Perhaps so," answers Snobbins in the same contemptuous manner. "At all events it's of no consequence—not the least."

"Glad to hear it," says I, and again we walked on in silence for some few seconds.

I knew what was on Snobbins's mind, and so made all due allowance for the excited state of his feelings. It was but natural that I should, for the moment, feel a little annoyed to hear myself spoken of as "low—decidedly low—a mere buffoon;" but, remembering the provocation which he had received, I made, as I have just said, all due allowance, and contrived in a very short time to smooth down my ruffled feathers.

By this time I fancy it had begun to dawn upon the mind of Snobbins that I might myself be one of the writers for the "Journal," for he turned round quite suddenly and looked me in the face.

"I say, old fellow," said he, calling me by my own name, which I need scarcely say is one of a much more euphonious character than "Incog." "I say, you don't write for the thing yourself, do you?"

"Why, yes," I made answer, "I write an odd little thing now and then, when I have a little spare time, which, as you know, doesn't often happen."

"Well," said Snobbins, with a deeply sympathising, but at the same time, somewhat disgusted air, "well, I am surprised," (he didn't know, poor fellow, that I was aware of the fact of his having written an article for the identical Journal, which had been rejected; still less did he guess that I was the veritable "Incog," whom he had been so thoroughly abusing.) "Well, I am surprised," he repeated shaking his head despondingly the while, "that you should have lowered yourself so far as to write for a common penny paper. With your talents, too, and after the success of your last work. If any one had told it to me, I shouldn't have believed the report—give you my word, I shouldn't have believed it possible," and he wagged his poor old head harder than ever.

I longed, I must confess, to "smash" him at once, by asking whether he had ever heard of "sour grapes," but I restrained myself, and condescended to argue the point with him, with, I think I may safely venture to say, considerable good temper.

"Well, now, Snobbins," said I, putting my argument into shape, "why shouldn't I write for this Journal? Just tell me that. I know from my own experience that there are countless numbers of readers, who are wasting their time, even if they are doing no worse, upon literature, if indeed it may be so called, which proposes to itself no other end than the excitement of unholy passions, and the gratification of a morbid and enervating taste. Remember what Blanchard Jerrold said, viz.: "that up to this time, the new journals which cheap paper has brought into existence, are weeds rather than flowers." Whilst I am certain that countless thousands of readers are giving themselves up to the allurements of false literature of this kind, I am equally sure that there are thousands of them, who, could they easily and cheaply procure literature which would be amusing, while its tone would be healthy and moral, would readily forsake the false stimulant for the wholesome fare, but who will cling to the drug so long as the genuine article is not brought within their reach. Now, I believe, Snobbins," said I, warming into my subject, "that in contributing to the columns of "The Illustrated Dublin Journal," I am contributing to a Journal of this healthy tone which we so much require. In devoting my few spare moments to this purpose, I firmly believe that I am contributing to the rational amusement, instruction, and I humbly trust, with the help of God, edification, of the hundreds of thousands of readers whom I am proud to know that the "Dublin Journal" already numbers; and if this be true, and deny it, if you can, Snobbins, I must say that I am not aware of any law, either divine or human, forbidding my co-operation in such a work as this; and if you are aware of any such impediment, I should be glad to hear it—that's all."

Snobbins hadn't a word to say, so he only wagged his head harder than ever, and directed his attention to the caricature of poor Tommy Moore, erected close to Trinity College, and which we were just passing.

He began again, however, in a minute or two. "Incog," said he, "I didn't say anything about the "Dublin Journal" not being a healthy and strictly moral publication. I don't know enough of the thing," he went on, poor hypocrite, "to presume to pass judgment upon it. It may be all that you say it is, or it may be quite the contrary. I know nothing about that. What I said was, that it is a low thing to write for a penny paper, and that I was astonished to hear that you were doing any such thing. Of course, it's all a matter of taste, I merely give you my opinion, and you can take it for what it is worth."

"Snobbins," said I, withdrawing my arm from his with a sudden jerk, and turning round face to face with him, "Snobbins," said I, "don't be a muff. If I can do good to my readers, and at the same time put a few pounds into my own pocket, (and I brought this latter point forward, because I knew that it would "touch" him in a tender place, and by this time, I confess, that I was becoming "vicious,") what matter does it make, in the name of goodness, whether it be through the medium of a really good paper, which can

afford to be sold at a penny on account of its enormous circulation, or of some more pretentious article which is consecrated to a limited number of worshippers of pomposity and stupidity, at the rate of half-a-crown a month. Look at Wilkie Collins," cried I, indignantly. "Look at Charles Dickens himself! Look at all our giants of literature! Are they not all writing in cheap papers? and when such giants as they are not ashamed to lead, is it any disgrace for pignies like you and me, Snobbins, to endeavour to follow at an humble distance? Snobbins," cried I, more indignantly than ever, "I am astonished to hear a man of your common sense talking such utter 'bosh'—I wish you good morning, Sir."

We shook hands sulkily enough, and parted. At that very moment the demon of mischief, I am sorry to say, overcame me to a certain extent, and caused me to behave in a very ungentlemanly manner towards Snobbins, to whom I now offer this public apology.

Just as Snobbins had turned his back, I called after him, and he stopped. "Snobbins," said I, with an appearance of cordiality, which, of course I couldn't, at that moment, and after the provocation I had received, be expected to feel. "Snobbins," said I, "take care of your health, old boy. I hear that there's a good deal of cholera morbus stirring. Beware of *sour fruit*—*sour grapes*, especially," I added, I must confess, maliciously. *Mea culpa*. "I am afraid they might injure you. Sour grapes, I have been told," I went on, "are peculiarly unwholesome. Beware of them."

Snobbins answered not a word, but he became very red in the face, and I knew that he understood and felt the allusion. My triumph, a wicked and malicious triumph I admit, was complete. Poor Snobbins turned hastily away, muttering something between his teeth about people minding their own business, and I went home in such a very good humour, that I so far forgot myself as to invite Mrs. Squeezer to take tea with me that very evening—an invitation which I repented of almost as soon as I had given it. I need scarcely say that my invitation was graciously accepted by Mrs. Squeezer, who knocked at my door punctual to the moment, and entered, followed, of course, by my mortal enemy, the cat, to which I have had occasion feelingly to allude more than once in the course of these papers. The nasty animal, after eyeing me in a disdainful and contemptuous manner for a moment or two, at once took possession of my hearth-rug, where he remained the whole evening, warming himself at my fire, with the exception of some short intervals during the course of the meal to which I had invited Mrs. Squeezer, (but *not* her cat,) when he was plentifully regaled with my muffins by his loving mistress. When he had been thoroughly gorged with muffins and cream, he lay down to rest before my fire with a kind of an "I'm the monarch of all I survey" air; and, judging from the gyrations of his enormous tail, I have no reason to doubt that his dreams were of a pleasing character. I thought ever so often during the evening that I would willingly give a considerable sum to see a good large live coal start out from the grate, and fall upon him in some tender part of his carcass, as he lay extended at full stretch upon my new hearth-rug. No such accident, I am sorry to say, occurred during the evening. Having been so rash as to invite Mrs. Squeezer, (but *not* her cat, I again emphatically repeat,) to tea, I was bound to play the civil and polite to my guest. The task was an irksome one, but I trust that I discharged it in a gentlemanly and becoming manner. Mrs. Squeezer partook during the evening of brandy and water, which I took care to prepare, "hot, sweet, and strong," and remained until the clock struck ten, when murmuring something about "evening devotions," she rose to her feet, (and so did the cat,) and bidding me "good evening," (Mrs. Squeezer I mean, and not the cat; he only whisked his tail, and gave utterance to several of his contemptuous purrs,) my amiable landlady graciously retired with 7s. 6d. in her pocket, of which she had cheated me during the evening at cribbage.

But, to return to Snobbins, and his parting exclamation, "Let people mind their own business"—oh! there it is—if people would but mind their own business; but the misery is, that they *won't*, and no amount of argument seems sufficient to bring about this much-desired result. Oh! what an Elysium this hum-drum old world of ours would become if people would but mind their own business! How happy Mrs. Jones would be, if Mrs. Jenkins would but leave her alone, and not criticise her new bonnet, and the general style of her dress. Poor Mrs. Jones isn't so well off as Mrs. Jenkins, and

Mrs. Jenkins's maid has, by direction of her mistress, learnt from Mrs. Jones's cook, that her mistress is in the habit of having her silk dresses cleaned, and of practising other pieces of economy, which Mrs. Jenkins considers "low," but for which I, taking into account the struggling circumstances of poor Jones, and their large family of young children, admire and honour poor Mrs. Jones, for she is striving, poor thing, to keep up decent appearances, and she finds it a very hard fight; and yet, I know, that one day when Jones met me at an auction, and took me home to dinner, without notice, Mrs. Jones ran up stairs, and put on her best cap, and came down to their little drawing-room with a pleasant smile upon her face, and a kindly welcome for her husband's friend. I knew well enough that she couldn't help being anxious about the dinner, so I said, "Now, my dear Mrs. Jones, I beg that you won't put yourself to any inconvenience on my account. Jones insisted on my coming home with him, but I would never have consented to do so, if I hadn't been convinced that you would make no stranger of me. What is good enough for you and Jones, my dear madam, is quite good enough for me; and I have nothing at home but a piece of cold beef steak." She gracefully murmured some little apology, and, taking my arm, we went down to dinner. There was no attempt at false display. We had the shank end of a cold leg of mutton, and a nice juicy beef-steak, with vegetables *ad lib*. Then followed a tart, which had evidently come from the confectioner's round the corner. Jones brought out a bottle of his cheap claret, telling me, like a man, that it *was* cheap, but adding, in his own honest, manly way, that it was the best he had, and that if he had better he would treat me to it; and after this, do you suppose that I cared about its being cheap, or that I made wry faces over it, because it was not so good as that which I got at other men's houses? I insisted upon the children being allowed to dine with us, and when, in due time, poor little things, they came and put up their innocent young faces to be kissed before they went to bed, I felt that Jones, spite of his poverty and struggles, had a right to be a happy man; and, when at length I took my leave, after some pleasant music from Mrs. J., I went home in a very 'genial' frame of mind, and feeling that I had seldom spent a more cheerful and happy evening. And yet, because Mrs. Jenkins has, meanly I consider, discovered some of poor Mrs. Jones's endeavours to make "ends meet," and has retailed these discoveries, with her own additions, to all the gossiping ladies whom she visits, poor Mrs. Jones has in consequence been rendered miserable and unhappy. Oh! if people would but mind their own business, how much happier we should all be? What an amount of misery would be avoided!

But, Mrs. Jones, don't you mind. Don't you allow yourself to be rendered unhappy by these malicious or idle twaddlers. Think of your husband, the honest, manly, generous-hearted fellow! Think of the dear little children who nestle round your knee, and look up into your face as only children can look into a mother's face; and your little ingenious contrivances to "make ends meet," shall be sanctified and blessed with a blessing, of which all the poison of a thousand Mrs. Jenkins's tongues can never rob them; and I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, that I would rather ride down Sackville-street in a common cab with you, nay, even on an outside car, than with Mrs. Jenkins in her chariot, though it is lined with silk, and though her flunkies are bedizened within an inch of their lives with gold lace and such gimcrack finery.

Oh! if people would but mind their own business, as Snobbins remarked to me. If Snobbins had minded his own business, he wouldn't have introduced the conversation which I have recorded at the beginning of this paper. I shouldn't have retorted about the "sour grapes;" and instead of parting, as I am sorry to say we did, we might at this moment be smoking the calumet of peace, as we often did together in days of yore, but which, I am inclined to think, we shall not again do for some time to come.

Well might the poet so feelingly sing—

"What, shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, an' states,
Maid, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters!"

Oh! again I repeat, if people would but mind their own business. Mrs. Jenkins says, if I had minded my own business, I shouldn't have penned my nasty, slanderous libels about her; but she understands it all. She remembers the day when a nasty fellow was taken home to their house by Jenkins, without her permission, to dinner, and when the said fellow was sent off again dinnerless; and she despises both him and his observations, and she will do as she pleases, and criticise her neighbours as she thinks fit, without asking his permission, and let *him* mind *his* own business, and a great deal more to the same effect.

Oh! Mrs. Jenkins, I apologise, I humbly beg your pardon. I am prepared to do anything but retract; but I cannot retract, partly because what I have said is true, and partly because my article is already printed, and the copyright belongs to the conductor of this magazine, whom I cannot prevail upon to give it up to me, that I may destroy it. Snobbins, old fellow, here is my hand. Come to my heart. Forget and forgive, and I will even go so far as to speak a good word for you to my friend the Editor of the Journal. I confess that I have been in fault. I haven't minded my own business—*meá culpa*.

But, courteous reader, I must stop. When I sat down to write this paper, it was with a full intention of devoting it to a true, unvarnished account of a certain little dinner which I gave, or, to speak more correctly, which I *tried* to give, when I first took up my abode with Mrs. Squeezer, but now see whither the few introductory remarks which I intended to make have led me! As I don't exactly know what I *might* have said in the paper which I intended to write, I can't, of course, inform you with any degree of certainty whether it would have been more interesting than the one which I *have* written; but, as the young gentleman who is familiarly known as the printer's devil is waiting at my door for the article which is due from me, and as I know by the noise he is making with his knuckles on the panels of my "oak," that he is becoming somewhat impatient, I must beg of you to accept the present instalment in place of what I intended to give you, and I promise that you shall have, at my earliest opportunity, a full, true, and circumstantial account of my first dinner party under Mrs. Squeezer's hospitable roof.

INCOG.

P.S.—Mrs. Squeezer is evidently reading every number of the Journal as it comes out. She has, in a highly inflamed state about the nose, just looked into my room to say that she sees that that vile fellow is at his dirty work still. She knows whom he is alluding to, with his rigmorle stories about cats, and latch-keys, and such like trash, but he had better mind what he is about. A nasty fellow! (feller she pronounces it!) Although she is *only* a poor defenceless widow, she will let him know that she is not to be trampled upon with impunity, and if there's law to be had on him, she will have it, though it cost her her last farthing. She'll teach him to mind *his* own business at all events, and a great deal more to the same effect.

I sympathized deeply, *of course*, but ushered out my excited landlady as soon as possible.

EILEEN BÁN.

I.

My dear little Eileen is sweeter to me
Than the odorous flowers of the May-thorn tree;
She has hair golden fair, she has skin like the swan,
And what shall I say to my Eileen Bán?

II.

My dear little Eileen in coarse garb is drest,
Yet it looks ever new, and it seems ever best,
For she's fair, neat, and bright, in whate'er she has on,
And what shall I say to my Eileen Bán?

III.

My dear little Eileen has a heart full of love,
And I scarce think of earth or of heaven above,
But the grace of her face, from the night to the dawn,
And what shall I say to my Eileen Bán?

IV.

I think she's an angel that dropt on the earth,
With her soft sunny smiles and her sweet laugh of mirth,
And I've oft thoughts of fear that she'll some time be gone,
And what shall I say to my Eileen Bán?

V.

I'll meet her next Sunday by fair Avondhu,
When I'll ask her to love me, and marry me too,
And to rove in the grove till the twilight comes on—
And that's what I'll say to my Eileen Bán!

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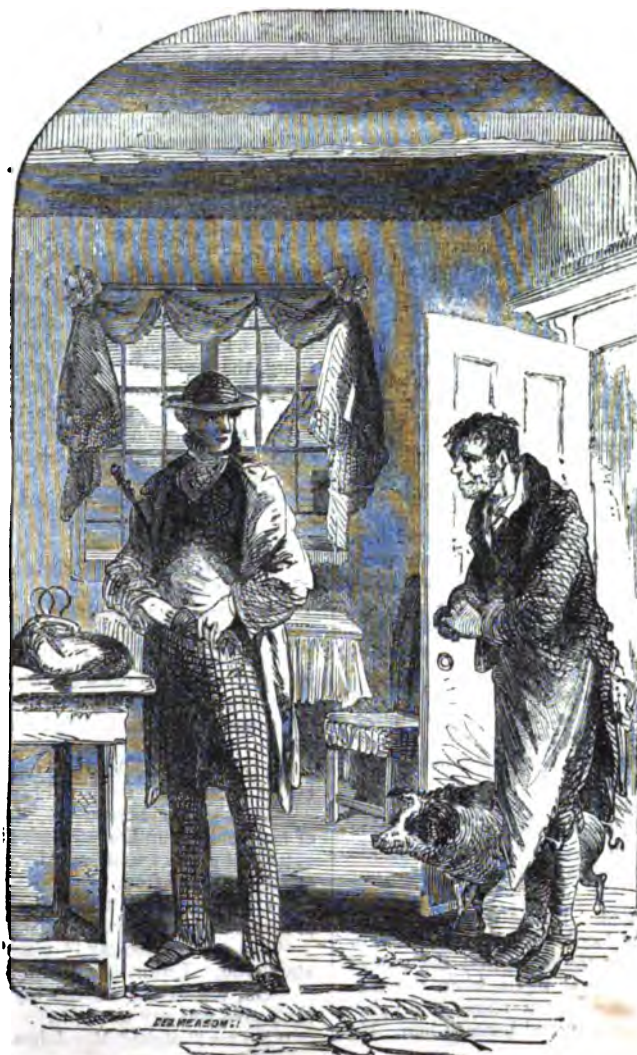
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OR, THE VOLUPTUARY CURED.**
BY GERALD GRIFFIN.



Hang thieves, but I think a nobleman of pleasure would deserve hanging better. The poor pilferer in a dwelling-house may be in a state of starvation at the time when he lays a trembling finger on a silver waiter; but the nobleman plunders at his ease, against his own interest, and that of his country.

She has permitted him to hold a quantity of wealth, sufficient to enable him to spend his life in the study of her laws and government—to travel through other lands, and render himself master of all that is worthy of imitation in their customs and institutions. She has, moreover, invested him with a rank and title that shall confer dignity on all his proceedings, and assist him in filling, with the due effect, his place in the legislature, while they enable him to exercise that influence on the minds of the people, which is necessary to keep them in awe of justice. Conceive, therefore, what is the honesty of a man, who, born to the inheritance of those hon-



"SCARCE AND GENTEEL, SIR, SCARCE AND GENTEEL IS THE WAY WITH US."

ours, and those duties, neglects the one, and compromises the other, by a life of indolence and inaction. Yet such, and worse than such, is, I believe, the life of a large portion of the aristocracy. All, or nearly all, the great benefits which are rendered to the State proceed from the body of the people, while a great body of the aristocracy scarcely fill a more useful place than that of shining at a court gala, or drawing room—smirking and cringing in the train of a hired opera singer—filling up half a column of a newspaper, for the amusement of those who take an interest in the migrations of butterflies—and serving the purpose of a mighty outlet, through which the tide of the nation's existence ebbs rapidly away.

The young Lord Ulla was one of those negative plunderers of the State. He had passed his majority without effecting any benefit either to his country or to himself, and did not then seem anxious to repair the time which he had lost. Unfortunately for his own peace, his wealth was so excessive, as to leave no enjoyment, that he cared to indulge in, beyond his reach. From the highest scenes of dissipation, to the lowest of profligacy, he had left none untried, and all alike had ceased to gratify him. He became indolent and apathetic, and found himself, before the beard was yet black upon his lip, in the condition of a man satiated with the enjoyments of sense, and possessing no relish for, or knowledge of, any other of a higher order.

"I lead a most miserable life," he said to his physician,—"I have tried every species of recreation that the world can afford, and I am tired of them all. It terrifies me to think that I have yet a long life before me without a single object to interest or amuse me. I detest vice: it has disgusted and sickened me, and there is no harmless or useful employment that has the power of affording me a moment's stimulus. What a strange, fantastical body is this in which I am confined! Everything tires and annoys it; even repose itself, the only enjoyment that I now ambition, has become a labour and a torment. But that I think it a base, a cowardly, and ungrateful thing, to fling away a gift that God has bestowed upon me, I would be tempted

"To play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword."

"I do not know," the medical-adviser replied, as he lifted his brows and tossed his head, "why a man should become tired of answering the ends of his existence. Will you pardon me for intimating that there are diseases wherein the patient must minister to himself, and with this advantage, that his practice, if vigorously put in execution, is certain to be successful. There is a feeling in our nature, which, if judiciously cultivated, would furnish a certain and radical cure for the sense of discomfort which you describe."

"If you mean to hint that I should join the *saints*,"* Lord Ulla, rejoined, with a frown and a yawn, "I have only to say that I hate cant and hypocrisy."

"And so do I," replied his friend; "you quite mistake me, if you suppose that I would recommend to you to undertake the correction of others, without being invested with the necessary authority. A man has enough to do, who regulates the little moral commonwealth within his own mind, without extending his dominion, unwarrantably, to that of his neighbours. But are there not active duties, which should furnish you with occupation?"

"I have no object to stimulate me to exertion; and labour for labour's sake—you know the apophthegm. Ambition, I have none; I can feel no gratification in the prospect of hearing a few thousand tongues wagging with the sounds of my praise. Why should I care for regulating the affairs of an empire? What is it, but providing for a more numerous family? and what has the nation done for me, that I should pretend to father it?"

The doctor smiled, and remained for a few moments in meditation. "To be candid with you," said he, "I know of no power in medicine that can be available in your case. But if you could prevail on yourself to travel a few hundred miles, I am acquainted with a mineral water on your own estate of Ulla, which I am almost certain would effect a beneficial change in your constitution. Go there, and when you have found the spring, I will send you directions how to use it."

"Go there!—go to Ireland? Is it to be shot from behind a hedge, or have my throat cut in my bed?"

"I do not think there is such manifest danger of that; and even if the journey were not without risk, would it not be better meet death at once, than be frittered out of the world by colds, and indigestions, and nervous idiosyncrasies?"

"I protest you are right," replied the young lord; "but then to leave London now in the blaze of winter—and Pasta and Sontag in town!"

"I thought you said that both had tired you—that there was nothing in London that could supply you with a moment's amusement. The trip will at least have novelty to recommend it."

"I protest you are right again," replied the young nobleman; "I will certainly undertake the journey."

"And if you do so," continued his adviser, "you would do well to perform it incognito, and take with you no other articles of value than are necessary for your expenses on the road. It will be the safest course, and when you arrive in Ulla, you can send to your banker for remittances."

The plan was embraced and executed. Under the unassuming name of Mr. John Johnson, the young Lord of Ulla took his seat in the Bristol coach. He admired (not for the first time) the glories of Bath, as he entered its gloomy vale late at night, when the traveller imagines he is passing through a city of stars; and lights twinkle through the darkness above, around, and beneath him. He

* A cant term for public and unauthorised conservators of religious decorum.

grew rapturous on the Avon, bought bookstones and copper ore at the foot of the lofty Clifton hills, felt queer for half a night on board the *Nora Creina*, and landed safely on the Waterford quay, all wonder, interest, and terror.

Although there was a great crowd of Irishmen upon the quay, he had the good fortune to arrive with life at a small hotel in a retired part of the city, where he immediately hired a postchaise for the interior. He drove rapidly by

"— that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er"—

and arrived, late on the following day, at the principal inn on his own estate, in a remote and mountainous country.

He was met in the ruinous hall of the house of entertainment by a shrewd-looking man, whose bows and smiles seemed to announce him as the proprietor of the establishment. In compliance with Mr. Johnson's desire, he was shown into a parlour, the dreary regularity and discomfiting finery of which chilled and depressed him.

He observed, as he entered, a peculiar and penetrating expression in the landlord's eye; it vanished, however, the instant their glances met.

"You appear not to be troubled with much company here, landlord?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Scarce and genteel, sir—scarce and genteel is the way with us," replied the host, tossing his head.

"Whose is the estate, pray?"

"It belongs to young Lord Ulla, please your honour."

"A good landlord, I suppose?"

The man lowered his face as if to hide a smile.

"Middling, sir," he answered; "middling, as we say, like the small potatoes."

"Why, does he oppress his tenantry in any way for his rents?"

"As for himself, sir," replied the inn-keeper, "we can't say what he is, for our two eyes never perched upon him yet, since the day he was born. But whatever he be himself, the man that *does for him*† here is no great things."

"You mean his agent?"

"Why, then, I'll not tell you a word of a lie about it, it's the very man I mean."

Mr. Johnson said no more on this subject, but ordered dinner, and gave particular directions about the cookery. After enumerating a long string of dishes which he could furnish, only for something, the landlord named a pair of chickens, together with "the best potatoes in Europe." On this Mr. Johnson thought he could contrive to sustain life for one day.

But he was doomed to fare still worse, for the chickens were overdone. He rang for the landlord, who, it appeared, was his own waiter.

"These chickens are overdone," was Mr. Johnson's first exclamation.

"Overdone, sir!"

"There is not a morsel fit to eat upon the dish, except the liver."

"In earnest, sir?" said the man with apparent concern.

"Take it away," said Mr. Johnson.

"Will I kill a couple more for your honour?"

Mr. Johnson stared. "Are you a cannibal," said he, "that you would kill and eat a chicken on the same day?"

The landlord, looking quite perplexed, removed the chickens, and the young nobleman ordered him to send in tea as quickly as possible.

At this order the landlord remained for some moments as if hesitating about what he should say.

"Please your honour, sir," he exclaimed at length, "what kind of *tay* would your honour wish?"

"Good green tea, if you have it; I don't suppose I can expect anything better from you."

"Oh, no, sir, 'tisn't that at all I mean, only it's what I mean is, is it *rale tay-tay* your honour wants, or *coffee-tay*, or *oat-male tay*?"

"*Tay-tay! coffee-tay!*" ejaculated the guest; "I don't understand you. I want tea. Don't you know what tea is?"

"Oh, yes—I see its the *tay-tay* you mean. I'm sorry to say I can't give you any to-night."

"No tea!" sighed Mr. Johnson; "well, then, send me in *coffee*, or *coffee-tay*, as you call it."

† Transacts his business.

"I can't promise your honour that neither," said the landlord, shaking his head; "but if you'd like a drop of the oat-male-tay, an' a fine thing it is, I could give you some of the best in the county."

"Will you answer me one question, friend?" said Mr. Johnson, after pausing for some moments to gather patience.

"As far as my knowledge goes, sir," replied the landlord, with a quiet bow.

"On what do you support your guests in this house?"

"On what heaven gives me, sir, surely, day after day, taking the fling as it comes."

"Leave me these potatoes," said Mr. Johnson; "I see I have nothing better to expect."

"Why then 'twould be droll if you had," said the landlord, "for the whole parish gives it up to them, that they're the best potatoes that was ever dug out of the ground."

In a few minutes Mr. Johnson's bell again summoned the landlord to the parlour. The latter made his appearance, with the same courteous bow, and the same obsequious "What's wanting, please your honour?"

"Have you any listen in the house?" was the query of the guest.

"Listing!" exclaimed the landlord, in a grave and rather lofty tone. "Oh, no, sir, there's none o' my people listing. It's not come to that with us yet, anyway."

"Psha!" replied Mr. Johnson, "I don't mean listing for soldiers; but cloth listen to nail on that door, there's such a draught."

"There's nothing of the kind in the house, please your honour," said the host, shaking his head.

"Well, then, throw on some more turf on the fire, and shut the door after you, which, I perceive, nobody in this house ever thinks it necessary to do."

The man obeyed, and Mr. Johnson began to read a provincial paper which lay on the table. In a few minutes the chimney puffed clouds of smoke, and again the housebell summoned the landlord to the room. He entered at this time with a smile of peculiar mischief and shrewdness.

"Oh! murder, murder!" he exclaimed, "what a mortal sight o' smoke!"

"Well, what's to be done about it?" said his guest.

"Oh, then, I don't know sir," he replied, with much apparent concern, and yet with something like an inclination to smile; "but if your honour would leave the door open—just the weeniest little peep in the world, it will all clear in a minute."

"But then the cold draught, friend—it would be the death of me."

"Well, a dawny piece of the window, then?"

"You stupid man, wouldn't the draught be as bad from the window as from the door?"

"Oh, then, dear knows," exclaimed the man, tossing his hands up in despair. "I'm fairly lost between the whole of 'm. I don't know what I'll do with your honour, nor where I'll put you."

"Give me a light," groaned Mr. Johnson, "and show me to my sleeping-room."

This was done; but a hard bed and scanty covering rendered it only an exchange of one suffering for another. Mr. Johnson resolved that his first measure in the morning should be to change his quarters. What was his astonishment and consternation, however, after he had dressed, to discover that his pocket-book, containing all the money which he had brought with him, was not to be found! Inquiry was fruitless; and the landlord threw out more than one hint of his doubt as to whether any loss had really taken place. This doubly incensed the young nobleman, and made him regret his having ever trusted himself, thus unprotected, in such a land.

Still, however, wishing to preserve his incognito, he resolved to remain for some days at the inn, until he should obtain a remittance from his banker. He wrote accordingly, and gave the letter to the landlord, that he might send it to the nearest post-town. By this awkward circumstance Mr. John Johnson was reduced almost to his last sovereign, and the appearance which he chose to assume for the preservation of his incognito rendered it improbable that any person would be willing to afford him a long credit.

He spent several days within the cover of his apartment, talking with his landlord on the state of the country, and listening, with that fascinating curiosity which attracts interest even while it inspires apprehension, to numberless tales of Rockite murders, post-

boys shot from behind hedges, and houses burnt about the ears of the inmates. These narratives contributed, together with the terrific accounts put forward in the alarmist newspapers, to increase his fears a hundred fold, and to make him regret that he had ever ventured his life among so murderous a generation.

He regretted it still more acutely, when, after a second application to his banker, he received no answer, nor acknowledgment of his letter. This circumstance was peculiarly annoying, as, during his sojourn here, he had not rendered himself a favourite with the people of the inn. The air of superiority which Lord Ulla was accustomed to assume, sometimes unconsciously manifested itself in the demeanour of Mr. John Johnson, and the landlord began to feel indignant at his complaints of smoking chimneys, and draughts, and undressed dinners. "Set him up with cookery, indeed!" his guest heard him say, as he left the apartment on one occasion; "I wish I was sure of getting my money for what's past and gone. What I'm thinking is, that the nobles are down to fourpence with him."

One morning, Mr. John Johnson was seated at the breakfast table, on which was placed a quantity of material sufficient to make a considerable company contented. This profusion has always a strange appearance in the eyes of an Englishman, who is accustomed to the Lilliputian frugality that is manifested in the service of a London coffee-house. The door suddenly opened, and the landlord advanced to the table.

"I'd take it as a favour, sir," he said, "if you'd oblige me with the loan of five pounds. There's a neat cow below street at the cant, and I'll want beef against the gentlemen come to the races."

Mr. John Johnson could not conceal his confusion.

"I should be most happy to accommodate you," said he, "but, upon my honour, I—I—am quite drained at present. If a few days would answer—"

"No, sir—'twould not answer," the man replied gruffly; "who ever heard of a cow being canted for a few days running?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Johnson, "if you send your man to the office he would find a letter there for me?"

"Long ago this morning, sir, my man was at the office, and there's nothing for you. I'm tired of sending to the office for you. I'm sorry to say it, Mr. Johnson, but I'm afraid 'tis humbugging me you are, sir."

"Humbugging, fellow!"

"Fellow!" the landlord shouted out, glad of a quarrel; "no fellow for a rogue or a sponge, Mr. John Johnson."

"Why, you scoundrel, what do you mean to insinuate?"

"I mean to insinuate that I have my doubts if you're anything better. That's what I mean to insinuate. And I'll tell you what's more again; I mean to insinuate that there's company coming here to the races, and that I'd be obliged to you if you'd make yourself scarce in these rooms; there's the long and the short of it now."

"Stay, my good fellow," said Lord Ulla, conscious that he was likely to profit little in a contest of this nature; "the fact is, I have written twice to my banker, and, by some mischance, I have not yet been able to obtain an answer."

"Poh! that's the old story always. I declare, look—it sickens me to hear you talking of yourself and your banker. I believe he might put all you ever lodged with him into his waistcoat pocket in small change. You have as much bankers as I have prime ministers, and that isn't one."

"You are an impudent rascal!"

"Cut out of my house now this moment, since you call me an impudent rascal. There's the door open for you."

"Why, you inhospitable fellow, you would not turn me out alone, now, and the country in such a state!"

"Country in a state! And what state is it in Mr. John Johnson? How mighty genteel you are, indeed! Why, then, you may go from this to Cork, and if you'll meet a greater rogue than yourself on the way, I'll give you leave to call me another for company. Pack away with yourself now, if you please."

"Very well! I tell you I can make you repent this."

"You're welcome, as soon as you like. That's what vexes me entirely, now, is the airs you take upon yourself. If it was Lord Ulla himself was there, he couldn't speak prouder, nor give more trouble."

"Why, fool that you are—I tell you 't'at I am——"

"Well, what do you tell me?"

"Nothing. Give me my hat—and take care of my valise until I send my servant for it. What do you sneer at, you scoundrel?"

"Nothing. Only some thoughts that were coming into my mind when you talked of your *servant*. Why, then, you're the foolishest young man I think I ever saw. Good morning to you. Here, although you didn't behave so well, still I declare you have a touch of a gentleman about you that I like. Here's a paper of sandwiches, and put 'em in your pocket against the road."

Without condescending to return any other reply than was conveyed in a look of fierce anger, Mr. John Johnson left the door of the hotel, and took his way across the mountains, towards the residence of his own agent, which was about fifteen miles from the spot where he stood.

Necessity taught him the art of walking upon the ground, in which, until now, his education had been very deficient. He discovered, also, that he was capable of standing upright in the face of a tolerable gale, by the mere force of gravitation; and actually sustained two severe showers of rain without melting away. Fifteen miles in one day, however, for a person who had not practised walking, was a little too much; and it was with dismay that Mr. Johnson saw the sun go down behind him, while he was yet pacing wearily along the side of a lonely mountain, over which a few wretched cabins were scattered at long intervals. The night threatened to be stormy, and its threats did not prove vain, like those of a bully. His long abstinence had induced him to bestow more reflection on the rejected paper of sandwiches than his pride would have willingly permitted; and the fear of not being able to procure some equivalent formed no small part of his anxiety. Indeed it was unreasonable to suppose that he could procure anything fit to be laid even before Mr. John Johnson, in such a wilderness as this.

The night advanced, and his apprehensions increased with the darkness. He would not venture to ask for a lodging in one of the mountain huts, for how did he know but it was there the Whiteboys lived? And yet, was it so safe to be out on such a night? Who knew but he might run full butt up against a rebel, in the darkness? Horrible! And even if he were fortunate enough to escape, what a terrible thing it was to pass the night out in such a place, with a thorough draught running from the east to the west, enough to give a man his death of cold. He thought of passing the night, like Julius Cæsar, under the shelter of one of the cabin walls; but after leaning in that position for a few minutes, he discovered that he and Julius Cæsar were different men. While he was deliberating, he found himself staggering through a sink of stagnant water, which lay unseen on his path, and arrived with a pint of the liquid in each boot on the opposite side. This made him jump to a conclusion.

The slough in question formed a sort of ornamental lake, in front of one of those mountain villas before mentioned. No other course was now left him than to apply for assistance at the cottage; and, reversing the principle of Hamlet, he chose rather to fly to ills he knew not of, than to bear those ills he had.

The door was opened by a meagre-looking man, in wretched attire, who held a rush-light in his hand, and looked with an expression of surprise and half-forgotten sorrow on the stranger. The squalidness of his appearance caused a coldness to fall on the heart of the young nobleman, who would have preferred damp feet to the chances of a night's lodging beneath the same roof with so ill-looking an individual.

"'Twould not be worth our while to refuse you a lodging," said the man, in answer to his request, "in a house that won't be our own to-morrow. Walk in, and welcome."

Mr. Johnson entered, and showed by his countenance, as he stared round the apartment, that he did not think there could be much hardship in being ejected from such a dwelling as this. A few crazy hay-bottomed chairs, and a small table, constituted nearly all the furniture; and the floor, which was of clay, was moistened into a puddle in most places, from the dropping of the roof.

"Put down the rest of the faggots, Mary, honey," said the man; "let us have the benefit of them for this night, at any rate, since it is to be the last, and there's no use in sparing them, when we can't take them with us."

Two little girls, as pale and squalid as their father, proceeded to re-kindle the expiring embers, by heaping on fresh fuel, and stooping

forward on their little hands to illumine it with their breath. This picture, coupled with the surrounding misery, reminded him of the lines in the magnificent poem of "Darkness":

"They raked up
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life—and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects!"

The man bade them to put down their supper—a small pot of potatoes which lay near—saying that he supposed "the gentleman had no objection to eat a little, any more than themselves."

Mr. Johnson made as cheerful a reply as he could, under the circumstances, and after making an unnecessary apology, was preparing to draw off his wet boots, when a faint moan from an inside room struck on his ear.

"Is it anything that you'd want, Mary, darling?" said the man, pausing, and holding in his hand the boot which he was about to place in a corner near the fire.

"Nothing, only the rushlight, Ned, until I'll hear little Milly her lesson."

The man asked Mr. Johnson's pardon for leaving him in the dark, saying that his wife was lying sick in the room. When he entered, the young nobleman overheard, with some misgiving, a half-whispered and broken conversation, in the course of which the sick woman, he perceived, was endeavouring to prevail on her husband to grant her some request which he was unwilling to concede.

"But listen here, Ned—can't you, now? what good is it for you? can't you be said by me?"

"Ah! hold your tongue, woman, you'll drive me crazy!"

"But I see by you, now, that you are harbouring something bad in your mind against him. Ned, don't add to my sickness—don't bring down more sorrow on my head."

Mr. Johnson felt very uneasy.

"You poor, foolish woman," the man replied, "I don't know what to say to you. The world would not make you murmur. What chance have we at all of anything but starvation, now, and you don't look as if you thought it."

"I don't think it, I tell you—and if I did what good would it do us to have such thoughts? You say yourself that the rich people have a great deal to answer for, that feast and drink all their days, and fly the face of all suffering; but what would be said of us, when the Almighty sends the means of salvation to our hands, if we refuse to use them? We can't help being poor; if we were to harbour all the revenge, and spite, and envy in the world—if we were to murmur and be sick of discontent, it would not make us one penny richer; it might be a hard thing, and sore against nature to tie ourselves to sorrow, but when we are bound to it by the Almighty's will, surely it is easy to be content with what He ordains. The rich man has a better excuse for not inflicting self-denial, than we have for not enduring it. I declare there's nothing so surprising in the world as that poor people should murmur at all, when it is so easy for them to earn a great reward just by being silent. Now, if you ever loved me, Edward, show that you loved me with a right heart and intention, by bearing every thing to-morrow with patience."

"Listen to me, what I tell you, Mary; I'll do what I can, and what can I do more if I was the Pope himself? Ah! you poor saint, it isn't there you ought to be lying this night. I wish, Mary, I left you where I found you first, in your father's house, and never asked you to suffer such misery as this."

"That's the unkindest word you ever said to me yet," said the woman; "I never repented it yet, and why should you? I had rather be sorrowful and patient with you, than gay and thoughtless with another. Do this for me, and I am satisfied."

The husband re-entered the outer apartment, and took his seat, with a pleased though troubled aspect, by the now blazing fire. He seemed totally forgetful of the stranger's presence, and continued to turn the roots in the simmering water, while his thoughts were evidently bent on another subject. The sick woman, in the mean time, instructed the child in her lesson, which consisted of that beautiful and consoling passage from the Sermon on the Mount, which is distinguished by the name of the "Eight Beatitudes." The lesson was so appropriate in this scene of tears and affliction, that a deep sym-

pathy of mingled hope and pain fell upon the heart of the young lord, while he glanced from face to face of the silent group, and heard the lips of the innocent child echo the cheering promise, that "they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted!"

"The Lord relieve you, poor woman," the husband said, at intervals, as he listened, "and direct them that brought you to that pass, and teach them better. The Lord forgive young Lord Ulla, this day! Five pounds couldn't be so much to him that he'd turn a poor famishing family out on the road in weather like this on account of it. Come, Mary, child, lay the table, and throw out the potatoes before the gentleman."

Mr. Johnson endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail on them to sit down with him, but the peasant was resolute in keeping what he thought his distance. In the course of the entertainment, he made his guest acquainted with the story of their distresses, which threw a considerable share of blame upon the shoulders of the young nobleman's agent, the little holding being situated on his estate. The grievances and oppressions detailed, though common even to staleness, were new and shocking to the ear of the sensitive and not ungenerous voluptuary.

"Indeed he has laid a hard and heavy hand on our house," the man added in conclusion; "but, as the woman within says, there's no knowing what compulsion might be on him to do as he's doing, and we have no right to judge."

The delicate Mr. Johnson was astonished to find that he, whom the refinements of a scientific repast frequently failed in tempting to a cheerful meal, was able without an effort to dine heartily on a plate of plain potatoes, sweetened with a grain of salt. They tasted more sweetly, he thought, than any delicacy he had ever before partaken of. To his great surprise, moreover, he found an armful of dry straw, placed at some little distance from the fire, a more luxurious resting-place than all the upholsterers in the empire could have afforded him.

He was awakened, late on the following morning, by the sound of loud and angry voices in the house. On looking out from behind the projecting partition that separated him from the fire-place, he perceived that the work of spoliation had already commenced. The scene which met his eyes was touching in the extreme. Near the door stood a fat, red-faced man, with a shot-belt round his shoulder and a note-book in his hand, in which he was making some memoranda.

"Come, come, bundle away, Hanrahan, as quick as you can, there's no use in keeping us all day, since you are to quit, and I want to have some cocking in the wood as I go home."

The man was standing at a little distance from the door, the early sunshine falling on his features. His wife, a pale and sickly, but calm-eyed and handsome young woman, hung with both her hands upon his shoulder, while their children, unconscious of the mournful consequences of their ejection, gazed with innocent wonder on the stranger and his attendants. The man exchanged glances with his wife at the speech above written. His look was one of smothered passion; her's was one of affectionate entreaty. He tossed his head; resigned his indignation; and smiled a mournful acquiescence.

"Ho! ho; what have we here?" exclaimed the agent, stirring something that glittered on the floor. "A silver cigar-box! How came you by this, Ned?"

"I don't know," replied the man, "if it doesn't belong to the strange gentleman that was benighted with us last night."

Mr. Johnson here advanced, and claimed his property, mentioning at the same time, in brief and polite terms, the circumstances which compelled him to seek the shelter of so humble a roof as this. While he and the agent were interchanging mutual civilities, a dreadful shower of rain fell outside.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the poor man, as he bent an anxious eye on his wife, "leave us in the house for a few days, or for this day itself, until we try to get some sort of a lodging. My poor Mary, here, can never stand the weather."

"I can't do it, Hanrahan. I have Lord Ulla's positive directions not to let it go beyond this day; and I have no choice left."

"The Lord forgive that young man," said the husband. "If he's as hard on you as you are on us, you are to be pitied with him. I'll tell you what it is, sir," he added, after a pause, and with a totally altered voice, "I'd consider it nothing less than murdering my wife to go out to-day; and neither for Lord Ulla, nor for you, nor for any other man, will I stir one step, until I have provided a lodging for her at any rate."

"Come, drag them out at once, now," said the agent, snatching his gun.

The man, springing from his wife, who shrieked in terror, caught up a pitchfork that lay on the floor.

"Leave the house," cried the man of power, cocking his piece.

"Never while I live," shouted the peasant, "you'll take me out on a door first! Stand back, woman! I say you shall not go."

"But I am able! I am well, well able!" cried the woman, walking across the room. But the effort disproved her words. She staggered from weakness, and would have fallen, but that her husband caught her in his arms. He looked with a smile of bitter reproach on the agent, while he held her forward, as if by way of appeal to the spectators. The agent understood the action.

"I can't help it," he said; "come, turn them out!"

"Hold!" exclaimed Mr. Johnson. They all held their hands accordingly, obeying they knew not what of authority in his voice, that charmed them.

He requested a word apart with the agent, who followed him into the inner room in some surprise. The rest gazed on one another in silence. In a few seconds Mr. Johnson returned with the step of a lord, and the agent followed him pale and agitated.

"Hanrahan," said the latter, "I have changed my mind about this business; you can remain here for the present, and here is some money for your present use. This gentleman has brought me word that Lord Ulla—that—there was some mistake about his wishes."

The man darted a shrewd glance at Lord Ulla, but perceiving some reproving expression on his features, continued silent, bowing his head down in unaffected reverence, and almost trembling with the agitation of joy and gratitude. Not a word was spoken, until the cabriolet of the baffled deputy drove to the door, and its owner, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, took his seat in the vehicle.

Both sat for some time, the one in embarrassed, the other in meditative silence. At length Lord Ulla asked, in an indifferent tone, whether there were not a certain mineral water in the neighbourhood, much resorted to by valetudinarians?

No such thing had ever reached the ears of the obsequious gentleman who sat beside him. The young nobleman remembered the sharp looks and secret smiles of the landlord, the words and character of his medical friend, and a strange suspicion darted into his mind. The whole had been a scheme concerted between the physician and the innkeeper. The latter had never forwarded the cheques on Lord Ulla's banker, and probably knew more of the abstraction of the pocket-book than he had pretended.

"I hope," the agent resumed, in some trepidation, "your lordship will not attribute the fault—"

"I attribute it where it was due, sir," replied the nobleman.

"The fault was mine."

"Yours, my lord! I think the very last—"

"You drive too slow, sir. Imagine that gray mare to be one of Lord Ulla's tenants, and, if I mistake not, she will be driven faster. You know you want to have some shooting in the wood."

The agent coloured, and discharged his vexation on the sides of the animal. When they arrived at the "great house," Lord Ulla called for ink and paper, and penned the following note to his physician:—

"I have found the spring of which you spoke, and derived so much benefit from the draught I have already taken, that I stand in no need of the code of directions you were kind enough to promise me. It is my intention to remain on my estate during the summer, for the purpose of completely establishing the beneficial alteration which has been already effected. Yours, etc.,

"ULLA.

"P.S.—The English do not know how to dress potatoes. They should be boiled in the rind, and eaten with salt."

On the next morning the suspicions of the young nobleman were verified by a visit from the inn keeper, who came to restore the pocket-book, with all its contents, and the two letters, which, as Lord Ulla had conjectured, never had been forwarded.

"Please your lordship's honour," said the landlord, with many obeisances, "if your lordship blames anybody in this business, 'tis the doctor you'll blame, and not me, for 'tis his bidding I was doing. He wrote me word a few days before you came to do all that I did

after, and I made no work about doing it, for I knew that I was safe as long as I was said by the doctor. And this much I'll say for my house, please your lordship's honour, that if ever your lordship comes the way again, you'll have the best of all good treatment, tay-tay, and coffee-tay, and green tay too, and yellow, if there's such a thing to be had, high or low; for 'twas only by the doctor's orders we gave your lordship such poor usage the last time. As for the chimney, it never puffed before nor after, (which is saying a deal,) only that once I just slipped a weeny piece of a tile upon the chimney above, thinking to please the doctor. Indeed, it went sore against my heart to see you cutting away with yourself that morning, please your lordship, and 'tis what the wife I have said to me, and you going out of doors, was, that you'd get your death by it. But as I said to her—Ah! hould your tongue, you foolish woman, says I, do you think you know better than the doctor? Indeed, I'll tell your lordship no lie, 'tis the word the doctor wrote me was to do something to make Lord Ulla feel what poverty was! Is that the way of it? says I to myself; why then, let me alone for giving him a taste of it:—as I did, I'm sure, please your lordship, and more blame to those that put me up to it."

The history informs us, that Lord Ulla prolonged his residence beyond the summer, and discovered, by personal experiment, that the only way to enjoy the real comforts of life is by bestowing them wherever they are needed.

THE FATAL MISTAKE;

OR, THE MARCHIONESS DE VICO.—A TALE OF NAPLES.



ANY of my readers may have been in Italy; and if so, it is ten to one that they have visited Naples, that sunny, quaint, idle, dirty, but magnificent city, filled with fishermen, barbers, lazzaroni, and students; a city which sits like a queen upon the bay called after its own name, under the brightest of bright blue Italian skies.

A few years ago, during a visit which I paid to that city, I met at the house of an Italian friend, the celebrated Marchioness de Vico,—a lady known far and wide through Naples and Castellamare for her piety and charitable works. The elevation and self-command which marked her reserved but dignified manner, while her countenance and expression showed evident traces of a life of silent and secret suffering, inspired me with a restless wish to learn the particulars of her early history. When my Italian friend one evening became more than usually communicative, and relieved my anxiety by telling me the lady's "antecedents," the sum and substance of which I have put into the form of a story.

"I see the mild and quiet melancholy of the Marchioness de Vico," said my friend, "has struck you as it has a thousand other strangers. All who come here wish to learn something of her early life. I will not—I must not—tell you her maiden name, so you must be satisfied if I call her by her Christian name, Rosalie, which she bears after her patron saint, as is the custom of this country. She is now only about thirty years of age, though the trials through which she has gone have added deep lines to her cheeks and years to her face, and to her character as well. She was the only child of one of the first houses in this country, whose name has since become extinct, and the idol of her late father, the Count d'Arpino. She was brought into the world with every advantage, and was educated at home under the tender care of one of the most amiable of mothers, who died about fifteen years ago. As the only child of a wealthy family, and the heiress of a considerable estate, her parents did not wish her to enter into a convent; so while she was still of very tender years they selected as her future partner a youth in every way fitted for her—the young Count de San Carlino, who died a year or two ago. It seldom happens in this country that young people are allowed to form before marriage any very intimate acquaintance with the object of their own, or their parents' choice. But this was otherwise: with the young Count and Rosalie, whose childish acquaintance had gradually ripened into intimacy, and had become a strong attachment when she was scarcely

fifteen years of age. The young count's mother, however, was of a high and violent character, excessively proud and ambitious, and she desired that her son should ally himself with one of the wealthiest families of Castellamare; and accordingly, though she did not openly oppose the intended marriage, which was settled to take place not very long after the death of Rosalie's mother, still she showed but little partiality towards her future daughter-in-law.

"Every thing, however, went on smoothly till a few days before the marriage; great and splendid preparations were made for the joyous event at the country house of the widowed father, and a life of happiness secured within the reach of Rosalie's intended husband. As is the practice in many countries, the young people were separated for a few days prior to the marriage ceremony. One dare hardly glance at the feelings with which they parted, to meet again, as they fondly thought, in the happiest of unions; love and hope blinding their eyes to every possible chance against the completion of their happiness. But a storm was nearer than they fancied. The very evening before the wedding day, the young Count's mother came to his house, which was already prepared for the reception of the bride, and said, that for reasons, which she would afterwards explain, it had been arranged by herself and Rosalie's father, that the marriage should take place that night privately. Upon his asking what was the meaning of the change, the Countess assigned, as a sufficient ground, that all had been done to spare the feelings of his lovely Rosalie, who shrunk from the public solemnity, and assured him that all the preparations were nearly completed, and that at the appointed hour he would be sent for by Rosalie's father.

"As the clock struck ten that evening, a carriage drove up, and the young Count entered it, and proceeded to the church, supposing that it was his father-in-law's carriage which was in front. He entered the porch, and at the further end, before the dim-lighted altar, he beheld his mother and the bride, the latter covered with a thin veil of silver tissue; and as soon as he reached the altar, the ceremony proceeded. Whether the Count's thoughts were so fully fixed on his present and future happiness, or whether his soul was engrossed with devotion, we cannot say; but he distinguished no one, and though he missed the sight of his intended father-in-law, he received his wife in full confidence from the hands of a friend of his own mother. She was silent and tranquil; and his mother took her home. The cortège parted, and he followed to his house, there to receive, as he fancied, the treasure of his heart.

"He found the saloon illuminated; and his brother and sister, who, on some pretence, had been kept away from the ceremony, seemed to be waiting impatiently with his mother beside the bride. As the door closed after him, his mother withdrew the silver-tissued veil, and revealed to him that his wife was not Rosalie, but a *beautiful idiot girl*, whose large and princely estates she had long coveted, and whom she had taken this wicked and desperate effort of obtaining for her family. The anguish that followed on this sudden surprise brought the unhappy bridegroom very near the gates of death, and the total loss of her son's reason was very near being the price which the unfeeling mother had to pay for the success of her cruel and diabolical plan. After finding that no means were left to set him free, his sister soothed him at last into a calm submission to his hard fate and to the loss of Rosalie. Of the mother and the idiot-girl I can say nothing. The young Count never saw either of them from that hour; and though one only was guilty, public hatred followed them both with such severity, that they were glad to take their departure from the kingdom of Naples. The guilty artifice prevailed so far, that the mother eventually inherited, the princely wealth of her idiot daughter-in-law; while Rosalie's fate drew more tears than any event in real life ever drew before, even among the passionate and susceptible people of Castellamare.

"Next morning, after the fatal marriage, public proof was brought by the Countess and her friends to the father of Rosalie that his intended son-in-law played the traitor; but, though his faithlessness was admitted, yet, the bride being veiled, none could tell her name. Remedy there was none; and in all the anger which a father's heart can feel at the injury done to a beloved daughter, he took her to his villa, and there explained to her, with as much tenderness as was possible, what he deemed to be the treachery of her former lover. The death-blow—for such it was—to all her hopes of happiness, was such as even fifteen years have not effaced from her interesting countenance; and for two years or more her life hung by a very slender thread. At length the real story was made known to this

father, but as her intended was now the legal husband of another, he did not choose the fatal truth to be immediately told to his Rosalie, who, he resolved, if possible, should still return to the world under the protection of a husband, on account of her large property and his own increasing years, in addition to the feeling so widely prevalent in this country, that a young woman should not remain unmarried, except in a convent.

"This matter was easily arranged, as every one knows who is acquainted with society in this country. When she found out her father's real wishes, so strictly in accordance with what had always been put before her as a religious duty, Rosalie consented to enter on a second engagement of marriage; and, accordingly, before she was nineteen years of age, she became the wife of the Marquis de Vico.

"After she had been the wife of the Marquis for about a year, and was already a mother, he unfolded to Rosalie the entire truth—and she only discovered her lover's innocence after she was herself another's. This was, in one sense, the hardest part of her trials; but its effects were far different from what might have been expected; instead of souring or irritating her temper, or rousing in her breast any feelings of disappointment, the cup of misery seemed to have overflowed, and she received the intelligence from her husband's lips as a relief from the bitterness of her early sorrows. Grateful to him for his tenderness and sympathy, she owned that it was both wise and kind to place new duties after her, after making her acquainted with the real source of her misery; and from this nobleness and greatness of mind she never deviated.

"She filled the station of a wife with exemplary fidelity, and was rewarded by the love and respect of her husband, so long as he lived. Now that she is—may we not say twice?—a widow, there is an elevation in her sorrow which attracts the notice of the world; and her griefs being virtuous, and shared by others, there must be support; and this she merits and obtains. In England, doubtless, much sympathy would have been shewn to the husband, but, I think, with less cause; in Naples, there was not a man who had better reason to be proud of his wife; and he chose the lot for himself with his eyes open, and when he could not guess that his choice would end so well.

"As for the unhappy Count, who was the sufferer by the "Fatal Mistake," he lived in solitude for several years, but has lately married his sister to a Venetian, and devotes his time to her and her family in the North of Italy."

DON'T FORGET ME, MARY DEAR.

WHEN the summer morning breaking,
Tips with gold each quivering spray,
And the pretty flowers awaking
Fling their odours to the day;
When the lark on pinions airy,
Chaunts his matins loud and clear;
Don't forget me then, my Mary!
Don't forget me, Mary dear!

When the evening dews are falling
On the sleeping, folded flowers;
And the little birds are calling
To their mates from leafy bowers,
While their sweet notes swell and vary—
Notes that once we loved to hear—
Don't forget me, darling Mary!
Don't forget me, Mary dear!

On our favourite seat reclining,
Where the river ripples by,
As you watch the bright stars shining
In the silent summer sky;
Oh, may some kind, gentle fairy
Whisper in my darling's ear—
"Don't forget the absent, Mary!"—
Don't forget me, Mary dear!

E. F.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.



O you think she will love me less, Tibbot?"

"Well," answered Tibbot, leaning back in his seat beside the bed, whereon his young companion in arms, Walter de Berminghame, lay pale and ill from the wounds he had got in a recent tourney; "well, that depends much, I think, on the way she has loved you heretofore. If Maude le Poer be the girl you have often pictured her to me, she will be true; but then, if she be like those light-hearted dames we met at the last revel in Dublin Castle, I fear for you, Wattie."

"She is light-hearted enough, truly," said Wattie, raising himself uneasily, and looking sadly upon his companion with one eye—he had lost the other in the tourney—"but, then, she has always been leal and good, and will not forsake me for this sad accident—if accident I may call it—for all know that it was done falsely and treacherously by my antagonist."

"It surely was," answered his companion; "for I saw the deed done myself, and can speak fairly on the matter."

"Yes!" resumed the other, darkly, falling back upon his couch, as a twitch of pain shot across his still feverish brow. "Ah! Tibbot, it was an unmanly blow—to strike me when I was unhorsed and helpless on the tourney ground. But, by the good faith of my body, John de Lacy shall pay dearly for it, when we next come face to face!"

"That," said Tibbot Burke, "may occur soon enough, if you are well in time to join the march of my Lord de Berminghame and his army northward. The De Lacys have all joined the standard of Edward Bruce, and there will soon be a battle. Stir up your heart, man, and get well once more, and when we stand side by side in the onset, the best De Lacy of them that comes in front of our spears we will make pay for the unknighly blow."

"I care not to meet anyone but him," resumed Wattie. "From him I have sworn to take what he has taken from me, whenever we meet, be it in peaceful hall or on field of battle. But it is hard for me to get well with this trouble on my mind about Maude le Poer. I have not seen her since that luckless tourney day, but when I do, I fear me that the loss of this poor eye of mine will make a sad difference in her favours. And yet we are betrothed, Tibbot. Surely, she cannot break her vows. And yet," continued he, with a sigh, "I have known others to break them for a far slier cause."

"Think not upon it," said Tibbot Burke, cheerfully. "Why, man, if a poor fellow depended on his mere good looks now-a-days for getting a wife, he would have but little chance of matrimony. Your Maude will stick to you while you have the money, even had you lost both your eyes."

"I hope so," said Wattie, in a more cheerful tone. "And now, Tibbot, I will pluck up my heart, and who knows but I may be well enough to undertake a journey in a few days. An' I be, my first care will be 'boot and saddle,' and off to Dublin to see Maude."

"Good," answered Tibbot Burke, "and I will accompany you, for I see no use in loitering here any longer, when the whole community is up in arms to repel the Bruce. We can then go both together into the coming battle, where you may meet De Lacy and repay him for the blow that has cost you so much."

A week after, and the two young knights were riding across the Pale, attended by a stout clump of spears, and bound for Dublin, where the army of Lord De Berminghame lay, before commencing its march to the north to meet Edward Bruce, brother to the renowned Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Edward Bruce at this time, after proclaiming himself King of Ireland, was supported by several native princes, together with many of the most powerful Anglo-Irish lords.

It was a bright autumn evening as Wattie de Berminghame and Tibbot Burke, at the head of their spearmen, approached the western gate of Dublin. The two young knights were what was called brothers-in-arms. That is, a mutual friendship was sworn between them, and each, by his vow, was bound to defend and aid the other

in all straits and misfortunes with his worldly gear, with his sword, and with his very life in cases of extremity.

As the two young knights rode onward by the Liffey shore towards the ancient city, they beheld the whole sloping plain from the river to where Phibsborough now stands, covered with tents, amidst which many a bright spear-point glittered in the rosy light of the descending sun, and many a gay banner fluttered that bore the arms and cognisances of the stout lords and barons of the Pale, who were then gathered with their strongest muster, waiting for Lord Bermingham to lead them forth to battle.

"Lead the men forward, and procure them a place to camp for the night," said Wattie Bermingham. "Meanwhile, I will push on for the city, ere the gates are closed."

With these words he rode down the busy streets of the city, his mind in a strange tumult at the thought of meeting so soon with the lovely Maude le Poer, who was one of the handsomest and richest dames of the Pale. At length he halted before a huge stone mansion, and there, giving his horse into the care of his gilly or squire, he entered beneath the massive porch, and was soon in the presence of his lady-love.

"How did she greet you, Wattie?" asked Tibbot Burke, as his companion joined him after next morning's *reveillie*.

"I faith, agreeably enough," answered De Bermingham—"pleasanter than I thought, notwithstanding my disfigurement."

"Tush!" said Tibbot. "Call it no disfigurement, man. I warrant me that your other eye will be sharp enough to pick out your foe from the Bruce's ranks during the battle, which they have told me is sure to take place."

"Doubtless, but it will," returned his companion; "for I think, an' I were stricken blind altogether, I could still pick him out amongst a thousand, for two reasons."

"Methought," said Tibbot, "that you had but one reason for encountering De Lacy—namely, to avenge yourself for the loss of your eye."

"An eye for an eye I surely will have," answered De Bermingham. "But I now have another reason for trying a mortal tilt with De Lacy, and that is Maude le Poer's command!"

"Good!" said Tibbot Burke, in high admiration of the warlike parting-word of Maude. "May heaven send me a high-spirited wife like that. But—ha! there sound the clarions warning us to prepare for march. You will soon have an opportunity of executing the command of your lady-love."

In the centre of the camp was a large pavillion, in front of which stood the great standard of Lord John de Bermingham, general of the Anglo-Irish army. Before this standard the general, in full armour, was seated upon his horse, his principal knights and barons around him, giving the various orders for the march. The tents were soon struck, and the followers of the different leaders arranged in stern array behind their various ensigns. It was a splendid scene. The fresh morning sun glittered on numerous spear-points, and flashed incessantly from polished corselets and plumed helmet, and the early breeze, as it blew up the plain, wafted upon its wings the farewell cheer of the thousands who thronged the strong ramparts and battlements of Dublin, as the army, after extending itself into one long line, with a last wild burst of pipes and clarions, took its way northward to the battle-field, whence many of those who filled its numbers were never fated to return.

Wattie Bermingham and his brother-in-arms, with the spearmen they led, marched on with the centre body, which was commanded by the general in person.

"As for me," said Tibbot, "I expect my 'spurs at last, for I am sure it will be a gallant fight."

"And I also," returned his companion. "I will either win my spurs or die."

It was a calm, sultry noon when the two hostile armies came in sight of each other at a place called Faughard, near Dundalk. The Scots were inferior to the Irish in point of numbers, but then they were led by experienced and renowned generals, and expected a complete victory in the contest, which soon commenced. Lord de Bermingham, who was also a brave and practised general, had taken up an advantageous position at the foot of Faughard hill, and, when the first line of the Scots rushed obliquely upward to attack him, his heavy-armed knights and spearmen drove them back with considerable loss into the hollows. By a simultaneous movement on the part of the two leaders both the armies, wings and centres, at last came together with a terrible shock, and mingled in the confusion of a general battle.

As young de Bermingham and his friend passed out to the front in order to seek some opportunity for distinguishing themselves, they beheld an Anglo-Irish knight, named John de Maupas, several spear-lengths before them, riding in full tilt against Edward Bruce, who, according to his wont, fought in the van of his army. Bruce and some of his knights were at the moment engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Irish general and a few of his principal leaders, when de Maupas, coming up, struck his spear through the neck of the Scottish prince, and bore him to the ground, where he

was trampled to death by the raging horses. Alan, Lord Steward, who was by the side of the Bruce, whirled round his huge two-handed sword, and with one blow slew De Maupas, who fell over the body of him he had so lately vanquished.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Wattie Bermingham, eagerly, as the combatants now swayed to and fro and grappled with one another man to man. "See Tibbot! There goes the De Lacy's banner beneath in your boggy hollow. Follow me, for I must find him!" and with that he spurred downward, and was just in time with his friend to join in an attack which the Irish were making on foot, upon the left wing of the Scots in the swampy hollow. And now his heart bounded with a fierce delight, as soon after dismounting he was brought in the rushing a tack almost face to face with



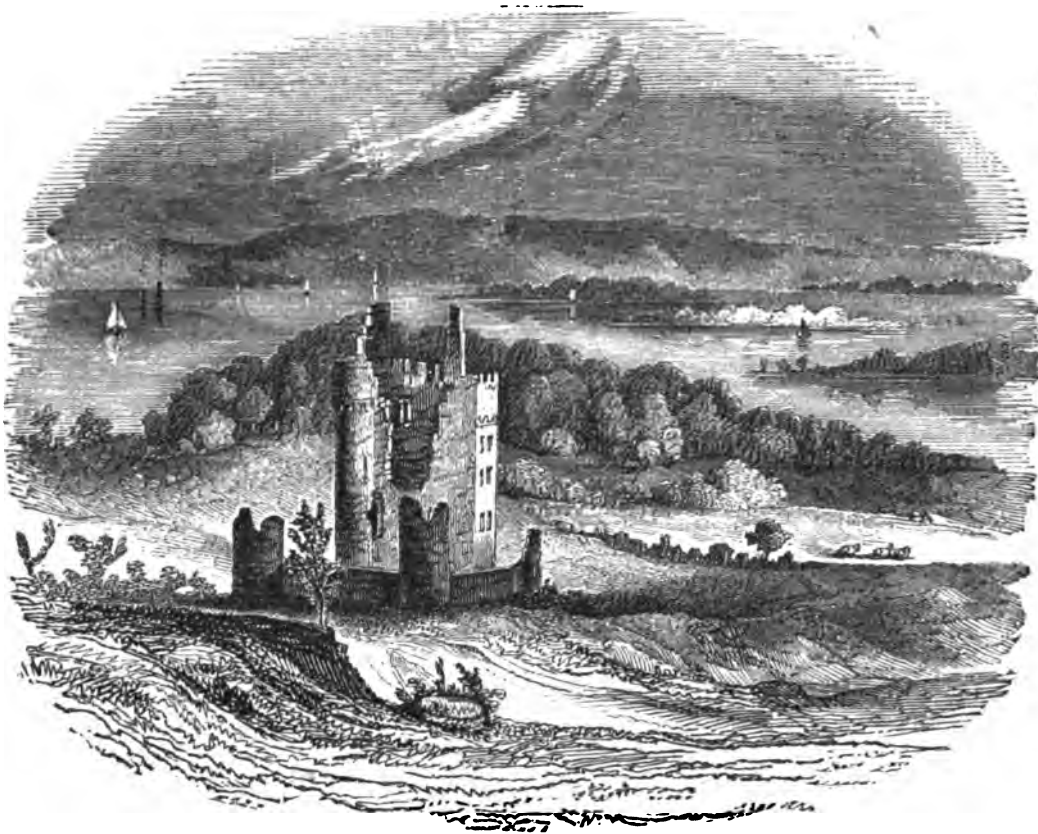
his hated foe young De Lacy, kinsman to the earl of that name, who was that day fighting on the part of Edward Bruce. About three paces in front of him stood Tibbot Burke, engaged in a deadly struggle with a gigantic Scottish knight, who seemed to be the comrade of young De Lacy. Poor Tibbot went down with a loud clang, mortally wounded before the Scotsman, who in turn was brought to his knee and slain by the heavy sword of De Bermingham, as the latter bestrode the body of his brother-in-arms.

"Yield thee, thou blind dog!" shouted young De Lacy, tauntingly, as Wattie now turned to him.

The answer was a heavy blow upon the shoulder and then a thrust in the eye from De Bermingham's long sword. The weapon went right through the brain of De Lacy, who fell dead almost without a groan.

"An eye for an eye!" shouted De Bermingham, "and now God and my lady love assist me in earning my spurs!"

He dashed quickly into the thickest of the enemy, and performed such deeds of valour, that, ere night, when the Scots were completely routed, he was knighted by his kinsman, Lord de Bermingham, in the presence of the assembled leaders of the army, amongst whom was the father of Maude le Poer. To the latter he was married some time after, and the only regret he felt on the bridal day was, that his faithful brother-in-arms, the gallant but luckless Tibbot Burke, was not alive to be a witness of his happiness.



TERMON MAGRATH CASTLE.

THE Castle of Termon Magrath, or Termon, as it is more usually called, is situated at the northern extremity of Lough Erne, about half a mile to the west of the pleasant little town of Pettigoe, county of Donegal. Like most of the edifices of the kind erected in the sixteenth century, it consisted of a massive keep, of great strength, with circular towers at two of its angles, and encompassed by outworks. During the Parliamentary Wars it was besieged by Ireton, who planted his batteries on the neighbouring hill, and did it considerable damage. According to popular tradition, its foundation is ascribed to the celebrated Malmurry, or, as he was usually called, Myler Magrath, and Dr. Petrie says there is every reason to believe this tradition correct. The lands on which the castle is situated anciently constituted the Termon of St. Daveog of Lough Derg, of which the Magraths were the hereditary termoners, or custodians of the church lands. Of this family Myler Magrath was the head. He was a churchman of distinguished abilities, and according to a tradition amongst the peasantry was the handsomest man in Ireland in his day. He died at Cashel, of which see he was archbishop, in the year 1622, at the age of

one hundred, and was interred in the choir of that ancient cathedral, where the monument to his memory still exists, with a Latin inscription penned by himself. The scenery in the immediate vicinity of the Castle is very beautiful, the shores of the lake being fringed with the plantations of the glebe of Templecarn, and those of Waterfoot.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER V.

AFFLICTION, when it comes on the wealthy and opulent, is a terrible disaster, because they are not prepared for it. It is not *en suite*, and furnishes too strong a contrast to the refinements and luxuries by which they are surrounded. Death and sorrow are more keenly felt by the affluent than the poor, and misfortune in any shape to those whom "fortune" has favoured, is regarded as a thing that should be elsewhere, and only fitted for places where poverty and indigence have made their home. The residence of Colonel Stammers had been for the past two days a house of mourning, as within it were two whose hearts were "full and heavy" of great apprehension and terrible suspense. They were the wife and sister of Robert Stammers—the nephew of the old colonel and the boon companion of the Black Doctor. There was a kind of a quiet, drowsy solemnity about the houses in the street in which Colonel Stammers resided, and it would appear that all the people who lived in this fashionable neighbourhood sought to make themselves as miserable as possible in their efforts to differ as much as they could from less fashionable persons living in other localities. They dined when other people were taking their tea, and very often concluded their supper when other people were thinking of having their breakfast. To differ from *parvenus* was regarded by the dwellers in Elm-place to be one of the duties of their lives. The servants spoke with that subdued gravity that becomes the domestics of "distinguished circles." The men who

delivered milk and bread, seemed to recognise the importance of the place when they drove into it, and even the venders of bog oak, firewood, turf or free-stone, sang *piano*, when within the influence of the high massive houses, that shut out the sunlight as a kind of vulgar intruder, that had no right to be in Elm-place. Beneath large flights of steps leading to large hall doors, with ponderous knockers, were deep pits, something like the places in which members of the Bruin family are kept, in zoological collections. This illusion was sustained by the huge iron railings, by which the foundation storeys of the houses were guarded from intrusion, and many looking at the substantial character of the iron work, would be led to suppose that the lower department of each house was intended for the safe keeping of members of families who may get demented. The house in which Colonel Stammers resided, was even more solemn in its external appearance than the other mansions in the locality, and a person looking at it, would, from the apparent absence of life within it, be led to suppose that it had been furnished for a family who had not come to dwell in it.

The Black Doctor drove up to the footway, and telling the driver of the chaise to wait for him, he ascended the steps, and knocked at the door. A prim-looking servant dressed in black, and wearing a white cravat, threw the hall-door wide open.

"Is Mrs Stammers at home?" said Bramble, as he entered, and placing his hat on the hall table; without waiting for a reply, he added, "Tell your mistress that a gentleman is here, a friend of Mr. Robert Stammers, and that his business is most urgent and important."

The servant, by his manner, showed that he felt he had made a mistake, as he bowed most obsequiously, while conducting the Black Doctor to an apartment, exquisitely furnished and decorated.

Bramble seated himself on a chair, and as he looked upon the magnificent works of art which adorned the walls, on the rich furniture and draperies, he said to himself, "What a queer world—this is Bob Stammers' home, he who is now lying maimed in the hovel of Joey Dix, the dog fancier." He rose from his seat, his eye having been attracted by a miniature of his friend, which hung over the marble mantel-piece. "Poor fellow!" soliloquised the Doctor, "you were not as you now are, when that was painted. What remains of this day and to-night will decide your fate." While he was turning over the leaves of one of a number of elegantly-bound volumes that lay on a table, two ladies entered the room. Bramble bowed respectfully, as the elder of the two approached and said:

"I am Mrs. Stammers, and I have heard that you are a friend of my poor husband's. Where is he? tell me. This is his sister," continued Mrs. Stammers, as she pointed to her companion. "You need not fear telling me anything you know of him, as I am already aware of the fearful position in which he has placed himself. What folly or madness could have driven him to commit a crime so great, he who I believed was the soul of honour! His uncle knows nothing of this matter, and his sister and myself are all, save yourself, within the house who know the fearful truth. Be seated, Doctor Bramble," continued the lady, as she proceeded to close the door. "Although I have never seen you before, I have heard my husband speak of you as his friend. He has also written to me to say that you are aware of all."

Mrs. Stammers was apparently not more than a few years past twenty. She was eminently handsome, and there was a feminine grace in her manner, which was most prepossessing. Her complexion was exceedingly fair, and her light brown hair hung in wavy ringlets from beneath a silk band, fastened with a diamond clasp. Her soft expressive blue eyes bore evidences of recent weeping, and as she stood in the presence of Bramble, he thought that he had never seen anything so lovely in his life.

Charlotte Stammers was a charming-looking brunette, just approaching the years of womanhood. On her exquisitely-formed face there was an air of subdued sadness, and from time to time, she would fix her dark luminous eyes on Bramble, for the purpose of seeking if she could read anything that spoke of hope for her brother, to whom she was deeply attached. Both ladies were dressed in all the simplicity of elegance, and in the prevailing fashion of the time.

"Tell me, I entreat you," said Mrs. Stammers, addressing Bramble, "all that you know of my poor husband. Conceal nothing from me; I am prepared for the worst. His has been a hard fate. Without the temptation of poverty or urgent necessity, he has committed a fraud which I know imperils his life. He had home, friends, and

all that could make life dear to him in his two children. Doctor Bramble, the mother of these two children will go mad, if some means are not pointed out to remedy this terrible misfortune. How is he? Where is he?" asked the half-distracted woman, as she rose from her chair, and approached the Black Doctor.

"I have come," said Bramble, "to tell you that he is well, and safe from all fear of detection. Some means must be adopted to get the bill out of the hands of the Jew."

"I have written to Isaacs," replied the lady, "and offered him twice the amount of that terrible bill, but he refused to give it up."

"Give him all the jewels which my poor mother left me when she was dying," said Charlotte—"give him everything to save poor Bob."

"Mrs. Stammers," observed Bramble, "do you come with me to the Jew, and perhaps, by making personal application, he may consent to the terms which you have offered him. I have a chaise at the door, and we can drive to his house."

Mrs. Stammers readily assented, and in a few minutes the Black Doctor and the lady were on their way to see Abraham Isaacs, the money-lender.

In a small dingy parlour behind a toy shop, in a leading thoroughfare, sat a thick-set, heavy-looking man, who seemed to be about thirty-five years of age. His hooked nose, short upper lip, and pursy mouth, betrayed the fact that he was a Jew. He wore a profusion of gold ornaments and jewellery. However, there was a slovenliness about his dress and manner that showed that he was not long accustomed to the possession of wealth. He commenced life as a purchaser of old clothes. Day after day he amassed money until he had acquired sufficient capital to open a shop, in which he sold toys and mock jewellery. He eventually became a money-lender, and those whose follies or vices embarrassed them, always found their way to the shop of Abraham Isaacs, where bills were accepted, and cashed at a fabulous amount of interest. The shopkeeper or trader, as well as the spendthrift, had recourse to Abraham in their need. In all his money dealings there was nothing he would sooner become possessed of than a forged bill. He made well by forgeries, as he could always make his own terms before he would give up the fraudulent documents to the drawers. He was now seated on a high-backed chair at a table, over which were strewn heaps of law papers. He was examining the contents of a long black pocket-book, when he was disturbed by the entrance of Mrs. Stammers and the Black Doctor. Abraham having bowed the visitors to chairs in his best style, inquired of the lady what he could do for her?

"I am the wife of Mr. Stammers, whose bill I hear you hold."

"It is not his bill, ma'am," said Abraham, "it belongs to the law. He tried to cheat me, but he can't. It is a forgery."

"Even so," said the lady, "I will give you twice the amount if you give it to me."

"No," said the Jew, "that would be compromising a felony. I tell you what I will do. Give me a thousand pounds, and there shall be no more about it. If you don't like to do what I say, I will hand this bill which I have here to the sheriff as a forgery."

While Abraham was delivering himself of these observations, he slapped the big black pocket-book with his right hand.

Bramble thought what he would give to have an opportunity of seizing the document, on which the life of his friend depended. At last some sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he fell into one of his old contemplative moods.

The Jew followed up what he thought was an advantage, and he pointed in the most glowing colours the certain arrest and conviction of Mr. Stammers, until the lady was wrought up to the frenzy of fear for her husband's safety.

"Give me only a week, and I pledge myself to you, that you shall have what you require. I will give you twice the amount of the bill now, and the rest in the time I tell you. Give it to me, and have mercy on me, who never did you wrong. I would let you have this day what you demand, but I am afraid to tell his old uncle of it." The lady caught the hand of the Jew as she looked imploringly in his face and said, "You will not be so hard on the unfortunate as to refuse me the request I make."

Abraham was inexorable, and he coldly answered the lady by saying, "I told you what I will do, and I will do nothing else."

"Then we are lost!" said Mrs. Stammers, bursting into tears.

The Black Doctor, who had calmly listened to the conversation,

said, "There is no help for it; the thousand pounds must be paid, and it is better to pay it to night."

"I think so," observed Abraham.

"My friend will have the money for you. Do you know the 'Three Jolly Travellers,' a house kept by a man named Brunt?"

"I do," replied Abraham. "I know it a long time."

"Then, be there at nine o'clock to-night," said Bramble, "and you shall get the thousand you demand."

"Where, doctor, is the money to be got?" asked the lady, "particularly at this hour of the day. Perhaps Mr. Isaacs will give us until to-morrow evening?"

"No," said Bramble, "it must be paid to-night," as he looked knowingly at the lady. "A practical joke has been played on you, Mr. Isaacs; and, while I admit that you are levying a large fine, you must be paid. Now, what do you say to striking for seven hundred and fifty?" asked the doctor.

"I know you to be an honourable gentleman," replied the worthy addressed, "but I will take nothing less than a thousand."

"I suppose it must be so," observed the Black Doctor. "Stammers is in your power at any time, and he is getting off cheaply enough. It will be a lesson to him while he lives. Mind, Mr. Isaacs, nine o'clock, at the 'Three Jolly Travellers.'"

"I will be there, with the bill," said Abraham, "at that time," as he opened the door leading to the shop. Mrs. Stammers and the Black Doctor took their departure for Elm-place.

While the chaise was driving rapidly along the streets, Mrs. Stammers, who was quite astounded at the off-hand and independent manner assumed by Bramble when addressing the Jew, said, "Doctor, where is the money to come from, which you have promised to pay this night?"

"It shall be paid, and in full, if I can help it; and, as time presses, I will now leave you at your house. You will see Mr. Stammers soon, and will you give my best respects to his sister?"

The lady having alighted from the chaise in Elm-place, Bramble drove quickly in the direction of the residence of Joey Dix, the dog-fancier, where Bob Stammers was anxiously inquiring for him. On arriving at the corner of a secluded street, he told the driver of the chaise to wait for his return. It was now fast approaching night-fall, but, notwithstanding, Bramble observed the greatest caution as he went his way to the residence of Dix. He knocked at the door, which was opened by Tony Johnson.

"I want you particularly this night, Tony," said Bramble; "you will have a great job to do for me."

"All right," said Tony, as his eyes sparkled with delight.

"You say that you know Isaacs?" said the doctor, addressing him. "You must bring me a large black pocket-book which he will have about him when he will be coming to the 'Three Jolly Travellers' to-night. Watch him from his own door until you get him into a lonely place, and make off with what I want. He generally carries it in his side coat pocket, and I must have it this night. Go," continued the doctor, as he handed him some money, "and get something to eat and to drink, but don't tell your business to any body. You are not to say when you return to John Brunt's that you have seen me this evening. You may go now, and I expect that you will do your work well."

Tony pulled down his white hat over his eyes, and taking the long skirts of his coat under one of his arms, scampered away.

Bramble then entered the wretched apartment where Stammers was lying, in the extreme of mental torture and physical suffering.

"I have been anxiously waiting for you for some hours," said Stammers. "Have you seen my wife and sister—have you any news—what about that accursed bill? I have died twenty deaths since you have been here. Oh! how I have suffered for my folly. Look around you, and say is this a place for Bob Stammers. Let them drag me to jail—who was the cause of it?" The sick man laughed hysterically as he threw his right arm across his aching head. "I would be up before now," continued he, "only for this maimed leg."

"Hush, Stammers," said the doctor, "don't be a fool. We will leave this within a quarter of an hour. You will be acting wisely if you do my bidding. Mary, come here," said he, addressing Joey Dix's daughter. The girl came from the corner of the room in which she had been sitting and approached Bramble, who said to her, "Go down the lane and turn to the right, you will see a man in charge of a chaise, tell him to bring it to the door."

Bramble went to work actively for the purpose of making his

patient fit to go the journey from a lane in the south liberties of Dublin to Mud Island, situated at the other extreme of the city. The rumbling of the wheels in the lane soon told the Black Doctor that the girl had found out the place where he had left the chaise.

"Not a moment is to be lost," said he, as he raised his friend from his bed, and taking him in his arms he bore him to the vehicle which was in waiting at the door. "Tell your father I was asking for him," said Bramble, addressing the girl, as he jumped into the chaise, and told the coachman to drive to Dudley-lane, a locality which recent improvements have obliterated.

"I was unjust, Bramble," said Stammers, "when I spoke cross to you, but my mind is distracted, and I am in great pain."

"Every thing will be right soon," replied Bramble; "but you must 'rough it' for this night, at least, among the denizens of Mud Island. I know the King. In Mud Island you will be safe; Joey Dix's was surrounded by dangers."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOTANIC GARDENS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURHOOD.



HERE is no fairer village in the land than Glasnevin, of old and classic memory; none shall there be more frequented of the footsteps of our city toilers, thanks to the relaxation which has made them free of its beautiful Botanic Gardens, on that one day which must be perforce, from their necessities, at once their day of rest and their day of recreation. Sometimes it may be when they have journeyed to this spot of popular pleasure, they may go beyond the gate of those gardens, ere they enter within, for the sake of a walk along the quiet road which has not been disdained by the tread of Swift, of Addison, of Stella, which has echoed the caustic aphorisms of the gloomy Dean of Saint Patrick's, which has rung to the lighter sarcasm of Parnell, and gave back the gentle and graceful accents which dropped from the lips of the author of *Cato*.

We must confess to an old habit of loitering on the bridge which spans the Tolka, just at the foot of the village, and which separates Old Glasnevin, on its further side, from New Glasnevin on its higher bank, and we must plead guilty to a desire that others should do the same. Since the first time we have lingered there we have wandered to the origin of the brawling stream, which frets and flows beneath those arches, and saw it as it rose clearly, bubbling from its springs amid the green cattle pastures of rich Meath. So, often as we look across the parapet wall down upon the pellucid waters, our thoughts retrace its devious course back to many a far meadow, where the lambs are bleating at eventide, and herds of cattle low softly along its banks. Thus as we hear the murmur of the river, fancy rises in the ascendant, and imagination sways its way even into Dreamland and realms of Faëry. Said not the German poet well when he exclaimed under the influence of some such spell—

"But what do I say of a murmur,
Which can no murmur be—
'Tis the water-nymphs are singing
Their roundelay to me."

We are beguiled by the invisible syrens far from Glasnevin in such mood, but retrace our roving, once more to remember its peculiar sublimary associations.

The "Annals of the Four Masters" have record of Glasnevin, in detailing the death of its abbot Berchan, in the year 544. Berchan was a poet, and wrote sacred songs. He also penned a record of Saint Bridget. We have puzzled our brains many a day, to think where his Abbey stood, of which there is not now, nor for many a hundred years has there been, one stone standing upon another. Where does the dust of Berchan lie, we marvel? In what spot amid all those undulations of mead and cornfield, of wood and wold, is the abbot laid with his monks? Somewhere by the river-side no doubt, where the plash and drip of the water make most sweet lullaby for the sleepers, among the dead and gone.

In 1178, we find in the same annals that St. Laurence O'Toole,

Archbishop of Dublin, made a grant of a third part of Cloghnei, a third part of Killalen, Lealuan, Glasneodan and Magdurnia, to the Church of the Holy Trinity, to enjoy and possess for ever. By a bull of Pope Alexander this grant is confirmed in the year 1179, and in the bull we find this old place particularized as "Glasneodhen of the mill." Woe worth the day! the clatter of the mill is long silent, though the stream that turned its wheel goes by dancing as gaily in the sun, or surging as roughly to the wind as in the days when Pope Alexander memorialized Glasnevin by its mill. Gone is the miller—gone his household—gone the mill, and the river is witness of the change; whilst the church of the Holy Trinity still possesses the land whereon the mill ground the corn of the Irish denizens of the neighbourhood, in those quaint old times.

From the bridge where we gossip thus, the distance to the little church is not far, and here it was that Dr. Delany, the friend of Swift—his host and companion—officiated in days when Irish land revered no name more sincerely than that of the erratic Dean. The little grave-yard of the church contains the bones of Delany, and a wall divides his grave from his former residence—Delville. Delville has been commemorated by Swift in verse, and it yet contains memorials of him and his. A little temple stands amid its walks inscribed with the motto "Fastigia despicit urbis." Opposite the entrance within it is a medallion of Stella, injured and worn by time. The living Stella herself has trod amid those garden paths, bearing in her heart of hearts that grim secret of her peculiar connexion with Swift, which wore her life out at last. What must it have been? Did her thoughts run like those of that fair damsel in the lowland ballad—

"Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sings on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?
When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.

Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?
The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

The glow-worm over grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steep's sing—
Welcome, proud lady!"

Well! the Dean of St. Patrick's and the fair Stella have been united long ago,—the grave has joined them, and their dust has commingled in its union. Peace to their memory; the one was a great soul somewhat warped by circumstance from its greatest purpose; the other was a true woman—very fair—loving much and sorrowing greatly. For the sake of the patriot we reverence her he loved—but for the sake of her patient tenderness in all the bitterness of her mysterious fate, we must have a feeling deeper and holier for that womanly nature, so fond, and so incomprehensible in its fondness.

Leaving the bridge and its associations, let us return to the Botanic Gardens. Pleasantly falls the sunlight of the Sabbath evening on tree and flower, and more pleasantly still, on the gathered groups along the walks. Here on this rustic seat let us tell the story of the institution of this "pleasaunce," as old Chaucer would call it.

In the year 1790, the members of the Royal Dublin Society first conceived the idea of a Botanic Garden, and having made application to the Irish Parliament, received from it an annual grant up to the year 1794, of £1,700, for the purpose of providing and maintaining a Botanic Garden. A committee, composed of members of the Society, having been appointed, pursued this object until 1795. In March of that year, the Lord Bishop of Kilmore, on behalf of that committee, reported that after examining several sites they had found none so eligible as ground at Glasnevin, held by Major Tickell from the Dean and Chapter of Christ's Church Cathedral. The demesne had belonged to Tickell the poet, and the house on the ground was that in which Addison resided when he came over

to this country as private secretary to the Marquis Wharton in 1714. Tickell was assistant secretary, and afterwards, on Addison's death, became the literary executor of that eminent man. The professor's house was his residence, and in one of its apartments he composed his poetical piece of Colin and Lucy. Further up through the garden—if we pursue the walk by the river to its termination—we pass into that memorial as the favourite of Addison. Here he has passed many a quiet and thoughtful hour pacing its boundary "with solemn step and slow," indulging in those musings which have left the most graceful impress upon English literature. If ghosts revisit this orb, as men have said, in "the pale glimpses of the moon," what spot could be more grateful to the wandering shade than this! Shadowy trees over-arch it solemnly—voice of falling waters murmurs near with mysterious cadence—and the winds drift in fitful gusts through the whispering leaves above.

In consequence of the report of the Committee of the Royal Dublin Society, this ground was obtained as desired. In the years 1798 and 1799, Parliament appropriated a further sum of £1,800, and in the year 1800, it assigned £1,500 for the garden, and for its purpose of giving agricultural instruction. With this intention it appointed a professor of botany, and Dr. Wade was the first who held the appointment. The prospectus was issued about the same time, and it details the divisions or classification of the departments of the Garden. Those were, as we find them in this plan, the Linnaean Garden, the Scientific Garden, the Botanic Garden, the Cattle Garden, the Hay Garden, the Irish Garden, and the Dyer's Garden. So far we find that the establishment had become an accomplished fact. In its progress to this point, it owed most of its success to the efforts of a man whom Ireland yet remembers—Mr. Speaker Foster. He it was who sat in the Speaker's chair of the House of Parliament on the evening when the Union was carried. In the creation of this establishment, for public benefit, we have yet a standing memorial of his desire to advance the elevation and progress of his countrymen.

In 1802 we have the first published catalogue of the Botanic Gardens. It contains a plan of the hot-houses and conservatories then erected. They were five in number, and were divided into a centre and wing-houses, and they stood on the site now occupied by the walk which leads from the entrance gate to the Octagon house. They were built facing the west, and remained until the year 1817, when having been reported faulty, they were removed. In the year 1804 the committee reported that a sum of £9,746 had been expended on the arrangement of the gardens during the four preceding years. The first necessary arrangements may now be considered as being made complete, and we find that the business of the gardens was carried on without much extra cost until the year 1815, when Mr. Thomas Plessants, a member of the Dublin Society, built the two gate lodges at his own private cost. A report was made soon after to the Society, that the construction of the principal range of hot houses was very imperfect for their object, and their removal was recommended. This was effected during the two years 1817 and 1818, and in the year 1819. The Octagon house was built in 1819 to accommodate a splendid specimen of the Norfolk Island Pine, which plant unfortunately was lost in the process of its removal. In the year 1826, Doctor Wade, the veteran professor of botany, and one of the zealous founders of the institution, died, and Dr. Litton was appointed in his stead. The principal departments of the garden remained still under the same arrangement as at the time of the prospectus issued in 1800; but in 1834, owing to the advanced age of Mr. Underwood, the curator from the commencement of the establishment, Mr. Niven was appointed to that duty, and on his assuming office, the old plan of the garden was broken up.

In consequence of the new arrangement, the splendid range of curvilinear wrought-iron conservatories were built, at a cost of upwards of £5,000. Four thousand pounds were contributed by the Government, in two sums granted for the purpose. The plan of the first house was drafted by Mr. Ferguson, the head master of architectural drawing in the Government School of Art. All the other houses were designed by Frederick Darley, Esq. The workmanship of all the houses planned by Mr. Darley, was carried out by the eminent iron-founder, Mr. Turner, of the Hammersmith Works, except the first, which was constructed by Cloney.

In 1846, Professor Litton died, and his chair has since been occupied by Dr. Harvey, who delivered two courses of lectures annually, one at the House of the Royal Dublin Society, Kildare-

Street, and the other at the Botanic Gardens. This arrangement continued until 1854, when a change was made by the Government respecting the professorship and his lectures of office. At present they are delivered by Professor Harvey, partly at the Royal Dublin Society's house, partly at the Botanic Gardens, and partly at the Museum of Industry, Stephen's Green.

The funds for the support of the Botanic Gardens were mainly supplied out of the sum annually voted for the Royal Dublin Society, until the year 1854. Since that time it has been included in the vote for educational purposes in connection with the Board of Trade. When the vote for the Royal Dublin Society was reduced from £10,000 to £5,300, this institution suffered from the retrenchment in common with the other establishments under that Society. However since 1854 it has been more prosperous. The gardens cover an extent of ground, in the gross, amounting to thirty-one statute acres. The exquisite taste and fortunate arrangement in which it is laid out, need no encomium from us. The soil is favourable for the growth of most plants, except, perhaps, to some species from the American continent, being mainly extended on that geological strata, known as calpe limestone. The abundance and variety of the vegetable productions, fostered within its limits, will be soon a matter of common notoriety, as the gardens become more and more familiarized to our people. We are of those who augur the best results from the facilities which they afford to our working-classes, in the new arrangement which throws the gates open to them on Sundays. We not only believe that the toilers in our city will derive health and pleasure from the concession to their necessities, but we are certain educational improvement must follow. The stimulus which is afforded to the working man by the opportunity to study the science of botany in its very seat, will not, we are assured, be lost by him. In other countries, from the working-classes have issued some of the greatest names in the repertory of knowledge, simply because of the opportunities afforded them for obtaining it. France has her Cuvier, second to none in comparative anatomy; America could boast of her Burrit, distinguished in philology; Scotland tells, in her rugged genius, of the geological research of Hugh Miller, the mason of Cromarty; and England has a thousand memorials of the efforts in mechanical science of all those hard-handed, large-brained sons of labour, who have issued from her factories, from the days of George Wedgewood down to those of the last and greatest—George Stephenson. Perhaps in days to come, our own land may have to speak of some name with pride, from the same ranks as those distinguished men, which may be symbolical of the enlargement of our ideas in the circle of that science which preaches of the wisdom of God, in the teachings it draws from the flowers in our path or the grasses at our feet, more wondrous, in their exquisite organism, than all the art of man hath created, or all his brain hath conceived in its most fertile impulse of production.

POWER OF THE TIDAL MOVEMENT.—There is a vast reservoir of mechanical power existing in the ocean. We do not refer to the noisy dash of the waves as they break upon the beach, but to the infinitely mightier, although silent and progressive, energy exerted in the gradual rise and fall of the tides. Compared with the stupendous power capable of being utilized of man's benefit, and present in the rise or fall of millions upon millions of tons of water through a space of ten or twenty feet four times a day, all the steam, water, or wind power in the world, together with the united muscular force of every living being, human and animal, sink into utter insignificance. We will try to form some idea of this power. Let us suppose that by the action of the tides the difference of level of the surface of the ocean at a certain spot is 21 feet between high and low water: omitting for the present all consideration of the power of the subjacent liquid, what is the mechanical value of a space of 100 yards square of this water? 100 yards square by 21 feet deep equals 70,000 cubic yards of water, which is lifted to a height of 21 feet, or to 1,470,000 cubic yards lifted to a height of 1 foot. Now, since one cubic yard of water weighs about 1,683 pounds, 1,470,000 cubic yards weigh 2,470,010,000 pounds, which is lifted in six hours. This is equivalent to lifting a weight of 412,335,000 pounds in one hour; and since one horse-power is considered equivalent to raising 1,800,000 pounds per hour, we have locked up in every 100 yards square of sea surface, a power equal to a 230 horse-power steam-engine.

SOME GOLD SEEKERS OF OLD.



INGS, queens, princes, philosophers, poets, and peasants, have, during every recorded epoch of the world's history, sought for gold with avidity. Thousands have perished in the search; bloodshed and reckless rapine have characterised the chase; and the fierce play of human passions exhibits itself, unveiled, and hideous in its nakedness, amid the gold regions of the world. The

greed with which the nations of antiquity sought gold is recorded in their wars; the pride with which they exhibited it is manifested in their monuments; and the daring with which they ventured abroad in the search of it is evidenced in the quantities they obtained.

The value and knowledge of gold is first recorded in Scripture. We learn that Moses caused various parts of the sanctuary to be overlaid with the precious metal. The art of working it, in which the Hebrews at the time of Moses were undoubtedly skilled, they are said to have learned from the ancient Egyptians. Two gold regions are mentioned in the sacred writings, which geographers have vainly endeavoured to fix with certainty; these are Ophir and Tarshish. The ships of Solomon, piloted by Phœnicians, took three years to perform the journey to Tarshish and back, importing peacocks' feathers, gold, and silver. Ophir, it has been asserted, is the Peru of modern maps; but Tarshish was obviously an Asiatic locality, since, with the gold and silver, Solomon's vessels brought home ivory and other eastern produce. Tarshish has been explained variously; by some as the general name of the Phœnicians for the ocean—by others as a corruption of the Sanscrit word *Tar-desa*, a silver country. Marks of anciently-worked gold mines, however, have been found in various parts of the world. In the gold districts of the Ural and Altai, unmistakable evidences exist of the former presence of ancient miners. In the museum at Bernaul is a stone sphynx, discovered in an extensive excavation for gold, which must have been carried on long ages ago, near the silver mines of the Schlangenberg. This and other relics are conjectured to throw a light upon the passage in Herodotus, where he describes the gold mines—guarded by monsters—of the Eastern Scythians, called the Arimaspes. May not these mines have yielded some of Solomon's gold? The vast quantities of gold collected by this monarch have been variously computed; but some idea of the great total may be arrived at from the fact related in "Kings," that in a single year six hundred threescore and six talents were collected.

When gold first played a part in human affairs is, in truth, lost in the remote past. As a popular writer has remarked, its indestructibility was appreciated almost as soon as it was discovered, and it quickly became the coveted possession—almost the god of men. Then the folly of hoping to create, by human skill, this precious product of nature, soon seized upon avaricious minds; and of all the patient labours performed with the hope of seizing gold, those which the alchemists performed deserve a pre-eminent rank, as they led the way to many great chemical discoveries. After having eulogised gold as the most perfect, the most unalterable, and the simplest of metals; after having crowned it with the vain title of king over the metallic world, they compared it to the glory of the sun, and represented it by the same emblem. A circle represented its perfection and its indestructibility; it was to them the *summum* of metallization; and in their delirium, they were almost inclined to place it at the head of creation.

The gold mines of the ancient Egyptians, described by Agatharchides, a writer who flourished in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, were situated near the coast of the Red Sea; according to D'Anville, on the site of the second or golden Berenice, and according to others, on the site of Hamamy. The spot now laid down in modern maps as Jebel Allaka is D'Anville's locality. "The kings of Egypt," writes Agatharchides, "compelled many poor people, together with their wives and children, to labour in the gold mines, wherein they underwent more suffering than can well be imagined. The hard rocks of the gold mountains being cleft by heating them with burning wood, the workmen then apply their iron implements. The young and active, with iron hammers, break the rock in pieces, in straight lines, but following the direction of the vein of gold, which is as irregular in its course as the roots of a tree. The workmen have lights fastened on their foreheads, by the aid of which they cut their way through the rocks, always following the white veins of stone. To keep them to their task, an overseer stands by, ready to inflict a blow on the lazy. The material that is thus loosened is carried out of the galleries by boys, and received at the mouth of the mine by old men and the weaker labourers, who then carry it to the *epoptæ*, or inspectors. These are young men, under thirty years of age, strong and vigorous, who pound the broken fragments in iron mortars with a stone pestle, till there is no piece larger than a pea. It is then placed on grinding stones, or a kind of mill-stones, and women, three on each side, work at it till it is reduced to a fine powder. This is then passed on to a set of workmen, called *sellangeis*, who place it on a finely polished board, not horizontal, but sloping a little. The *sellangeis*, after pouring some water on the board, rubs it with his hand, at first gently, but afterwards more vigorously, by which process the lighter earthy particles slide off along the slope of the board, and the heavier parts are left behind. He then takes soft sponges, with which he presses on the board rather gently, which causes the lighter particles to adhere to the sponge, while the heavy shining grains still keep their place on the board, owing to their weight. From the *sellangeis* the gold particles are transferred to the roasters, who measure and weigh all they receive, before putting it into an earthen jar. With the gold particles they mix lead in a certain proportion, lumps of salt, a little tin, and barley bran, and putting a tightly-fitting cover on the jar, and smearing it all over, they burn it in a furnace for five days and nights without intermission. On the sixth day they cool the vessel and take out the gold, which they find somewhat diminished in quantity; all the other substances entirely disappear. These mines were worked under the ancient kings of Egypt, but abandoned during the occupation of the country by the Ethiopians, and afterwards by the Medes and Persians."

Cambyzes carried off a rich spoil from the Egyptian temples; afterwards, in the ashes of the palaces of Persepolis and Susa, three hundred talents of gold, and two thousand three hundred of silver were collected. Jacob, taking Diodorus Siculus as his authority, estimates the annual yield of the ancient Egyptian gold mines at six millions sterling. The quantity may have been as great as this, if the produce of the neighbouring countries—of Nubia and that from the interior, from the Macrobians of Herodotus, who obtained rich stores from their rapid streams—be included in the calculation.

Rosellini proves that the ancient Egyptians had attained to great perfection in the art of working the precious metals to shapes generally grotesque, but not seldom graceful and highly finished. The statue of Aziz, which stood in the Monolith of Memphis, was made of gold, with two precious stones for the eyes. The Egyptians possessed the art of gilding wooden and other images, but the most remarkable specimen of the art as practised by them has been found upon their mummy-cases. Pliny even asserts that they were acquainted with the art of amalgamating gold with other metals, to form a yielding paste for gilding.

Agatharchides, to whom allusion has been already made, in noticing the manufacturing skill of the Sabæans, says that they had a vast quantity of the precious metals garnered in their capital. He describes their drinking vessels of pure gold and silver, their furniture with silver feet, and the rich ornaments of gold on their colonnades and the fronts of their doors. The Assyrians also possessed vast quantities of gold. Diodorus states that Ninus, the founder of Nineveh, possessed himself of all the gold and silver of Bactriana; and Semiramis is said to have erected for a Babylonian temple three statues of beaten gold, one of which weighed eight hundred talents.

Gold holds a conspicuous place in the mythology of the ancient Greeks. According to it the Golden Race was the first race sent by the gods to people the earth. The goddess of discord threw a golden apple in among the deities, at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, bearing the inscription: *Η καλή λαβειν*—"let the beauty (among you) take (me)." All are familiar with the circumstance that Paris was nominated umpire, and adjudged the prize of beauty to Venus. Apollo rode in a golden chariot; Atalanta lost her race with Hippomenes by stepping aside to pick up the golden apples he intentionally let fall in her path; Bacchus presented Ariadne with a golden crown. The story of King Midas illustrates the antiquity of the *auri sacra fames*. A party of Phrygian shepherds having found the drunken Silenus in his accustomed condition, conveyed him before that sapient monarch. He entertained him for ten days, and then sent him back to his foster-father, Bacchus, who, in return for the king's hospitality, requested him to name the reward he coveted. Midas requested that every thing he touched might be turned to gold. To this request Bacchus acceded, and the monarch was speedily delighted to find the stones he touched become a mass of precious metal; the very water in which he bathed became liquid gold. But when he began to eat, his bread and meat became solid bullion, and when he lifted his goblet to his lips, his wine became metal. In despair, he besought Bacchus to cancel his absurd wish, when the god directed him to immerse himself in the river Pactolus, which is fabled to have forthwith run over golden sands, and Midas was no longer so terrible an alchemist!

The third labour of Hercules was to convey to Mycenæ, the hind with the golden horns, sacred to Diana, while the eleventh task of the same god was to get the golden apples of the Hesperides, which had been given to Juno by Earth on her wedding morn. Then there is the famous expedition of the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece, nailed to an oak in the grove of Mars, and the Golden Collar worked by Vulcan, which Cadmus gave to his daughter Harmonia.

The stories of the modesty of the wise men of old, in regard to the acceptance of the Golden Tripod, which Helen as she sailed from Troy was supposed to have cast into the water, in compliance with an ancient oracle, is well known to the readers of Grecian history.

The fabulous wealth of Croesus, to which so many references are made in the writings of the ancients, and whose dismal fate has been taught to trembling children as a warning against the indulgence of pride, has led to the adoption of a phrase now current throughout the civilised world, that the millionaires of the present day are "as rich as Croesus." In his "Life of Solon," Plutarch pleasantly introduces the hero whose reputed wealth has excited the envy of all subsequent races of men. "As to his (Solon's) interview with Croesus, some pretend to prove from chronology, that it is fictitious. But since the story is so celebrated, and so well attested, nay, what is more, so agreeable to Solon's character, so worthy of his wisdom and magnanimity, I cannot prevail upon myself to reject it for the sake of certain chronological tables, which thousands are correcting to this day (the first century of the Christian era), without being able to bring them to any certainty. Solon, then, is said to have visited Sardis at the request of Croesus; and when he came thither, he was affected much in the same manner as a person born in an inland country, when he first goes to see the ocean; for, as he takes every great river he perceives for the sea, so Solon, when he passed through the court, and saw many of the nobility richly dressed, and walking in great pomp amidst a crowd of attendants and guards, took each of them for Croesus. At last, when he was conducted into the presence, he found the king set off with whatever can be imagined curious and valuable, either in beauty of colours, elegance of golden ornaments, or splendour of jewels, in order that the grandeur and variety of the scene might be as striking as possible. Solon, standing over against the throne, was not at all surprised, neither did he pay those compliments which were expected; on the contrary, it was obvious to all persons of discernment, that he despised such vain ostentation and littleness of pride. Croesus then ordered his treasures to be opened, and his magnificent apartments of furniture to be shown him; but this was quite a superfluous trouble; for Solon, upon the first view of the king, was able to read his character. When he had seen all, and was conducted back, Croesus asked him, "If he had ever beheld a happier man than himself?" Solon answered, "he had; and that was one Jellus, a plain but worthy citizen of Athens, who left valuable child-

ren behind him; and who, having been above the want of necessities during his whole life, died gloriously fighting for his country." By this time, he appeared to Cræsus a strange, uncouth kind of rustic, who did not measure happiness by gold and silver, but could prefer the life and death of a private and obscure person to so much dignity and power."

M. Licinius Crassus, surnamed, on account of his opulence, the "Rich," is a very celebrated personage in Roman history. He was made a consul by Pompey (with whom and Cæsar he formed the first Triumvirate) and in this exalted office displayed his wealth by entertaining the people at ten thousand tables. His love of riches was so predominant that, not satisfied with the revenues of the province of Syria, and influenced by an uncontrollable desire of extending his possessions, he crossed the Euphrates, and hastened to make himself master of Parthia. Betrayed, however, by the treacherous delay of some of his allies, he was defeated by the Parthian forces under Surena, by whom, after his surrender, he was put to death, B.C. 53. He was afterwards decapitated, and in derision of his avarice, molten gold was poured down his throat. Alas for the *auri sacra fames*!

In a future number we shall have something to say concerning metallurgic craft in Ireland, from the days when Cred, a Tuathade-Danaan artificer in gold, and "very curious in the working of metals," fabricated a silver hand for King Nuadh, (who was the first monarch of that dynasty, and who was called *Airgid lamh*, or, "of the Silver Hand,") as a substitute for the natural member which that sovereign lost at the battle of Moytura, (that is, *Magh Turriodh*, "the field of towers," on the borders of Lough Maag,) and something anent Irish mines, from the era of the discovery of that Lagenian one where now

"Sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine;
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone."

A GREAT HUMILIATION.

IHAVE a grudge of long standing to settle with Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Jane Porter, Horace Walpole, and a few other lights of the "School of Artificial Sentiment." The "Romance of the Forest" ruined me for a boy; and my maturer years were uncomfortably embarrassed by dreaminess and aversion for the practical business of life, resulting from profound studies of the "Scottish Chiefs." I had scarcely turned the corner of my ninth year when I began to astonish my friends by the extraordinary facility with which I interlarded conversations of the barrenest interest with florid and affecting quotations from either of the aforesaid romances. I was incapable of discussing any subject, from fried ham to electricity, in a sensible, common-place way. Indeed, so deeply had I imbibed the conventional tone and manner of Miss Fitzclarence, and the persecuted Adeline, that I soared invariably above the familiar level of social conversation into a species of comatic moonlight. My habits, cast of thought, and person, rapidly acquired a fictitious dignity and *aplomb* from those refining influences, which not unfrequently exposed me to the ridicule of my companions. My ambition aspired to a free life in the Albanian mountains, with fifty retainers, in goat-skin capotes, to answer the sound of my horn and stand by me whilst I chivalrously snapped my fingers in the face of the constituted authorities. But when a consideration of the refining element of such a life engrossed my fancy, I felt too buoyant to tread the earth, and allowed my imagination to riot extravagantly in the realms of Beauty and Romance. I pictured to myself the partner of my existence reclining on cushions of Persian down, in some out of the way cavern, with a thousand ministering slaves, theatrically disposed around her couch. From a hundred museums and art galleries I gathered materials for her face and form. She was to dine daily on amber and sherbet; take the air in silver slippers, and receive the *Magasin des Modes* once a month. It was also arranged that she should call me her

lord, and fall at my feet whenever I made my appearance; and that I should reply, "Arise, O, Fatima, and deign to smile upon your slave." Fatima, by the way, was never to grow old or ugly; and when she should die, her death was to be accepted as a sarcasm on the pretensions of the medical profession.

The peculiar character of my reflections, generally illustrated as they were by excursions through the damp grass in the moonlight, and prolonged midnight sittings at an open window, visibly affected my health, and, on my eleventh birth-day I was packed up in a very ordinary way by my father, thrown into the interior of a vehicle known as the "Flying Post" (it carried the mails, and ran nine miles in two hours and a half), and despatched in search of health to the house of my uncle at Pettigoe. I felt grieved at the treatment to which I was subjected; but, as the Scottish Chiefs invariably expressed their indignation by silent contempt, I held my tongue, and looked carving-knives at my father.

My uncle, who had been looking out for the "Flying Post" half an hour before the ordinary time of its arrival, met me at the little garden-wicket, and welcomed me in.

"This is Miss Snaffle," said my uncle, as a lady, much about my own age, with large dark eyes and pale cheeks, and abridged petticoats, entered the apartment. "Miss Snaffle, my nephew, Mr. Pop—Mr. Pop, Miss Snaffle."

Miss Snaffle and I bowed to each other. I think she blushed slightly, but I was too much of the hero to be guilty of such a weakness. As I sat, facing my new acquaintance, with my back to a nest of drawers and my face to the fire-place, I thought that if ever a human being was formed to realise my ideal of a genuine, unadulterated heroine, that individual was Miss Snaffle. Our acquaintance ripened precociously, and we were quite familiar before half-past ten o'clock, the invariable hour for retiring in my uncle's household.

I learned to love Miss Snaffle, and the passion was reciprocated. We compared notes of our readings, and I was overjoyed to find that they were much on a par. Often in the long autumn nights, when the wind whistled "the spirit ditties of no tone" through the yellow shrubberies—when the glass was low, and the clock ticked thickly in the hall, and my uncle and Mr. Snaffle sat before the fire, legislating, perhaps, for the republic of Hayti, have we breathed deep sighs over the distresses of Theodore, and shed tears of unalloyed sympathy for the unhappy Medora—then we had garden walks in the moonlight, and noonday rambles in the fields and woods, when we explored all the ruins in the neighbourhood, and returned home in a high state of mediæval excitement. One evening as we were crossing a meadow on our way home, Miss Snaffle started a little difficulty.

"Dear me, Mr. Pop," she said, "is it not singular—I never yet asked you for your Christian name?"

My heart leaped up to my throat, as I replied:

"Did you not, Miss Snaffle? My name is Peter."

"Peter Pop!"

"Peter Pop, Miss Snaffle; an ugly name, isn't?"

"Not ugly, but not romantic enough," said my companion, with a slight spice of sarcasm in her indirect affirmative. "My name—but, of course, I can't be blamed, for I was not consulted about the choice—my name is Judith!"

"Judith Snaffle!"

"Judith Snaffle, Mr. Pop," said my imperturbable friend. "Now, couldn't we manage to have nicer names—more musical appellations? Our parents have wronged us; let us repair the injury!" exclaimed Miss Snaffle, with a good deal of spirit, and a flourish of her father's umbrella.

"Romeo and Juliet?" I suggested.

"Psha! Mr. Pop; don't you remember how they turned out—Romeo became a tide-waiter in Venice, and Juliet married an apothecary. We'll have no such thing. What do you say to Theodore and Adeline?"

The new version of the drama had shaken me a little, so I said:

"Very pretty, indeed;" but recollecting myself in a moment, I exclaimed: "O, did you ever read the story of Heloise and Abelard? They loved, alas! not wisely but too well; cruel destiny separated them, but now they sleep soundly side by side within the hallowed precincts of Pèrè la Chaise. It is a beautiful story."

"I like it—I like the names. I'll be Abelard."

"You can't, Miss Snaffles."

"Now, don't be selfish, Mr. Pop. It's the nicer name of the two you know."

"But you forget," I said, "that Abelard was the gentleman, and Heloise the lady."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Snaffles, "then I will call you Abelard; and you shall call me—"

"Dearest Heloise!" I exclaimed, raising her hand to my lips, and impressing a chivalrous kiss on her odd kid glove.

I sat up late that night, and with the assistance of a botanical dictionary, and my fingers as enumerators, contrived to compose a love-poem to the object of my affections.

If anything could have increased my heroic stature in the eyes of Heloise, it was this spontaneous tribute to her beauty and goodness. She told me confidentially that she always knew there was something in me.

Time sped joyously over our heads. Day after day Heloise's love increased, and my passion ripened. But we were parted. I shall never forget that day, and the agony it brought us. Heloise wept; but as my stately dignity would have been compromised by an effusion of tears, I only clasped my hands convulsively, and blubbered.

"Heloise," I whispered, "I abhor the fate I cannot control; but, dearest, whilst memory holds a seat"—

"Oh, don't, Abelard, don't," interrupted Miss Snaffle. "If I could afford to doubt you for a moment, existence would be a void, and—there, there—go," she exclaimed, with a gesture of superb authority and resignation, "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; farewell!"

"Bless me," cried my uncle, (he had a queer fancy for pronouncing his own benediction.) "What can ail the children? Shake hands and off with you."

The mean insinuation conveyed in the epithet "children," stung me to the quick, and I was preparing to utter a vindictive retort to my relative, when that gentleman, suddenly seizing me by the collar and ankle, deposited me like a bale of coarse goods in the Enniskillen mail, whilst Heloise was marched up stairs in the custody of her father.

I returned home with a heavy heart, and was immediately placed as an extern pupil in the classical academy of the celebrated Dr. Kruk. New associations failed to banish the remembrance of the old; I pined inwardly, and wasted away to such an extent, that my friends feared I should fall a victim to atrophy. Every morning I chose Heloise's name for my headline; a thousand times I sketched her profile on my slate, with a few artistic corrections of the style of her hair and bonnet. Meanwhile I became morose and stupid, and was popularly known by the title of "Pop the muff." Dr. Kruk, indeed, seldom chastised me; but his daughter, Miss Seraphina Kruk, more than made up for the parental dereliction of duty. One morning when I had failed in answering one of her interrogatories (and she *did* put such odd ones) she slapped the grammar in my face with such force, that my nose tingled and the blood mounted to my temples. A high sense of chivalry prevented me striking her, but I retaliated by administering a kick to her favorite lap-dog, "Beadeyes," which caused that inoffensive animal to ascend suddenly in the direction of the ceiling, and execute a variety of acrobatic exercises on his return to the floor. The dog howled, the boys

cheered and stamped their feet; Dr. Kruk rushed down with a mahogany ruler in his hand, and Seraphina, selecting a suitable place for depositing herself, fainted.

"Come, up with you Pop; up, sir!" said Dr. Kruk.

There was a tragic pause. I folded my arms, clenched my teeth for a moment, and cried out, "No."

"What! mutiny under my own roof," exclaimed Dr. Kruk. "You won't go up, sir? won't you?" and as he pronounced the last words I received a blow of the ruler on that portion of a schoolboy's person, scholastically known as "the nob," which elicited my immediate compliance. One of the boys grappled me to his back "with hooks of steel." I contracted every muscle to receive the coming shock with propriety, and gave the preliminary roar customary on such occasions. Its echo had barely subsided when I heard strange voices behind me in the room, and Dr. Kruk's ponderous accents assuring some heaven-sent visitor, that I was beyond all hope of reformation. I contradicted the ungentlemanly assertion by a fresh war, which stimulated the stranger to intercede for my pardon.

"Poor lad!" said the benevolent voice; "pray do forgive him sir, and I shall guarantee his future good conduct."

I was struck by a supposed familiarity with the voice; but my reflections were cut short by Dr. Kruk's replying: "He's incorrigible, sir; he's stupid, sir; he's idle, sir, and badly inclined; and for my part, I'm afraid his examine remains shall never be interred with the proper christian solemnity." I thought of shipwrecked mariners, and the story of Harry and Tommy.

"Well, trust me, he'll improve," insisted the voice of benevolence.

"Do order his release, doctor; you will greatly oblige me."

"Then, only on one condition," said Dr. Kruk. "He shall go down on his knees, and beg Miss Kruk's pardon; he shall subsequently beg the lap-dog's pardon. Is he ready to do this?"

"He is, sir," said I, "he'll do anything."

"Drop him, Bulbeye," (the name of the boy on whose back I was held.)

Master Bulbeye obeyed the minister of war with such alacrity, that I nearly lost my balance whilst descending. I turned to thank my intercessors, when, shade of Radcliffe and Horace Walpole! who stood before me—who had been witnesses of my ignominy but Mr. Snaffle and my adored Heloise, with three quarters of a cambric handkerchief stuffed into her mouth to stifle her laughter. The *tableau* was one of tremendous interest.

"Heloise," I exclaimed, "Heloise, falsest of women, you—you to smile at Abelard's agony—farewell, and if for ever, fare thee well!"

"Abelard, adored Abelard!" screamed Miss Snaffle, as she threw herself into a Siddonic attitude—"Stay, hear me, oh!"

I heard only a scream; three springs carried me into the open street. I rushed home in a state bordering on distraction, consigned my library of artificial sentiment to the flames that night, and departed for New Zealand the following morning.

P. S. Would any one have the goodness to oblige me with the address of Miss Heloise Judith Snaffles?
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THE INVASION.*

A NATIONAL TALE. BY
GERALD GRIFFIN, AUTHOR
OF THE "COLLEGIANS; OR,
THE COLLEEN BAWN."



ALTHOUGH the gifted author of the handsome volume before us remarks in his preface that it would be erroneous to regard it in the light of a historical novel, and that its "most ambitious aim is that of presenting a correct picture of the surface of society in part of

England, in Ireland, and in northern Europe, at an obscure period of the history of mankind," we must confess that we attach no faith to the theory insinuated by him. A historical tale it unquestionably is, as well as a national one, and, as we have already remarked in our sketch of the writer's life, the only Irish story of the class ever attempted. The plot of "The Invasion" is as follows:

O'Headha is the chief of the Ithians, in the reign of Nial Frosach, King of Ireland, about the beginning of the ninth century—that is, in the time of Charlemagne. The

* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.



THE CONFLICT ON THE CLIFF.

story opens with the ceremonies attending the marriage of the O'Headha with Macha, daughter of O'Driscoll, *ceann-finn*, or head, of the sept of that name. Among the guests present is one who takes no part in the ceremony, and we learn that this is the chieftain of the "Hooded People," a Druid race, so named from their singular costume. Hence an altercation ensues between him and the bridegroom, which, but for the interposition of the bishop of Ross Ailithir, and O'Driscoll, would have terminated in mortal combat. Before the end of the year occurs a skirmish between the Ithians and the Druids; the latter are defeated; O'Headha, and Baseg, his brother, and the *tanist*, or successor to his rank and power, outstrip their men in the pursuit, when, most mysteriously, the victorious O'Headha is slain. The effect of this disaster upon the mind of Macha is as poignant as it is sudden. She is conveyed in a state of unconsciousness to her apartment, and becomes in the same day a widow and a mother. Baseg, the *tanist*, should now succeed to the chieftainship of the sept, but he is unpopular with it, and is suspected of plotting against his kinsman's life. After an ineffectual attempt to enforce his claims, he is obliged to fly, and, to the consternation of all, takes refuge with the Druids, by whom he is received with ready welcome. Such are the circumstances which usher in the birth of O'Headha's posthumous child, who is the hero of the tale.

The story then traces the education of the young Ithian chief, first at home, then at a famous abbey on the shores of the Senan, or Shannon. Griffin takes this opportunity to interweave a graphic and highly interesting sketch of the early history of Erin, which gives us a glimpse of the Abbey of Muing-haridh, or Mungret. We are then introduced to the second hero of the tale, in the person of a new scholar from Inismore, or Great Britain. The author gives us the history of the new hero, whose name is Kenric, whereby, for a chapter or two, the scene is transferred to England. At sixteen years of age, Elim, the young Ithian chief, is transferred from the college of Muing-haridh to the military school at Teamair, where for two years he learns the art of war. In five, at twenty he returns home to Rath Aedain, an accomplished prince, and is greeted by his clansmen with the devoted and enthusiastic attachment of an Irish sept for their chief. On closing his five-and-twentieth year he is invested with its government, to the duties of which he devotes himself in an enlightened spirit.

Next, we have an adventure. The young O'Headha, in a military affray with the "Hooded People," is drawn on to pursue them alone into their own fastnesses, into the wild and beautiful Cúim-na-n-Druadh, where he arrives in the midst of the annual pagan festival of Samhuin, and is made prisoner. We witness the ceremonies of the Druids, and are introduced to the heroine, Eithne, niece of the Ard-Drai, or Druid chief, but herself a Christian. While the Druid ceremonies are proceeding, we get at the mode of educating a young Christian princess in those times, and also we accompany Eithne on a visit to *Réilic-na-Riogh*, or the "Sepulchre of the Kings" of Inisfail. In conversation with Eithne, on whom the task of entertaining the stranger devolves, Elim, of course, falls in love—as the reader does—with the charming and highly accomplished Irish princess. The Druid ceremonies are strange, picturesque, and beautiful; in the midst of them returns Tuathal, son of the Ard-Drai, who recognises Elim as the slayer of one of his followers in that morning's raid. The Ithian is seized and condemned to die. Leaving him in this predicament, our author resumes the history of Kenric. In this character, which is one of Griffin's best drawn, he satirizes with great force and effect the infirmities of the literary aspirant. The story of Kenric is told with an artful naturalness that shows the writer to be at home in it. After pursuing it for some chapters we return to the captive, Elim, who is suddenly liberated by the intercession of Eithne, on the conditions that all the prisoners of the "Hooded People" who remain in his hands shall be restored unharmed, and that he shall depart at once, as, if he were to wait until morn the relatives of the deceased might render his homeward journey dangerous. The death of the old Ard-Drai, the ceremonies of his burial, the election of Tuathal as his successor, the wise administration of O'Headha, and the love-passages between himself and Eithne, come next in order. As yet we hear nothing of an "Invasion."

Returning to Kenric, the Northumbrian, we have an adventure in which the tanist, Baseg, is introduced, still yearning for vengeance, and the recovery of his inheritance and power. Kenric, who is travelling in England with a wandering book-vender—a Swede, named Inguar—is encountered by Elim, who was on his way to Iona to obtain the consent of an abdicated Ard-righ, the friend of Eithne's father, to his marriage with her, and accompanies him back to Inisfail. Eithne, after the death of her protector, has placed herself under the protection of Tuathal's mother, an aged Druidess. On the return of Elim and Kenric they happen upon the *Feis Teamhrach*, or national parliament at Tara, which is described with a picturesque splendour that really rivals any similar scene in the Waverley novels. Eithne is present, and adds her feminine charm to the description, into which is introduced a little melody which, for the lesson embodied in it, we are tempted to re-produce.

THE PHANTOM CITY.

I.

A story I heard on the cliffs of the west,
That oft through the breakers dividing,
A city is seen on the ocean's wild breast,
In turreted majesty riding.
But brief is the glimpse of that phantom so bright,
Soon close the white waters to screen it,
And the bodement, they say, of the wonderful sight,
Is death to the eyes that have seen it.

II.

I said, when they told me the wonderful tale,
My country, is this not thy story?
Thus oft through the breakers of discord, we hail
A promise of peace and of glory.
Soon gulfed in those waters of hatred again,
No longer our fancy can find it;
But woe to our hearts when we seen it in vain,
For ruin and death come behind it!

The occasion of the *Feis* is also seized to introduce a discussion between Elim and Kenric on the ancient Irish laws, to which the former traces the "unhappy spirit of disunion" which has unfortunately ever distinguished Ireland. It is now in fact that the true action of "The Invasion" commences. Inguar re-appears on the scene, and attempts to corrupt Kenric. The latter falls in love with Eithne, and is tempted to betray his friend. The Viking, or Norseman, appear in the Cúim-na-n-Druadh, and Baseg, acting as their high priest (for he has apostatized from the Christian faith) causes Eithne to be condemned as a virgin-sacrifice to the bloody gods of the ruthless invaders. In this crisis Elim invades the Cúim, to rescue his love. A battle ensues between the Ithians and the Norsemen, the latter are defeated, and Eithne is rescued by the repentant Kenric, just as Baseg (recently discovered to have been the murderer of his brother, the O'Headha) is about to sacrifice her to Odin, at the foot of the iron altar. Elim and Eithne are eventually united. Kenric dies; is interred by his friends in accordance with his last wishes, and the curtain falls upon the tale of "The Invasion." Some objections may be taken to the minute antiquarian learning with which the story is overlaid, but to our mind it injures its dramatic effect but slightly. The plot is admirably contrived. Of all the characters, that of Kenric in particular is a psychological masterpiece, and conveys the most exalted ideas of the author's capabilities. The following excerpt from the work, descriptive of the contest between the Ithians and the Norsemen, in the Cúim-na-n-Druadh, forms the subject of our illustration (the frontispiece to the volume), which is from the clever and facile pencil of Mr. Edmund Fitzpatrick.

"Meanwhile the stoc sounded in the camp, the war-cry of the sept was iterated far and wide among the hills; the gallóglaachs seized their helmets and heavy battle-axes, the horses neighed in the defiles far beneath, and the kerne, starting from beneath the coarse grey coat of frieze, which was their tent at night, and covering by day, arranged in haste their brazen scians, their slings, and slender javelins. The war-cry of O'Driscoll was mingled with that of the Ithian sept, and soon after deep silence sunk again on either camp, which was only interrupted by the bustling of the troops, and the occasional voices of the commanders, as they sought to put their companies in order.

"On a sudden, the sound of a goll-trompa, or Danish trumpet from the Cúim, showed that the Northmen were preparing to receive the onset; and Elim, placing himself at the head of a body of well-armed gallóglaachs, ran down the crags in the direction of the temple (the place of Eithne's confinement), turning at intervals and waving his sword by way of summons to his followers. They were met on the borders of the stream by the Bay-kings, whose habitual readiness for action rendered no more time necessary to transport them from their revels to the field. Before a blow was struck, Elim despatched a messenger to O'Driscoll, to inform him that he might direct his assault with more advantage on the Dun, where, as the deserters had let him know, Inguar and Tuathal were stationed with the native troops. When both parties came in sight, the Ithians slackened their speed, in order to advance in battle order, and gazed with wondering eyes on the immovable and well-armed force who stood awaiting them on the further side of the river. The wood of gleaming battle-axes, where scarce a movement was visible, except the fluttering of the Reafan standard in the gentle morning wind, the gigantic persons of the Northmen, and the steady discipline with which they seemed to await the charge, seemed to strike the native forces with astonishment and awe. Presently, as was their custom, the scalds of the Northmen raised a hymn to Odin, in which, soon after, the whole army joined. The Ithians descended to the onset with shouts of defiance, while their minstrels played the most inspiring strains, and the Roeg-catha, or Battle-song, was chaunted by a poet of the sept.

"In their attempt to ford the stream, the Ithians were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. They did not, however, lose courage, but returned to the charge with vigour, and after much effort succeeded in dislodging a portion of the foreign force. This slight advantage was followed up so strenuously that the bank would have been gained in a short time, but for a reinforcement, consisting of Baseg and his

adventurers, with a large body of the allied tribes. The Ithians were wholly unable to resist this new accession of force, and, after suffering severely, gave way, and fighting step by step, (till the stream was dyed with blood,) retired to the bank from which they had set out, and along the rocks in the direction of those cliffs which overlooked the Dun. On the crags the Ithians again had the advantage of the ground, and their chieftain was urging them by voice and gesture to another onset, when, bursting through the crowd of mountain warriors who stood before him, he beheld the huge and mailed figure of the infamous mover of the war—his rival, and the murderer, Baseg.

“‘Hold back!’ cried Baseg to his troops, as they were passing forward; ‘back, on your lives! This prey is mine alone!’”

“‘Around the persons of the rival chieftains the inferior warriors stopped short, as if by mutual consent, and lowered their weapons, while Elim and the long-exiled taniast perused each other’s person with the intensest curiosity.’”

“‘Thou art but a stripling,’ said Baseg, resting his ponderous sword blade on the open palm of his left hand, while he surveyed, with a grim smile, the slender frame of the Ithian, ‘but thou hast the air, the shape of him to whom I owe the first poison-draught that made my whole life healthless.’”

“‘And thou,’ said Elim, ‘thou fittest the horrid tale that, even in childhood, I have heard of thee with shuddering and with abhorrence. I knew thee even before I heard thy voice. I know the purchaser of Einhir’s skill and Conall’s blood.’”

“‘Stand to thy weapon then,’ said Baseg, furiously, ‘for our acquaintance shall be brief and bloody.’”

“‘So saying, he addressed himself to combat, while Elim, fixing his eye steadily on his assailant, received him with the coolness that was habitual to his character. They were not, however, long permitted to maintain the contest single-handed. A sudden onset from the Northmen forced the Ithians from their ground, and, by ill-fortune, separated Elim from the main body of his troops. A few close followers only remained beside him, all of whom he had the grief to see perish one by one beneath the battle-axes of the sea-kings. Still parrying with unabated vigour the blows of the vengeful Baseg, and seeing it impossible to rejoin his friends, he retreated step by step towards the brow of the cliff which overlooked the Dun, and reached the rock from which Duach had cast himself two days earlier; at the moment when the raven standard vanished from the Dun, and amid tremendous shouts of triumph, the banner of O’Driscol was planted in its place. Here Elim, finding himself alone, and pressed by a host of foes, whose battle-axes had already hacked his shield, gave up the useless contest, and dived, accoutred as he was, down the dizzy height, and into the deep basin of the widening stream beneath.’”

“‘A cry of dismay burst from those of his own sept who witnessed his disaster from the height, but their fears were allayed when they beheld him emerging from the tranquil waters, and still keeping his shield upon his arm, pursue his way, with vigorous strokes to the opposite shore, amid a shower of javelins, arrows, and battle-axes, from the disappointed Northmen. Their exultation was complete when they saw him received on the other side by a party of the troops of Cleir, at whose head he was soon seen hurrying to the captured Dun.’”

“‘To the temple,’ cried Baseg, hastily re-ascending the crags; ‘that villain Ingvar has betrayed his post! The coward! See the coward where he lies across the ford! To the temple! Though he has escaped my weapon, I know where I can cut him deeper yet!’”

“‘In the meanwhile, Elim joined O’Driscol at the Dun, where Ingvar had set the first example of dismay. He beheld the latter crossing the bridge, amid showers of brazen balls and darts, not only from the enemy but from his own indignant friends, the Northmen, who had been left to aid him in preserving this stronghold, and with whom, as courage was the deifying virtue, so cowardice was the last of vices. He entered the copse by which Duach had effected his escape, and was not again seen in the valley.’”

“‘The Invasion’ (which, it is but just to add, is most admirably brought out, as regards typography and illustrations,) contains several exquisite poetical *morceaux*, from which, as an example of the graceful facility with which Gerald Griffin could interweave Irish words in English songs, we select the following:

Cead milé fáilté! child of the Ithian!

Cead milé fáilté, Elim!

Uisneach, thy temple in ruins is lying,

In Druim-an-Druadh the dark blast is sighing,

Lonely we shelter in grief and in danger,

Yet have we welcome and cheer for the stranger.

Cead milé fáilté, child of the Ithian!

Cead milé fáilté! Elim.

Woe for the weapons that guarded our slumbers!
Teamair, they said, was too small for our numbers;
Little is left for our sons to inherit,
Yet what we have, thou art welcome to share it.

Cead milé fáilté, child of the Ithian!

Cead milé fáilté, Elim.

Carman, thy teachers have died broken hearted;

Voice of the trilithon, thou art departed;

All have forsaken our mountains so dreary;

All but the spirit that welcomes the weary.

Cead milé fáilté, child of the Ithian!

Cead milé fáilté, Elim!

Vainly the Draí, alone in the mountain,

Looks to the torn cloud, or eddying fountain;

The spell of the Christian has vanquished their power,

Yet is he welcome to rest in our bower.

Cead milé fáilté, child of the Ithian!

Cead milé fáilté, Elim!

Wake for the Christian your welcoming numbers!

Strew the dry rushes to pillow his slumbers:

Long let him cherish, with deep recollection,

The eve of the feast, and the Druid’s affection.

Cead milé fáilté, child of the Ithian!

Cead milé fáilté, Elim.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE GLYCERIC LIQUID.

OW frequently it happens that a child’s toy becomes, in the hands of the experimental philosopher, an agent by means of which some of the sublimest truths of nature are revealed. Perhaps the soap-bubble has been pressed into philosophic service as much as any childish bauble. Indeed, since the time that Sir Isaac Newton made use of them to investigate and verify the laws and properties of light, these delicate films, almost reduced to mathematical surfaces, have become as much the property of the experimental philosopher as the school-boy, and scarcely any popular lecture on chemistry is brought to a termination without their aid being invoked with the object of confining, and at the same time setting afloat into the atmosphere, the detonating gases extracted from water. The more the subject of the soap-bubble is contemplated, the more mysterious appear the agencies at work within it, and the forces which hold it in equilibrium. An infant can produce or shatter it at a breath; but the life of the oldest philosopher is insufficient to exhaust the study of its mechanism.

Professor Plateau, who has for many years been occupied in researches on the figures assumed by a liquid mass when the action of gravitation is removed and it is in a state of repose, has recently made the curious discovery that a film of soapy water is so thin that the action of gravity upon it can generally be regarded as inappreciable in comparison with that of molecular forces. He has arrived at the curious result that, with a liquid acted upon by gravity and in a state of repose, he can obtain, on a large scale, all forms of equilibrium which belong to a liquid mass without weight. This is effected by forming the liquid into thin films—by making soap-bubbles, in fact. Floating in air these bubbles are spherical, and acting as if they were devoid of weight, offer a far more simple and convenient process for investigating these phenomena than the old method, which, moreover, requires a certain amount of manipulative skill in order to arrive at perfectly regular results.

A philosopher cannot, however, be occupied all his time blowing bubbles, if he wishes to investigate their properties. The very short existence of the films obtained from common solution of soap (rarely lasting two minutes), rendered it essential that some better liquid should be found; and the Professor has at last been fortunate enough to discover a liquid (called the *glyceric liquid*), which furnishes in the open air bubbles of great durability.



FACTS ABOUT FUNERALS.



HERE are few we should say who have not read Addison's exquisite "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," and there are as few who have not felt an interest in the condition which gave rise to them, the most certain of all certainties—the state of death. There are some nations—the Chinese, for instance—where a man's burial is considered to be the most important event of all those consequent upon his existence. Death itself is in the eyes of a Celestial, a mere trifle; but the qualities of his coffin, the ceremonies of his funeral, and the choice of his burying-place, are objects of his most anxious solicitude. The Abbé Huc tells us, that in that country they keep their dead for one year after decease, in order to do them justice in funeral observances; and Confucius, the great philosopher of the Chinese, enjoined his countrymen to spend as much as half their fortune on the interment of their dead. But although the inhabitants of other countries are

less extravagant in their ceremonial for the dead, it will be interesting to the readers of the DUBLIN JOURNAL, we have no doubt, to con with us the varied observance upon such occasion in ancient and modern times, and in different nations.

Amongst the Hebrews the mode of burial was an important duty. The deceased, immediately after death, was placed upon a cloth on the ground, and the face was covered, as it was no longer lawful to behold the human countenance. The body was then bathed in warm water, after which, being carefully dried, perfumed oils and tinctures were rubbed over it, and it was robed, often in a very sumptuous manner. After this it was sometimes customary to burn wood and sweet spices over the corse. Of Asa, King of Judah, it is said, "that they laid him on a bed which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art, and they made a very great burning for him." In the East this practice is still continued; but in Italy the Jews only mingle the water with which they bathe the dead with dried roses and chamomile. For some time before burial the body was wont to be exposed, and a candle lighted near its head, to ridicule an assertion of the sorcerers that a lighted candle near the dead body caused violent pain to the parted spirit.

The Jews used no coffin for the dead. The body was placed on a bier or narrow bed, consisting of a plain wooden frame, upon which it was carried to the tomb. The coffin was used only in Babylon and Egypt.

Funeral processions amongst the Orientals in the far-off ages were on a grand scale. In the account of the funeral of Jacob we read:—"And Joseph went up to bury his father: and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house and all the elders of the land of Egypt; and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house; only their little ones, and their flocks and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen. And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company." It appears to have been a practice amongst many nations at the period to throw pieces of gold and silver along with other precious articles into the grave immediately after the body was deposited there.

In very early times the dead were buried in caves or in recesses amongst cliffs: but from the difficulty in most places of finding suitable caverns, the more humble classes were buried in pits dug in the earth, and the rich were laid in subterranean vaults. The entrance into the latter burial places was by a descent of a number

of steps, which led to several apartments. Niches were appointed along the walls, and the bodies were placed in them. Curious it is to relate, that the family tombs of the Jews were generally near their houses, and often in their gardens. At Jerusalem there was a separate burying-place for the Jewish kings, and it was a great insult to exclude any of the monarchs from this appointed and final resting-place.

In ancient Egypt the inhabitants, believed in the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls—that is, that after death the soul of the deceased, having performed a certain cycle of life in bodies of the animal kingdom, would re-enter and animate again the human body in which it first had existence, if it were preserved free from decay and in its entirety. Such believers naturally sought to conserve the human remains from corruption. They embalmed them, and built catacombs, tumuli, and mausoleums in which to deposit them. This practice of embalming was common in most oriental nations, and has been found even amongst the American Indians. The red men of North America were accustomed to deck the bodies of their dead in the richest costume; they painted their faces and limbs with different colours, and laid aside provisions for them in their tombs. An old traveller gives a very interesting account of the manner in which the native inhabitants of Virginia were in the habit of embalming their chiefs, whose details show the excellence which they attained in the art.

The Greeks of ancient times considered it a most sacred duty to bury the dead. If a dead body was found unburied, any individual who might pass was accustomed to cover it with earth. If a relative were left without interment, those who neglected his burial were considered to be guilty of a most heinous crime, and the earlier that arrangements were made for consigning the dead to the tomb the greater the honour paid to the departed. In some of the Argive cities the funeral took place on the day following the decease; but it was the most usual custom to follow the law of Solon, which decreed that the dead should be carried out for burial early on the morning of the third day before sunrise. Hired mourners accompanied the funeral procession, playing melancholy airs upon musical instruments. The corpse was preceded by the men and followed by the women. Arrived at the place of interment, although bodies were buried sometimes, yet they were more usually consumed by fire. If the latter mode was that adopted, the corse was placed on the top of a pile of wood, and a torch being applied, it was consumed to ashes. Animals, and even captives or slaves, were sometimes buried along with the dead, where special respect was designed to be shown to them. When the pile was burned down the fire was quenched by pouring wine upon it, after which the bones were carefully gathered by the relatives of the dead, and having been washed with wine and oil, were deposited in urns, which were made of marble, alabaster, or annealed clay. In some instances even the more costly material of gold was used for this purpose. If the body were not burned it was placed in a coffin, which was constructed of baked clay, and borne to the place of interment outside the town, where sometimes a simple mound of earth, or a cairn of stones, marked the place of burial. After the close of the funeral ceremony a feast was held at the house of the nearest relative.

In Rome all funerals took place at night, for a period of many hundred years; afterwards this practice prevailed only in the case of the poor. Eight days were usually allowed to elapse between decease and burial. In the funerals of the wealthy a conductor usually arranged the order of the procession. In front marched musicians, who played plaintive strains of music, and behind those followed female mourners, who sang a funeral hymn called *nenia*, in praise of the deceased. Then came mimes, one of whom imitated the action and even the gestures of the deceased. Lastly came the slaves who had been liberated by the dead, each of them wearing the cap of liberty. In the instances of the poor, the body was carried on a bier or placed in a coffin. When the deceased was a person of rank or opulence, the corpse was placed upon an ivory couch, covered with gold and purple, and borne to the tomb on the shoulders of his relatives or freedmen. The other friends of the dead followed immediately behind the body uttering loud wailings, and offering every demonstration of grief. All the sons of the deceased walked in the procession with their heads veiled, and the daughters wore their heads bare, and their hair dishevelled. It was an ancient custom to bear the body into the forum, where the funeral cortege halted

for a time, and in case the departed was a man of note, a funeral oration was pronounced above his remains. When this ceremony was over the procession wended its way to the place of interment outside the city walls. The practice of burning the bodies of the dead was abolished by the spread of Christianity, and ceased about the fourth century.

Under the impulses of the Christian religion the ordinary ceremonial of respect towards the dead attained a newer and more graceful development. There was a solemn procession, at which the relatives and friends of the deceased officiated as mourners. Palm and olive branches were carried before the coffin in token of victory. Earlier even was the practice of bearing lamps and tapers in sign of a future resurrection. Every symbol of mourning was rejected, and the grave was strewn with flowers. It was customary to deliver a funeral oration over the dead, and the corpse was laid down with the face toward the east as if to watch the light of morning.

Amongst the Mahomedans the dead are always buried about twelve hours after decease. Before interment takes place the body is carefully washed, then it is swathed in cerements and placed on a bier covered with a shawl. Coffins are not used by the followers of the Prophet. The procession to the grave is generally headed by six blind men, who march at a slow pace, intoning the Mohammedan profession of faith. Next in order come the male friends of the deceased, with a number of dervishes, who carry the flags of their order, then advance some boys, who bear the Koran and chant a poem in reference to the day of judgment. The bier is borne next with the head of the corpse foremost, the bearers being the relatives of the deceased—behind come the female relatives and mourners, wailing and shrieking loudly. The female friends have their heads bound round with a strip of linen or muslin, usually coloured blue, tied behind in a knot, and the ends hanging down a few inches. At the funerals of the wealthy several camels laden with provisions precede the cortège, and at the tomb the provisions which they carry are distributed to the poor who gather to such places.

In China the dead are enclosed in air-tight coffins, and in some instances kept above ground for several years. The burial places are made upon barren hills and mountain sides; in many cases the dead are placed in vaults. Deceased members of the same family may be sometimes seen laid side by side in open sheds to the extent of twenty. The chief mourners among the Chinese are the women, and it has been described by European travellers in that country as most affecting, to see them kneeling and weeping in the lone and silent places where their husbands and children are buried.

Dying persons in Japan express their wish to be burned or buried after death, and it is in accordance with their desire that either mode is adopted. After death the body is washed by a favourite servant. The head is shaven and the body is clothed, according to the state of the weather, in its best apparel, as in life. The only exception made is that the sash which girds the robe around the waist is fastened by two knots, to indicate that it will never be loosened more. It is then covered with a piece of linen folded in a peculiar manner, and is placed on a mat in the middle of the hall, with the head towards the north. Food is prepared and offered to the deceased as in life, and all the family lament. After being exposed thus for forty-eight hours, the corpse is placed on its knees in a tub-shaped coffin, which is again enclosed in a square oblong box called a *quan*. Two slabs bearing the inscriptions relative to the character of the deceased are placed within it. Then the body is borne with flags, lanterns, and mournful insignia to a neighbouring temple, whence, after formal ceremonies, it is borne to the place of interment. The body is then taken out of the *quan* and laid in the grave, which is filled up with earth, and covered with a flat stone, over which more earth is heaped, and above the whole is placed the *quan*. At the end of seven weeks the *quan* is removed for the purpose of making room for the tomb-stone, and this ceremonial concludes the funeral rites of the Japanese.

Perhaps the most stern of all funeral forms were those of the old Northern warriors. "When a hero or chief," as Mallet tells us in his book of Northern antiquities, "fell gloriously in battle, his funeral obsequies were honoured with all possible magnificence. His arms, his gold and silver, his war-horse, and whatever else he held most dear, were placed with him on the pile. His dependents and friends made it frequently a point of honour to die with their leader, in order to attend on his shade in the palace of Odin. Nothing, in fact, seemed to them more grand and noble, than to enter Valhalla

with a numerous retinue, all in their finest armour and richest apparel. The princes and nobles never failed of such attendants. His arms, and the bones of the horse on which Childeric I. supposed he should be presented to this warrior god, have been found in his tomb. They did in reality firmly believe, and Odin himself had assured them, that whatever was buried or consumed with the dead, accompanied them to his palace. The poorer people, from the same persuasion, carried at least their most necessary utensils, and a little money with them in case of death, not to be entirely destitute in the other world. From a like motive the Greeks and Romans put a piece of silver into the dead man's mouth, to pay his passage over the Styx. The Laplanders to this day provide their dead with a flint, and everything necessary for lighting them along the dark passage they have to traverse after death."

In Western Africa, funerals are carried on with strange ceremonies. Mr. Wilson, in his relation of the customs of that region, gives a full description of the treatment of the dead. The corpse is washed, painted, and clad in the handsomest cloths. The greatest profusion of beads, which can be procured, is placed around him; he is then put into a rude coffin in some conspicuous place, while the ordinary funeral ceremonies are being performed. The character and pomp of these ceremonies depend upon the rank and age of the deceased. If he has been a person of importance in the community, his friends and the towns-people assemble at an early hour, in front of the house where the corpse reposes, and form themselves into a circle enclosing a large open space. A live bullock, tied by the four feet, is placed in the centre of the circle, and is to be slaughtered at the proper time, nominally for the dead, but really for the visitors who come to participate in the ceremonies. Every visitor is expected to bring some kind of present for the dead, which may be a string of beads, a knife, a plate, a pipe, or a looking-glass; all of which are laid in the coffin or by its side to be taken to the grave. Most of the men are expected to bring with them a good supply of powder, and testify their respect for the dead by the number of times they fire their guns in the open square, and the amount of ammunition with which they are loaded. Sometimes fifty or a hundred men are discharging their muskets at the same time, not only stunning the ears of all around, but enveloping themselves so completely with the smoke as not to be seen except by the flash from the fire-pan. The only precaution observed is merely to elevate the muzzles of their guns above the heads of those in the circus with themselves.

When those ceremonies are concluded, two persons take up the coffin, which is usually the section of a canoe boxed up at the two ends, to carry it to the grave-yard. Sometimes the dead refuses to leave the town, and the bearers are driven hither and thither by a power which they affect not to be able to withstand. They go forward for a few moments, and then are suddenly whirled around and carried back at the top of their speed. The head man of the family then approaches the bier, and talks plaintively and soothingly to the corpse; inquires why he is unwilling to go to the grave-yard, reminds him that many of his kindred and his friends are already there, and assures him that every attention will be given by his surviving friends to his future wants.

Under the influence of this persuasion, the restraints which were imposed upon the bearers are relaxed, and they set out once more to the place of burial. They have not gone far, however, when they are thrown violently against some man's house, which is tantamount to an accusation that the proprietor, or some other member of the household, has been the cause of the death. The suspected person is at once arrested, and must undergo the "red-water ordeal."

The corpse, after this, is borne quietly to its resting-place, when the bearers rush to the water-side, and undergo a thorough ablution before they are permitted to return to the town. Guns are fired, morning and evening, for some months afterwards, in honour of the dead, provided he has been a man of prominence and influence in the community. Food is occasionally taken to the place of burial for months and years afterward, where a small house is built over the grave, furnished with a chair or a mat, a jug to hold water, a staff to use when he walks abroad, a looking glass, and almost every article of furniture or dress that a living man would need. All blood relations are required to shave their heads, and wear none but the poorest and most tattered garments for one month. The wives are required to come together every morning and evening, and spend an hour in bewailing their husbands.

Such is an account of some of the customs with which the human race, over the world, pay the last duties to their dead, and make that final deposition of the worn-out relics of their fellows, whose observance is a testimony of affection or respect toward the lost and gone. We have only touched here on the funeral forms observed amongst the principal races or nations, and have not at all exhausted the interest of the subject, because the space at our command would not permit any fuller detail. However, we trust that what we have collated from many sources for our readers, will possess an interest which will wile away the tedium of a weary hour, or beguile, by these facts about funerals, the "idlesse" of some leisure time, which might otherwise hang heavy upon their hands.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

A STORY OF TROUBLOUS TIMES.



THOSE who feel an interest in works of art beyond that which is momentarily suggested by an inspection of the works themselves, must be well acquainted with the strange vicissitudes and mutations to which both art and artists have been from time to time subjected. Many instances in point occurred in England, during the revolutionary times of Charles the First, when foreign artists received an amount of encouragement, greater, perhaps, than has ever been accorded to them since, and which happily resulted in some of our public buildings being decorated by the productions of the greatest masters known in the history of pictorial art. Unfortunately, however, the rebellion which characterised those times was turned to sad account against artists who had been induced by the king to try their fortunes in England, and many whose hopes were in the ascendant, were doomed to disappointment and despair through that dominant spirit of destructiveness which influenced the proceedings of Cromwell and his followers. Amongst the various young artists who had been promised the royal support was Pierre von Gerlstein, a native of Belgium. He had been commended by the great Vandyck to the notice of

his Majesty; and his ability was such as to promise for him a rapid and prosperous career.

In course of time he was employed in painting a large historical picture, representing the death of William the Conqueror; and during the execution of that work it was his wont to receive visits from people who had been informed of its progress, and who felt it no slight privilege to be admitted into the studio of one who was honoured by the royal patronage. On one occasion it chanced that a distinguished baronet and royalist of those times, Sir Walter Sedley, accompanied by his daughter, entered Pierre's studio, and was so pleased with the picture then in course of painting, that he frequently repeated his visits, and at length invited the aspiring artist to his own mansion, at Woodfield Manor, where he had not long commenced the formation of a gallery of pictures.

Left to his own reflections, Pierre quickly conjured up the idea that this unexpected and undesired visit to the mansion of Sir Walter Sedley might exercise a considerable influence over his fate. He had not wanted for patronage; but he had never before found himself the object of so much personal interest in the eyes of those who took pleasure in witnessing the progress of his works.

Pierre had no sooner entered the hospitable doors of Woodfield Manor than he was struck by the baronial magnificence of everything around him. The massive oak carvings, the Holbein portraits of Sir Walter's ancestors, the superb though solid furniture, the quarterings, the halberds, cuirasses, scimitars, and the various instruments of war which adorned the principal rooms and the staircase—all these presented such charms to the artistic eye of Pierre as caused him to feel that he was indeed fortunate in being the inmate of so instructive and interesting an establishment. The room which had been especially prepared for him was at some little distance from the main staircase; but it was most pleasantly situated, and commanded just such a view of the surrounding park, with its overhanging hills and rippling waters, which an artist would desire to paint. The "light" was, moreover, admirably adapted to the peculiar re-

quirements of a painter; whilst the walls of the room were covered with engravings, all more or less of an historical and suggestive character. There were also two portraits in the Vandyck school—the one an admirable likeness of Sir Walter Sedley's daughter, and the other a full-length figure of a handsome, classic-featured, elegantly-formed girl, some few years her senior. This he discovered to be the portrait of a young lady, who, it afterwards transpired, was a niece of Sir Walter's, but whose father being in embarrassed circumstances, she had been induced to enter her uncle's household as preceptress of his youngest children. She was, of course, treated less in that character than in that of a member of the family; and the handsome apartment which had just been allotted to Pierre was formerly the school-room. Under all circumstances, it was very obvious that, for the brief period during which Pierre intended to sojourn at Woodfield Manor, he had every prospect of being most indulgently cared for, and of enjoying the most perfect isolation, should he feel so disposed.

At dinner time that day the hoped-for honour was assigned to Pierre of sitting next to Mistress Sedley, who, upon enquiry, he found, was the only daughter of Sir Walter (though his family consisted of four children) and whose christian name was Laura. Opposite to Pierre was seated Sir Walter's niece, Mabel Vernon, to whom he had just been formally introduced (though, as far as identification was concerned, the portrait had rendered that ceremony unnecessary), and next to that lady was a Captain Spoffer, a staunch and not very amiable adherent of the king's, but, who, although appearance justified the belief that he was a valiant son of Mars, was evidently a worthy disciple of Cupid; for his attentions to the lovely lady at his side were marked by a degree of *empressment* which betokened something far beyond meretricious politeness. Pierre quickly remarked, however, that Mistress Verdon did not reciprocate his attentions, nor was she disposed to enter very freely into conversation with him; but, on the contrary, whenever she saw a fitting opportunity, she pointedly directed her notice towards Laura Sedley and himself. This was especially humiliating to Captain Spoffer, and not particularly agreeable to Laura. For it must be borne in mind that Pierre was young, handsome, animated, and chivalric, and that Laura was still younger, of quick intelligence, with bright piercing eyes and an impressibility of soul, which pointed her out as one who, though of gentle nature, knew well how to assert the dignity of her position, and who felt (but I must not anticipate) an inward conviction that her father's newly-arrived visitor was one day destined to achieve greatness—a greatness which, according to the promptings of her heart, far transcended all titles and distinctions of hereditary descent. The character of Mabel Vernon, though not cast in the same mould, resembled that of Laura in many particulars. The form and features of Mabel were, perhaps, more masculine than those of Laura, but in disposition she was less energetic. Mabel was fair, Laura was dark; the former was tall and commanding, the latter was commanding, without being tall. Each had dark blue eyes; but those of Mabel lacked the lustre which imparted to Laura's expressive countenance a charm of the most enduring and endearing kind.

Both were beautiful, and both, though in a different degree, possessed that captivating grace which speaks the language of the heart. True, that one was the daughter of a wealthy baronet, and the other was only his niece and the governess of his children; but it should be noted that she occupied the latter position, simply because her natural pride forbade her accepting a favour without affording some equivalent.

Such, then, were the two ladies into whose society our young artist was thus unexpectedly thrown; and it need hardly be said that already had it become manifest that he was by no means unhedged by either of them. A few days after his arrival at Woodfield Manor, he had scrutinized minutely the two portraits which, as I have said, ornamented the walls of his apartment, and it was not long ere he came to the determination of copying one of them. He would throw other work aside for a duty of so agreeable a nature; and if he succeeded in this first attempt, he would direct his pencil to a re-production of the other portrait. We are unable to say by what operation of the mind (or heart) it was that he made choice of his first subject; but it is quite sufficient to state the fact as it occurred—viz. that the portrait which commended itself to his immediate attention was that of Mabel Verdon. The canvas was prepared, and Pierre was soon engaged in copying the lineaments of Mabel's delicate but classical face.

While thus occupied he was disturbed by a tap at the door, which caused him instinctively to conceal the surface of his canvas, as he did not wish any of the household to see the work until it had advanced towards completion. On his responding to the sound, he was no less confused than surprised, to see the lovely Laura enter the room.

"I fear I have disturbed you, Mons. Von Gerlstein," said Laura, seeing the effect which her unexpected presence had produced on the bewildered artist. "Pray, accept my apologies, and believe that I was tempted to intrude upon you solely by the desire that I might witness another of your triumphs."

"No apology is necessary," replied Pierre, "from one who pays me a compliment by visiting my apartment. I thank you deeply for this mark of attention, fair lady; but as to *another triumph*, I fear your generosity has suggested that which it is not in my poor power to accomplish."

"And may I not have the pleasure of seeing the result of your occupation this morning?" said Laura, looking towards the easel, somewhat perplexed to find that the square of canvas which rested thereon presented the back instead of the front.

"Believe me, Mistress Laura," said Pierre, "believe me, I have sought to show you but a few rugged lines which very ill become the smooth brow they are designed to portray."

"But you will not deny me the privilege of witnessing those lines?" said Laura, entreatingly.

"Mistress Sedley," exclaimed Pierre, with becoming emphasis, "I can deny you nothing, and the less so when you make a request which involves an honour to myself."

So saying, he turned the canvas with its face forward, and exhibited a portrait, already sufficiently advanced to betray the likeness of Mabel Verdon.

"In truth you *have* laboured hard," said Laura, eyeing the picture attentively, "to make such progress in a few short days; but the work has been a labour of love, and hence your pencil has derived additional strength."

"You are indeed good to say so," said Pierre; "but my labour of love is the pursuit of my art; and I require no special incentive from the subject immediately before me."

"You have commenced it admirably," said Laura, still surveying the portrait, and afterwards turning to the original picture. "Poor dear Mabel!" she continued, in a somewhat plaintive tone, which it was impossible for the perplexed artist to account for, "I feel assured that the likeness will be better even than the existing one."

There was a something so disinterested and amiable in the language of the young lady—something so entirely free from any approach to selfishness, that the youthful artist regarded Laura with an expression of delight which he could not hope to conceal. "Mistress Laura," said he, "how can I ever thank you for such proofs of your goodness?"

"I shall be anxious to see the portrait when completed," said Laura, unmindful of the last observation which had fallen from Pierre.

"It shall *never* be completed!" exclaimed Pierre, as he expunged every trace of the physiognomy which had cost him some days to produce. "It might have been a *labour of love*, Mistress Laura; but, oh! let me assure you how little I knew the error I was committing—how little I thought, when my untutored mind wandered to Mistress Verdon, that your goodness would ever beam before me with such lustre as it has done to-day."

"If the approval of so humble a judge as I am," replied Laura, "be deserving of such language, it is indeed profitably bestowed."

"May I not hope," said Pierre, "to inspire you with a warmer interest in me, than is likely to be suggested by the fruits of my pencil?" So saying, he seized her fair hand convulsively, and was about to raise it to his lips, when Sir Walter Sedley entered the room.

"Heyday!" he exclaimed, haughtily, "my presence would seem to have caused some little uneasiness here. Laura, how is this?"

Fixing her large bright eye full upon her father's face, she exclaimed, "I would ask your forgiveness, dear father, but that a kiss will amply atone for all the wrong I have committed," and she threw her arms round her parent's neck, in a tender and affectionate embrace.

In another instant Laura had quitted the apartment, and Sir Walter being now alone with Pierre, the latter was constrained to

acknowledge to the baronet the sentiments which his amiable daughter had inspired in him. "He knew," he said, "it was presumption on his part to encourage the hope that such sentiments could ever be requited; but, at least, he should be pardoned for showing how deeply he appreciated those amiable qualities which had contributed so materially to his happiness, during the brief period he had enjoyed the high privilege of knowing Laura Sedley."

Sir Walter calmly remarked that "his daughter was, doubtless, deserving of the eulogistic terms in which Pierre had spoken of her; but he must not disabuse his mind of the wise reflection that, if his feelings towards Laura were other than those of friendship, they would not be requited."

Pierre did not presume to enter into any discussion with Sir Walter; but enough transpired to show that he had conceived an attachment for the worthy baronet's daughter; and were we to say that the attachment was, in some measure, reciprocated, would it appear that the reader had been very seriously misinformed? We think not. From that time it was too obvious to Pierre's mind that his departure from Woodfield would not be a source of regret to Sir Walter; but in proportion as the causes which led to this conclusion became more and more apparent, did Pierre feel desirous of prolonging his stay. One evening, however, an event occurred which materially influenced Pierre's future movements, and taught him that the time had now come when his pride alone should lead him from the spot where he had spent so many happy days.

According to usual custom, Sir Walter had permitted some rustic games amongst his tenantry to take place in the park attached to the demesne, and a select party of friends had been invited to witness the pastime. Sir Walter suddenly observed that Mabel Verdon was unaccountably absent from the scene; and perceiving that Pierre was in deep conversation with Laura, the baronet approached him somewhat austere, and begged to know whether "either the lady or the gentleman could inform him why Mistress Verdon was not amongst the company?"

Both replied that they knew not the cause; but that they regretted her absence profoundly, and Pierre eagerly volunteered to hasten to the mansion and endeavour to bring Mabel into the park. He was proceeding on that innocent mission, when he encountered Captain Spoffer, who told him that he need not be at any pains to seek Mistress Verdon, as that lady was confined to her chamber, and could not be interfered with by *strangers*.

Pierre calmly replied that he did not know by what right Captain Spoffer took upon himself the task of questioning his line of conduct; but he begged him clearly to understand that his words and his actions were alike disregarded by him.

"The time may come, Mons. Von Gerlstein," said Spoffer, "when you will be disposed to adopt a different tone, for you should understand, sir, that your position here may be brought to a conclusion when you are least prepared for it."

In due course it transpired that the cause of Mabel's absence from the revels was that she had received tidings that her father had been taken prisoner by Cromwell's party, and rather than disclose the fact at the time of merry-making, she had sought the solitude of her own room, where she might, unobserved, give vent to the feelings which agitated her breast. That night was one of gloom in the mansion of Sir Walter Sedley, for news had arrived which too painfully confirmed the report regarding the father of Mabel Verdon, and which stated, moreover, that Cromwell was collecting his forces at Naseby. Sir Walter knew too well the sad import of this intelligence, accompanied as it was by a solemn appeal to the valour of every true royalist who had ever held arms in the service of his country; and it was his duty, at whatever sacrifice, to abandon his home for the field of battle. Intimation to this effect having been conveyed throughout the household, the night was passed in lamentation and sleeplessness, one and all regarding the summons to arms as the death-knell to the hopes of those who dwelt in Woodfield Manor. In the general gloom Pierre strongly participated, and the more so that he felt that the climax to his happiness had arrived. He must now go forth into the struggling world and fight the battle of rivalry and discontent, away from all he held most dear, and from scenes which had imparted new phases to his life.

The disastrous consequences which followed the wars of Cromwell are so well known that the briefest reference to them will be sufficient for the purposes of this story—and that merely with the

view to point out the effect which was produced by those wars upon art and artists in England. Great works which had been begun by illustrious painters, under the authority of the king, were left unfinished, and many ambitious and promising students whom the royal patron had caused to come from distant parts to achieve a position, now found those channels to success on which they most depended entirely closed against them. No one felt this adverse pressure of affairs more keenly than Pierre, upon whom the sad fatality had fallen at a moment when the paramount object of his life was so to improve his fortunes as to render him a fitting suitor for the hand of Laura Sedley. But it was otherwise ordained; for he soon found that the small amount of patronage which remained to him was rapidly dwindling away; until at length he was reduced to a condition bordering on absolute dependence. His healthful and manly appearance, set off, as it always was in more prosperous times, by well-appointed attire, was now changed for one of poverty and and wretchedness. His apparel, in short, so conspicuously betrayed the extremity to which he was reduced, that he had seldom the courage to walk abroad; and he often confined himself to his studio for many days at a time, striving to work, but not working, for his mind was too much agitated by thoughts of the happy days he had once passed in the company of one whom his prospect of seeing again was becoming more and more remote; and, moreover, his energies received a powerful check from the conviction that his labour was in vain. The very spider which had been building its web in a corner of the room could gain some reward for its industry; but he, the once prosperous, but now forlorn, artist, must toil and toil without encouragement and without hope. But a brighter day might be approaching, and he would endure with fortitude the decrees of Providence. One evening, on his return home, after a fruitless endeavour to dispose of a small picture, he found on the table a roll of canvas, which, on unfolding he discovered to be the portrait of Laura Sedley—the identical portrait which had adorned his room at Woodfield Manor! Great was his astonishment, but greater still his delight, for he now saw that he had not faded from the remembrance of Laura, and that (brightest of all earthly joys!) there was a prospect of his meeting her again. But his rapture was yet to be still further called forth; for turning his eyes to the ground he observed a letter which had fallen there, and on opening it, a piece of money was revealed, accompanied by these words—“From one who has heard of your distress, and who entrusts to you her portrait to save it from marauders.”

“Generous girl!” he exclaimed. “The devotion of a life can never repay such goodness. And has Woodfield Manor fallen a sacrifice to the revolutionary spirit of the times? Laura is, perhaps, homeless; and her thoughts turn to me in sympathy; for it is clear that the condition I am in has come to her knowledge, and her generous disposition makes her lean towards me with increased ardour.”

On making inquiries, which he did without delay, Pierre discovered that Laura had indeed good cause to be in fear of marauders, her father's estate having become “the prey of the spoiler,” and all

the blessings of a happy home being cast to the merciless winds. Pierre had been occupied at his easel, and was preparing to put aside the implements of his art, when he saw on the open waste-land which fronted his window, the slender and youthful form of a female who appeared to be in doubt as to the direction she should take. It was late in the day, and, the weather being unpropitious, there were few people to be seen, and indeed the only object which now met his view was the simply-clad and fragile form alluded to. His thoughts ever recurring to the one beloved being who had now become a part of his existence, the idea for a moment struck him that the figure might be that of Laura; but on reflection he felt that the supposition was an erroneous one, for it was hardly probable that she would be alone on that cheerless spot towards night-fall, and moreover neither the dress nor the carriage of the lady was such as he could associate with the beauty of Woodfield Manor.

Suddenly his ears were startled by the sound of muffled drums, which roused him from his reverie, and caused him to totter to the window, when he descried a detachment of infantry coming across the open space.

Without an instant's delay he descended into the road, and there discovered that the soldiers were carrying an officer who had been severely wounded in a conflict which had taken place that day between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. He speedily found himself in front of the detachment, and had turned aside in order not to obstruct their free passage, when he observed the same delicate figure he had before seen from his window. What a world of rapture was concentrated in his shattered bosom at that moment, when he found that the figure was that of Laura Sedley, though so altered in every respect that he might well have failed to recognise her in the distance! In a paroxysm of joy he threw himself at her feet, ejaculating, “Laura!” and was struggling to rise as the soldiers approached, but was unable to do so, for the sudden revulsion of feeling (acting upon that condition of nervous debility which his weakness had produced) had snapt his life-strings, and his ears had just received from the lips of the faithful girl the gladdening

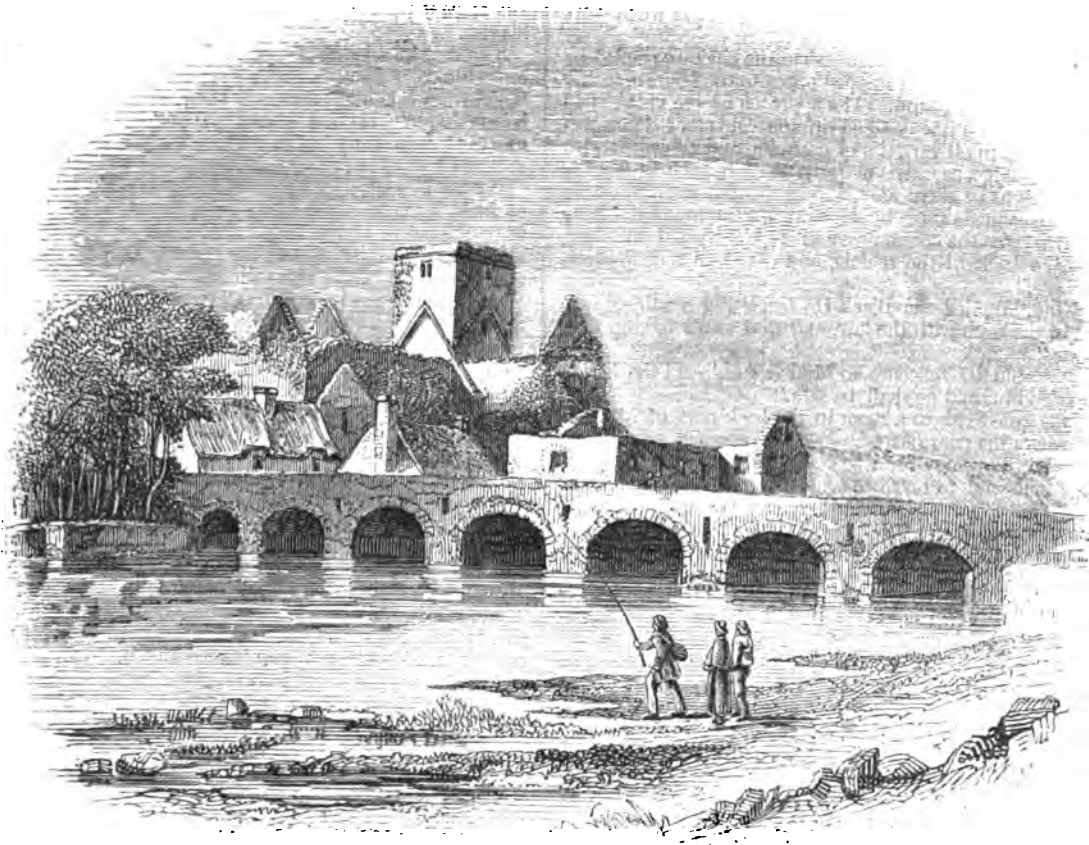
words, “Through weal or woe, I am thine!”—when a voice announced that the wounded officer was Sir Walter Sedley.

“My father!” shrieked Laura, in despair. “Give me your blessing, and (she faltered) *your consent!*”

“Both are yours!” muttered Sir Walter. But it was too late, for the stricken artist had spoken his last word (“Laura”), and he was carried from the ground a corpse!

The wound which had prostrated Sir Walter did not prove mortal; but, alas! the fates did not deal so lightly with his hapless daughter, for she received her death-blow in the untimely decease of her lover; and not many weeks had elapsed ere she also went to her last resting-place, a mournful but not a solitary instance of the disastrous doings of those troublous times.





HOLY-CROSS ABBEY.

HOLY-CROSS ABBEY, one of the most interesting architectural remains of antiquity in Ireland, is seated on the banks of that beautiful river,

The gentle Suire that, making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford,

about three miles from Thurles, county of Tipperary. As appears from the original charter, still in existence, the Abbey owes its foundation to Donald O'Brien, King of Limerick, in the year 1182, when it was richly endowed with lands for its support by its founder. These grants were confirmed four years later by John, Earl of Morton, then Lord of Ireland, and afterwards King John. He further directed that the monks of the abbey (who were of the Cistercian order) should be "free from all mulcts in his courts, for what cause soever they should be amerced, and also free of all toll whatever." In 1233 this charter was confirmed by Henry III., and again, in 1395, by Richard II. Like most monastic structures of any importance, it was cruciform, and consisted of a nave, chancel, and transept, with a lofty square belfry at the intersection of the cross; but is distinguished from

other structures of the kind in having in both transepts two distinct chapels, beautifully groined—a feature which imparts much picturesqueness to the effect. The steeple rests on four beautifully-groined arches, and the roof of the choir, as well as those of the side chapels, is similarly enriched. The windows, generally, are of very elegant and tasteful design.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER VI.

MUD Island is that portion of the northern outlets of Dublin bounded on the east by the sea, and on the north and south by the river Tolka and the Royal Canal. Strictly speaking, it is a promontory, as it is not divided by water from the main land on the western side. This so-called island was governed by a king, named M'Donnell, in whose family the crown of "Mud Island" remained for many generations. On the death of one monarch another took his place, and the funeral games in honour of the departed sovereign were generally celebrated in a public-house in the neighbourhood, as were also the coronation ceremonies of each succeeding M'Donnell. The King of Mud Island had absolute sway in this locality, where a sheriff's officer, unless backed by a troop of dragoons or a sergeant's guard, had not the remotest chance of escaping with his life, provided he attempted the capture of any person who sought sanctuary on "the Island." At the time to which our story refers it was a rare place, when a more vigorous administration of the law and the introduction of a civic police had not interfered with its privileges, or before efforts were made to introduce improvements. Long rows of mud cabins, like Indian wigwams, were the residences of the liege subjects of the King, who lived by pillage and violence, and who, it was generally remarked, were never known to sleep but in the broad daylight. The approaches to Mud Island from the city were always well guarded, and scouts well trained to

their business quickly gave information at head-quarters when danger was at hand.

It was a pitch-dark and foggy night when the chaise occupied by the Black Doctor and Stammers stopped opposite the house or rather cabin of the King of Mud Island. The approach of the visitors had been announced, as his majesty stood in the centre of desperate-looking men, dressed in all varieties of costume, and all armed with sticks, knives, or bludgeons. His majesty was a tall, burly-looking man, whose age might be about fifty, and in the dim uncertain light his huge proportions made those by whom he was surrounded appear most diminutive. As the chaise drove up he approached the door, which was at the back of the vehicle, and asked, in a deep voice, "Who goes there?"

"It is I, King," replied the Black Doctor, "and a subject who was wounded in the wars with the law, and who wants to stop with you for a while."

"Your dog would be welcome to Mud Island," said the King; "bring your friend in, and he shall be safe."

Stammers was conveyed to a room in the back part of M'Donnell's palace, where the poor heart-broken and maimed outlaw was placed on a wretched apology for a bed.

"For this night and to-morrow," said Bramble to the King, "nobody but yourself or me must see your guest, and above all things beware of a surprise."

"I know what you mean," observed M'Donnell. "Not a hair of his head shall be hurt while he is here."

"That is well," said Bramble. "I will now bid him good night, as I have to see a few patients." He then took his departure for the "Three Jolly Travellers."

Tony, after he had partaken of anything but a ceremonious dinner, scampered off to the locality in which Abraham Isaacs resided. He took some time to reconnoitre, and when every thing, in the shape of danger was sure to be out of reach, he approached the shop window, and satisfied himself that Abraham was within doors. Long and anxiously did he wait for the Jew to make his appearance; but at length he did come forth, well muffled up, never dreaming of the pair of lynx eyes that were anxiously bent on his movements. On he went on his way with Tony closely following him. Over the paved footway he plodded, dreaming of the "thousand" which he was to get for giving up the forged bill. Every move he made was watched, and as he drew near to the less-populated parts of the city, his anxious watcher drew further back. It was a long way to go on foot that hour on such a night, Abraham Isaacs. At length he turned down a kind of bye-lane, which led into an open space where a market was held twice in the week. He had proceeded about half way down this lane when Tony ran cautiously behind him. The young thief stooped and threw the Jew heavily on his back in the heaps of mud through which he had been wading. Abraham was stunned by the fall, and before he had time to recover himself Tony thrust his hand into the side pocket of his coat, and succeeded in capturing the precious black pocket-book, which was now a treasure beyond price to him.

The young worthy then ran off as hard as he could, as he saw the Jew slowly attempting to rise. He muttered some half-dozen oaths as he resumed his journey, never dreaming that the pocket-book and its contents were as lost to him as Paradise was to Cain.

The Jew, as he growled and trudged along, was covered over with black greasy mud, but the prospect of the rich reward which he was to receive consoled him in his trouble. Tony ran through every bye-way and turn that he could find on his way to the "Three Jolly Travellers." On arriving near the door panting for breath, and in a fever of excitement, he observed the Black Doctor in close conversation with John Brunt. Seeing that all was right, he boldly entered, and, after giving a knowing wink at Bramble, he seated himself on the stairs.

"You imp," said the landlord, "where were you all day? I will settle you. Why did you tell me that you saw Jerry the Lift in this street two days ago?"

"It was a lie I told you," replied Tony, "after your own fashion."

"Don't mind him now, Brunt," said Bramble, "as I want him to go to a place for me."

Brunt nodded assent, as the Black Doctor and Tony withdrew to the street.

"What news?" asked Bramble, as he trembled with excitement.

"Here it is," said Tony, producing the black pocket-book out of his hat.

The first impulse of the Black Doctor was to seize Tony and embrace him. "You are worth your weight in gold," continued he; "and from this night forward, Tony, your fortunes and mine shall be the same." Having placed the pocket-book inside his vest, he returned with Tony to the "Three Jolly Travellers," to await the arrival of the Jew.

"This is a nice young gentleman," said the Black Doctor, as he re-entered the bar, addressing John Brunt, holding Tony as he did so by the collar of his long-tailed coat. "You must regard him now as my prisoner, and in my custody he must remain for the remainder of this night and to-morrow."

"Let him mind his business," replied Brunt. "I am walked off my legs between this bar to upstairs and downstairs answering customers all the live-long day. Don't keep him longer idling, doctor," continued Brunt, as he threw his leaden eyes on Tony, who, from his recent excursions into life, showed by his manner that he did not much care for the pecuniary advancement of John Brunt.

The Black Doctor threw his hat back on his head, and in an assumed tone of the greatest submission, said, "Perhaps, Mr. Brunt, you would be kind enough to allow me to have my own way. It is a caprice of mine to ask you to permit Tony to do my bidding; but suppose you do not consent—what then, Brunt?"

"Bravo, Doctor," said Tony, "he is more in the habit of talking to people than of hearing people talking to him."

"Is there light above stairs," inquired the Black Doctor; "if not, Tony, get it, for I am tired waiting for that Abraham Isaacs, who should have been here half an hour since. Remain up stairs," he continued, addressing Tony, "until I go up to you."

Bramble walked inside the rickety counter, and eyeing Brunt from head to foot, said, "John Brunt I have a message from the grave for you—not exactly from the grave, because the man who gave me the message for you was never buried, although he is dead. Jerry the Lift told me to have revenge. He told me how you killed Hawks-worth by strangling him after you had made him drunk—how you buried him in the back kitchen, money and all. If you have not taken up that money since, it is there still in safe keeping, under the flags near the old grate. Don't look so frightened, Brunt, I want the most of it this night, and you, Tony, and myself will be the exhumers. Surely, you did not kill the exciseman for nothing, and it is a pity to leave your reward so long buried."

John Brunt grew faint, and he staggered backwards to the chair on which he was in the habit of sitting behind the bar of "The Three Jolly Travellers."

"Tell Mr. Isaacs when he comes that I am waiting for him," added the Black Doctor, lifting his hand significantly, as he ascended the stairs.

John Brunt's many customers in the tap were astonished at the abstraction of the landlord, inasmuch as nearly all that had been regaling themselves were allowed to walk off without paying their reckoning.

The barking of a dog and some loud words in the street, arrested the attention of Tony, who was recording for the edification of the Black Doctor, the mode which had been used for stealing the pocket-book from the person of Abraham Isaacs.

"As sure as I live," said Tony, "that's the Jew."

"Go down, and be as busy as you like," said Bramble. "Tell him I have been waiting for him ever so long, and mind—caution!"

Tony arranged his hat, and seizing a few empty pewter measures which were on the counter, ran to the door with the apparent purpose of ascertaining what was the cause of the disturbance. In a few minutes Abraham Isaacs made his appearance covered over with mud. When he arrived he was pale with rage, as he entered the bar, and after taking off his hat and wiping his forehead with a yellow silk pocket handkerchief, he turned to Tony and asked him if Dr. Bramble was in the house.

"Are you the gentleman he is waiting for?" said Tony. "He is here this hour."

"Show me to him at once," said the Jew, and as Tony lighted him up stairs, he had to laugh until he crowed again at the result which his work had produced on the garments of the Jew.

The Black Doctor came forward to salute Isaacs as he entered the room. "Dear sir," continued he, "I hope you are not hurt, as I see by your clothes that you have got a fall."

"I am not hurt," said the Jew, "although I have got an upset. This is a most unruly place. A boy who was amusing himself as I came along ran against me, and threw me head over heels, and then ran off. I hope I did not keep you waiting too long," observed he, as he drew his chair nearer to the fire.

"By no means," replied Bramble. "I will give you the money you demand for Stammers' bill this night; but, perhaps, instead of the thousand, for the sake of his wife and children I could induce you to accept the seven hundred and fifty which I offered you this day."

"On principle I will not take a shilling off what I said. I have the bill with me, and you shall have it, provided you give me one thousand pounds. If you do not, there is no harm done, and the sheriff shall have the document in the morning," said the Jew.

"If you are so decided on the matter, I may now fairly tell you that I am instructed by Mrs. and Miss Stammers to give what you require for the forged bill."

"Tony, come here," continued Bramble; "tell your master that I want him, and do you remain in the bar until he returns."

In a short time John Brunt made his appearance, looking the picture of intense misery.

"Won't you take a chair, Mr. Brunt," said Bramble. "I just called you up for the purpose of telling Mr. Isaacs here that you were going to influence the estate of a rich exciseman for the purpose of giving a thousand pounds, which a friend of mine owes him on—a forged bill," whispered the doctor, in a tone that the Jew could overhear.

"All right," replied Brunt, mechanically.

"As you will take nothing less than the thousand," said the Black Doctor, "let us have the bill."

"It is here," replied the Jew, "in this pocket-book," as he put his hand into the pocket of his coat.

Bramble stirred the fire, and remarked, "even for winter it was very severe weather."

The Jew rose from his seat and walked to the other side of the room. He looked upon the floor as he rummaged his pockets. He went to the chair upon which he had been sitting, pulled it aside and looked under the old table. His face bore the expression of a person who had been attacked by fire in a burning house, from which there appeared to be no means of escape. He ran his hands through his hair as he exclaimed, "I would have sworn a thousand oaths that I had placed my large pocket-book here—here"—slapping his left breast with his right hand.

"Have you lost anything, Mr. Isaacs?" asked Bramble. "I fear that you have."

The Jew returned no answer, but continued to pace up and down the room like one bewildered.

"All is lost," said the Jew, "if I did not leave it at home. Not alone that bill, that brought me here, but much more—very much—all my earnings, all my thrift made on the prodigality of others."

"I tell you this," said Bramble, springing from his seat, and affecting to be in a fearful passion, "if you have broken faith with me and my friend by any paltry excuse, and that you have handed over this bill to the Crown, I will make the remnant of your wretched life a curse to you."

"I am honest in what I say," replied the Jew, mournfully. "All my trading with Gentiles is gone for nothing. I am undone this night!"

"You must have left it at home," said Bramble, whose kindly nature was struck with a feeling of pity for the Jew.

"Get some one for me that will restore that pocket-book, and I will make you a present of the forged bill, and you can have the luxury of hanging or saving your friend. There is one assignment unregistered in that small book which is 'all-in-all' to Abraham Isaacs."

"Go home at once," observed the Black Doctor, "as I am sure in your hurry you must have forgotten at your residence what you seek. In the mean time I will make every inquiry; but, above all things, I will trust you not to play false with my poor friend."

"I won't," said the Jew, despondingly, as he slowly took his departure, with a heavy heart, for his home.

Tony, having been relieved from his official duties behind the counter by his master, after putting all the money that he had received for drink into his pockets, rejoined the Black Doctor at the fire.

"Quill, Wisp, and other pupils will be here soon," said Bramble. "Don't say a word about the pocket-book. I had not time to open it since you gave it to me. Return to the shop."

Tony obeyed the instructions of his patron by going down stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

I REMEMBER a beautiful land far away,

An Isle by the blue sea caressed,
And the fields were so green and the mountains so grey,
In this Isle far away in the West.

There rocks grim and hoary and stately old hills,
Still echo the peasant's sweet song;
And broad shining rivers and murmuring rills,
Go flashing and dancing along.

And many a dim grotto and wierd lonely dell
Peeps out from her emerald breast;
Oh! well may the fairies continue to dwell
In this beautiful Isle in the West.

Oh, land ever lovely! tho' many long years
My feet have a stranger's soil pressed,
Thy memory comes with a gush of fond tears—
Sweet home of my youth in the West!

And often I dream I'm a bare-footed child,
And sit at the old cabin door,
With a head full of fancies romantic and wild,
And a warm heart with love brimming o'er.

In the glens thro' the green tangled bushes I roam,
And, oh! I supremely am blest,
As ever in spirit again I'm at home—
At home in the beautiful West!

Still as life's troubled day to its close draweth nigh,
Like some poor little bird to its nest,
This heart worn and weary right gladly would fly
To its own darling Isle in the West.

Oh, Erin! the heart that has felt the deep spell
Of thy beauty and witching romance,
Can never content in a stranger's land dwell,
Tossed about by the billows of chance.

For ever the souls of thy wanderers crave . . .
To return to the land they love best,
That their wings may be folded at last in the grave,
In their own blessed Isle in the West! E. F.

THE MANY AND THE FEW.—The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and blasé it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourselves indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Psha! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose Society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die?—*W. M. Thackeray*

SOMETHING ABOUT FINE THINGS.



FORLORN bachelor, on £200 a-year, in London, is a poor man. He has no home in the social sense of the word, unless a three-pair front, and the society of a latch-key, be presumed to represent it. Bilious and stupid he rises in the morning, slinks down to his office, dines in the afternoon in boxes larded with the steam of thirty thousand dinners: flies after business hours to the theatre, and returns about midnight to find his candle and matches on the hall slab, and the family gone to bed hours before his arrival. If

possible, to check the monotony of his life, he gets up a flirtation with the cat (if the animal be at home), or provokes the parrot to bite his finger, and scream in diabolic discords. He takes a long time to pull off his boots, and examines the soles with a critical eye to their condition. Then, up stairs through the silent house, apast the

rotten geraniums on the landing, and the shabby clock on the second lobby. And the room cold, musty, damp-smelling, with the clouded looking-glass betokening fog, on the table, and the thin, white-curtained bed standing frigid and fearful in the corner; he looks around, and after a profound pause, sinks into his easy chair. Lighting a pipe at the candle, he puffs languidly, and begins to turn over in review the events of the day. He has dined liberally, he has had a box at the St. James's; he has suppered at the Windsor—not alone, be it observed—there was that little affair of the gold locket, and—and oh, hang it. But 'twon't do to hang it; for whilst his income is about thirteen shillings a day, his expenditure is close upon twenty; and if he go on in this way for another quarter, he may qualify himself for an introduction to the "Belvidere Hotel," alias, the Queen's Bench Prison. So he frets and worries himself. Then calculating the details of his "house-keeping" (vile sarcasm!) he thinks that they will bear some reduction; couldn't he do without that pickled salmon for breakfast? Yes, by the Monument, yes; and more than that, desert the boxes of an evening and retire to the pit. Pulling a little bill, written with faded ink, from his pocket, and drawing the candle some inches nearer, he becomes absorbed in a profound study of the docket. "Ha!" he cries, with a fierce scowl that might grace a melo-drama, "I have it. Only look at that item for washing; three and seven-pence for one week! three and seven-pence! confound it. And only think of putting in nightcaps, this weather, when a fellow sleeps with the windows up, fanning himself with a hand-screen. Three and seven-pence!" Pained by the discovery of so gross an imposition, the wretched bachelor makes a strong resolution. He will cut off the laundress and wear paper. "For," he thinks, "I can get paper collars, white and glossy in Hullhorn for six-pence a dozen, shirt fronts, (do. do.) at three-pence a-piece; white vests, all sorts of patterns, barred and crossed, and dotted, at four-pence each; and even a passable hat for a shilling." He glows over his anticipated triumph, and feels almost inspired to preach the apotheosis of paper. Won't Mrs. Soda, the laundress starve, won't she? And only to think of night-caps! When I said on Titbat in the morning he looks serious. The nightcaps have entered into his soul, and he tells me he feels ashamed leaving so long the patient, unsuspecting victim of the heartless artificers practised by the London laundresses. "Don't mind it," he says, and he gravely taps the sugar-bowl with the stick which has been at hand. Let us take to paper," I say, and he glances across the table, but he smiles. "Mac, my dear fellow, don't say that, and try to put a little faith in the paper. Don't say; henceforth it will be possible for a man to be as comfortably dressed, with the snowiest of linen, as ever, and at the average charge of eight-pence halfpenny a

night. That incredulous look again! Well, can you be convinced? Look here"—and he tots up the figures on the tips of his fingers—"shirt, 3d., vest, 4d.; that's seven-pence; tie, 1d., and collar, 4d.—eightpence halfpenny. Can any thing be plainer?" I grumble out an affirmative, accompanied by a doubtful shaking of the head. Titbat is indignant.

In dressing-gown and slippers, eyes yellow-cornered, lips dry, complexion pale and languid, sits Titbat drinking deeply of aromatic coffee, eating sparingly of ginger nuts, he lolls back in his chair, throwing sleepy glances now and then at the *Times*, supported against the side of the milk jug.

"Sick after last night, Tit? I knew you would."

"You were right. Very."

"And how did the party come off?"

"Nicely. But the champagne would not fly, and the claret was corky. And some fiend put salt in the lobster salad. Baugh!"

"Hang the wine and the salad; you danced—didn't you?"

"Yes, my boy. I did dance. Do you know her?"

"Who's 'her,' in the name of all that's heavenly?"

"Her?—very true, how should you know?—why, Martha Whittle!"

"Yes. Isn't she a lively little thing?"

"Very," says Titbat, with a deep sigh. "Very lively—too lively for me, Mac."

"Oh, she suggested an elopement I suppose; or asked you tie up her hair, or kick her tiger, or—"

"Mr. Mac," exclaims Titbat with unusual ferocity, "she asked nothing so absurdly ridiculous."

"Well, don't lose temper over it, old fellow. What did she do?"

"Faith I'll tell you, the story is all over the town by this; and if you don't hear it from me, you will from somebody else. Those infernal paper things:—"

"Yes—ha! ha!—yes."

"Sir, on going out last evening, I arrayed myself in the whitest of paper fronts and collars, the sweetest of paper ties, and the most gorgeous of paper watered-silk waistcoats. You should have seen the chaste aspect of the apparel—it was superb, sir. All remained perfect to the conclusion of the opening quadrilles, when Martha honoured me in a waltz. Swaying about in the glorious movements of that fascinating dance, I became lost to everything but a dizzy sense of happiness, and the presence of the dear being in my arms. Round and round and round, till the room swam about us, we whirled and whirled. At last the dancers dropped off, and we sat down. I heard a titter behind me, and on turning round with that rude impulsiveness, which is one of the misfortunes of my character, I observed that Martha's mouth was stuffed with something white and shiny. Concluding that she had occasioned the laugh, and knowing that she is liberal of sacrifices to merriment, I composed myself. Ten minutes later I was in the refreshment room with my charming partner. As I apprehended that my tie might have been tossed in the crush, I put up my hands to straighten the ends, when,—would you believe it?—I found that one extremity had been bitten off.—Eaten off, sir, by that mischievous girl, whilst I was in the pleasures of that divine waltz. Keep down that mischievous wicked sneer, if you please."

"But forgive me, Titbat; it is impossible I should be serious."

"Sir," continues my friend, "I was naturally provoked, and spoke rather sharply about the matter, and threw out one or two hints about delicacy and fine breeding, which were received only with peals of laughter."

"Miss Whittle," I said, "you have chosen a rather questionable mode of making your friends merry,—you—"

"Now," she cried, "why do you talk nonsense? what was it but a bit of paper?"

"There was a fresh roar at my expense. I retired to the ball-room, and found the company engaged in the polka. You know her?"

"Titbat, my dear fellow, do you think I'm a seer? you're strangely apocalyptic, you are."

"True. But haven't you heard the story already?"

"No—honour."

"Well, sir, the second 'her,' was Miss Emma Bradford. Nice little thing, but subject to tooth-ache. I apologized for the disarrangement of my toilet, and engaged her. Do you like polkaing? I love it. Fancy the reverse—a whole storm of spinings to the right, with your hair flying back from your forehead, and your pulse at ninety. I did enjoy it thoroughly, except when we passed Miss

Whittle, who had accepted a new partner, and who giggled audibly, as she swept round us. She was dancing with a long cavalry fellow whose legs were getting in everybody's way, seriously interrupting them. All on a sudden his wretched boots became entangled in Emma's tarlatan, and the poor thing stumbled and would have fallen to the ground had not she grasped at my waistcoat, one side of which she carried clean off. You should have seen me then; a portion of my miserable shirt-front had followed the detached piece of waistcoat, and, as I stood in the middle of the room amongst the crowd which had hurried to my partner's assistance, my position was deplorable. Marius amid the ruins of Carthage—psa! there was nobody there to poke fun at him. "What do they laugh at?" asked a voice behind me. Some snob replied—"Only a gentleman in a paper shirt, and the same description of waistcoat." "Theap and nashy," was the observation of an Israelite, "let me shee him, gosh!"

An old bustard from Somerset House next approached, and fixing his eye-glass, surveyed me with impertinent deliberateness. I couldn't stand that. "Sir," I exclaimed with some spirit, "your attention to me is insulting."

"Probably it is, my poor friend," he answered, "but we are so frequently misunderstood. I am sorry that your paper has had so short a circulation. It wasn't up to the water mark, I presume."

"If you are a gentleman" I cried, "you shall afford me satisfaction for this outrage."

"Most happy, my poor friend—most happy. Let me see—say, coffee and paper pellets for two."

How they roared.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed, Smith, the linen-draper, fixing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and turning to the company with distended chest and flushed face. "Behold this here young man; what has he come to? From the bottom of my heart I do pity him.—And yet I don't; for when a man goes and wraps himself up in paper, like a cheap sausage, or a bit o' pork as it were, who can pity him?—Nobody. If he would recover his respectability, what should he do? Plain is the answer;—he must return to linen."

I glared at the scoundrel, as, ending his speech, he stalked down the room; and I inwardly registered a vow that if ever he came across me, he should repent his impudence. Then a new impulse seemed to move the company; every one glided away, and I was left standing alone, overwhelmed with rage and confusion. "This could not last; I made for the stairs, and descended to the hall. The two housemaids and the one footman were standing under the lamp, chatting over the paper incident."

"Go, you're a cheffin, you are," says the maid in blue ribbons.

"Pon honor, I don't," replied John. "Is a cove as got no flax, and had, as if so be, to take to stationery. His front was of cream note, and his vest of foolscap."

Fancy me passing through that smirking insolent rabble! Taking my hat from the rack I walked out, came home, spent a sleepless night, and here I am."

"Poor fellow!"

"Devil take your compassion! Is that all the consolation you can afford? Now, if a fellow told me this story, I should say—"

"What?"

"I should say—Look here, my boy, we must be patient. The pioneers of civilization in every age have had to suffer calumnies and affronts. Imitate them (I would say), and, though the day be far distant, you must triumph."

"Ah!"

"Ah! What do you mean by Ah? Leave me. I could rail against all the first-born of Adam. There—no apologies—forget me, and go."

I go, of course.

Titbat and I cannot fall out. I like the fellow, and the knowledge of this fact encourages him frequently in pushing his insolence to the limits of endurance.

It is a glowing autumn night. The skies, as seen from the two-pair window of my friend, are gorgeously draped in amber clouds. A small section of white moon looks down on the quiet square; and although dusk has long set in, we do not light candles, but sit and sip our grog in the blessed twilight.

"A gentleman as wants to see you, sir, is below," is the announcement of our maid, Mary, as she enters the room, and curtseys to host and friend.

"Show him up," says Titbat, anxiously.

Enters to us a sad-complexioned gentleman, parcel in hand.

"Have I the honour of seeing Mr. Titbat," asks the new-comer.

"That's my name, sir," says my friend. "Can I be of service to you?"

"Thanks you can," replies the other, looking uncommonly sharp at Titbat. "I has come from Sloppem, the pawnbroker's." Titbat grows white—with shame, not guilt, be it observed. "And what message does my relative send?" he asks.

"Nuffin partikler," says the pale intruder, who opens the parcel, displaying some bundles of collars, vests, and shirt fronts, which I immediately recognise as the cheap paper purchases of my friend. "Nuffin partikler; but he says as when a gent is hard up, and as to pop his drapery, he needn't be too wide-awake, and palm off paper uns instead of ones as is linen. Now, look at this—whiff—paper; and this—whiff—paper. Mr. Titbat, where is your conscience—where?"

"You scoundrel!" exclaims Titty, choked with rage—"you scoundrel!"

"Will you be quiet?" asks the impudent visitor. "Steady, as the guard said to the passenger when the trains were a galloping into each other. You know you daren't deny 'em. Look at your name—look"—and the wretch held up the counterfeit linen to the window.

Titbat jumped from his chair, oversetting a flower-stand "Where did you get those?" he shrieked.

"Lor' bless us!" ejaculates the sad gentleman, "do you think rabbits are hatched in walnuts? Where—where but from your maid."

We call the maid, who reports, with many condemnatory comments, that she has been in the house only since the day before; that her predecessor was dismissed for various acts of dishonesty, including the wearing of her mistress's embroidered petticoats, at the three-penny dance, at Sluice House, High-gate; that the said predecessor had pawned right and left; and that she hopes she will be soon caught, and brought "afore a coroner's jury."

The murder is out—the case is clear. "And how much did she swindle you out of?" asks Titbat.

"Sixteen and three-pence," responds the pale man; "sixteen and three-pence, sir; the willany of this world is shocking."

"I shall pay your demand," says the other, "but spare your morality." He hands over the money, and the pawnbroker's agent disappears.

"How much is the lot worth?" I inquire sadly.

"Three and eight-pence."

"Whew!"

Another week has passed over, and Titbat is to be married. Down in the green country, across the channel, he has chosen an Irish wife, who comes over in a fortnight to sweeten his labours and superintend the making up of his linen. No more paper, no more make-believe. He has attained a definite faith in starch, and isinglass, and hot irons, and long-backed horses, staggering before mighty kitchen fires under loads of snowy raiment. He tells us that in wearing paper we deprive our wives of one of the noblest channels through which they minister to the peace and vanity of us men.

"Sir," he says, showing his Nicoll, "sir, I have been reading Ruskin—the 'Seven Lamps'—and a change for the better has been the result. Is it not criminal for a woman to wear paste diamonds and pinchbeck gold—machine lace, with the hope of passing it off as Brussels or Limerick, and cheap dogskins as a pretence for the legitimate kids? And if this be the truth, what enormity can exceed that which substitutes paper for linen, and strives, by a mean feint, to abolish one of the holiest household duties—the preparation of our drapery?"

It is a bachelor's breakfast, and the last at which Titbat shall sit as host and president. He is a little gloomy, as if he were about to change his lodgings, and had a warning of damp sheets in his nostrils. The viands embrace joints, conserves, and sweetmeats; and the wines are crusted port—thick as olive oil—and Bucellas, the very odour of which is contraband. When the heavier portion of the meal has been discussed, we, miserable fellows, draw back our chairs, light our pipes, and deliver great whiffs of smoke to the ceiling. Brains and wines sparkle simultaneously; bits of popular songs are trilled, and Benson gives us the famed lyric, "In the Strand," with bibulous energy.

"Blessings attend you, old boy," says Boulger, rising and filling his glass. "May you never have a sadder breakfast, or a worse companion."

"Hear, hear," cry we, and we jingle the glasses together. Titbat rises. There is a drunken splendour in his eyes; and a luscious indolence in the ease with which his mouth opens and the words are filtered through his lips.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I—"

Of course, we scream—no women being present.

"I beg your pardons for saying gentlemen," continues Titbat—"from my soul, I do? When?"

"Question, question!" exclaim the bachelors. "Hang it, old fellow, don't be personal!"

"I tell you what," Titbat says, "when I said ladies, I assure you, I forgot—that is to say—yes—oblivious who was present. Very well. I have a word to say—haven't I? This is the last melancholy occasion on which we shall meet. After my nuptials—mine and my wife's—I may send you cards, and I may not—do you perceive?—I may and I mayn't. It's all the same, and it isn't—one way. H m!"

Long ago our host of the occasion married. His wife is pretty, his linen is superb, he shuns paper. He is no longer a bachelor; and when he takes his candle up to bed, there are two shadows on the stair-case.

CAVIARE.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER V.

TREATS OF SEVERAL SERIOUS AND INTERESTING MATTERS, WHICH THE READER WILL BEST APPRECIATE BY PERUSING, AND OF WHICH, CONSEQUENTLY, NO MORE IS SAID IN THIS PLACE.



HAVE already related, and, considering that the joke was rather against myself, with great candour and sincerity, how I was conquered by Mrs. Squeezer in our great battle about the latch-key. I admitted that I was fairly beaten, even ignominiously so, if you will, on that point. But do you imagine, courteous reader, that I at once gave in, and resigned the contest in despair? No such thing. Beaten on one point, I returned again and again to the charge. Shall I say to be again and again defeated? Well, no matter. What could I do, I should very much like to know? Mrs. Squeezer was, by courtesy at least, a lady; hence the unequal character of the war carried on, between us. Mrs. Squeezer might leave iron pails in my way at night, and by this means graze the skin off my shins, and yet what could I do? If Mrs. Squeezer had been a gentleman, which she wasn't, instead of a lady (which she wasn't, either), I might have kicked her. As it was, I could only kick the iron pail, and, after all, this was but poor consolation. If she had been a lady, no doubt she would have had "nerves," and she might have been frightened into a fit by the noise which the pail made as it rolled, with a crash like thunder, down the back stairs, and even this

would have been something; and if Mrs. Squeezer had fallen down in a faint, I don't think that she would have found me tickling her red nose with a feather, or burning brown paper to bring her to. No, her friend the cat might have performed all these tender offices for her, so far as I am concerned. I would never have stirred a finger in her behalf. But then she hasn't nerves. She belongs to the same generation as the old lady who publicly thanked God that she was born before nerves were "invented;" and as she isn't troubled with nerves, of course she didn't faint, but on the contrary, coolly put her head out of her sanctum, and enquired, in the most provokingly cool tone of voice, what was the matter, and what did I mean by making such a noise? Mrs. Squeezer faint indeed! I should as soon expect to see her cat faint through the poignancy of his feelings, or the excess of his remorse, after he has absconded with the mutton chop which was preparing for my breakfast.

However, as I have already said, I didn't give in at once. I believe that many men of less strength of mind would have succumbed at once, and given themselves up to Mrs. Squeezer, and joined her in her evening devotions, as she called them, at 10 P.M. Whether

Mrs. Squeezer ever performs these devotions of which she talks so much, is more than I can say, but thus I can say, and do say emphatically, that Mrs. Squeezer's prate of religion was utterly and absolutely disgusting to me; and although she conquered me on many points, I feel proud, and at the same time grateful, to think that on this point at least she never overcame me. I don't pretend to be a religious man—why should I pretend any such thing? I should be afraid to venture into my bed at night, without having first bent my knee to God my Maker, and I humbly trust that I endeavour to do my duty, both to my Maker and my fellow-men, as well as I am able; but I don't set up to be a religious man in Mrs. Squeezer's sense of the word. No. I know myself far too well for that, and instead of parading my religion, and my good acts, and my devotions, and my this and my that, I am fain to turn away and hide myself in a corner, and strike my breast like that poor Publican of whom we have all read, and say what he said, in the same lowly and contrite spirit, in as far as may be. I don't quarrel with Mrs. Squeezer for her religion. God forbid. But what I quarrel with her for is for making a parade of her religion, and of endeavouring to force others to do as she does. Mrs. Squeezer seems to think that no one can be religious without carrying it about on his face like a sign-board; and I am convinced that as soon as Mrs. Squeezer puts on her religious air, or as I call it, her "chapel face," her expressive, if not amiable or handsome countenance, immediately becomes at least three inches longer than usual. Now, I must say that I don't like this sour style of religion. It may be prejudice on my part, but there it is, and I don't wish to deny it. I know some people (Mrs. Squeezer among them) who set themselves up for religious people, and the end of their religion seems to be to render themselves sour, gloomy, and discontented; a burden to themselves and all connected with them; and the worst of it is, that they can see no goodness in the cheerful heart which laughs and has its joke, but which, in due time, when no one is looking on, drops its mite into the widow's hand, or stoops to raise the little child who has fallen down in the street. No, it must be all sourness, all gloom, all heavy groans and writhings, or there is no religion. Now, what I should very much like to know is, where do these sort of people find their kind of religion prescribed and set down? I sometimes read, with humble reverence I trust, of Him who went about doing good to all, who used to gather those dear little children with their innocent prattle and their merry laughs around his sacred feet, and who, when the poor sinner came across his path, did not pass over to the other side with a frown upon His face, and a harsh word upon His lips, but took them kindly and lovingly by the hand, and led them gently back to the blessed peace and happiness of days long passed away—days which until then it had never entered into the poor wanderer's heart to believe possible could return. I read, I say, of these things, and I cannot find in them any of the sourness and the bitterness which Mrs. Squeezer tries to pass off as religion, and therefore it is that I do utterly repudiate and deny the correctness of her ideas on this point, and refuse to join with her in her evening devotions. Moreover, I always am inclined to suspect there is something wrong when I behold these long faces and listen to these groans and sighs. They make me feel as if cold water were running down my back; and it is a sensation which, I must say, I don't like. No; give me the cheerful laugh and the guileless joke, and the merry lightness of the innocent heart—the heart which is light because it is innocent—and I will back it for true religion against Mrs. Squeezer and all her tribe. I have some little experience in these matters, and I know some people who go about in the dark doing good, and visiting the sick, and performing a thousand works of mercy, and I know that Mrs. Squeezer would turn up her nose at some of them, and groan and sigh over them as poor giddy, thoughtless things; and yet I am quite certain that they confer more real benefit, and are of more use to their fellow-men in a week, than Mrs. Squeezer is in a twelvemonth; and although Mrs. Squeezer may perhaps pretend to disbelieve it, I give my word and honour as a gentleman, that the most cheerful, the gayest, and at the same time the politest man whom I happen to know, is a person of the strictest observance; and although he never bores me with his creed, I can safely say that I never leave his presence without a deeper and more profound reverence for religion, which he so elevates, and without a greater confusion and shame for my own short-comings. I never leave him without feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself, without feeling a desire to be a better man than I am; and I

must say, and I do say, that this result is never produced upon me by Mrs. Squeezer or any of her class. I was going to say, that *they* make me hate religion, but they don't do that—God forbid; they only cause my soul to revolt from those who endeavour so to deface God's own blessed work, and who do their best to render his yoke, contrary to his own Divine assurance, anything but easy and light.

Away with you, then, Mrs. Squeezer—away with your sour face and your bitter sighs, before I lose my patience altogether, and break out into abusive language, which I might afterwards regret. Did you ever hear of 'Peter Pindar,' Mrs. Squeezer? Listen to him, if you please, and hear what he says of your sour faces:—

"To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of Goodness, was an undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombazin."

And listen again to what another great writer, philosopher, and poet says of you:—

"But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil—
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of Holy Writ:
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions"

I think you will admit, Mrs. Squeezer, without you are more prejudiced than even I take you to be, that the authorities I have cited for you are not much in favour of your sour faces, at all events.

But, as it is neither in my province nor my intention to write a paper on religion, I must now take leave of this subject. I have suffered so much from Mrs. Squeezer's sour faces, that I have been led, almost unconsciously, to speak thus much, but with all due reverence, I trust, on religion in general. I have, moreover, deemed it necessary to make these few remarks as some justification of my conduct in refusing so pertinaciously to join Mrs. S. in her evening devotions; and so, having disposed of this matter, I now return from Mrs. Squeezer's profession to Mrs. Squeezer's practice; and more especially to the investigation of how far Mrs. Squeezer's mode of acting towards me, may be considered to have constituted a "real grievance."

As I have already said, although I suffered a complete and ignominious defeat on the question of the latch-key, I did not give in at all once, and resign all idea of recreation and enjoyment. Seeing that so long as I remained under Mrs. Squeezer's hospitable roof, all idea of enjoying myself abroad was out of the question, I naturally enough determined to see whether I couldn't manage to enjoy myself at home. In other words, I determined to give a dinner party at my lodgings.

A bachelor's first dinner party is a matter of considerable moment, to himself at least, and feeling all the importance of the step which I meditated, I gave it due consideration before venturing to make up my mind. At length, however, screwing up my courage to sticking point, (does the sentence I have just penned constitute a quotation, I wonder, for I confess that I don't know, and yet the words seem very familiar to me) I determined that I would give an entertainment in my own apartments, and issued my invitations accordingly. I wrote three notes, which were something to this effect—

"Dear ———

"Come next Thursday and take a slice of mutton with me at 4 P.M.—rough and ready in bachelor's style—no kick-shaws or French dishes—and you will confer a real pleasure on your faithful,

"INCOG."

These notes I despatched to Jones, the gent whom you may remember as having had the accident with his head of hair; to Scroggins, who suffers from a German flute; and to Jenkins, who suffers from a bad-tempered —. Well, don't mind what; we will leave the sentence unfinished—only if you are curious about Jenkins's grievance, I refer you to page sixteen of this Journal.

The next thing was to determine what I would have for dinner,

and to broach the matter as pleasantly as possible to Mrs. Squeezer, from whom, I confess, I anticipated considerable opposition.

I was sometime before I could quite determine about the dishes which we were to have. You see, it was my first attempt at a dinner, and naturally enough, I was anxious about it. I was quite determined that I *wouldn't* have chickens and bacon. I am sick to death of chickens and bacon. I never go out to dine but I get chickens and bacon, and I *do* wish people would try and vary their entertainments a little. Chickens and bacon are a very nice dish, I readily admit; but then, one may get too much of them, and being heartily sick of them, I made up my mind that they should have no place at my festive board. I spent several sleepless nights before I could make up my mind, for I must confess that my experience in these matters was very limited, but at last I determined to have a quart of soup (turtle, to be procured at Jude's, and sent down in a tureen, five minutes before four) a small leg of mutton, and a brace of grouse, with confectionery, etc. The confectionery was to be sent warm from the confectioner's at a stated time, whilst I thought that I should not be expecting too much from Mrs. Squeezer if I relied upon her for the cooking of the mutton, game, and vegetables.

Having settled about my viands, the next step was to break the matter to Mrs. Squeezer. In order to propitiate her, I confess that I purchased a beautiful salmon trout, of which fish I know that both Mrs. Squeezer and her cat are particularly fond, and sent it down to her with Mr. Incog's kind compts, etc. When I returned to my lodgings in the evening, I found Mrs. Squeezer with an extraordinarily inflamed face, (she always takes a little brandy after fish, to *settle* the fish, she says, whatever that may mean) whilst the cat had gorged himself till he seemed nearly as large as a small mountain sheep. Judging from these appearances that Mrs. Squeezer had dined, I deemed the time favourable for breaking the ice, and after several compliments had been interchanged between us, as I was turning away to go up stairs, I carelessly, as it were, remarked, "By the way, Mrs. Squeezer, I expect a few friends, three at most, to dine with me at 4 P.M. next Thursday, and will trouble you to make the necessary arrangements. Leg of mutton and brace of grouse," I added more carelessly than before, but I confess, with a sinking heart, for my courage was rapidly evaporating.

The injured woman turned round on me before the words had fairly left my lips—not angrily—oh dear, no—no such thing! She was far too cunning to give me the advantage of getting her into a passion, but the severe expression which she at once assumed, was perfectly appalling, and I shrank into insignificance before the awful sternness of her glance, as she stood looking at me with an expression of countenance, of which it would be difficult to say whether indignation, sorrow, offended respectability, or reprobation, were the predominant characteristic. She looked at me in this manner for a moment or two, and then pressing her hand upon that part of her bombazin where her heart was supposed to be, she groaned heavily once or twice, and then sank into a chair, never for a second removing her eyes from me, whilst I remained standing near the door, becoming every moment more and more ashamed of myself, and repenting most heartily that I had ever ventured upon such a proposal.

She spoke at length, and whether it were the effect of her feelings, or of the brandy which she had taken to *settle* the fish, I won't undertake to say, but at all events, her voice was thick and husky.

"Do I understand you, sir," she said, with her most severe expression, and with her 'chapel face,' intensified to a fearful degree. "Do I understand you, sir," she repeated, still more severely, "and am I to suppose that you have so far forgotten what is due to the feelings of a lonely and disconsolate widow, as to intend to introduce your junkettings and your carousals into this abode of sorrow and retirement. Oh, no; since my dear Mr. S. was taken from me, this house has been a house of prayer and sorrow, and I should be wanting in my duty to the dear departed, if I allowed any such carousal as the one you propose to hold under this roof;" and again she groaned most fearfully. "No sir," she went on, like an old hypocrite, as she is—"no sir, never! never! never!"

I was so excited and annoyed, that my fear of Mrs. Squeezer vanished before these feelings, and I spoke out like a man.

"Mrs. Squeezer," I roared out at the top of my voice, "what do you mean by your injurious language? How dare you speak of a little entertainment which I propose to give to two or three of my friends, all men of the highest respectability and moral character, as

a carousal and a junketting? I will not allow such language, madam," I continued more excitedly than ever, "and so you had better 'shut up.'" (Here Mrs. Squeezer's face grew longer and longer, and again she groaned heavily), "and as to the late Mr. S.," I went on, "all I have got to say is, that, if because he was taken to a better, I trust, and I am sure, more peaceful world, I cannot be allowed to entertain my friends, I shall at once leave you to the undisturbed contemplation of your dear departed, and shall retire from your house the very first thing to-morrow morning; and, if you can manage to exist upon the memory of Mr. S., I shall be delighted to hear it; that's all, and I wish you good evening, madam," and off I went, banging the door after me as loudly as ever I could.

I hadn't been in my room five minutes before Mrs. Squeezer tapped for admittance. The old fox saw that she had gone too far, and so had come to make her peace. She hoped that I wasn't offended, but my proposal *had* taken her by surprise; for, of all the young gentlemen towards whom she had endeavoured conscientiously to discharge a mother's duty, since the death of her dear departed, not one had ever made such a proposal before. However, if I was determined, she had no more to say, but would endeavour to make all due preparation. I could, for a consideration of course, have the use of her linen, plate, and glass, and she would be happy to hear of my intentions in regard to the cooking of the dinner. Of course, I couldn't expect that she would undertake that office. Before the lamented death of her dear departed, (oh, how sick I was of the dear departed), and when they had a proper establishment, there would have been no difficulty about it; but in her feeble health (she is as strong as a lion), and with her shattered nerves, she felt certain that I *must* see that it was out of the question, either that she could cook the dinner, or wait at table, and she therefore would be obliged by my informing her how I purposed managing these matters.

Here was a difficulty which I hadn't anticipated, and for a moment I was taken aback. However, having gained my point thus far, I was not disposed to push my victory beyond prudent limits, and so I answered that, if Mrs. Squeezer would have the extreme goodness to give me her own ideas on the matter, I should be obliged to her, and would willingly adopt them. Would she take a seat, and allow me to mix her half a glass of cognac? Why, yes, she would take a seat, and not feeling very well, she would take just half a glass of cognac, but very, very weak, if I pleased. I knew what "very weak" meant well enough, and when Mrs. Squeezer had imbibed, with sundry groans and turning up of her eyes, the reeking tumbler I placed in her hand, she condescended to unfold her ideas on the momentous matter of the dinner.

"Soup from Jude's five minutes before four. Certainly nothing could be better. Then the confectionery. Did I prefer Polson's or Maguire's? Leave it to herself. Well, perhaps it *might* be better if I did so.—In happier days, before she had lost her dear departed, she had been accustomed to arrange matters of this kind. At their last great dinner, the day when poor Mr. Toady made such an exhibition of himself, and had to be put to sleep on the sofa in the back drawing-room, it would have done my heart good to see the magnificent display they had—Oh dear! Oh dear! Little did she

think then of what was so soon to happen! Would I pardon her for a moment, if her feelings were too much for her? Well, as I so kindly mentioned it, she *would* take just one teaspoonful more of cognac, for it *had* a soothing effect upon her poor shattered nerves. She detested it. Oh, I didn't know how much she detested it; but as it was of such service to her, she felt it a duty to overcome her natural repugnance to the beverage. But to return to the arrangements—Yes, she begged my pardon for having allowed herself to be overcome, but we are very weak; O dear, yes; the very best of us are very weak. She would endeavour to compose herself and proceed—The wine! Of course I would look to the wine myself. It was a matter on which she did not presume to give an opinion. Well then, we would say that the soup and the confectionery were arranged. With her plate, linen, and glass, all that would be necessary would be a person to cook the mutton, grouse, and vegetables, and a young woman to wait at table. Did she know of any good trustworthy cook? Certainly. When they were in Rutland Square, before the death of her dear departed, they were in the habit of employing a very decent person, Mrs. Grigg by name, honest, sober, and trustworthy, and no doubt she would be glad to lend her assistance on reasonable terms. Would I consider *5s.* too much? Very well—she would see Mrs. Grigg herself, and make all necessary arrangements. Was she sure that Mrs. Grigg was sober? She had once heard that Mrs. Grigg fell down in a faint before the kitchen fire in Judge Bagwig's house, rather than take a drop of anything in violation of her solemn pledge, although Mrs. Bagwig herself came down from the drawing-room, and besought her, with tears, to drink a glass of wine—Oh, dear no! I needn't be afraid of Mrs. Grigg, not I. I might trust that creature with untold gold. What about the young woman to wait at table? Yes, she begged my pardon—Well, Mrs. Grigg, indeed, had a daughter, a neat, handy girl, and perhaps she might do as well as any one else. Leave it all to her. Well, I might rely upon it that she would do her duty. Thursday next at four p. m. Yes, she understood it, and although it *was* painful to her feelings, and did bring back melancholy recollections of her dear departed, and of the days when she sat at the head of her own table, still, as I wished it, she would stifle her feelings, and take care that everything should pass off in a satisfactory manner," etc. etc. etc.

Thus soliloquized Mrs. Squeezer, and, indeed, at one time, I was very much afraid that she would never stop; but, fortunately, her glass of cognac having become exhausted, and finding that I did not invite her to take any more—for between you and me, dear reader, I was very much afraid that she was about to follow the example of the depraved Mr. Toady just alluded to, she rose to say "good evening."

She seemed in such a good humour, and so reconciled to the idea of the dinner, that my spirits rose at once proportionately, and I began to indulge in the hope, that, with the assistance of Mrs. Grigg, and the handy young woman, my little dinner would turn out a decided success. How far these hopes were realized, I must make known to you in my next paper.

INCOG.

NOTICE.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

NATIONAL TINTINGS.

III.—JOHN BANIM.

THE subject of our present tinting was born in the city of Kilkenny, on the third day of April, 1798. His father was a trader in all the necessaries required for the outfits of sportsmen and anglers, in addition to being a farmer.

Banim's only characteristic as a child is described as having been a kind, loving disposition, which endeared him to all the household. In his fourth year he was sent to a school kept by a Mrs. Alice Moore, where, however, he did not long continue a scholar, for, after an

hour's tuition, he rushed home, and told his mother that he could not continue at a school where "there wasn't a bit of paper on the walls, or a step of stairs in the house." Mrs. Banim, who appears to have much petted her son, regarded this outburst as "but the childish indication of an aspiring mind," and did not enforce his return. After this Banim was sent to a seminary kept by a Miss Lamb, where he remained until he could, as she was accustomed afterwards to boast, "turn the primer." In his fifth year he was removed to a school at that period well known in Kilkenny and its vicinity as the "English Academy," the master of which, a Mr. George Charles Buchanan, appears to have been somewhat of an oddity. He professed to teach all subjects, commencing with what he termed "oratorical reading," and ending

with the modern languages. He is thus graphically sketched by "The O'Hara Family," in the novel entitled "Father Connell":—"His countenance was long, and of a soiled, sallow colour; and the puckering of his brows and eyelids awful; and the unblinking steadiness of his bluish-grey eyes insufferable; and the cold-blooded resoluteness of his marble lips unrelaxable. . . . He was tall, and had remarkably well-turned limbs; and he had the gift to know it; for, in order not to hide a point of the beauty of those limbs from the world, he always arrayed them in very tight-fitting

pantaloon, which reached down to his ancles. His coat and waistcoat were invariably black. A very small white muslin cravat, and a frill sticking out quite straight from his breast, occupied the space from his chin to his waist. And James Charles Buchmahon's hat was of cream-colour beaver, high-crowned and broad-brimmed; and he ever carried either a formidable walking-stick of stout oak, or else a substitute for it, made of five or six peeled switches, cunningly twisted together, and at one end loaded with lead." From this establishment, after an attendance of five years, Banim was removed to a seminary kept by the Rev. Mr. McGrath, a Catholic clergyman, where he continued for about twelve months, and was then transferred to the care of a well-known teacher named Terence Doyle. "Although not a very idle boy," writes his biographer, Mr. Patrick Joseph Murray, to whose work we are indebted for many of the facts introduced in our sketch, "Banim loved to study in his own way, and at his own time, and his chiefest pleasure was to steal away from school, and, lying under a hedge, or beneath the shelter of a hay-cock, to pore over some prized volume of romance or fairy fable. Hans Andersen, in all his dreamy youth, never longed to hear the lore of fairy-land more earnestly than did little John Banim, and his ready memory enabled him to retain



the subject of each narrative of wonder." Moore is said to have

"Lisp'd in numbers as the numbers came,"

and John Banim appears to have been an equally precocious genius in another way. In his sixth year, after the earnest perusal of a fairy fiction of more than ordinary interest, he determined to compose an original story. He was not sufficiently tall to write conveniently at a table, even when seated, so he was accustomed to place the paper upon his bed-room floor, and lie down beside it! During three months he devoted nearly all his hours of play to the prosecution of his task, the writing of which, when he had completed it, was so execrable, that he only was able to decipher it. By the assistance of his elder brother, Michael, and of a school-fellow, however, he got it transcribed, and it is really amusing to read of the many futile attempts he made to have it published. No printer in Kilkenny would undertake its issue, but his disappointment at this result by no means damped his literary efforts. He wrote a romance which extended over two thick manuscript volumes, in his tenth year, and about the same period composed several poems, one of which, entitled 'Hibernia,' exceeded a thousand lines in length. The private theatre at Kilkenny was open at this time, one of the chief performers being Thomas Moore, then in the first glory of success. On one occasion Banim was admitted to witness the performances, and was so much impressed with Moore's recitation of his 'Melologue on National Music,' that on the following morning he could repeat the entire with almost perfect accuracy. He went so far as to introduce himself to Moore as a brother poet, to the great amusement of the latter, who received his odd little visitor kindly, and inquired whether there was anything he could do to oblige "his brother-poet?" Banim replied that there was nothing in the world he should like so much as a season ticket to the theatre, a desire which was immediately complied with by the good-natured poet. "And how the boy's soul would have swelled," says his biographer, "could he then have known that but twenty-two years later his own fame would be so fully acknowledged, that this same great poet, whom he was now so anxious to please, would, when in Kilkenny, call upon old Michael Banim, and, finding that he was from home, write, on a card, and leave for the old man, these words—'Mr. Thomas Moore called to pay his respects to the father of the author of 'The O'Hara Family!'"

Banim frequently devoted his hours of recreation to mechanical inventions. Amongst others he formed a complicated machine which he designed to realise the idea of perpetual motion. He also endeavoured, but of course unavailingly, to fabricate a pair of wings, by means of which he could enter upon aerial voyages of discovery, as well as constructing sky-rockets which were intended to mount to an extraordinary altitude. They only blazed along the ground, however, burning the pyrotechnist, and almost destroying the house. After a stay of about twelve months at Terence Doyle's academy, he was removed, in his thirteenth year, to Kilkenny College, which, as he himself remarks in "The Fetches," was the most famous as well as the most ancient preparatory school in Ireland. The master, at the time of his entrance, was the Rev. Andrew O'Callaghan, a man of great learning and ability. Whilst here Banim evinced a very remarkable talent for drawing and painting, and having selected the profession of an artist as that which he would desire to follow, he was removed from the college, in the year 1813, and sent to Dublin, where he became a pupil in the drawing academy of the Royal Dublin Society. He continued here during the two succeeding years, and is described as having been a regular and industrious student. Nothing, however, could overcome his love of literature, and whilst residing in Dublin, he first saw himself in print. The piece was a metrical criticism on an exhibition of Irish artists, and was entitled, "A Dialogue in the Exhibition Room."

At the expiration of the two years he returned, at the age of eighteen, to Kilkenny, where he intended to commence life as an artist and a teacher of drawing. He is described as being at this time of very prepossessing appearance. He was the admirer of every pretty girl in Kilkenny, and between rhyming, painting, flirting, and book-lending, his entire time was fully occupied. At one of the schools which he attended, as a teacher of drawing, was a young girl of seventeen, named Anne D——, a boarder in the establishment. A mutual passion sprung up in their breasts, but they carefully concealed it from all. He used to tell his brother Michael

that his mornings were devoted to sketching excursions, but these early morning hours were the trysting times when he and Anne D—— strolled along the quiet banks of the Nore, or rambled through the fields, accompanied by an under governess, who aided the lovers, and devised means by which their meetings might escape detection. Banim's brother at length discovered the secret of his constitutional walks, and was made his confidant in the confession: "I love Anne D—— as boy never loved girl before." The following little piece, written at this period, is not to be accepted as a proof of his poetical abilities, but as an evidence of the sincerity of his affection:

"My Anna is tall, and my Anna is fair,
Dark brown is her eye, and jet black is her hair;
She is straight as the poplar that springs in the dale,
Her eye-beam is such as the glories that sail
Over the bosom of midsummer heaven,
When angels disport in the sunbeam of even.
The bright rose of summer, indeed, does not streak
With full ruddy blush the warm snow of her cheek;
For Love thought it pity to scatter or spread
With ill-judging craft all his treasures of red,
But gave it to glow in a spot so divine
That the essence of all in a kiss might be mine!"

Banim's nature was exceedingly impetuous, and at the end of a year since he had first seen and loved Anne D——, he resolved to wait upon her father—who resided in a neighbouring county—and demand her hand. His request was replied to with sneers and insulting expressions, which Banim retorted, the scene being terminated by the old man ordering him to instantly quit the house. He returned home dispirited and heart-sick; the doors of the school in which Anne resided were closed against him, and all communication was banned between them. But who or what can oppose the power of love? "Those," says Mr. Murray, "who watched Anne and her fellow-pupils as, on Sunday evenings, they left church, might have observed a figure, clothed as a countrywoman, in a long grey cloak and full deep hood, stealing close to Anne's side; this was Banim disguised; and it was on these occasions that he contrived to press his mistress's hand, while he placed within it a poem, or a letter, telling her to love and hope." At length, when Anne's father discovered the depth and reality of her love for the young artist, he arranged that she should be secretly removed from the school, and placed in the house of one of her mother's family. Banim by some means discovered the day and hour of her departure, and as the chaise bearing her away passed his father's door, he rushed, bare-headed, before the vehicle, from the window of which Anne leaned, pale, terrified, and sobbing bitterly. The lovers' eyes met but for a moment, the carriage rolled rapidly away, and John Banim never more—in life—saw Anne D——. The sequel of the story is very affecting. When he re-entered the house a small parcel was placed in his hand, which he found to contain a miniature of himself that he had painted for Anne, and which she had long worn concealed in her bosom. In addition to this were the verses and letters which he had addressed to her, but not a line of explanation as to whether their return was of her own accord, or upon compulsion. "He paused," writes his biographer, "a moment, looking upon the miniature, and then, dashing it to the ground, crushed it to atoms beneath his feet; tore the letters and verses into fragments; and, as he scattered them away, as the memory of all his hopes and joys came back upon him when he thought of their vows and promises, he cried—bitterly and fiercely—"Curse her! curse her! to abandon me and break my heart!" But Banim, in his bitterness of spirit, erred. Anne never proved faithless; the communications which he endeavoured to forward her were intercepted. Consumption—that silent but insidious fiend—seized her, and in two months after her removal from the school in Kilkenny, Anne D—— was dead. We will pass over Banim's wet, dreary pilgrimage on foot (for his circumstances were too indigent to permit of his engaging a conveyance,) to gaze upon her remains ere they were consigned to their mother earth; how one of Anne's half-sisters recognised him by the coffin, broke out into violent invectives against him, designating him as the murderer of her sister, and demanded his expulsion from the room; how he followed the remains to the churchyard, and when the sad ceremonial was over, and all had departed, madly flung himself upon the damp green mound that marked the grave of his first

love; and, how during the twelve months succeeding that day, his system was so shaken that the stamina of life may be truly said to have broken down, leaving him, at twenty years of age, a victim to spinal disease, which but a few years later reduced him to a crippled body.

With a partial return of health, Banim recovered his courage and love of literature. He painted a few portraits, and became the editor of a local newspaper, the *Leinster Gazette*. Debts and difficulties, however, gathered around him, and formed an insuperable obstacle to the peaceful pursuit of any profession. He at length resolved to leave Kilkenny, and try his fortune in Dublin. Accordingly, early in the year 1820, he left his father's house for the metropolis, and from this period may be dated his literary career. But his life in Dublin was a hard and disheartening struggle with disappointments. He published a couple of volumes of poetry, which are now all but unknown, and it was not until the production of his tragedy of "Damon and Pythias," at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 28th of May, 1821, that his prospects began to brighten. This play—the principal characters in which were supported by Macready and Charles Kemble—was a great success, in fact, as he remarked in a letter to his father, "a trump had turned up to him;" it is now entirely neglected on the London boards, but is occasionally performed in Dublin. In February, 1822, being then in his twenty-fourth year, Banim married a daughter of John Ruth, of Cappagh, an old friend of his father, and in less than one month after that event, the young couple set out for London, to seek their fortune. His first residence there was at No. 7, Amcliff-place, Brompton, the house in which Philpot Curran died in 1817. He says that he "took the rooms at once, that he might dream of Ireland, with the glory and halo of Curran's memory around him." The difficulties which he encountered here in his struggles for wealth and fame are graphically related in his letters home. In 1823, poor Gerald Griffin arrived in London, and was received by Banim with great kindness. "What would I have done," wrote Griffin, "if I had not found Banim? I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man—the only one I have met since I have left Ireland, almost." Meanwhile Banim was pushing his own way in the world; he contributed many operatic pieces to the English Opera House, and became the chief adviser of its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Arnold, to whose liberality and steady friendship he bears honourable testimony. Towards the close of the year 1823, he submitted the first portion of the manuscript of that powerful story, "Crohoore of the Bill Hook," to his brother Michael, for his opinion, the latter in return forwarding portions of his works to him. Each brother thus acted as critic to the other, and hence arose the *nom-de-plume*, "Tales by the O'Hara Family," John taking the name of Abel O'Hara, Michael assuming that of Barnes O'Hara. In 1824, Banim published a volume of essays under the quaint title of "Revelations of the Dead Alive" the revelations being clever hits at the English follies, fashions, and manners of the year 1823. In 1825, the first series of the "Tales by the O'Hara Family" were completed, and published in the April of that year, at once acquiring popularity. They were followed, early in 1826, by "The Boyne Water," which got rather a rough reception from the critics; their censures, however, were directed rather against its politics than its literary merit. Colburn, who had published the "Tales by the O'Hara Family," offered a very large sum for a new story, and John Banim immediately commenced writing his novel, "The Nowlans." This work, together with "Peter of the Castle," forms the second series of the "O'Hara Tales," and was published in November, 1826. The success of "The Nowlans" was most satisfactory. Although the author's health was now in a very dangerous condition, from a recurrence of the old malady from which he had suffered after the death of Anne D—, he still wrote on. In 1827, he completed his tragedy of "Sylla," which, however, was not offered for representation until the spring of 1837, when it was performed at the Theatre Royal, Hawkins-street, Dublin. To his own sufferings at this period was added the weak and uncertain health of his wife, Ellen. In the autumn of 1828, Banim commenced writing a new series of "The Tales by the O'Hara Family," the title adopted by him for the work being "The Denounced." It was written amid great pain, and the dread of still greater suffering. In change of air and scene lay his only hope of restoration, and he removed to France. While sojourning at Boulogne, in June, 1830, his mother died, and the announcement of her decease came

with a crushing effect upon the already-weakened energies of our poor author. "The Ghost Hunter and his Family" was published in 1833, in the "Library of Romance," edited by Leitch Ritchie. Banim's malady soon proved beyond the skill of any physician, and his affairs became so embarrassed that public meetings took place, and subscriptions were entered into in England and France, as well as in his own country, to relieve his necessities.

In 1835 he returned to London, but quitted it—for ever—in the July of that year, for Dublin. His brother Michael hastened up to see him, and has given us a most affecting description of the condition in which he found him; laid listlessly on a sofa, his useless limbs at full length, his sunken cheek resting on his pillow—a meagre, attenuated, almost white-headed old man. As a graceful means of increasing his resources, a performance was given for his benefit at the Theatre Royal, under the immediate patronage of the Earl of Mulgrave, then Lord Lieutenant. The performance took place on July 21st, and the house was densely crowded. In the following September he returned home to Kilkenny, and was warmly and kindly received by his fellow-townsmen, who presented him, through the late Dr. Cane, with a handsome silver snuff-box, and a purse of £85. Before he had been a year residing at home, the welcome news arrived that the Queen had conferred a pension on him of £150 per annum, for the bestowal of which he acknowledged he was principally indebted to the Earl of Carlisle, the present Viceroy of Ireland, then Lord Morpeth, who visited him at his residence more than once. His little daughter attracted his lordship's attention, and on her behalf a further pension of £40 was granted. This girl died of consumption in 1844, in her eighteenth year. When the "Irish Penny Journal" was commenced in 1840 by Messrs. Gunn and Cameron, an offer was made to Banim to become a contributor to its pages, but no final arrangement was ever made respecting the proposal, resulting from an unpleasant correspondence, to which we need not here more particularly allude. "Father Connell" was the last joint work by the "O'Hara Family," from the period of the publication of which our author's health began more perceptibly than ever to fade away.

We will not linger over the painful closing scenes of John Banim's career. It is sufficient to say that life passed from him almost unperceived, in July, 1842, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Frequently during the last six years of his life he had engaged his brother's promise that he would stand by while his grave was digging, and that he would see the side of his mother's coffin laid bare, and that when his body was lowered to its last resting-place, he should be certain the side of his coffin was in close contact with that of his beloved parent. His wishes, we need scarcely say, were religiously observed. His bust, in marble, executed by Hogan, was placed in the Tholsel of Kilkenny in the year 1854.

After his decease an application was made to government to regrant to his widow the pension which Lord Morpeth had given to his daughter. Through the active and kindly interposition of Sir Robert Peel, she at once received £50 from the Royal bounty, and a guarantee—which was strictly fulfilled—of £40 on the first vacancy. Of the committee who took up Mrs. Banim's case, and carried it to this fortunate issue, may be mentioned the names of Daniel O'Connell, Dr. (now Sir Robert) Kane, Thomas Davis, William Carleton, John Austin, Charles Lever, Torrens McCullagh, Samuel Ferguson, and Thomas McNevin. Banim's brother Michael still survives, and fills the office of Postmaster of Kilkenny. Exertions are, we believe, being made to obtain for him the pension of which his sister-in-law (who died within the past two years) had been the recipient. The bestowal of it would be a graceful and well-merited recognition of his own services to literature—to say nothing of his brother's—and we heartily wish the movement success.

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence; he who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle after principle. What is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter; good wishes, and good deeds. One in a million, once in a life-time, may do a heroic action. But the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.



URING the summer of the year 18—, I was commissioned by a well-known legal firm in Dublin to make some surveys in the neighbourhood of Cloyne, a pretty little country town twenty miles to the north-east of Cork, snugly nestled in among splendid sheep-walks, and luxuriating in well-swept streets and nicely-painted houses. Firstly, having got my surveys securely packed away in my portmanteau, and secondly, having carefully inspected the pocket-book that the said portmanteau contained, and having made satisfactory calculations on its weight and powers of endurance, I sat down in my comfortable little bedroom, which commanded a view of the great noisy sea that bounded on the extreme east those magnificent pasture lands I have alluded to, and rationally enough, in the absence of

better advisers, took into my confidence my old travelling friend the portmanteau, and the indispensable pocket-book, that we might hold a little friendly council as how best we might spend the few days that yet remained before my services were again required in Dublin. Now, as palpable as that morning sun that came laughing on my little window from that restless, blustering ocean in the distance, was the advice of those twin sisters; there was combination unmistakable in that open portmanteau that held up before me the nicely-packed shirts and the tourist's suit of shepherd's plaid, and peeping under them was my bright brass telescope actually shaking hands with my brandy flask, and smiling ridiculously as you please at a pair of vulgar hobnailed boots that some fairy must have included in my wardrobe on my leaving Dublin, for indeed of their presence I was entirely innocent till that moment; was not this a combination? And now something just gives my left hand a little modest twitch, I look for my pocket-book; that was certainly no accomplice, but it had taken the hint too; and there was my finger actually caught in the act of abstracting from one of its green linings the identical five-pound note that I had been hoarding up for a trip across the channel. Perhaps my portmanteau knew me better than I knew myself; perhaps it hated to be again thrown into the hotel like a common porter-cask; perhaps it hated sea-sickness, for this portmanteau of mine had been an old traveller, had suffered many slights from numberless porters, and had been often rudely sacked and overhauled by custom-house officers in legion; perhaps it was national and country-loving. I can't tell; but this I can say, that both it and my pocket-book mutually undertook to enjoy themselves at my expense, and said very authoritatively to me: "Take a run, like a dear good fellow as you are, to that old place you are thinking of so often; we want to see the old round tower; we should like so much a breath of the ocean air; we want to hear something of that Edmund S— you dream of so often, when we lie so still in the dreary darkness and listen to all the stories you tell us in your sleep;" and I knew that those monitors meant Ardmore. And now we three are off there for a day, my pocket-book, my portmanteau, and myself. There are two roads from Youghal to Ardmore, and I shall not tell you which of them you ought to take; and were I to tell you the shorter, perhaps I should not get thanked for my pains. Now, the road that I know is the shortest, were I on a pinch, as I was when I wrote this long, long ago, perhaps would not have been the one you

would have chosen who had lots of time to loiter abroad; but I will make a compromise on the question with you, and this is how we will shake hands over it. Now, suppose you have strong grounds for thinking that your excellent chop is done to a turn, and that a delicious-looking crab is really in tears before the fire at your absence, and that the honest, happy-looking potatoes are waxing cold, and that your watch tells you they have been on the look-out for you an hour at Hearne's excellent lodging-house, and you a still debating the question at the Youghal side of the river, then, by all means, get across the ferry, jump on a car, and in one half-hour you are seated to the delights I have imagined for you. This route gives you an idea of the Blackwater, just a little foretaste of some of its beauties, but on your return, when time hangs heavily on you, after bidding adieu to town, and hill, and ocean, come back then to the long wooden bridge that separates Cork from Waterford, and just as you hear the clatter of your vehicle ring on the timber flooring, look down the river for a view that will enchant you, so varied is it, so full of nature, so beautified by art.

The principal objects that engage the interest of the tourist at Ardmore are, its Round Tower, the remains of two churches, and St. Deelan's Stone and Well. There is no other Round Tower in Ireland in such preservation as the magnificent relic of pagan times that stands before us here. It rests on an elevated plateau above the village, is about 95 feet high, and is divided on the outside by five zones of grained stones that project a few inches from the surrounding masonry. It has a strikingly solid appearance, not a stone misplaced, not a bend or crack in the entire structure; it is capped by an exact representation of the sacred head ornament worn by the pagan priests. A capital staircase has been placed in it, and a magnificent view of land and sea is obtained from the four window-like apertures that are built a few feet from the open air, and most naturally face the cardinal points. A cross which was probably erected on its point by Deelan or one of his immediate successors, was shot off a few years ago by some barbarian firing at rocks, and has not since been restored. Within a few feet of the tower are the remains of the old church; they instantly rivet the attention of the tourist. At present merely the aisle exists, flanked on the east side by two enormous buttresses, which are of much earlier date apparently than the remaining parts of the ruin. Within lie some strangely ornamented tombs, some of which are carved with different ecclesiastical symbols, probably to mark the clerical precedence of some of the companions of St. Deelan, who succeeded him in the bishopric, and who raised the see to a distinguished place in the history of the Irish church during the five centuries after Deelan's death. This to my mind is the surpassing interest of Ardmore. From its rude masonry it is pretty evident that next to the Round Tower it is the oldest structure in Ardmore, some say in Ireland; a few broken walls alone remain. It must have been originally singularly small, or a landslip must have brought down some of its walls over the deep cliff. It is said by competent authorities to have been built by St. Colman, and St. Colman was the evangeliser of Deelan. Its position is a strikingly picturesque one.

A number of small groups in *basso relievo*, rudely carved, and all scripture subjects, are collected on the western end of the ruined aisle, but the weather is gradually destroying them, and in a few years no trace of them will remain. Deelan preached in the middle of the fourth century, so that this ruin will attract the attention of the antiquary, while its mystic silence, and utter seclusion from the noise and turmoil of the neighbouring little village, will make it at least a pleasant ramble for the most listless and unpoetical visitor. Just near is Deelan's tomb, covered over some years ago; it looks a simple shed covering a deep hollow. As you move rather nearer the sea, the remains of the once splendid Castle of Ardmore present themselves; during the wars of the Geraldines it played some important parts in the tragic game that disgraced the history of that period. Some years ago, the melancholy debris of its last struggle showed themselves, while some workmen were making excavations.

Under two apertures of one of its old walls is the well, and its ivy-covered ruin, so clear and placid looking, a fit accessory in the sacred rite of baptism, the probable use that directed the spring down the high upland to its holy resting-place. Near is the rude remains of an altar, over which are very rudely-carved images which bear a strange interest. This is the story. After the termination of the unhappy rebellion of '98,

a strong, soldier-like looking man appeared one morning at the well; no one had ever seen him before, and few cared to look too closely at him; but his kindness and charity soon endeared him to the poor villagers, and engaged their sympathies and regard; he built a hut over against the wall, carved the rude symbols I have alluded to, carefully guarded the place from all that he thought might offer it profanation, and finally, left this life with the character of a christian fully impressed on the mind of the universal peasantry. Who was he? A disbanded soldier of a northern militia regiment, expiating some dark crime, hid away in his breast, by a life long of penance. What poetry the rude soldier had in him! what lovelier spot could he have chosen from which he could look out on the Great Judge in His loving gentleness and in His mighty wrath? And now one word of a remarkable stone, and then I shall tell you why my pocket-book and my portmanteau whispered me to see Ardmore. This large block of granite, weighing many cwt., lies so evenly balanced over two projecting rocks, that it has resisted every storm, and will probably do so till the end of time. It has evidently a similar origin with the Round Tower, for a circle, to represent the sun can be clearly traced on it, and was probably used by the pagan priests as an altar to propitiate the Deity on any proposed voyage, or fishing or predatory excursion. Edmund S— and I had been schoolfellows; we had both entered old Trinity at the same time; during four years of close study we had worked, and striven, and succeeded together; a sympathy of tastes had done all to firm my first impressions of him which were certainly created by the ingenuousness and unselfishness of his nature. Talents that required but a guiding hand to lead to a magnificent culmination; talents that reflected back and harmonized with all the nobler feelings that can dignify the soul of man—such were his. Happy to find in me, when experience had left him too many proofs of friendship unrequited, and kindness blackened by calumny sometimes too; happy to find in me, I say, some tiny chord that could vibrate at his touch, that could, inadequately though it was, reciprocate his generous trustfulness, our friendship became solidified by its very nature; on one hand, the strong intellect scattering its beauties upon everything that reached it, while it dazzled like some giant lighthouse amid the storm, its fire always cleared the surrounding gloom, and we steered to a haven. Time grew on. Ruin came and blighted hopes, and the high-souled young lawyer embarked for Australia. My early friend was gone. He rose rapidly in the colonies, preferment succeeded as a matter of course, but the night dews of the gulls had induced a disease that years before had threatened him; and now in Melbourne, he lies in the silent little church-yard, with a view of the broad sea that separated him from all he loved.

Ever since we parted, an indefinable strong, impulsive anxiety had taken possession of me to see Ardmore; that strange longing to see its old traditions speak of themselves in its tower, and its well, and its noble headland.

And now, on this fine breezy June morning let us look out on the stirring scene that is passing before us—ay, even under us—for the deep water lashes the huge rocks under where we sit, and in that little bay the jolly crews of ten or fifteen crafts are hauling their nets, the boats are hurrying to and fro, a great take of fish is expected; plans and counter-plans are given and rejected; the shouting of the crews and the music of the oars made it as exciting as it is strange to me. A thundering discord of voices and hauling cables run in an immense volume of sound along the head-land, and meeting nothing to break its force till it strikes against some deep ledge in the outer bay, it comes back again to shore, with a hundred startling echoes, and right under us is a great moving mass. One unaccustomed to such scenes would imagine that the furies had taken a holiday. A hundred times have I strained my eyes to catch the blows that I imagined would follow this chaos of confusion; but no—all was harmony, all peace, in that little village. And what can be more beautiful than a large take of fish? Just watch the little victims, as they are drawn from their native element. What enchanting variety of colour—some darkly silvered, with a shade of the brightest blue—those are just expiring; but those gilt with all the glows of the rainbow, they are panting hard for dear life. What a combination of colour, ever varying as the fish fights to free himself, but never losing for many moments its gorgeous shroud of tinting, as varied as the leaves in the early autumn, but leaving nature far behind in the variety of the colour-

ing and the glorious harmony of effect; and then only to hear the pattering of the little fellows, as they are pulled on deck, it feels like a miniature battle. The fish, in all their dying beauty, now gasping for breath, now turning over on their companions, now torturing themselves in ceaseless efforts to leap the bulwarks of the little crafts, reminded me much of what I had seen poor humanity strive to do in far-off lands.

To the invalid Ardmore presents, I think, more attractions than does any other village in the south of Ireland. Picturesque villas cover the head on its extreme point near the village, and one must be fastidious indeed not to be pleased with the accommodation afforded in some eight or ten lodging-houses. Cars continually run to and from Youghal, and every necessary and luxury too can be had from it at every hour. I am astonished that this lovely little nook has not become better known to bathers. No one who has not strolled among its beauties can conceive the grandeur of its sea-views; and, taking into account the marked contrast that Ardmore presents to other watering-places, I don't believe that many will dispute its superiority over Tramore or Kilkee, or the many other favourite resorts in the south and west of Ireland. And this is why I think so. Sloping down to the water's edge, that runs in and washes the little village, about two miles from the huge headlands that, like sentinels of the deep, seem to guard the little community, are the richest meadows and pasture lands, giving an indescribable lightness and elegance to the panorama, that otherwise would look so wierd; and as you look down from the headland that bears the name of the village, inside, between the two heads, a placid lake of monster proportions lies entombed in almost fatiguing calmness, while out beyond the headlands the Atlantic tosses itself in a thousand convulsions that delights the mind while it awes it with the echo of God's presence. Look from that wild head, the mighty ocean careering around, ever putting on a new appearance of sublimity, heaving and boiling like a mighty furnace, rising like an angry flood to beat down the huge rocks, and in its wild attempt leaping back in mad fury—held down by the hand of the great Creator—as obedient to His law as the little fairy streamlet on the mountain side. How true to this weary world is that swelling tide! And now a gentler wave runs off to gambol with the tiny shells that carpet the whole shore; its little joy has not well begun when a huge wave, tearing along with the fury of a demon, surprises it, and with one great swell crushes the wavelet; 'tis world-like—the weak and nerveless ever collapsing in the unequal life-struggle. My visit too soon drew to a close. I had lived two days in the memory of my young friend—his spirit had conversed with me across the ocean. Sea, and sun, and star-light was painted before me with a vividness that borrowed its force from that poetic legacy he had somehow left on my mind.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FARE thee well my own old home!
 From thee I now must sever;
 But still this heart, where'er I roam,
 For thee shall beat for ever.
 Oh! here my brightest days were past,
 And now their joys are ended,
 Since I must leave those scenes at last,
 With which they have been blended.
 Oh! I must leave the fairy dell
 Where little streams meander,
 And I have heard the vesper bell,
 When lonely I would wander.
 Oh! I must leave the hazel shade,
 So dear to me in childhood,
 But not more dear than the old glade
 In yon romantic wildwood.
 Our bark moves slowly from the strand,
 While burning tears doth blind me,
 To think I leave the dear old land
 And friends I love behind me.
 My last faint glimpse of Erin's o'er—
 From my old home I'm parted;
 I see those faithful friends no more,
 And I am broken-hearted.

J. T. F.

O'DALY'S BRIDE.



It was towards the close of a beautiful summer day in the year 15—, as two horsemen passed at a brisk pace along the forest track which, in those times, did duty for the high road which now leads from the metropolis to the town of Naas. The sun had been for some time gone down beneath the horizon, and the shadows of the night seemed already to have invaded the recesses of the wood through which the travellers journeyed, and were advancing steadily towards the path which alone was uncovered by the over-arching canopy of the spreading boughs of the gloomy and gnarled oaks around. As the horses tramped along the dust arose at each footfall from the dry and rugged path by which they passed, covered as it was, by scant and starved herbage, which seemed to have grown under difficulties. The animals exhibited the appearance of having undergone a long journey under the broiling sun of the day, which was now fast fading from the sky; their coats were travel-stained, and they needed an occasional shake of the bridle to stimulate their movements. The horsemen evidently were not equals in rank. The one who seemed to be the superior rode alight in advance, and wore a conical cap of blue velvet, across which trailed a

white feather, fastened in front by a gold clasp, set with Irish crystals. A doublet, plaited in thick folds, covered his graceful though muscular figure. This garment was fastened at the waist by a belt, from which depended a sword of that shape which Spanish cavaliers borrowed from the Moors—and descended midway to the thigh—from whence his limbs, round and well-shaped, were covered with trews; his feet were encased in buskins, which reached to the calf of the leg, and then lapped outward with a deep fall, completing the costume of the principal personage of the wayfarers. For his *personnel* he was about the middle height, and formed with a conformation fitted for agility and strength. His hair, as it escaped from beneath his cap, was of a glossy brown, and clustered in curls around his temples. His face, with a skin clear as a girl's, was bronzed by the ardour of the sun, but still presented features which might afford a model for Praxiteles in their manly beauty. A broad forehead, which was marked by eyebrows delicately pencilled in their rounded sweep; his nose, of the purest Grecian type, terminated in that nostril peculiar to Ireland, which a critic might object to as being too full. A moustache covered his mouth, his chin gracefully curved, evinced the determined disposition of its owner in the firmness of cast which it imparted to a countenance which otherwise was expressive of joyousness and good-nature alone.

He might be between twenty-five and thirty years old, and altogether presented a figure which reached as near to perfection as mere human nature can be ever approximated. Slung at his saddle-bow was the favourite weapon of his nation, the battle-axe. His horse wore frontlet and breast-plate, and our cavalier, as becometh him in those troublous times, was equally ready for peace or war. His companion was a perfect antithesis to him. Hanging at his saddle-bow, in addition to the battle-axe, was his master's morrion; above it rose his own figure. Broad-chested, long-armed, he was clad after the manner of the native Irish of the time. The fileadh or cloak enveloped his brawny figure. His hair was of the ruddiest hue, and growing in matted profusion upon his head, half-hid a face which was seamed by an ugly scar which reached from the outer canthus of the left eye down to the centre of the upper lip, and showed the handiwork of some vengeful steel. Fierce-looking, without a regular feature in his mutilated face, there still was a glance of wildest drollery gleaming for ever in the restless eye. No words were spoken by the travellers as they went along. The younger and superior was clearly indulging in some of the day-dreams, which are natural to those persons of his age, and the gallowglass was just as clearly indulging in surmises as to the thoughts of his lord. They travelled onward in this fashion until they approached the bank of a rivulet, which crossed the path they were pursuing. At the sight of the clear streamlet the wearied horses pricked up their ears, and stretched their necks, whilst they enlivened the slow and shambling pace at which they had been proceeding

into a quick, sharp trot, incited by the stimulus of the grateful liquid gleaming before them ready to quench their thirst.

"Soh, brute!" exclaimed the foremost of the travellers in Irish, as he steadied his horse with the rein—"soh! you are as ardent as lover might be at the sight of his mistress, and as reckless too. Would you break your neck for the sake of dying in the stream, merely because you might swill a draught from it. We must look for easier access to the spring than this."

The eyes of his uncivilised-looking henchman laughed at the apostrophe of the cavalier, but not a muscle of the scared face moved. A short ride up the bank brought them to a broken spot in its side, by which they descended to the little river. The steeds rushed into its centre, and plunged their muzzles deep into the water. As their horses drank the riders sat watching the eddies of the current as it foamed past in tiny whirlpools.

"My soul!" shouted the gallowglass, "O'Daly, look—what is that?" He pointed to a dark object floating slowly down in the shadow of the further bank.

The young chieftain turned his eyes in the direction indicated by the finger of his companion, and then drawing his sabre, rode towards it. Stooping from his saddle, he raised it on the point of the sword, as he said:

"It is a scarf, don't you see—a silken gew-gaw too—flung away by some one when it has served his turn; let it go whither it was committed." He lowered his sword and dropped it again into the stream.

"O'Daly! O'Daly!" muttered the gallowglass, "silken gear is not to be found floating on streams every day in summer, and what would the *Vanithee* say to Art Mac Caura if she were to be told he allowed tissue fit for the wear of a princess to go to the fishes for pride to take it from them?"

The thrifty gallowglass loosened his spear-topped axe as he moved his horse down the stream to get within reach of the scarf. Riding on until he had gone below the floating stripe of silk, he raised it on his axe, and held it at arms' length from him, so that the water which poured from its folds might drop into the stream.

"A pretty piece of wear," said he, as he rode towards his master, "and one that belies the saying—the early bird shall get the worm." Now, the bravest cock that ever crew at midnight will not find that piece of prey even if he gets off his roost in the dark to go look for it, when the belated scald-crow has it in his nest. Come, Bully, climb up until I wear my prize in more peaceful fashion than this."

He caught a firmer hold of his rein as he turned his horse to ascend the bank and rejoin his master, who was waiting at some short distance, and had, in the meantime, dismounted to girth his saddle. When his servitor reached him he sprang lightly to the ground and held his horse whilst the chieftain mounted.

"Now," said he, as he took the scarf in his hand, "our journey has not been without profit. Eh—eh? what is this?" as he let it fall, and peered in the twilight at his hand; "gore, as I'm a sinner!—blood, O'Daly—and the brave scarf that bears it with a broad hole in it. Wheugh! the vultures are abroad, and I'll take my oath that is a spear thrust from no child's arm. Chreestha, what's that?"

The latter exclamation had been caused by a sound which might be the alarm note of a bird shrieking at some disturbance of its nest. Both listened, and again the sound was repeated seemingly at a long distance in the heart of the wood.

"It is a distressful voice," said he who was addressed as O'Daly. "In the name of Heaven let us go to find out its cause."

"Easy now, O'Daly, easy now," said his companion; "have a care; maybe it's the good people, and maybe it's not; but what have we to do with it?"

"Pooh! come on, Mac Caura," answered his companion, as he touched his horse with the spur sharply, and dashed in amongst the trees, taking the direction whence the voice appeared to proceed.

"That's like him," said Mac Caura, as he grasped his axe, "always flighty; but it is as well to meet the good people in company as to wait for them alone. Get on, Bully!" he exclaimed, as his horse sprang forward on the same path taken by O'Daly.

After a brisk canter through the wood for about ten minutes, he overtook the chieftain, when the same sound which first attracted their notice, arose again at no great distance from them on the right of the course they were pursuing.

"Halt!" said O'Daly. "Let us proceed cautiously now in the direction of the sound. It seems to me to arise from beyond the

clump yonder; best hold my horse, and I will explore the place of mystery on foot."

So saying the young cavalier dismounted, taking his pole-axe from the saddle-bow, and walking lightly forward, he entered into the copse from whence the sound proceeded, and found it thickly overgrown with brush-wood. He strode along through the obstacles in his path with light and agile step, peering, as he proceeded, the dusky wood around. He had gone on for about a hundred paces when he found his steps arrested by a precipitous declivity overgrown with stunted white thorn. With cautious movement he swung from tree to tree adown the deep descent, until he found himself in a dell with a river running through its centre, the same which lately crossed his path. Some few yards from its bank lay an object difficult to distinguish in the uncertain light, and again arose an ear-piercing shriek, similar to those he had just heard in the forest. O'Daly was a brave man, but tinged with the superstitions of his time. He hesitated to go forward, and was about to retrace his steps in order to obtain the company of his henchman. When he turned again and felt assured that he saw the outline of a human head lifted above the dim and shapeless figure. Grasping his battle-axe he crossed himself, and advanced cautiously nearer to the mysterious object.

"Bah!" said he, "it is a woman entangled with some brute."

He walked forward, and as he approached he was hailed by a prayer imploring blessings on his head, and beseeching his aid for the suppliant.

"What has happened, my good woman?" said he, as he stooped over the curious mass, and beheld a female lying upon a mule, which was surrounded by a pool of blood.

"Enough has happened, achora," said she, replying to him in the soft accents of the Gael, "enough has happened. I have been plundered and tied fast to this dead mule by the plunderers, while the man who ought to protect me fled before the ruffians, and left me a lone woman to be slaughtered. But loosen me, sir knight, for I fear their return every moment."

With some difficulty O'Daly undid the fastenings, and listened to the story of the woman. She had been to Dublin, she said, to purchase linens, and silks, and miniver furs too, for her young mistress, who was about to be married, in a few days, to young Sir Reginald Talbot, of the great Talbotts, and she was despatched by her master, with an apprentice of the citizen from whom the goods were purchased, to esquire her home. She had intended to be at Naas before sundown, when two Sassenach robbers darted out upon the path they were pursuing, shouting to them to stop. The apprentice urged the mule along, while she sat in a pillion behind him, and they were crossing the ford in the stream, when a cross-bow bolt struck the mule, which started up the river stung by pain, and became utterly uncontrollable. By the bed of the stream they had got into this lone dell, but their pursuers had seen the course taken by the wounded mule, and from the height above had shot again when they came within range of the fugitives; the mule struggled up the bank and fell dead where he lay, and the worthy cit, freeing himself from the dead animal, had run away as fast as his legs could carry him. The robbers had then rushed down upon her as she also fled, and having seized her, they bound her to the dead animal, which they disencumbered of all his burden. Some of the costly silks which he carried having been covered with the animal's blood, and otherwise injured, the marauders had flung into the stream, and let them glide down with it. Then, having hidden the rest in the hollow of a tree which she indicated, they had gone off in search of the fugitive, believing he might have some money with him, of which they could make a booty. An hour had passed over since, and they had not returned, whilst the pain of her limbs had become intolerable, and she could not repress those shrieks which had called attention to her situation.

"Come now," said O'Daly; "I have a horse near, and my gallo-glass, Art Mac Caura, has another; you shall ride behind him to Naas, which cannot be far off."

"Art Mac Caura!" exclaimed the woman; "you don't tell me that Art Mac Caura has left the service of that black-hearted villain, Carroll Moore O'Daly, the brother of the Connaught chief."

"No!" exclaimed O'Daly, "I tell you nothing of the kind? But why call you Carroll Moore O'Daly, blackhearted and a villain. I tell you a what, good dame, few would say that, and I to be within hearing of them."

"Then here is one who would tell it to the traitor's teeth, and proclaim him a dishonoured and false-hearted dog," she said, excitedly. "The fairest maiden in all the land—Eileen O'Kavanagh, goes to the altar in two days hence to plight her marriage vows to a man whom she detests because of that same Carroll Moore O'Daly, who won her young love, and then scorned it to wed another."

"Tush!" answered O'Daly, "you rave; I am Carroll Moore O'Daly. I have not been false to Eileen Kavanagh, and not all the angels in Heaven could convince me that she has been so untrue to me as to wed another. Well for you, babbling woman, that your sex is your shield!"

It was the evening of the second day after the scene we have detailed, as horsemen, with girls and matrons mounted on pillions behind them, crossed the lowered drawbridge which led into the castled-keep of Clonmullen. The great hall of the fortalice was thronged with guests, who were seated according to their rank along the table, which extended from end to end of the apartment. Rude but rich cheer smoked in varied profusion on the hospitable board. At its head sat the lord of the castle, the chief of the O'Kavanahs; on his left were two vacant chairs for the bride and bridegroom-elect; on his right was placed the pastor of the district and some of the neighbouring clergy. As the guests came in he assigned them their places, and saluted them familiarly. When all were seated, the chief called a servitor to him and gave him some command, upon which he went out through a door at the upper end of the hall. Immediately after the door opened and the bride-elect appeared leaning upon the arm of her brother, and accompanied by Sir Reginald Talbot. She approached and took her seat as appointed; Sir Reginald assumed that next her. Nowhere could there be a fairer face; yellow hair, which fell in rich golden ringlets on each side of her head, covered her shoulders with its glossy wealth. But although the beautiful features were calm, there was that in their pensive cast which told of a deep sorrow in the heart of her who bore them. The large lustrous eyes were suffused with a light which told of tears more than joy; and the pained and anxious gaze was looking through the smiles around as if seeking some face not to be found there. In reply to the greetings of those around her a joyless smile dwelt for an instant on her pale lips, and then passed away, leaving the face it had lit for a moment with a darker shade of sadness visible for the momentary brightness which faded from it so soon.

"A strange bridal this," said one of the guests to his neighbour. "Eileen O'Kavanagh does not look as if it liked her. See how she turns from that dark Talbot when he speaks to her."

"Aye! aye!" replied the man addressed, "my wife, who knows more about the matter than I do, tells me that the *colleen's* heart is bursting for the brother of Donogh Moore O'Daly, who went off to the wars some two years since, and has married a Spanish princess, they say."

"Blood of the stranger! had blood it is, neighbour, and bodes ill to our land wherever its dark stream runs. But this Carroll O'Daly, I am told, is not married at all in Spain. A friend of mine, who was with Prince Hugh Rhua O'Donnell, and has come home from that country, told me that Carroll O'Daly is free to wed where he lists."

"A likely fellow he is, wherever he be," said the other. "I rode a raid with him across to Maynooth of the Fitzgeralds once, and no man that ever I saw would I rather follow on such an errand. I had rather see him here than the tall sassenach we have; for sure I am, we would never want a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep when he tired of his lady's bower, and could find herd or flock in the cincture of the Pale. But I fear me he will never go hosting with the O'Kavanah's again when his lady-love spends the *mi na meala* in Malahide. By my troth the girl loves him, for she has delayed her bridal hour unseasonably when she will not have the ceremony performed until the third hour before midnight. Hush, though! listen—what is that?"

The sound which attracted the notice of the gossips had had an equal effect upon all at the table. The conversation was hushed as the full, rich tones of a manly voice arose upon the evening air under one of the windows of the hall, singing an exquisite melody, perfectly strange to every listener. Every note was modulated in such a manner that showed the singer to be no ordinary one, and the accompaniment of a harp filled with minstrel grace the pauses between the stanzas. At last the notes died away, and the first who spoke was Sir Reginald Talbot.

"Bravely done, by my faith," said he. "Why, O'Kavanagh, this is a pleasant surprise; I never knew your harper boasted of such skill. Music like that is rare to hear."

"Sir Reginald," said Fitzpatrick, the old harper, who sat some distance behind the knight in a recess close to the huge chimney of the hall, "Sir Reginald, I never knew but one voice could make such music as that, and that voice is far away to-night. My poor tones could never match those of Carroll Moore O'Daly."

"Bring in the minstrel if he be mortal," said the chief to his cup-bearer; "bring him in and he shall have his guerdon."

The command of the chief was soon obeyed. The guests turned around as the strange minstrel entered and strode proudly towards the chief. It was O'Daly himself, but completely altered in appearance from the cavalier of the forest. His face and hands had been stained of an olive hue by some pigment. His hair and eyebrows were black as the raven's wing, and no discernment would have detected him as the same young knight who travelled with Art Mac Caura. As he stood before O'Kavanagh he bowed as if awaiting his command, whilst the chief surveyed him.

"Take a seat at our board, good bard," he said, "and be welcome to Clonmullin. Drink a health to the bride, and take of our best, that we may hear that dulcet song again."

"The bride's weal I will drink," answered the minstrel, "but I may not eat of your cheer for a vow I have made. If it pleases you to hear my performance for the sake of the occasion, you are welcome."

Eileen Kavanagh looked full in the face of the stranger as he spoke, and her colour came and went. O'Daly held his gaze averted from her; through his disguise her glance alone had penetrated. O'Daly had concerted a plot with her nurse by which he intended to fly with Eileen; he had instructed the old woman to make only a portion of it known to her foster-child, fearing that her agitation, as the crisis approached, might mar his plans. For this purpose the woman had only informed Eileen that her lover was true to her still, and would send a trusty friend who would prevent her marriage until Carroll O'Daly should claim her in person. For one reason or other, by her advice, Eileen had insisted that the ceremony, which would make her the wife of Reginald Talbot, should be delayed until late in the evening, and we have seen that she succeeded. O'Daly had adopted the disguise of a minstrel or gleeman, and thus had entered the hall of the bridal gathering. His remarkable skill in melody had been his passport.

"What is the name of that song, minstrel," said Talbot, "and by whom is it composed? Methinks I heard it before."

"Melody nor words you have never heard, sir knight," answered O'Daly; "both were born of my brain to-day, as I thought of a girl I loved very dearly, and whose friends by falsehood estranged her from me and wedded to another. My song will live when I am gone, and the tale will be told by cottage-fires in Irish land many an age to come, when the minstrel and Eileen a Ruin, the girl he sung, both sleep quietly in the dust. Such is the power of the bard, and such to his pride. Now," he continued, waking a prelude on his harp, "let the bride hear the utterance of a heart in which there never was untruth."

The minstrel ceased to speak, and from his touch swelled upon the air the plaintive and thrilling notes of his melody—soon his voice joined in concert with his instrument, and the song of *Eileen a Ruin* charmed his auditory. During the performance the Chieftain's daughter bent her gaze upon the singer, and the hot blood rushed in flushing waves across her cheeks. As the bard told his truth and constancy in the cadences of the song, her eyes flashed with pride, and one glance which he cast towards her was returned

by another which told him he was understood. He ceased and the plaudits of the company and approached Eileen—

"Deign lady," said he, "to accept this scroll wherein the notes and language of my poor melody are transcribed. It may remind you, from the story it conveys, never to believe without good proof in the perfidy of any whom you once found to be true. A happy bridal be yours! Gentles, adieu!" So saying, suddenly as he appeared, and before he could be prevented, the bard had issued from the hall of feasting.

An hour had passed away, and before the altar in the chapel of the Castle of Clonmullen stood the bridal party. The irrevocable words had just been spoken which bound Sir Reginald Talbot to the lady who stood there. A thick, white veil covered her from head to foot, and the bridegroom was just about concluding the ceremony by placing the ring upon the finger of the bride, who seemed struggling with some nervous influence, for she shook strangely, when, with a thundering oath, Sir Reginald shouted—

"This is not the hand of Eileen O'Kavanagh!"

"No!" exclaimed the lately wedded. "It is a heavier hand—taste it, Talbot!"

With the word Sir Reginald received a blow which prostrated him before the altar, tearing, as he fell, the veil from the face of the figure, and revealing the ghastly face of Art Mac Caura, his wretched features convulsed with laughter.

"The henchman of Carroll Moore O'Daly!" cried several voices. "Seize Art Mac Caura!" But the nimble gallowglass had dashed the torches from the grasp of the bearers, and plunged in the darkness through the crowd, his bridal costume torn to tatters, as a hundred hands had grasped at it to stay his flight. Through the open door he fled out upon the ramparts.

"Farragh! for the O'Daly," he shouted, as he stood above the moat. "The bard foiled the Sassenach." For a moment there might be seen the shadowy outline of his form through dusky air, as a burst of hoarse laughter rung from him in the ears of his pursuers, and then downward he sprang into the waters with a wild whoop, and swam with sturdy strokes to the other side, up which he clambered, and was soon lost in the

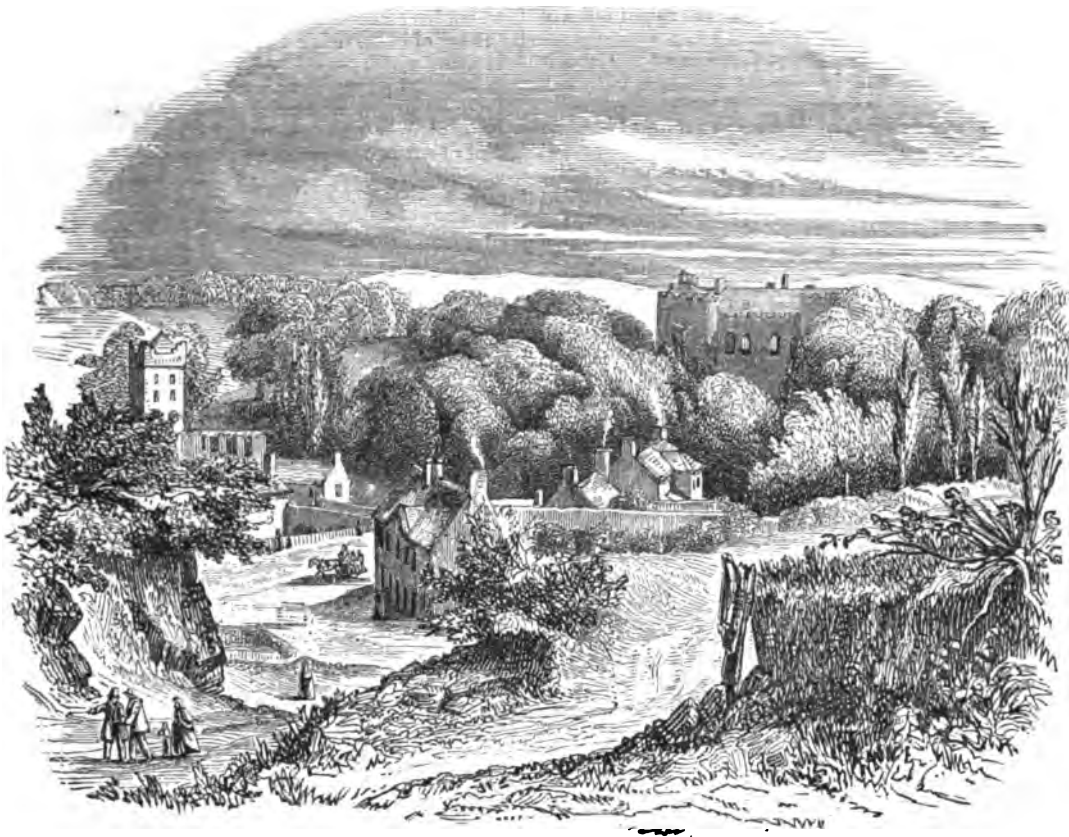
shadows of the night."

There was rushing to the postern, but no getting out; the warder was in a state of helpless intoxication—he had locked and double locked every issue in the most careful manner, and the keys could not be found. Sir Reginald shook him into answering some of his angry questions.

"The bard—hiccup—a goo-good fell-w. Wouldn't disturb me to let the strolling women out, and gave me—hic—all the usquebagh. He has the keys—hic-hic—just as safe as if I had them myself."

A blow on the ear from the knight prostrated him in the corner of the apartment on the straw from whence he had arisen, or been shaken up rather; and by the time anything could be done in the way of pursuit, Connor Moore O'Daly was beyond all probability of capture. At daylight Sir Reginald Talbot rode from Clonmullen never to enter its walls again. The daring of O'Daly made him popular in the country, and his spirit caused him to be regarded as a hero even in the eyes of the O'Kavanaghs, who had done their best to poison the heart of his lady-love by their falsehoods against him. Many months had not passed over ere the gallant young chieftain was welcomed back with his fair bride to Clonmullen, and the wine-cup flowed over as the sept of the O'Kavanaghs toasted the singer and the song of *Eileen a Ruin* in the hall where it had its first expression, and to which it owed its existence.





LEIXLIP AND ITS CASTLE.

SIXTY years ago there were few localities in the neighbourhood of the Irish metropolis more frequented by its pleasure-seeking inhabitants than the village of Leixlip, although it is now comparatively neglected. Doctor Campbell says: "All the outlets of Dublin are pleasant, but this superlatively so which leads through Leixlip, a neat little village about seven miles from Dublin, up the Liffey, whose banks are beautiful beyond description." O'Keeffe in his opera of "The Tired Soldier," thus chaunts its charms:

"Though Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
Its clear falling waters, and murmuring cascades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
Its lads so well dressed, and its neat pretty maids."

The town is memorable in an historic point of view as the place where, in the war of 1641, General Preston halted when on his way to form a junction with the Marquis of Ormond to oppose the Parliamentarians. It is bounded on one extremity by the river Liffey, which is crossed by a bridge of ancient construction, and on the other by the Rye-water, over which there is a bridge of modern date. The Castle of Leixlip is magnifi-

cently situated on a steep and richly-wooded bank over the Liffey. Although of great antiquity, its external character exhibits but little of the appearance of an ancient fortress, having been modernised by successive occupants. It is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry II., by Adam de Hereford, one of the chief followers of Earl Strongbow.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the Jew and Tony had left the room where the Black Doctor was sitting, the latter carefully opened Isaacs' pocket-book, and stooping down to the light of the fire, he began closely to examine the contents of his prize. In one of the larger compartments was a parchment document carefully folded. Within it was a roll of bills bearing the signature of Frederick Foster. That which surrounded them was a deed of conveyance, from Foster to the Jew, of all he possessed in the world. Bramble cautiously replaced the documents in the place in which he had found them, and while his hands trembled with excitement, he sought for the forged bill of Stammers. After an anxious search he found it wrapped up in a piece of blotting paper tied with a string. He opened it and closed it twenty times, till at length, not able to restrain his emotion, he rose hurriedly from his chair and walked up and down the room like a person who had lost his reason. He rubbed his hands together in the wildness of his glee. Hearing footsteps on the stairs, he rushed to the table, and seizing the pocket-book, thrust it inside his coat. He had scarcely done so when Abraham Isaacs re-entered the room, looking pale, and exhibiting a strange wildness in his manner.

"I remember," said the Jew, "that I left the pocket-book containing the forged bill of Stammers at home in a safe. Give me the thousand pounds which the forger gave you for me, and I will let you have the bill in the morning. If you do not what I require, I

will take no further trouble in the matter, but leave your swindling friend to his fate."

"What security," replied Bramble, with affected seriousness, "will I have if I pay you the money now, that the forged bill will not pass into the hands of strangers?"

"I will give you a receipt for the money the moment you give it to me, and you know that will be security sufficient for you," replied Isaacs.

"I will pay you no money confided to me," continued Bramble, "unless you give me up the bill."

"Don't tamper with me," said the Jew. "I will make this compromise with you: let me have seven hundred and fifty, and you can have your friend's bill."

"Now?" asked Bramble.

"No," continued Isaacs, "not before to-morrow morning."

"I have given my answer before," said Bramble coolly. "I think that you would form a strange notion of my business habits if I paid you before you produced that for which the money is demanded. Have you the bill at all? If you have it, why not give it to me? You said that you would bring it with you to night, and why have you not done so? I tell you, once for all, that I will give you no money till I get the bill."

The Jew instinctively thrust his hand into the pocket into which he remembered to have placed the pocket-book, and, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he said: "I have left it at home; and when you see your friend, tell him that the vengeance of Abraham Isaacs will be prompt and terrible."

When the Jew was passing through the shop, he was asked by Tony Johnson how he was, and, if he was not in a great hurry, taking some of the mud off the back of his coat would be an improvement.

Isaacs made no reply, but passed out to the street. He retraced his steps through the streets and lanes by which he had come from his own house to the "Three Jolly Travellers." He kept his eyes bent on the ground as he proceeded, and when he came to the place in the dark lane where he had fallen, he stopped and commenced groping in the mud for his lost treasure. "I brought it with me, I swear," said the Jew, "and I must have dropped it. I am ruined—ruined," he exclaimed bitterly, as he wiped the mud off his hands. In all Dublin that night there was not a sadder man than the Jew, as he opened the door of his house and entered.

Bramble was seated by the fire in deep contemplation when Jacob Barman entered the old drawing-room of the "Three Jolly Travellers."

"I am glad you are here, Doctor," said the new comer, addressing Bramble. "We have a good job on for to-night, in which you can give us all the assistance that is required. Foster's wife has a few thousands in the English equity courts. This money cannot be disposed of until the time of her death, and, to evade the law, we have made her make a will, which we will prove by your means. You must be one of the witnesses to the will, and be ready to state that you attended her in her last illness. We are to have a mock funeral at which you will be present. Quill was telling me that he had been speaking to you on the subject, and that you had no objection to act with us."

"All that I can do I will do; but, wont there be great risk in the matter?" observed Bramble.

"None whatever," replied Barman. "The plan is simple and plain. On this night Foster will bring the will here signed by his wife, and in this very room it shall be executed."

"How will you manage the funeral?" inquired Bramble.

"A coffin half-filled with clay will do, and you may rest assured that we will manage the wake as well as the funeral," said Barman.

Barman was one of those men who, by some mysterious amalgamation, unite in themselves strange contradictions, such as the extremes of good nature and self-sacrifice with the most malignant hostilities to those who do them wrong, and a kind of perversion of moral rectitude, seeking shelter under the externals of seeming benevolence—in fact, men who are good by the impulses of vanity. Impulse, not principle, is their motive power, and the observer of life is always prepared to expect a sinister object is sought to be achieved even at the time when they are performing an act of seeming genuine and disinterested kindness. Barman was apparently about fifty years of age, and one who had mingled at one time in what is called, "good society." Although his clothes were shabby, they were scrupulously clean and carefully brushed. His

white cravat was always exceedingly well put out of hands, and he made the very most of the "art of dressing," by the ease and suavity of his manner, which transferred the observation of those with whom he came in contact from his garments to himself. He had the art of being above the art of fashioners, and could pass muster in attire which would make other men seek shelter from criticism in secluded places, or turn from a thoroughfare to avoid the gaze of those who were on better terms with their tailors. Barman was "one of many"—one who had invested much capacity and a great deal of natural goodness in the game of life, which, if turned into honourable and legitimate channels, would have resulted in honour, respect, and independence; and instead of being the law adviser of the wanton, the spendthrift, and the profligate, he might have been an honest man and an honour to his profession. His face was more remarkable in its expression for sharpness, or rather cunning, than for intellect; and his blue eyes, and thin, sandy whiskers threw the sallow whiteness of his face into disagreeable contrast.

Bramble knew his acquaintance well, and as the attorney stamped his foot on the floor, he observed him closely from beneath his big eyes.

The approach of Tony was heralded by a series of whistles performed with great ability through his fingers. When he entered the room, he observed—

"Who was knocking for something? here I am."

"You are a slow machine," said the Black Doctor; "surely you must have heard that gentleman knocking."

"To pay me the five shillings he owes me," said Tony.

"Not at all, 'Tony,'" said Bramble; "he only wants to make what he owes you worth your while."

"All right," replied Tony—"suppose you never pay me, what matter, as John Brunt can stop all you owe me out of my wages—because he never gives me any."

While Bramble and Barman were laughing at the observations and antics of Tony, the gruff voice of Brunt demanded the presence of his accomplished assistant.

"Wait till your betters are served, old Brunt," cried out Tony, at the top of his voice. "Come, gentlemen, say what do you want, as there is a nice lot below."

"Who are they?" asked Barman.

"There is Mr. Quill, your clerk; Mr. Wisp, and five or six other respectable people," replied Tony, and was leaving the room when Bramble told him to remain where he was.

The Black Doctor rose and left the room, signalling to Tony to follow, without allowing the motion to be observed by Barman. Tony took the hint, and ran after Bramble, who was waiting for him on the stairs.

"Do not be far out of the way," he said, "as I will want you to-night—go back to that gentleman inside, and I will return soon."

There was no person in the shop but John Brunt when the Black Doctor went down stairs; but the noise of many voices announced that a number of persons were in the tap.

"You were loudly calling, Brunt; what did you want?" asked Bramble, who looked cautiously into the places where the dim light of four greasy candles in tin sconces could not reach.

How altered had become the proprietor of the "Three Jolly Travellers" within the space of a few short hours. He appeared to have lost all his old characteristics, and whatever he did he appeared to do mechanically. He called Tony as usual; he counted his money, ranged pints and glasses; but even in his dull, heavy face there was still sufficient expressiveness to tell that he felt overshadowed with some terrible evil, and that he was ill at ease. Whenever he lifted his hands to his head they moved as if loads had been attached to them, and his eyes were bloodshot and dry, as if he had never slept.

In reply to the question put to him by Bramble, John Brunt said:

"I was calling Tony to prevent people coming inside that bar and helping themselves; but I do not care now; it matters little to John Brunt."

"Who are those inside?" asked Bramble; "they seem to be enjoying themselves."

"I know but one of them," replied the landlord. "Tony told me that he was—his nephew." If he does not know it all, what brings him here?"

"He is not Hawkworth's nephew," said the Black Doctor, "no more than I am."

"Where did you hear that name?" asked Brunt; "I never told it to you. I am now lost," added the wretched man, as he staggered to his seat behind the counter.

Bramble gently opened the door of the tap, and therein was assembled a motley group, who seemed to be making the best of the spoils captured from the bar of John Brunt. Amongst the motley throng none enjoyed the joke, as it was called, more than Quill and Wisp, who were laughing heartily over their potatoes. When the hilarity had somewhat abated on the part of the two distinguished servants of the law, Jonas Quill said:

"If I had not a great constitution, the doings of last night would have killed me. But my family were remarkable for strong constitutions. My father (although you may not believe it, Wisp) recovered from a heavy fit of sickness, although three doctors were attending him."

In one corner of that tap-room sat Frederick Foster alone. His head was bowed down and his arms were folded over a breast within which beat as heavy and as weary a heart as ever moved in a human breast. As he gazed upon the fire he looked as if he was sadly reviewing the past, and he appeared not in the slightest degree to heed the noise and clamour of those around him. He was a photograph of abject misery, and one who seemed destined to be ever acquainted with misfortune. But no one heeded him, though he had been once courted and flattered, and was now penniless, ill clad, and half-starving.

The entrance of the Black Doctor appeared to exercise a most potent influence on Quill and Wisp. Bramble immediately recognised Foster, and on going over to him shook him warmly by the hand.

"We have been waiting for you some time, Mr. Foster," said Bramble. "Barman is up stairs, so you had better come up. Follow us," he continued, turning to Quill and Wisp.

Tony was at once despatched for hot punch.

"You know," said Barman, addressing Wisp, "a great deal about me, but I know more about you. For reasons which I have I want you to sign this will, but you must keep your tongue quiet. You will be well paid during the next two days for assisting at the funeral of the lady who made this will. She is the wife of Mr. Foster here."

"I would die before I would deceive you, and if you like I will swear that I will not tell anything," observed Wisp.

"I would sooner not pay you a compliment, but I must; I would much sooner have your word than your oath. It is a habit of yours to break your oath, but it will be a kind of novelty to you to be believed on your word." The sarcasm of Barman excited a general laugh, in which none joined more heartily than Wisp.

The Black Doctor, Barman, and Frederick Foster entered into close conversation; and after some time all appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangements concerning the "will," the "wake," and the "mock burial."

Bramble rose from his seat and said that he had important business to transact, and however anxious he may be to stay, that he should leave, as time pressed him heavily. "I have much to do, and all must be done as far as possible this night." He beckoned to Tony, who followed him to the street. "Come with me," continued Bramble, addressing the boy; "keep behind me, but don't lose sight of me."

"Never fear," replied Tony. "What's up now? I walked more for the past two days than I did in all my life before."

"Come on quickly," said Bramble, in a harsh tone of voice, and the two pedestrians moved on at a brisk pace through a number of bye-streets. It was near midnight when Bramble and Tony entered Elm Place. Everything appeared to be still within the stately houses that seemed to have put out their lights, and to have gone to sleep for the night.

"Do you stop here till I return," said Bramble, addressing Tony, who seated himself on one of the stone steps.

Bramble knocked gently at the hall-door, and in a short time after the reflection of a light in one of the upper windows of the house of Colonel Stammers, showed that the knock had been heard. In a few minutes the hall-door was partially opened, and a female voice, scarcely raised above a whisper, asked "Who is there?"

"It is I, Mrs. Stammers," said Bramble; "let me in at once."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAPTER ON OLD BACHELORS.



E cannot define with certainty the nature of the feelings with which the antediluvians looked upon old bachelors. Probably they regarded them with contempt and scorn. This, however, is on the supposition that there were old bachelors in those days of war, revelry, and giving in marriage. "There were giants in those days," and, from all we have read and heard of those steeple-like specimens of humanity, we are led to think that they were far more given to matrimony than to single blessedness. Before the Flood, then, an old bachelor must have been a regular *rara avis*, but we are not to imagine that on account of his scarcity, if we may so express ourselves, he was looked upon with any degree of leniency by his contemporaries. Let us suppose, for a moment, although it is very unlikely that such an individual did exist, and, furthermore, that he was, for instance, a neighbour of Tubal Cain's, the old artificer in steel and brass, to whom, in the common course of events, he would have been likely to give some employment. Well, let us say that, at the age of five hundred years, which, according to the philosophers, corresponds to fifty in these degenerate days, he bethought himself one fine morning of

getting his horse, or his behemoth, or whatever beast of burthen people then used, shod, and for that purpose paid a visit to old Tubal's forge. Is it likely that the gigantic blacksmith and his witty apprentices could refrain from passing many a joke and jibe upon the enormity of his remaining single up to such an age? All we can say upon the matter is, that, notwithstanding their stature, they were men, and that, participating in the feelings common to all humanity, their noses, which, if we are to believe some ancient writers, were considerably over a fathom in length, were often cocked up at their neighbour, and their huge and begrimed physiognomies contorted into many a sarcastic laugh at his expense, as he sat "like patience on a monument" upon the hob, listening to the bellows that roared beside him like a volcano, and to the "ding dong" of the mighty hammers upon an anvil which, after a minute analogical course of reasoning, we conclude must have been the size of a respectable mountain.

The foregoing being all mere conjecture, we will now glide up to a time after which the feelings of society with respect to old bachelors assume a more certain and definite aspect—we mean that "old dusky time" when, as the prince of idlers, Thomson, says, in his poem of "the Seasons"—

— "The deep cleft-disparting orb that arched
The central waters round, impetuous rushed
With universal burst into the gulf,
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
Wide dashed the waves in undulation vast,
'Till from the centre to the streamy clouds
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe!"—

Then as the waters of the deluge subsided, and when Noah portioned out the green and smiling earth between his three sons, from that ancient period people seem to have looked upon old bachelors with no small amount of contempt, blended with a hot seasoning of animosity. Now, in all this we can see but little justice and less of charity. Nero is said to have wished the whole human race to have but one neck that he might sever it with a single blow of his sword. Doubtless, although he never obtained his wish, the nefarious pagan often feasted himself by doing the deed in his imagination. For a far different purpose we have bundled up the whole mass of society, living and dead, before our mind's eye. We have held the scales of justice in our hands and weighed their opinions, and though we have found many of them fair and good, we triumphantly pronounce the aforesaid one regarding old bachelorism wanting—wanting in truth, kindness, and charity. Why should a man be blamed for what he cannot avoid; for what he has heroically striven against with might and main during many a long and weary year? People will answer

that a man becomes an old bachelor from mere choice, and will point the finger of scorn at many an unfortunate example of their assertions; but they who do so have studied the secret workings of the human heart but lightly.

A man who begins life with the avowed intention of never marrying, and apparently to the world "kicks against the goad" with his whole heart, is always sure in the end to become entangled in the flower-garland mesh of Hymen. Our friend Jack Browne, of Ballykellig, is a good example of this. Jack is now a flourishing attorney, and a contented and benign paterfamilias. When he commenced to practise in his native town, he let "all and every" of his acquaintances know that he was determined to die a single man. This resolution of his did not proceed from lack of funds to support a family, and keep up the credit of a matrimonial establishment, for Jack had a handsome property and a splendid house adjoining the town. His relatives, of course, although in secret they heartily despised him, entertained him with the utmost blandness and cordiality whenever he condescended to visit their domiciles, for, casting their piercing eyes into the future, they were in the daily habit of contemplating his last sickness, death, burial, and will, from the items of which delightful document they had no small expectations. But Jack Browne still went on "the even tenor of his way," adjusting the differences of his litigious neighbours with wonderful judgment and impartiality, and seemingly never dreaming that such a thing as a marriage-ring was ever beaten into shape by a goldsmith. The marriageable girls of Ballykellig set their caps at him in vain, and even their plotting and matchmaking mammas, whose sagacious eyes might have been supposed capable of detecting a flaw in his resolution, at last gave him up in despair. And thus years rolled on, Jack all the while adding to his wealth, and ostensibly looking upon matrimony with the most rampant ill-will and hatred. At last Mrs. Tomkins, the banker's wife, gave a ball, and amongst the guests at this brilliant festival was Mary Somers, a black-haired, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked, laughing beauty, without as much of a fortune as would "jingle upon a milestone." This quaint method of expressing the amount of Mary Somers's worldly gear was used by Miss Angelina Primrose, as that sweet-tempered old maid and I stood in a corner of the ball-room, looking at the dancers.

"But you may be sure, Mr. Hazlewood, she will not be long without a husband for all that," added Angelina; "for if she hasn't the gold, she has an unlimited supply of brass. See how amiably she looks upon Mr. Browne, as he stands her *vis-a-vis* in the quadrille," and Angelina nodded her head towards the far end of the room.

I looked, not at the beautiful Mary Somers, but, as it happened, at my friend Jack Browne, and, to my infinite amazement, saw him regarding the former with an unmistakable glance of admiration, as she moved through the mazes of the dance before him, with an airy and inimitable grace that seemed peculiar to herself.

"However," rejoined the rather antiquated specimen of womanhood by my side, with a long-drawn sentimental sigh, which seemed to intimate that she herself had tried the powers of her beauty upon Jack, and failed—when she failed, how could others succeed? "However, if she had ten times the tact and impudence that she has, she can have but small chance of catching Mr. Browne!"

The quadrille soon came to an end, and a universal polka began, during which my amazement was not a little increased to see Jack and Mary Somers, as partners, twirling round and round upon the well-waxed floor. Five mortal times that night they danced together, greatly to the consternation of the girls of Ballykellig, to whom Mary Somers was a comparative stranger. Speculating mammas fanned their perspiring cheeks, pursed up their lips, looked sadly upon their bereaved daughters, and shook their heads at the expected result of those five Terpsichorean figures. The result was known soon enough, and far too soon for many. It fell, in fact, like a thunderbolt on Ballykellig, for next day Jack Browne popped the question to Mary Somers, and was accepted. They were married within a month, and we may here state, as a remarkable proof of our theory, that since the memorable night of Mrs. Tomkins's ball, the ladies of Ballykellig, blooming spinsters, old maids, and sagacious mammas, have all looked upon the protestations of the young men to become old bachelors, as "airy nothings," and thereby have become far more cheerful and endearing towards us all, by which latter I mean those of us who are what is called eligible, in a matrimonial point of view.

Of your indifferent man who set out by saying that he does not care a straw whether he gets married or not, we have but little to say. An individual of that description is always sure at sometime or other to be ogled into matrimony. Of him we have nothing further to remark. We pass him over in silent contempt, and come to a specimen of a far different class—we mean the hot-headed, warm-hearted, sanguine youth, who steps out upon life's devious way, to him at first all bright and glorious, and looks around him upon ever-green woods and shining valleys as he travels onward, with the delightful aspiration of becoming a Benedict ever burning in his joyous bosom. It is from such that the ranks of old bachelors are mostly recruited. They love, and live in paradise for a time, but by and by the world, the frosty and cruel code of pounds, shillings, and pence comes between them and the objects of their young affections, withers up their hearts, and makes them miserable. A blight seems to fall upon them for a year or so. They live in darkness, despair, and sorrow, till once more the dawn appears, and they pluck up heart of grace, as the old romancists express it, and recommence their journey with renewed hopes. Another love, another walk through an enchanted and delightful land, lit by the golden sunlight of the heart. Then, mayhap, the ladies whom they worship play them false. The clouds again gather on life's horizon, and spread over the laughing summer sky. The lightnings flash, the thunder growls and bellows, and the storm pours down upon the poor wayfarers, who still journey on, their trust in woman's faith shaken to its foundation, their hearts seared and hardened, and their eyes opened to the guile and treachery that so often lie like an artful ambushade before them. Once more they trust and are trusted, and now they are surely happy after their many sorrows. The bridal day comes on, a happy day for those who see it, but there are many who never see it, for death steps between and smites down their idols with his unrelenting sword. Then, like a man who, when his last tie on earth is severed, throws himself into the tumult of war, careless of the future, those poor hearts whom death has thus bereaved step forward and join the little army of bachelors, whose fate it is to do battle ever against the ill-deserved contumely of the world.

As an illustration of the above, we take the liberty of giving here the history of our friend Frank Emonde. Frank is a gentleman of independent property, who, having grown weary of the country, now lives exclusively in town. The whole aim of his life at present seems to be to attend his club regularly and read the newspapers, to saunter on the sunny side of the street when the day is fine, to eat a good dinner, and afterwards, as he holds in his hand the single tumbler of punch he invariably indulges in, to drink happiness to the whole world—a happiness, alas, in which he is destined never wholly to participate. Frank, when I first knew him, was about eighteen years of age, and an only son. Never on the face of the earth existed a kinder, truer, or more honorable heart than his. Many a ramble he and I had together over his father's mountains, and many a pleasant story he told me of his youthful loves, as we sat by the verge of some green summer wood, or walked over the hill, side by side, to start the brown grouse from its purple covert of heather.

One bright October morning Frank and I went out shooting. The two previous months I had spent in town, and as a matter of course, on that identical morning I made the most minute inquiries regarding the heart adventures he had undergone during my absence, for it seemed a settled principle with him to have a new sweet-heart every month. To my surprise he answered my inquiries in a very absent manner, and at length became quite uncommunicative. After several ineffectual attempts to get a story from him, I at last rattled away at my own adventures, at the end of which he appeared to relent somewhat, and seemed more inclined to take me into his confidence.

"As for me, Tom," said he, as we sat to rest ourselves on the grass on the verge of a glen, "I have nothing pleasant to tell you this time,—at least what you would call pleasant."

"You don't seem much pulled down by sorrow, nevertheless," remarked I, looking into his fine eye and sunbrowned face.

"Well," said he, "I suppose it is the case, for in my heart one feeling counteracts the other; I may say that I am happy and unhappy in the same breath."

"In other words," resumed I, "you are in love, Frank. With whom?"

"I am in love, Tom," answered he, "but this time it is a real feeling. I love her with my whole heart and soul, and shall never marry if I cannot marry her."

"Who is she?" said I eagerly, for I saw by his face that he was in earnest.

"Kate Neville!" answered he, with a sharp scrutiny of my face in return.

"Yes, Kate Neville," he resumed somewhat bitterly, noticing my surprise, "why should I not love her? Is she not good enough for me—for the best man in the land?"

Kate Neville was the daughter of one of his father's tenants. It will not be wondered at, therefore, that I started on hearing her name pronounced by poor Frank, knowing, as I did, that his father was one of the proudest and sternest men in the county. James Neville, Kate's father, was a poor man, but his heart and head must have been in advance of his means, for he had contrived to give his daughter an education far beyond that usually given to young girls of her class. Kate was, in point of beauty, a most remarkable girl; and when we add to this her mental accomplishments, which were considerable, it will not appear strange that, however they happened to meet, she captivated the heart of Frank Esmonde, young, impetuous, warm, and romantic as he was at that most critical period of his life.

"Now, Frank," said I to him, "you had better pause before you go further in this matter. I see no hope from your father, and thus you can easily understand what a mad course you are pursuing. It is only destroying your own happiness and hers both together, for no matter how long you wait, your father will never consent."

"I suppose so," said he sadly, "but as for drawing back, that I cannot do. We are pledged to one another, Tom. She loves me, if possible, far better than I love her, and think you that I could break her heart by basely forsaking her? It would break my own heart to do so. Therefore, I will wait—and wait——"

"And wait for what?" I interrupted, "Depend upon it, Frank, that when you leave home as you are about to do, and enter the army, your sentiments will soon change."

"We will see," said he determinedly, as he stood up. "There," continued he, as if wishing to change the conversation, "see, there goes a pack of grouse whirring over the hill. Let us follow them," and with that he strode off at a surprising pace up the side of the rugged glen by which we had been sitting.

"Poor fellow!" said I commiseratingly, as I followed on the path at his heels, "he is mad, but the world will soon cure him."

"The world will never do so, Tom," said he, turning suddenly and laying his hand on my shoulder, "for I have sworn in my inmost heart to love Kate Neville and none other, for evermore!"

When we returned that evening, we were rather surprised to see James Neville, Kate's father, coming down the avenue. He seemed in a troubled state of mind as he passed us. I immediately suspected what had taken place. The sturdy old farmer, however he had come to the knowledge of it, had informed Frank's father of the whole affair. The latter, however, made no allusion to it, but I noticed that his look was sterner, and his manner more reserved than ever that evening. Next day he left home and did not return for a fortnight. In about a week after his coming home, Frank was gazetted to an ensigncy in the —th regiment of foot.

After a few days' preparation, Frank Esmonde bade farewell to his home, and proceeded to join his regiment. How he parted from poor Kate Neville no third person ever knew, but it must have been a sad leave-taking. Six years afterwards old Mr. Esmonde died, leaving Frank his sole heir. The latter, who had risen to the rank of captain, sold his commission and returned to his native home. On his arrival at the neighbouring town, he bade his servant drive off to Esmonde Hall to notify his coming, and said, as the evening was fine, that he would walk home. In doing so he took the path that led through the ancient and beautiful churchyard of Temple-Darren. As he passed through this solitary abode of the dead, a new and handsome tombstone caught his eye, and feeling a natural curiosity to ascertain who it was that had been stricken down during his absence, he turned aside to read the inscription. To his grief and horror he found it was "to the memory of Catherine Neville, who departed this life at the early age of eighteen years," just one twelvemonth after he had left home. It is scarcely necessary to say what followed. Finally, poor Frank left Esmonde Hall, came to reside in town, and has since lived, as I have said, the lonely life of a confirmed bachelor.

R. D. J.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER VI.

TREATS OF DINING IN GENERAL, AND OF MY FIRST DINNER PARTY IN PARTICULAR, TOGETHER WITH MRS. SQUEEZER'S ATROCIOUS CONDUCT TOWARDS ME ON THAT OCCASION.



IN my last paper I told you, courteous reader, as perchance you may remember, something of my preparations for my first dinner party. Having, as I fondly hoped, propitiated Mrs. Squeezer, and the services of Mrs. Grigg and her handy young girl having been secured for the important event, I began to feel somewhat more at ease, and to look forward with considerable satisfaction to the day when I should receive my friends at my own table. A good dinner, I take it, is one of the greatest enjoyments of life. Of course, I don't mean the "mere muzzling and the guzzling" part of it, as an eminent authority has described it. An intellectual and educated man may, indeed, enjoy his dinner, that is, the mere animal part of it, to a certain extent, but he can never be wholly taken up with it, or look upon it as a "something" which he can anxiously desiderate for its own sake alone. It is all very well for old Brown, for example, to place his "sumum bonum" in a piece of green, greasy turtle, and no one is astonished to find the old animal "living to dine," as one may say, that is, living in the anticipation of the dinner to come, in enjoyment of the dinner which has come, and in delicious contemplation of the dinner which has just passed away. But I trust that none of the readers of this paper will so far misunderstand me as for a moment to suppose that I mean any such mere animal enjoyment as this, when I lay down the proposition, that a good dinner is one of the greatest enjoyments of life. On the other hand, I don't mean to pretend that the mere eating and drinking part of it, the animal part if you will, for we won't quarrel about words, is to be altogether despised; for, no matter how pleasant the party may be, or how entertaining the guests whom you meet, I say and maintain that you cannot properly appreciate their merits, as you are certainly in no frame of mind to listen with a complacent ear to their conversation, if the mutton be raw, the potatoes like cannon balls, and the wine sour. When, therefore, I speak of a good dinner being a real enjoyment, I take it for granted that the viands provided for one's consumption are selected with good taste, and are well cooked, and this being the case, if the guests invited to meet you are fellows of your own humour and inclination, fellows whom you know, and knowing, love, and in whose company you find that real enjoyment which is certain to follow when kindred spirits meet, then, I hold that a good dinner, a dinner in this acceptation of the term, is one of the greatest enjoyments of this state of things in which we find ourselves placed. Society is our native element. We are made for society, and being made for society, we are bound to do our best to render society what it really ought to be.

"Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out—there only reach their proper use."

The mutton and the game, etc., are, of course, in my estimation merely the *conditions* for this expansion and full bloom of the faculties referred to by the poet whose lines I have just quoted, and, therefore, must always hold the second place; but, as I have already said, they are not to be overlooked, inasmuch as they are conditions for ensuring that expansion of soul which is the essence of true enjoyment, and which constitutes the charm of society. I won't condescend to dignify old Brown's performances with the name of "dining." "Feeding" is the only word which properly expresses his manner of sacrificing at the shrine of gastronomy. Then, again, there are many dinners which I should be very sorry to consider as among the greatest enjoyments of a rational being. I am afraid there is but too much truth in the following lines:—

"Society is now one polish'd hodge,
Form'd of two mighty tribes—the bores and bor'd."

I am sure I should be very sorry to consider the dinner which I sometimes eat at Mr. Straitlace's as an enjoyment, in any sense of the word. Every body seems to hate every body else, and to wonder what *can* have induced Mr. Straitlace to invite them to meet such very low people. I have been stared at through quizzing glasses by fat old dowagers, and sniggered at by scraggy old spinsters of the last generation, until I have sworn that I will never enter Straitlace's house again. What matter does it make to me, if a fat old lady, who stares at me through her glass till I am covered with blushes like a full-blown peony, have a handle to her name, and be called the dowager Lady Standoff or not? Or, what consolation is it to me, that the lean old creature who is sniggering at me, is the honourable somebody or other, who despises me from the very bottom of her honourable old soul? I assert most emphatically that there is no enjoyment in sitting down to dinner with such creatures as these, no matter how dainty the viands on which you dine may be, or how well cooked. But what I simply want is, a good plain joint well cooked, and put me down to this, with half a dozen fellows whom I know and love, fellows whom I can understand and appreciate, as they in their turn understand and appreciate me, and I say that I am in for a real pleasant evening, an evening to which I can look back and say,

"Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream at home!"

And a dinner of this kind is, I fearlessly affirm, among the greatest social enjoyments of our existence. It was to an evening of this kind that I fondly looked forward, when I invited Jones, Jenkins, and Scroggins to dine with me, at 4 P.M., and I invited them purposely for 4 P.M., in order that we might have a real long evening of it. Oh! could I have foreseen how my hopes were doomed to be blasted, I should have paused ere I issued my invitations; but I will not anticipate.

As the day for my party gradually approached, I need scarcely say, I suppose, that my anxiety for its success increased proportionately. I did all that prudence suggested. I purchased the tenderest leg of mutton and the plumpest grouse on which I could lay my hand. I laid in my stock of wines, small perhaps, but still choice and select. I endeavoured still further to propitiate Mrs. Squeezer by the present of sundry little dainties of which I knew that she was fond. I questioned her more than once in regard to Mrs. Grigg's sobriety and capabilities, and still I could not help feeling very anxious. Mrs. Squeezer seemed all complacency, but I had a dread of some hidden treachery or other, which, do what I would, I could not shake off.

The night before the eventful day on which my dinner was to come off, was, so far as I was concerned, I may safely say, a sleepless one. I arose nervous and unrefreshed. As I was making my way down stairs to breakfast, I met Mrs. Squeezer. She bade me "Good morning," and smiled benignantly as she did so. Under ordinary circumstances, such a smile should have been a good omen, but at the very moment, some inopportune quotation to the effect, "that a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain," rushed into my mind, and again my equanimity was overthrown. I enquired whether Mrs. Grigg and the handy young woman had made their appearance, and, receiving an answer in the negative, requested that when they did so, they might be shown up to my room.

I was a great deal too anxious to eat my breakfast. Anxiety is a great destroyer of one's appetite, and on this eventful morning mine was completely gone. I swallowed a cup of tea, and trifled with an egg or two, and had just peevishly pushed the tea apparatus away, when there came a loud single knock at the hall-door. I heard Mrs. Squeezer proceed to open it, and this operation had no sooner been performed than, from the noise of tongues which immediately made its way up to my room, I concluded that Mrs. Grigg and the handy young woman had arrived. I was right, for in a few minutes there came a knock at my door, and the parties in question were ushered into my apartment by Mrs. Squeezer.

Perhaps I am peculiarly subject to first impressions, but be that as it may, I no sooner saw Mrs. Grigg than I conceived a violent antipathy towards her. For a person who had taken a solemn pledge, and who, rather than violate that pledge, had fallen down in a faint before Judge Bagwig's kitchen fire, I must say that Mrs.

Grigg's countenance presented a highly inflamed and cutaneous appearance. Having Mrs. Squeezer's solemn word as to the temperate habits of the lady before me, I was, of course, bound to ascribe these peculiar appearances to dyspeptic causes; but, nevertheless, my heart sunk within me, and I began to feel very uneasy, and much less confident about the success of my dinner. Moreover, there was a glassy, or "fishy" look in Mrs. Grigg's eye, which I didn't at all like, and when she entered my room, she was accompanied by an odour, which in another I should have ascribed to whiskey, but which in Mrs. Grigg's case I was bound to set down to peppermint. I have nothing to say about the handy young woman, except that she was a copy of her mother, done a little younger, and a little less red in the face. Her clothes, which were evidently her best, presented that appearance which is familiarly described as having been thrown on with a pitchfork. Such were my first impressions of the two interesting females in whose hands the fate of my dinner rested; and, dear reader, you will not be surprised when I say that I shuddered for the result. I am, as I have already had occasion to mention, of a highly nervous temperament, and I was so overcome by the sight of Mrs. Grigg and her handy daughter, that for a moment or so I was perfectly unable to speak.

"The cook, your honour," ejaculated Mrs. Grigg, in a remarkably husky voice, at the same time going through some extraordinary performance, which, I have little doubt, that in her own mind she designated as "dropping a curtesy."

"Oh! indeed," I stammered out. "Yes, to be sure. You are the person, I suppose, whom Mrs. Squeezer has recommended to me. My dinner," I went on, driven almost to desperation, "is a very plain and simple one, and I suppose you feel yourself perfectly competent to undertake to cook it? But I wish you to understand that I am very particular about it, and if you feel any doubt about it, I should wish you to say so at once, as your wages for the day are a much smaller consideration with me than the spoiling of my dinner."

Mrs. Grigg eyed me reproachfully for a second or two out of her fishy eye, before she answered; but when she did begin to speak, I was perfectly overwhelmed by the torrent which she poured upon me. Not cook my little dinner indeed! Why, she had been head cook to Judge Bagwig for so many years, and Mrs. Bagwig had never doubted her power, or found fault with the result of her cookery, and not cook a leg of mutton and a brace of grouse indeed! And Mrs. Grigg fairly laughed at the idea.

What could I do? I resigned myself to fate, that is, to the fact that was personified by Mrs. Grigg, and desired Mrs. Squeezer to conduct her to the kitchen, and put her in possession of the eatables, which were to be served up steaming hot at four P.M. The handy young woman was to assist her amiable parent in the kitchen until two o'clock, at which hour she was to come and lay the cloth in my sitting-room, Mrs. Squeezer sending up in the mean time her plate, linen, and glass, as per agreement.

These preliminaries having been thus far arranged, I endeavoured (but I didn't succeed) to feel at ease, and went out into the city to purchase a few matters which I required for the evening.

I returned about half-past one, and found Mrs. Squeezer's plate, linen, and glass all ready in my room. Mrs. Squeezer had made so much talk about her plate-basket, that, considering also that I was to give a consideration for its use, I must say that I *did* expect that it would have contained something more than two horrible-looking, battered, old monstrosities which she dignified with the name of "gravys," and three or four still more battered-looking forks. I rang my bell in a fury, and up came Mrs. Squeezer, as cool as ever. What could I expect, she demanded, from a poor widow, or what use had she in her lonely way of life for a large supply of plate? When they were in Rutland-square, indeed—I didn't wait to hear the conclusion of the sentence, but rushing out at once, purchased half a dozen spoons, and the same number of forks, of some article which is called nickel plate, I believe, and which is warranted to look as well as real silver.

When I returned I considered it quite time to have the cloth laid, and for this purpose I rang for the handy young woman. As she ascended the stairs from the lower regions of the house, I heard her making a horrible snorting kind of a noise, from which I concluded that she was either very short of breath, or that her education had been very considerably neglected, which latter supposition I am inclined to believe was the more correct. She made her appearance,

looking a great deal dirtier and more untidy than she had even done in the morning, and I confess that I felt considerable shyness in bringing her out before my guests, especially before Jones, who has a foolish and absurd habit of turning every thing into ridicule. However, there was no help for it now, and so I civilly requested her to lay the cloth. It is my firm belief that this handy young woman had never before laid a cloth in her life, for anything more utterly imbecile and impotent than her efforts to do so, I never witnessed. Her notions of laying a cloth seemed to be very simple. Spread the cloth on the table, any way, no matter how, and then pitch on the knives, forks, spoons, etc., all in a heap, and leave every body to take what he may require; but as to arranging the various articles in that beautiful order which constitutes a well-laid table, I am certain that I do this young woman no injury when I say that she had no more idea of any such proceeding than I have of taking a journey to the moon in an air balloon. I looked on for a few moments, in speechless horror, at her futile efforts, and then, when I could find my speech, I told her that she might leave the room, and that I would settle everything myself; an intimation which, probably on account of her mental perceptions being somewhat dull and feeble, seemed to give her great satisfaction, but no pain, as it might have done to a better-regulated mind than the one possessed by this poor creature, whom Mrs. Squeezer had described to me as a handy young woman. (I hadn't dived into Mrs. Squeezer's motives then, but I know them now.) She hadn't been gone ten minutes before she returned with an intimation that mother wanted the whiskey for the pudding sauce. Now, I reasonably considered that this was coming to me rather strong, as the pudding was to be sent from the confectioner's, and Mrs. Grigg fortunately had nothing to do with it. I objected as much to the young person, who immediately put in an "instabias," (and I must admit that she was much readier with the use of her tongue than her hands,) to the effect that, although the *pudding* was certainly to come from the confectioner's, still the *sauce* wasn't, as that must be manufactured on the premises. I felt that I was being "done," but I was helpless. I felt that I was utterly helpless, and I at once gave *five* large glasses of whiskey to this young woman, who unblushingly affirmed that that quantity was absolutely necessary for the preparation of the sauce. I then laid the cloth myself, as well as I was able, and I flatter myself that I really did it with considerable neatness and skill; and I then spent at least half an hour in walking round the table, making various little changes as my taste suggested, and surveying the general appearance of the arrangements; and I must say that my new plate made the table look very nice and pretty, and my spirits, which had been considerably depressed during the morning, began to regain their wonted elasticity.

About half past three, and just when I was beginning to expect the arrival of my guests, I heard a rap at my door, and Mrs. Squeezer made her appearance. I knew at once, from the cool malice of her features (and I must say that her features do seem peculiarly adapted for malicious expression), that something was wrong. There was no outburst of vindictive triumph, no loud words or victorious gestures, but there was a quiet malice, a conscious superiority, an assumption of victory, which made my blood run cold. She spoke in a cold and measured tone, eyeing me sternly and reproachfully the while, and the words she uttered were as follows:—

"Mr. Incog," said she, "I think it might be as well if you went down to the kitchen and looked after *your* cook," laying a vicious emphasis on the word *your*, "the abandoned and disgusting creature," she actually went on to say, "whom *you* have introduced under this hitherto pure and unpolluted roof."

Oh, the hypocrite! my cook indeed, whom I had introduced under her roof, as if I had had a word to say in the matter. If Mrs. Squeezer had been a gentleman I should have done my best to knock her down; as it was, I cast upon her one look of unutterable contempt, and rushed madly down to the kitchen.

My worst fears were realized. The handy young woman was nowhere to be seen. The leg of mutton was all in a blaze, for the spit having no one to turn it, had naturally enough come to a stand still, and in an old arm chair in front of the fire, sat Mrs. Grigg in a state of beastly intoxication. When I entered the room she stared at me vacantly out of her fishy eyes, and her head wobbled helplessly from side to side. At her feet lay the vessel which had contained the five glasses of whiskey for the sauce, empty, of course I need not say empty, still less need I say what had become of the

liquor. Will you be scandalised, sympathising reader, if I confess that I *did* lose my temper and break out into angry exclamations?

"Get out, you nasty, drunken beast," I roared in my passion. Mrs. Grigg made a feeble effort to answer, but although her lips moved, I could only hear some inarticulate sounds, which seemed to be, "Get out yourself," and "you're another;" but I was in too great a rage to pay any attention to her. I don't know what I might have done if the handy young woman had not happened to enter the kitchen at this juncture. When she saw the state in which her unfortunate parent was, she burst into tears, I must say, and began to stammer out some apology, and in deference to her feelings I tried to restrain my indignation as well as I was able. Fortunately the dinner was nearly cooked, and as the young woman assured me that she could serve it up, if I would only allow her, I determined to make the best of a bad job. We managed to hustle the unfortunate Mrs. Grigg into the back scullery, in order that she might be out of the way, Mrs. Squeezer, who had followed me down to the kitchen, looking on with her severest expression of face, and groaning fearfully all the time. I closed the door of the scullery upon Mrs. Grigg, and left her to sleep off the effects of her potations, the last I heard from her being an ineffectual attempt to retaliate upon me with "you're another, you're another," pronounced in every variety of drunken incapability.

Mrs. Squeezer, after indulging in some of her severest reflections upon the inevitable end of all junkettings and carousals, to which, under the circumstances, I listened without making any reply, undertook to look to the serving up of the dinner, and I ascended to my own room, to await the arrival of my guests, whom I expected every minute.

I couldn't quite make up my mind whether to tell them or not that my cook was hopelessly drunk in the scullery, and so throw myself upon their mercy; or trust to good fortune, and say nothing about it, hoping for the best. I determined to take the latter course, for as I have already said, Jones has such an unfortunate propensity for turning everything into ridicule, that I should never have heard the last of it. I need scarcely say that by this time I began to have very serious misgivings about my dinner, and to wish more than ever, that I had left the whole business alone; but you know, dear reader, when things arrive at a certain crisis, we become more or less desperate; and this I believe was now the case with me.

A loud double knock at the door, and Jones, Jenkins, and Scroggins, make their appearance. They all appeared in the highest spirits, Jones especially, but they at once remarked my disturbed manner, for I have no doubt that I had received them in a way very far from showing any very high exuberance of spirits.

Jones began to rally me immediately. "Look very glum, Incog, old boy; nothing wrong in the kitchen, I hope—rough and ready, you know. Bachelors' party, and no dainties expected, so don't be uneasy. Your table *does* look very neat to be sure; what did you give for the spoons? How's the amiable Mrs. Squeezer?" and a great deal more to the same effect? "I say," put in Scroggins, "are we going to dine to-day, or to-morrow? And thus reminded, I look at my watch, and find that it is already half-past four, and no sign of the dinner making its appearance. I give a ghastly smile—I didn't see it, but I felt that it was a ghastly smile, and muttering something about my people not being accustomed to parties, and in consequence rather unpunctual, I walked over to the bell, and pulled violently, as a signal for dinner.

I listened anxiously, and after the lapse of a few minutes, I heard the snorting noise, to which I have already alluded, that the young person was addicted, only this time it seemed to proceed from the region of the kitchen stairs; and as it was very much intensified, so to speak, I concluded from these signs that the handy young woman was painfully making her way up stairs with the dinner. The snorts came nearer and nearer, more and more distinct. Jones, who will have his joke, had just asked me whether I kept a tame rhinoceros on the premises, adding that he had a particular dislike to wild beasts, and I was just walking over to open the door, concluding, from the distinctness of the snorts, that the young person had achieved the journey, when I heard a scream which made my blood run cold, and then there came a crash as if the whole stock in trade of a china shop had been devoted to destruction in one fell swoop. I rushed to the door, and the first object that greeted my sight was the handy young woman, flat on her face, buried, literally buried, I may say, in one universal ruin of plates, dishes, turkeys, glasses, game and vegetables. I don't include the leg of mutton

...that was trundling, flop, flop, flop, down the stairs towards the back kitchen as hard as it could go, accompanied by several dozens of potatoes, and the soup tureen. My first impulse (which I didn't follow) was to raise the handy young woman, who had made a mess of it this time, and no mistake, from amid the ruins by which she was surrounded. My second impulse, which I didn't follow either, was to hurl the carving-knife, or some other deadly missile at Mrs. Squeezer, who was screaming fearfully on the first landing. The impulse which I did follow, was to seize a fork, and rush after the leg of mutton, if, perchance, I might arrest its progress before it finally reached the back kitchen. I succeeded just as it had arrived at the last step, and sticking my fork into it, raised my eyes in time to see Mrs. Squeezer's cat making off with the grouse, on which I have no doubt he made a hearty meal.

When I got back to my room, with the leg of mutton in my hand, I found the handy young woman sitting on my sofa, surrounded by Jones, Jenkins, and Scroggins. I confess that my first impulse on beholding her was to assault her with the leg of mutton, which I still held on the fork. However, this, I am happy to inform you, courteous reader, was but a momentary feeling, which was immediately followed by better and more generous sentiments. I saw at once that she was in pain, and found that she had sprained her ankle badly; but amid her moans, she every now and then indulged in fierce and vindictive denunciations of the author of all the mischief, which, to my unspeakable indignation I found to be no other than Mrs. Squeezer's filthy, odious, and abominable cat!!! That beast was born to be the bane of my life and the curse of my existence; but if I am not even with him yet, I will know the reason of it. The young woman affirmed, with many moans of pain, on account of her sprained ankle, and with many piteous looks at me, that she had made her way up stairs with the dinner, when, just as she was entering my little ante-room, that diabolical cat made his appearance, and after glaring at her till she was all of a tremble—so she expressed it—suddenly charged ferociously at her like a tiger, threw her down, and then made off. My own impression is, that the handy young woman, not wishing to make more journeys than were absolutely necessary, had loaded the tray to the utmost limits of repletion, and her centre of gravity being thus somewhat disturbed, a very little matter would necessarily be sufficient to destroy her equilibrium altogether. Making her way up stairs in this critical position, I have no doubt that she suddenly came upon Mrs. Squeezer's cat, who, according to his wont, was prowling about in search of prey, directed, doubtless, by his instincts to the vicinity of my room. Coming thus suddenly upon the ferocious brute, no wonder if the young person's nerves were somewhat startled. He too, in his turn, was probably taken by surprise, and making a vigorous rush to escape, no doubt he came into violent collision with the young person, and with quite sufficient force to destroy her equilibrium, already so much disturbed by the great weight of the dinner tray, and hence the cause of the catastrophe. Such is my own view of the accident; but it is a matter of no moment; the mischief was done, and was irreparable; and I must beg to be allowed to drop a veil over the painful scene. I will say nothing of the jokes and witticisms of Jones on the occasion; I will say nothing of the sum

which I paid for dinner at the hotel to which I was obliged to conduct my guests; I will say nothing of the sum which I had to pay for broken glass, china, and crockery ware; I will say nothing of a bill of thirty-five shillings, for attending to the handy young woman's sprained ankle, which the Doctor sent to me, with a polite note that as the young person had received the injury in my service, and as she was totally unable to discharge the debt, he trusted I was too much of a gentleman to see him lose it. I will say nothing of my altercations with Mrs. Squeezer, on the subject of one of her battered old "gravy's," which she affirmed was nowhere to be found, and for which she held me responsible, as well as for the damage done to her stairs from the soup, and gravy which had been spilled; I will restrain myself, and say nothing of these matters; but there is one thing which I must say, and which I will say, and it is this, viz: that I am certain that Mrs. Squeezer was the real author and concocter of the whole mischief. Finding that I was determined to have my dinner party in spite of her opposition, she appeared to give in, and craftily managed to place me and my dinner in the hands of Mrs. Grigg and the handy young woman, rightly enough judging, that the result would be such as effectually to restrain me from ever attempting to repeat the experiment. The whole truth flashed across my mind like lightning, (but unfortunately it was after the damage was done,) and once again I was obliged to sit down and confess that, in very truth, I had been taken in and done for. And yet, to see and hear Mrs. Squeezer on the morning after this lamentable affair! Her house had been polluted, and her good name seriously endangered, by the remarks made by the crowd, who had assembled to witness the removal of Mrs. Grigg, still hopelessly drunk, and her daughter, to their own abode. Never since the death of the dear departed had she so felt her own sad, lonely, and helpless position. When I, naturally enough, begged to remind her that Mrs. Grigg and the young person, had been engaged on her own strong recommendation, she ignored the whole proceeding, and somehow,—I can't possibly tell *how* she did it, but she *did* it,—laid the whole blame upon my shoulders, and made me feel as if I really had been the culprit in the business.

But for the present I must pause. If Mrs. Squeezer's mode of acting towards me does not constitute "a real grievance," I shall be very much obliged if the intelligent readers of the "Illustrated Dublin Journal" will inform me of anything which can, in truth, be considered such.

INCOG.

THE SONG OF LIFE.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song. C. K.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY]

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER I.

QUIETLY enough the tide of life appears to ebb and flow. Seen from afar, judged by its surface, it scarce shows a ripple. To few of us, indeed, does life present itself as exhibited in story-books, even in the story-books of great and notable parentage. It shows not often the terrible plots we read of. The deserving do not always get the fortune to the utter discomfiture of the wicked. The sugar-plums fall often into the dirtiest of hands. Carelessly looked

at, the scheme of the world has all the features of a game of hazard, a game in which knowledge is of little use, and where fortune follows the turn of the dice—of dice, too, not seldom loaded. Yet in little circles nearly seen, every man who makes notes as he passes on his way, traces curious intricacies; wonderful turns of luck; disappointed men; girls crossed in love, (who seldom remain old maids, I have noticed)—thriftless, idle boys, who are the plague of the "governor" for many years; occasional runaway marriages; happily, rare tragedies. All these materials exist abundantly; yet they generally refuse to adapt themselves easily to the span of story-books.

Unhappily, the lover does not always return from abroad—

(laden with gold)—at the exact moment, to prevent the forced marriage of his mistress with another, and to rescue her father from impending bankruptcy; the rake does not always reform; the rigid old father does not always soften at the right moment. The troubled lovers, who have fought hard through all difficulties to the altar, do not in every instance live afterwards, to end in domestic harmony. I am certain that even in the very quiet suburbs of London, these happy

issues do not prevail. Here disasters have been known to afflict permanently the eminently pious; and wretchedly dissipated young fellows have dashed down the quiet groves, and past the serene places and terraces of these placid neighbourhoods, in dog-carts, with pockets full of money, and little or no care at the heart. And, to the end of their days, these wild men, have ridden in dog-carts, and hallooed to gentlemen (who went three times to church on Sundays) to get from under their wheels.

But the life-tide—placid as its bosom looks, seen from afar—has its ripples. If these ripples do not flow always within the circle of three volumes, it may be that they are subject to higher rules than those to which the novelist sometimes seeks to confine them. Perhaps, therefore, if the scenes about to be opened be not parted into a first volume of introduction; a second volume of mystery; and a third volume of explanations, ending with a general jingling of marriage-bells, the reader may be pleased to believe that the painter thereof has endeavoured to see life without attempting to pencil out its incidents and its passions into a given number of pages and volumes.



Quiet neighbourhoods have already been touched upon.

Now, it was a quiet neighbourhood where the Ashbys lived. During the day a man was seldom seen thereabouts. All the male inha-

bitants were in that mysterious city—transacting that mysterious business. The groves and terraces were, during this time, in the undisturbed possession of ladies, chiefly of a serious turn of mind. Decidedly the neighbourhood was serious—quiet. I am certain that young Faversham—as he walked with his friend Jack Ashby, to see the parent Ashbys, turned many contrasts of the tide of life over in his mind.

Faversham was a very lively fellow in chambers, when he had eight or nine young fellow-students with him; when his pipe was in his mouth, and there was a good supply of whiskey upon the table; because then, life was surging about him. His friends were telling lively anecdotes—saying clever things possibly—and there was elegance in the tone of the general conversation; an elegance to which it is just to add he was an important contributor. But Faversham was usually grave and listless when alone; or when, as he expressed it, “nothing was going on.” He loved the world—all human associations; every thing bearing upon human life. For the country he had little relish. He never longed for a sight of green trees—never pined for the salt breeze; never thought of the glories of the mountain, or the quiet, melting, sweetness of the valley. He was a London bird essentially, and loved every haunt where he had met a friend, or spent a merry evening. He knew hundreds of the gay young fellows about town—because he habitually courted society; and was never willingly alone. He contracted new friendships every week of his life; and made few, if any, enemies. Yet alone—or alone with an intimate friend, whose opinions on every conceivable subject he knew thoroughly; whose jokes he had laughed at, and who had laughed at all his—alone with this friend, he was usually serious, even melancholy. Some sentiment—some stirring point of human life was necessary to rouse him, and he would then draw his sympathies to its brighter or kinder side, with a touching love.

The two friends were very wide apart in feeling and opinion; yet they liked one another extremely, and were always together, sharing the same rooms in the Temple.

We have come up with them on their way to Jamaica Lodge, to enjoy a quiet evening. Young Mr. Ashby was accustomed to describe this suburban retreat as “the private crib of the governor.” The old gentleman was a merchant, of Wood-street, Cheapside.

The two young men had been out very late for three or four consecutive nights; had talked, over whiskey and tobacco, for seven hours, on the relative merits of the two great contemporary novelists; and had arrived at the conclusion, if the whole truth must out, that neither of the celebrities in question had written any fiction approaching in pathos, in wit, or in abundance of imagery, the work upon which their friend Lumberly was engaged. A discussion of this nature had naturally exhausted them; and they were both “seedy”—that is, in a re-actionary state. Hence, young Ashby's consent to visit Jamaica Lodge. Here there would be no tobacco, no staying up till three in the morning; here they would be chained down by the strict laws of suburban respectability, and would be continually reminded that they were in a serious neighbourhood. Faversham, although not fond of quiet evenings, liked the Ashbys: he admired their hospitality and respected their scruples—although these bored him a little. He was, in return, always welcomed at the Lodge, and exhibited to Jack Ashby as a serious gentleman whose friendship he should cultivate, and whose excellent example he should follow. Jack Ashby did both, for he borrowed Faversham's money, and sat up with him till the day dawned.

The Ashbys were really a serious family. Their principles and practices were not Faversham's, yet he discovered many points of sympathy with the Ashbys; but he could not long support a conversation with old Ashby, who gossiped only about the rise or fall in consols, the value of certain foreign securities, the probabilities for and against a dividend out of the bankrupt firm of Tuppence and Co.; and his reasons for believing that the South Carolina shares would hold at their premium. Some very sarcastic young gentlemen summed the old gentleman up, by declaring that the only things that could reconcile any man of taste to Ashby's conversation, were his wines and his cigars. In fact, Jack Ashby was the first man to allow that his father was “a bore;” but he generally added, good naturedly, that he was a good fellow, and he hoped his friends would be civil to him. This civility was readily promised; and when Jack took his friends to Jamaica Lodge, they paid great attention to the old gentleman's claret, and some attention to the old gentleman. Faversham, however, while wishing to distinguish

himself for politeness, was the worst-behaved of the set. Half an hour after the ladies had left the dinner-table he was invariably asleep; and old Ashby was left in the middle of a long story about that frightful fall in Barbadoes Stock, in the year 'forty-nine. Jack Ashby kindly pelted his friend with walnut-shells to avert the catastrophe, but in vain. The old gentleman always left the room stiffly, to join the ladies, bidding his son, in a stern voice, wake that young man! To call a man a “young man,” was, in Mr. Ashby's estimation, to wither him with a severe reproof.

The ladies of the Ashby establishment included Mrs. Ashby, Miss Ashby, and Miss Victoria Ashby. To this circle it is necessary to add a local nuisance called Master Walter Ashby.

Mrs. Ashby was a tall, prim lady, obviously fond of dress, not a determined enemy to the pleasures of the table, yet prim in many things. It was difficult to know what you might do and what you might not do in Mrs. Ashby's house. You were not certain in the matter of whistling; you wondered whether they danced; you had seen Master Walter with a dirty heap of dominoes, but you decidedly would not be the first to mention cards as a rational or even possible amusement. With the tall hostess you might occasionally be very sociable and cheerful for half an hour, but, suddenly, she would freeze you, trotting you off into the valley of death at a brisk pace. But then, she had a daughter who was exemplary in every respect; who seldom smiled, and never laughed; who had a confirmed antipathy for young men. She was really the pattern of a young lady, like those patterns of young ladies we cut in paper for our children. Her mamma found her a blessing daily. She was always doing good. Every body in the house, except Miss Ashby, called her brother Jack; Miss Ashby called him emphatically, John. This perfect young lady always kept her clear, blue eyes on her mother whenever any of John's friends were in the house. It is possible that the sudden changes in Mrs. Ashby's manner were traceable to this eye-guardianship—for Miss Ashby often wondered how her mamma could “go on so.” And Mrs. Ashby really appeared to wonder herself, and to be astonished at her wickedness—that she did “go on so.”

Faversham, with his sly habit of adapting himself, managed to be a favourite even with Miss Ashby. She disliked all John's friends, except Faversham. He thoroughly humoured her. He chimed in with her pretty little songs. He even honoured her seriousness, and liked her principles “in the abstract,” perhaps, because she had a pretty face of her own, in fact. Faversham used to say she was a pretty girl, iced. She wanted, he said, warmth—stronger human sympathies—some kind of human toleration.

He would have liked to see a tear, just once, suffuse those cold, blue eyes. Those lips, in his opinion, should have been puckered occasionally to kiss children. But no tear ever started; the lips were never puckered for a kiss. Miss Ashby had more important objects in view than the pleasure of kissing children. Indeed, so important were these objects, that every movement in Jamaica Lodge was subservient to hers.

On the occasion to which reference has already been made, the two Temple students found the Ashby family in a state of most respectable dullness. Not the most fastidious old lady could have found fault with their proceedings. Mrs. Ashby was trimming something; Mr. Ashby was reading the “Pilgrim's Progress” to her; Miss Ashby was balancing the accounts of a school-room Building Fund to which she was secretary and treasurer; Master Walter (the genius of the family) was painting a battle-piece from the “Illustrated London News;” and Miss Victoria was laughing in a corner, with her back turned to her sister, over a volume of “Cruikshank's Omnibus”—the wicked creature! When the two young men entered, a general stir took place; a stir that reminded Faversham, he said afterwards, of the flutter occasioned by peeping into a bird's nest in spring time. Jack Ashby launched jauntily into the circle, joked his perfect sister about her accounts, begged that the governor would shut up the “Pilgrim's Progress,” admired the scarlet tints his brother had handsomely thrown about the horses, in his picture, and told his mother to put away her work. It was remarked by the general circle that Jack looked pale. “Pale!” said Jack. “Tut! that's odd. I'm brisk enough; we have walked all the way from town.”

Faversham was very quiet: hoped that he had not disturbed Miss Ashby at her excellent employment: wished he knew somebody who wanted something done for him, that he might do that something,

and so imitate Miss Ashby's example in an humble way. Jack laughed in his sleeve at Faversham's serious conversation; and never forgot to joke him about it when they were mixing in bachelor life together. But Faversham always vehemently asserted his sincerity—for he hated a hypocrite; and protested that he really admired, although he was not strong enough to imitate, the life at Jamaica Lodge.

Mr. Ashby entirely agreed with his young friend, and hoped Jack would profit by sentiments so excellent.

"I!" said Jack, jumping up from the corner of the sofa, where he had been sitting with Victoria, "I didn't hear; I was telling Victoria, Faversham, all about Namby's Burlesque. That was a capital notion, where he about Ariel a running patterer. Do you remember any of the jokes?"

Faversham said gravely "Not at the moment."

"But wasn't the girl who sang that splendid parody on 'Drops of Brandy,' wonderfully like Araminta?"

Faversham reddened—but had nothing to say, poor fellow.

Miss Ashby said, with a look cold, even for her:—"We didn't understand you, John—you are not in the Temple now."

"Come, come," Mr. Ashby interposed, "drop your burlesques and actresses here, Jack. You must have enough talk on those subjects, unfortunately, in town. You know we never go to theatres, and that we are very unhappy—very *unhappy* to hear that you habitually visit those resorts. Hem! Mr. Faversham, do you take port or sherry?"

"Port, thank you."

"Your very good health, sir. *Very unhappy*—Jack. I think you will find that this is not a bad glass of wine."

"But pray, Miss Ashby, don't let us disturb you at your work. Can I assist you? You were ruling these account books with red ink. I think I'm a very good hand at the sort of work. Allow me." And in a few minutes Faversham was hard at work.

Old Ashby looked on at the excellent young man; Mrs. Ashby was sure that it was too bad to trouble Mr. Faversham, and so was Miss Ashby; but Mr. Faversham was so obliging as to insist upon troubling himself.

"Capital!" said Jack, looking over his friend's shoulder, "you were born for the work, Araminta!"

Araminta's eyes never rose from the mass of figures she was twisting into the desired result.

Jack sauntered back, naturally, to his seat near Victoria. Old Ashby threw a glowing bandanna over his white head; intertwined his hands over his rotund torso, and twirling his two thumbs rapidly round one another, began, in his capacity of bear, to dream of happy disasters in the future. Mr. Ashby played with Master Walter, while Jack, in a corner, examined Victoria on the probabilities of collecting a good supper from the late repasts of the family. In this quiet way time crept on to the supper hour. Master Walter, when this happy period had arrived, sprang from his place under the table, to summon the maid, striking himself violently against an edge of Mrs. Ashby's arm-chair, by the way.

"Oh!" screamed the Ashby pet, "I have hurt my 'ead!"

"So I hear," murmured Faversham, glancing from his work, "you seem to have knocked the 'h' off it."

And amid the noisy merriment of Jack and his sister Victoria, "the tray" was brought in.

As the two young men walked home (having rubbed their fuses vigorously against the railings of Jamaica Lodge, to light their first cigar), Jack offered his apologies to his friend for the slowness of the evening. Faversham was bent upon seeking an early bed, with the hope of accomplishing a hard day's work on the morrow, (no man had better intentions than Faversham): but unfortunately, as they walked down one of the narrow Temple courts, Jack saw a bright light at a window high above them.

"There's something up at Namby's;—let us go up—just for half an hour."

"Not to-night," Faversham replied, doggedly, "I must be at work to-morrow."

"And so must I," shouted a young fellow who, at the moment, darted from an opposite court, with a bundle of pipes and a packet of tobacco in his hand. "Come along! young Clifton is up stairs, he wants to be introduced to you. I drew him a caricature of you just now; and he said, if it were anything like you, you must be a damned good-looking fellow: but he objects to fair men. I told him he would be horribly disappointed when he saw you."

Thus Faversham's good intentions were frustrated; and in a few minutes he was in Namby's chambers. He found three or four young fellows smoking. A heap of law books having been thrown out of an old arm-chair upon the floor, to accommodate Faversham; the men settled down for a night's entertainment. Namby had a talent for caricature; and had been amusing his guests with ludicrous portraits of mutual friends. The new comers found that they had not escaped, and the caricature of Faversham was, perhaps, the cleverest specimen of the artist's skill upon the table. The breadth of Faversham's forehead had been exaggerated; his curious nose—a nose that baffles all description, being at once contrary to the law of beauty in nasology—yet, manly in its solidity, and pleasing in its combination with the rest of the features, this nose had been badly treated, its defects having been exposed, while its resemblance to life had been ingeniously maintained; the caricatured mouth was true to its owner's haughty expression, curling down at the corners. The eyes, lively, without being restless. Faversham, of course, wore a moustache, and ladies may wish to know that it was light—two or three shades lighter than the warm brown hair that hung in rich glistening clumps over his forehead. He was not tall; he was a dandy. There was no man in the Temple, not even the Honourable John Stackington, (and he was a great "swell") who wore boots better made than those which covered the feet of Mr. Faversham. Stackington openly gave up the greater part of his time to dress; but Faversham, without obtruding his weakness for a good tailor and bootmaker, contrived to be a dandy without being a coxcomb. And in this dandyism he presented a strange contrast to the four or five young fellows into whose company he was thrust. He knew them all with the exception of Clifton; and he told this gentleman politely that he had long known him by reputation. Mr. Clifton said that he should have recognised Mr. Faversham anywhere after having seen Namby's caricature of him, though it was a shameful libel.

"But you have never seen me in boots like these," said Faversham, a little petulantly to Namby, pointing to the drawing.

"Perhaps not, but this is like Jack." The caricature was handed round.

It was like Jack. That absurd grin of his, those thick dry lips, that fat, chubby cheek; those glistening good-natured eyes, and that well-pomatumed hair, packed closely over the forehead, and bending into a curl upon each cheek. This head was the capital to a bright blue cravat, ornamented with an oxidised silver death's head. The adjoining anatomy of the gentleman was covered by a very brilliant waistcoat, relieved by a chain, upon which the wearer sported silver and gold monkeys, greyhounds, horse-shoes, opera-glasses—all made on a scale to ensure their uselessness and perishableness. All present agreed that Namby had been successful in libelling the future owner of Jamaica Lodge.

"These are capital rooms of yours, Namby," said Faversham, looking round.

"Yes, sir," said Clifton, with great gravity. "Namby, in this very room, composed that remarkable parody of his. You know, Jack, that which goes to the air of 'Drops of Brandy.'"

"Yes," piped Namby. "And to this very lodging my first literary effort was addressed, when it was returned to me with the editor's compliments."

Namby gave out his points in a shrill voice, and with a serious expression which made them tell, even when they did not exhibit that "unparalleled humour," which was attributed to him by the "Evening Paper."

The rooms thus eulogised and honoured, were small and low; and to the eye of the most cheerful visiter, must have been dingy. Apparently, many years had elapsed since the windows had been cleaned: the furniture was old without being antique. The mantelpiece was ornamented with heaps of unanswered letters, interspersed with cards and washing bills. The central ornament was a stand used for the display of blackened dhudeens. Let the reader's imagination add to this list an empty lucifer box, and a substantial old-fashioned corkscrew, and he may realise to himself the fireside of Mr. Namby. Stay, upon one corner lay the first volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, with a play-bill inserted between the fifteenth and sixteenth pages, to guide Mr. Namby to the exact point of legal study, at which, after nine months' application, he had left off. Against the wall opposite the fireplace, Mr. Namby's artistic eye had led him to suspend the portrait of Mrs. Keeley in the character of "Topsy."

This lady was supported on the left by one of Gavarni's "Enfants Terribles," and on the right by a favourite actor representing him; as he appeared in Mr. Namby's most successful burlesque.

Mr. Namby's room boasted the luxury of a bell-rope; and the distinguished tenant paid five shillings weekly for the pleasure of pulling at it. Considering the lady whom this instrument summoned to the lodger's presence, Mr. Namby must have been a very strong-minded man.

Students-at-law (who seldom are at law), and other occupants of those dingy rooms let at heavy rents by the Honourable Societies of the Middle and Inner Temple, painfully enough must you recall in after life, the figures of those extraordinary females who appeared daily in your chambers, to make your bed and lay your breakfast; who wake you up early on so many mornings after you had been "making a night of it," greeting you with unfriendly grunts, and informing you that if the eggs were cold it was not their fault, that was all; who were always sure that your father and mother did not know how you were going on; who bored you with stories of their early experiences; how they had been either dressers to Queen Charlotte, or had nursed the princess at least; and who begged that you would pay your washerwoman's bill, for she had a large family with limited capital. It is only necessary to add that a very fair specimen of this extraordinary class answered Mr. Namby's bell; and on the occasion which has introduced the reader to this gentleman, brought up to his friends a dish of sandwiches and a can of beer. As she entered the room, she expressed her wonder how a set of young men could sit up to such hours and smoke so; and as she deposited the sandwiches upon the sofa, and placed the can of beer near the fire-place, she intimated to the host that she would stay up no longer. Namby replied that this was a question which he left to her discretion. She muttered "there was the beer and sandwiches for him when he liked to offer them;" and then she shuffled out of the room.

Left to themselves for the night, the young men set fairly to work. The sandwiches they ate, the beer, which they greatly enjoyed, they drank from the can; the pipes they smoked; and the whiskey they imbibed, are points of this history into which it becomes us not to inquire too narrowly. Nor need there remain a written record of the opinions these hot-headed fellows expressed upon men and things. How they boldly questioned the genius of the men holding high places, for instance; how, with the temerity natural to their age (and making, perhaps, the glory of it) they lifted one another to seats of honour; and foresaw the time when the heroes of the hour would be forgotten.

Some of these men were of illustrious parentage. Clifton's father was a distinguished critic and biographer; while the father of Mr. Namby was a leading chancery barrister and Q.C. Namby, who was happy at a jovial speech, proposed the health of his distinguished friend Clifton, as a man who would be heard of by the world very shortly; and he said it with every kind of respect for the conspicuous talents of his governor, would far surpass that gentleman in that profession which had been chosen for him. He proposed Mr. Clifton and the Bar.

Mr. Clifton, of course, disclaimed the praise of his friend Namby, as undeserved; and even thought he detected that gentleman's vein of sly sarcasm, under the handsome things he had been pleased to utter concerning himself. Indeed, the weight of praise had embarrassed him. There was one toast, however,—since toasts appeared to be popular that evening, which, with their host's permission ("go ahead, my boy!" from Namby) he would propose. They were honoured on that occasion by the company of a gentleman, who, young as he was, enjoyed a reputation amongst a large circle of friends—a reputation that must shortly be extended, and earn for him that conspicuous place to which his brilliant talents and his happy social qualities fully entitled him. It was obvious to all of them that he alluded to Mr. Faversham. (A loud "hear! hear!" from Mr. Namby; Mr. Faversham examines his boots and looks a little red.) He had met the gentleman for the first time that evening: but he had heard of him frequently before, from their mutual friend Namby, from Ashby and others; in fact, he had heard so much about this gentleman on all sides, that he had said: this Mr. Faversham must be a wonderful fellow, and must have some very good stuff in him. Meet Ashby; drop in upon Namby; take a pipe with Stackington; enter my chambers between White-friars and Essex-Street, in short, and you are certain to hear of that capital fellow, Faversham. He now proposed that gentleman's health.

Faversham was not happy at any speech, but he was a picture of distress at a speech expressing thanks. For the least expression of good will touched him keenly, and made him shy and nervous. All that he could say to his friends,—in reply to Clifton—was, that he was very much obliged to them for their goodnature; and that he could not believe he deserved one tithe of the praise which Mr. Clifton had showered upon his humble head.

A summer sunrise disturbed this party: how it crept into the room: made the candle flame look red and shabby; showed the tobacco-ash lying about the floor; took all the remaining colour out of the faded furniture; and sent a chill through every guest, will be readily understood by those wild gentlemen who have been at revels like this, when the first wink of sunlight flies overhead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD FLAG.

(From the French of Beranger.)

COMRADES, the cup we drink to-night
My old heart fills with joy—
With you around me, now again
I feel as when a boy!
When o'er your head and over mine
Our banner waved on high:
With Heaven's aid we'll furl it yet
In glory to the sky!

Here, 'neath my humble pallet laid,
I've guarded it full well;
How dear each tattered string to me
My heart can never tell!
Oh! how it waved for twenty years,
Mid laurels and mid flowers;
Comrades, we'll furl it once again
O'er France's hills and towers!

Well has our flag paid back to France
The blood we freely gave;
The freedom that it gave her sons
Has taught them to be brave.
And yet again oppression dire
Shall pale beneath its sheen;
The torn flag of victory
We'll furl once more I ween!

The glory that our Eagle crowned,
For which we'd gladly die,
It grew too vast, and by its weight
Our flag fell from the sky!
But France, forgetting all her grief,
Will gladly bless the hand
That raises from the dust and furls
Our banner o'er the land!

And as of old our peasants found
Their freedom on the Loire,
A happy race shall ever bless
Our flag—the pride of war!
'Twill throw a veil o'er all our woe,
Grim tyranny shall fly;
Then, comrades, fling in Heaven's name
Our banner to the sky!

And there thou art, my banner brave!
Comrades, I have it here;
Come forth my flag! my only hope!
With thee I'll dry my tear!
Ah! when a soldier cries to Heaven,
Will Heaven not hear his cry?
It will: then, comrades, let us furl
Our banner to the sky!

C. J. M.

ENNISCORTHY.



HE principal part of the town of Enniscorthy, including the Castle, with its grey towers, is situated on the side of a steep hill, rising above the river Slaney, county of Wexford. The town itself is built in great irregularity and variety of outline.

It has of late years been extended considerably. The Slaney, which, from Enniscorthy downwards, is a large tidal river, is navigable for barks of considerable tonnage. To facilitate the trade by the river, two quays have been erected at a considerable expense. The town witnessed many sanguinary scenes during the unhappy events which characterised the year 1798.

The Castle of Enniscorthy, seen to the right of our sketch, was



originally erected by Raymond le Gros, and is one of the earliest military structures of the Anglo-Norman settlers. It is a very remarkable building, as well from its commanding situation as from its architectural peculiarities.—The body of the edifice is of a square form, flanked at each corner by a round tower.

It appears that the castle and manor were formerly possessed by the O'Kavanagh's, and subsequently granted by Queen Elizabeth to the poet Spenser. It was taken and destroyed by Cromwell, and afterwards repaired by Sir Henry Wallop.

A fragment of the Franciscan Convent is all that remains of the ancient churches which were erected here.

There is no scene in the county Wexford more beautiful than the rich valley above and below Enniscorthy, through which the Slaney flows. As the river occupies the greater portion of the valley, the principal part of the town reaches along the

abrupt banks on either sides, the streets being consequently in several places inconveniently steep. A magnificent view of the town, river, and country around is obtained from Vinegar Hill, which adjoins the town, and rises to a height of 389 feet above the sea level.

HOW OUR ANCESTORS FARED.



ANY people talk of the wisdom of our ancestors, and the expression has almost acquired the force and currency of an axiom; but although Lord J. Manners, in the silly lines in which he expresses the opinion that trade and commerce might be allowed to die away, provided only "our nobility" were left to flourish, may have had the concurrence of a few

minds as feeble as his own, yet when one regards the past, divested of the illusive colouring but of romance and fancy, what is there to boast of socially? Could armour, in which one was able only to sit down by stratagem, compensate for the absence of a particle of decent linen? Could rooms, matted with three or four inches of the debris of noisy feasts, bones, rushes, and the litter of dog-kennels, contrast with the comfort of even a decent Kidderminster, or a

Victorian felt, not to speak of the aristocratic Brussels, or the more lordly Turkey carpets? Would a Charlemagne of the nineteenth century be unable even to write,

or an Alfred only learn to spell at the mature age of thirty-eight? and what would be now thought of the principles of trade that prevented a man who bought corn in one market from selling it at any other for a profit, or from wearing clothes of a peculiar texture or colour, unless he belonged to a privileged class? But it may be said that physical discomforts have no necessary antagonism to wisdom, and that Diogenes in his tub knew more than the king with whom he refused to change places. But Diogenes, if he had washed himself, and rented a decent lodging, even up a two-pair stairs, would have proved a much more useful member of society, and the experience of any man will assure how that "cleanliness is next to godliness," and that soap and decency of apparel add to self-respect, and enforce the courtesy of others. But to come a little more minutely into an examination of the wisdom of our more remote ancestors, where it is to be found. Strip off the picturesque ivy that encircles the moral ruin, and what do we find? The monopoly of a few to the prejudice of the millions. The peasant bound to the soil as much as if he were a slave in the Southern States of America, and his distinctive name, "villein," becomes a synonym for all that is base. Great lords, with power of life and limb over their feudatories—minors made the subjects of traffic, and forced to marry according to the will of their superiors, or to forfeit their property during those years when most helpless and most requiring advice and counsel. Gratuitous labour enforced under various pretexts—juries fined and imprisoned if they did not give verdicts according to the wish of the crown, as in the case of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, in 1554—alleged confessions of dead men read against the accused, and his witness not allowed to give evidence under the solemn sanction of an oath—and poor women, because they were old and ugly, burned as witches, to gratify the malice of some neighbour.

As a historian forcibly remarks, when speaking of the delusion existing upon this latter subject even so late as 1712—"The literary intellect never shone more brightly than in that year. Dryden had set, but Pope had risen. Addison was painting his genial portrait

of Sir Roger de Coverley; Pope's genius rising from the previous obscurity; Arbuthnot, Steele, and Swift, in their meridian of celebrity; and Jane Wenham, in this period of enlightenment, was tried at the assizes of Hertford, before Justice Powell, for witchcraft, and found guilty, while in July, 1716, a substantial farmer of the name of Hickes accused his wife and child (the latter a girl nine years of age) of the same crime, and on the evidence of the husband and father, the wife and child were hanged on the 28th July."

The well-known saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, that the framers of the ballads of a people exercise more influence than their legislators, may be true, but a review of the acts of parliament passed at a remote day, will show very clearly the tone and temper, the condition and position of the governors and the governed, and especially in Ireland, where to the existing distinctions of rank were added those of race and conquest. We proceed, therefore, to briefly illustrate the state of affairs by black-letter records, that cannot err, and that are the photographs of our ancestors' wisdom, personal appearance, and habits.

An act of the third of Edward II. recites, that "inasmuch as merchants and the common people of this land are much impoverished and oppressed by the prizes (from *prendre*, to take) of great lords of the land, which take what they will throughout the country without paying anything, or agreeing with the owners for the same: And forasmuch as they will also sojourn and lodge at their pleasure with the good people of the country against their wills, to destroy and impoverish them, it is agreed and assented that no such prizes be henceforth made without ready payment and agreement, and that none shall harbour or sojourn at the house of any other by such malice. And if any shall do the same, such prizes and such destructions shall be holden for open robbery, and the king shall have the suit thereof, if others dare not sue."

The last line is very significant, and explains what was the extent of the evil to be remedied. How delightful to find one of those "noble lords" locking up his castle on a fine summer's day, and accompanied by horses, dogs, and armed men, stepping into farmer Terence O'Byrne's lawn, and wishing him the time of day, and without leave or license, taking possession of the best apartments in the house, making fierce love to Mrs. O'Byrne, and emptying the larder and dairy with greater rapidity than the transformation is effected in a pantomime. "Like master like man," and the latter having no wages, but only what they might pick up, the haggard is rapidly cleared—the poultry disappear, and a widowed gander is the sole representative of the feathered tribe. Swift tells an anecdote of some soldiers quartered in a man's premises during a disturbed period, denuding him of almost everything, and when expostulated with, exclaiming, with an air of indignant innocence: "Why, hang you, you ungrateful scoundrel, are we not here for your protection!" and as even Queen Elizabeth used to swear tremendously, it is not doing injustice to assume that the great lord of the land, when he saw O'Byrne looking cross, also ejaculated: "Why, hang you, am I not here on a visit!"

What would Lord Carlisle or Sir Robert Peel think of not going to the Lakes of Killarney—of not enjoying the hospitality of Lord Downshire at Hillsborough, or of declining a great cattle-show at Cork, least Lord Chancellor Brady and the privy-council might entertain doubts whether they had not abdicated the offices of Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary of Ireland? But what says a statute of Henry the Sixth?

"Where it was in doubt and in diversity of opinion that if any ministers or officers of the king, did pass by the coasts of the sea from the ports of Dublin, Drogheda, "Molagh-hide," or Dalkey, or elsewhere in those parts, to Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and to other places by the whole sea-coast within the said land of Ireland, that their offices were void, as if they had passed into England, or into other lands," the parliament then goes on to provide against such a mode of transit invalidating their appointments. In the same session comes one of those sumptuary regulations so much at variance with all the doctrines of free trade, and based not merely upon invidious social distinctions, but upon an absurd monetary error. The making of "gilt bridles and peytrels," is forbidden, as "wasting the gold of the land," and none are to use them "except knights and prelates of Holy Church." Of course, there are always private fashions which regulate admission to certain circles, such as a court costume to the castle, and cloth cut in a certain shape to a ball; and when, after the fall of Robespierre, to the rage for carnage in

Paris succeeded that for pleasure, there were assemblies to which no one would be admitted, unless not only he had lost some one of his family upon the scaffold, but had his hair cut like those going to be decapitated; according to the expression of the day, "*les chevaux à la victime*." But who would ask the royal assent to a bill to prevent a wealthy citizen from transferring some of his gold from the shop to the bridle in his stable, unless, indeed, he should happen to have attained the dignity of a knight? Koster, in his "*Travels in Brazil*," tells an amusing story of how invidious class privileges were evaded in order to punish a party who would otherwise have escaped for a wrong done to one of the natives. This was a mulatto who had been ordered to be flogged, but he pleaded that he was protected as being "half a hidalgo," i.e., noble. Amaro the governor, imitating the practical sagacity of Sancho Panza in the decrees pronounced in his island, allowed the plea and privilege to a qualified extent, and directed that the culprit should only be flogged on the plebeian or non-hidalgo side.

With the Arab a shaven face is regarded as the brand of a slave; but the parliament that, under the Earl of Shrewsbury, sat at the very appropriate town of *Trim*, in the reign of the same Henry the Sixth, was pleased to take a very opposite view of matters, as appears by what follows.

"For that now there is no diversity in array betwixt the English "marchours" and the Irish enemies, and so by colour of the English marchours the Irish enemies do come from day to day to other into the English counties as English marchours, and do rob and 'pill' by the highways, and destroy the common people by lodging upon them in the nights, and also do kill the husbands in the nights, and do take their goods to the Irishmen: Wherefore it is ordained and agreed that no manner of man that will be taken for an Englishman shall have a beard above his mouth, that is to say, that he have no hairs upon his upper lip, so that the said lip be once, at least, shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip. And if any man be found among the English contrary thereto, that then it shall be lawful for every man to take them and their goods as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies."

What a sensation would be produced in Grafton-street or Merrion-square on a band day, if such in order should now emanate from the Castle! The Samsons of fashion would rise in rebellion rather than lose the chief source of their power and influence, and in their Thermopylæ, the dressing-room, like the Spartan of old, calmly regulate their moustaches while awaiting the approach of the enemy—in this instance the barber, and not the Persian. H. W. L.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.



IN the winter of the year, 13—, Sir Ralph Ufford, at the head of a chosen band of knights and men-at-arms, left Dublin, and proceeded to the south, in order to bring the earl of Desmond and his turbulent followers under the rule of King Edward, the third of that name. The weather favoured his march. From the day of his departure from the city, the sun continued to shine down upon the landscape; scarcely a cloud was arising and floating across the pure blue heavens to obscure its rays. As he marched southwards, a slight, but unvarying wind continued to blow from the north-east, gradually becoming colder, till at length, notwithstanding the daily return of the slanting sunbeams, the whole face of nature seemed to lie dead beneath its chilly influence. The remaining leaves dropped from the trees, and lay in damp and decaying heaps upon the gnarled roots beneath. The birds that had carolled forth their gladness at the coming of the bright weather, now sat drowsily upon the naked branches, as if tired of the wintry glitter, cold and cheerless, till at length the scarred faces of the ancient crags began to gleam with innumerable icicles, and the small rills that ran downward into the forlorn woods to lose their voices, for the frost had begun its silent work, binding up all nature in its potent chain, till the earthen clods beneath the hoofs of Sir Ralph Ufford's charger felt as hard and obdurate as the stern hearts of those who were at the time engaged in deadly strife.

from end to end of the cold and inhospitable region through which he passed.

On the day preceding Christmas, the sun rose with undiminished splendour into a cold steel-blue sky, but ere he had run half his diurnal course, a dark cloud arose like a giant spectre, between the east and north, and spread slowly, till at the passing away of noon not a rent was left in the broad canopy overhead through which the conquered beams might shine down upon the silent earth. Still the Lord Justice and his little band shaped their course southward, heedless of the sky's threatening and desolate aspect. As the evening wore on, the mighty cloud that had arisen began to descend and lie like an oppressive weight upon hill, and valley, and plain, and in the spectral twilight that succeeded, an occasional white flake came down in a perpendicular fall, lying pale and cold wherever it chanced to alight upon plume or shoulder-plate in the cavalcade, and each moment becoming more frequent, till at last, as the darkness set in, the whole atmosphere seemed one universal mass of descending snow. The next sun arose over a gleaming expanse of spotless purity and whiteness, for the snow-fall of the night lay deep and cold over the land; and thus began a Christmas-day that brought desolation and sorrow to many a bold heart in the stout fortress of Castle-island, far away amid the fastnesses of Kerry.

In the bosom of a wild gorge, at the verge of one of those primeval forests that then clothed the land, Sir Ralph Ufford and his band had taken shelter from the snow storm, intending to remain there till the weather became milder, and then to commence their operations against some of the refractory chieftains, who owed allegiance to the powerful and cautious Earl of Desmond. The giant trees spread their snow-laden arms over a number of huts constructed of branches beneath, in which the men-at-arms sat around their fires in small groups, regaling themselves on the flesh of a horse—in that terrible winter they could obtain no better food—talking over their affairs, and drinking the wine they had brought in their flasks—in honour of Christmas-night. Into the centre of their encampment ran forward a projection of rock, split at its extremity into two long abutments, which rose up perpendicularly at either side, leaving a flat space of green sward between them, four or five yards in breadth, and of considerable length. This long channel Sir Ralph Ufford had caused to be roofed over with the trunks of young trees, over which was laid a thick bed of brambles, heather and fern, that defended those beneath from the severity of the elements. At its upper angle steps were formed, leading out through a hole in the roof, in order to facilitate escape in case of an attack, and the whole structure looked, lit up as it was by two large fires, like one of those rude caverns described in German romances, with its horde of wild, free companions, assembled over their nightly orgies. The red glare of the fires fell upon many a stern and noble face within it, and glimmered and shone upon many a sword, and spear, and various pieces of armour that lay scattered upon the floor, or hung against the rocky walls.

Within this strange habitation Sir Ralph Ufford, Lord Justice of Ireland, was now sitting at his Christmas-dinner, with his knights and leaders. The repast consisted of the carcasses of two deer, which some of the light-armed followers had brought in during the snow storm of the preceding night, and which these same nimble-footed gillies were now serving out to their masters with no sparing hands. The looks of care that had sat in each eye, during the time the building of the huge hut was in progress, were now fast disappearing under the genial influence of the repast, and the measures of wine the leaders were quaffing occasionally, as they sat around the cheerful fires.

"By my knightly word," said Sir Ralph Ufford, as he cut away a huge slice of venison with his dagger, "but this, bad as it is, is more palatable than sitting at the best revel in Dublin Castle, and hearing of the Desmond riding rough shod over the necks of King Edward's liege subjects. Up and doing is the word, however fortune or the weather may treat us."

"It is true, my lord," returned a huge and fierce-looking knight, from the other side of the fire; "whilst thou didst sit in Dublin, the Desmond laughed at thee and thy menaces; now, however, he may change his tune when he finds thee thus, with harness-back, in the very midst of his territory."

"He will never change his tune, Sir Pierce Creagh," remarked another, "never till my Lord Justice takes him prisoner, and thus

gets him under his thumb-nail. At present I wot he is still laughing at us, as he leads the revel in the halls of Tralee. Would to heaven we were near enough to assault the castle in the middle of their carouse."

"Cheer thee up, man," resumed the Lord Justice, "there are other refractory fortalices hereabouts, that we may have for the taking ere the morning light, and we be willing to tempt the weather. Should those I expect be here at the appointed time, our swords may soon be unsheathed and crossed in combat."

"I' faith," said the second knight who had spoken, "I would freely venture my blood to get into some store-house or fortress, where we might have one good meal. An' we remain much longer in the woods, our bones will shame a skeleton, we are getting so thin from starvation. Oh! what a rousing bout over the groaning board, was that we had on coming southward, when the fat citizens of Limerick entertained us."

"I have reason to remember Limerick well, but not from our late carouse," remarked Sir Pierce Creagh. "I got this there, many years ago," and he pointed to the mark of an old wound upon his forehead. "It was when I was squire to the Knight of the Valley. One day I rode on an errand for my master, from the Hold of the Valley into Limerick. The President of Munster was holding sessions there at the same time, whilst the gallants who attended in his train were ruffling it with a high hand through the town. I left my horse at the hostlerie of the 'Gleeful Can,' and took a walk down street after doing my errand, to hear the news, and see the gay sights attendant on the session. As I came suddenly round a corner, I saw poor Eman Ban, the fool of Glynn, flying out on his face into the street, from a blow he had received from one of the President's squires."

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Eman, as he picked himself up, and shook his fist at the brutal squire, "there's one behind you that'll pay you off from basinet to boot-toe, for what you have done to the poor fool."

"The squire turned and beheld me behind him. He was formed like a hog's head, he was so broad and fat, with a small bullet head, and little rat-like eyes, that glinted furiously upon me as he turned."

"Wilt thou take up his quarrel?" he asked, drawing his sword.

"I will," answered I, for my blood was up at seeing the poor fool, whom we all knew, so savagely treated.

"A ring! a ring!" shouted the crowd, and a ring was soon formed within which we pointed and parried for some time, till he gave me the wound, the mark of which you see upon my forehead."

"My sword also touched him several times, but at last, with one good plunge, I sent my weapon through his rib. That ended our duel. Half blinded with the blood that streamed from my wound, I rushed through the crowd and reached my horse, and ere the forces of the President had time for pursuit, I was far on the road to the 'Hold of the Valley.' I promise you all, my lords and gentlemen, that it was a long time again till I visited Limerick."

"Wert ever tried for the deed?" asked the Lord Justice, after emptying a small silver goblet that was attached by a chain to his richly chased belt.

"Never," answered Sir Pierce Creagh.

"Then, by my knightly vow!" returned the Lord Justice, with a grim smile, "had I been President at the time, thou wouldst assuredly have hung for it."

"It is not too late yet," exclaimed several of the audience, laughing. "A trial! a trial! my Lord. Sir Pierce Creagh is guilty of slaying a liege subject, by his own confession, and therefore deserveth to die the death!"

"No comrades," said another, a low-sized but extremely stout knight, who now stood up and seized Sir Pierce Creagh's hand, "the squire was not killed, for I am he! Sir Pierce," he continued, laughing, and shaking the brawny hand he held, though I was two good months on my bed, in consequence of thy brave thrust o' sword, I think that scar thou showest makes us quits. What sayest thou?"

"I say, Sir Roger Lombard," answered the grizzly old soldier, standing up and shaking the hand of the other warmly, in return, "that never in my life did I feel so glad as on this Christmas night!"

As he spoke a heavy tramping was heard outside in the snow, and the next instant a gigantic archer—a cross-bow man—with his two attendants, stalked into the apartment, and up to where

the Lord Justice sat. The knights put their hands to their swords, expecting an attack; but Sir Ralph Ufford waved his hand for silence, and then turned his fierce and eager gaze upon the intruder.

"What tidings hast thou brought, sir archer?" he said, as the cross-bow man drew himself up respectfully before him.

"I have brought more than tidings, my lord," answered the archer. "Look on this key. It belongs to the postern gate of the castle of the island, where Sir Eustace Poer and his comrades and followers are even now indulging in their drunken revelry. Ere I stole the key, I saw, through a loop-hole, Sir Eustace and other knights, thine enemies, draining the wine goblet to thy downfall, over their chess-table. Art for a bold deed, my lord? If thou art, follow me, and I will lead thee upon them in the midst of their revelry!"

"What reward dost thou expect for this signal service?" asked the Lord Justice, with a grim look.

"I am a free archer, belonging to the Desmond," answered the cross-bow man; "but the Desmond will not take up my quarrel. I must, therefore, put it in other hands. Last Hallowe'en Sir Eustace Poer hanged my brother and my only son at his castle gate, and ever since I have haunted his stronghold like a spectre, without getting an opportunity for vengeance till to-night, when I found the warder drunken at the postern. This is the key, and, when all is over, I ask but the head of my mortal foe!"

"Thou shalt have it, by my fay!" answered the Lord Justice. "And now," continued he, turning to the cross-bow man's two attendants, "what do these wild kerns want with thee?"

"They will speak for themselves, my lord," answered the archer.

"I want to share in the attack," said the first gillie. "The knight of Castle-island burned my home by the banks of Feale, and lopped off my father's head with one sweep of his sword at the Ford of Bierna, and therefore I want vengeance—head for head!"

"I had my skene at the throat of his nephew at the battle of Tiernan's Bridge," said the other gillie, with a wild light in his grey eye, "and I remembered the wrongs of my race, and would have the knife steeped to the hilt in his blood, were it not for the charge of the Knight of Castle-island, who bore down like a torrent with his men-at-arms upon us, and gave me this with a back slash of his sword," continued he, suddenly baring his broad chest, and exhibiting the mark of a wound, "but to-night we can pay back all!" and with that he plucked forth his dagger and shook it in the direction of the doomed castle.

"Yes, and pay yourselves!" exclaimed the Lord Justice, starting to his feet; "for I have heard that Sir Eustace Poer, after robbing the whole country, hath more gold in his fortalice than the mad Knight of York had, who shod his horses with it. Arm yourselves, gentlemen, and follow me, and we will show yonder traitor and his drunken companions, be they belted knights twenty times over, that they cannot safely beard the Lord Justice, armed with the authority of our master the king!"

The horses were brought from where they were picqueted beneath the shelter of the trees, and in about half-an-hour afterwards the whole band, led by the Lord Justice and the vengeful archer, was winding its way through the snowy forest towards the Castle of the Island. After arriving at a spot within the distance of an arrow-shot from the castle, Sir Ralph Ufford gave orders to his men to dismount and tie their horses in the wood hard by. He then led them down cautiously towards the postern indicated by the archer. But caution seemed now unnecessary, for the warders had forsaken

their posts, and stolen into the hall to join their comrades in the revel. The archer opened the postern door, and the band filed after him into the deserted court-yard; where they stood, the sounds of reckless and drunken revelry breaking upon their ears from the distant hall.

"Go," whispered Sir Ralph Ufford to the archer, "and climb yonder buttress—from it thou canst see how they are engaged within."

The archer did as he was directed, and looked in through a loop-hole—the same through which he had peered some hours before. There they were, warders and all, singing, shouting, and drinking away in their mad revel, while Death, a veritable thief in the night, was hovering over their heads, and that of their master. At the upper end of the hall sat Sir Eustace Poer, and a few of his comrade knights, engaged in a game of chess, and laughing loudly at the various fortunes of the play. The archer sprang down and reported what he had seen to the stern Lord Justice, who, beckoning to his followers, strode round to the main door of the fortalice, and rushed in, sword in hand. Up started the revellers in wild affright, some of them drawing their swords or seizing the battle-axes from the wall to resist the sudden attack, whilst others vainly endeavoured to make their escape by the door through which their mail-clad enemies were still rushing inward. A knight who sat by Sir Eustace Poer immediately attacked Sir Ralph Ufford,

who was in advance with the archer, but a blow from the heavy sword of the Lord Justice stretched him mortally wounded on the floor beside a table, which had been overturned in the struggle. Sir Eustace Poer sprang to his feet, and drew his sword, but a heavy blow on the head from the stock of the archer's cross-bow flung him senseless beside his fallen companion. A general butchery commenced, for the revellers, unarmed as they were, were unable to cope with the fierce and iron-clad band of knights and men-at-arms, who rushed so suddenly upon them.

"Slay him not!" exclaimed Sir Ralph Ufford, as the archer was about to plunge his dagger through the breast of the hapless master

of the castle, who still lay upon the floor—"if the caitiff still lives after thy brave blow, we will hang him before his own gate, even as he hanged thy brother and son. In the name of our liege-lord the king," continued he, turning to those who still endeavoured to defend themselves, "I, Ralph Ufford, Lord Justice of Ireland, command you all to lay down your arms, in which case you will get mercy—all, except Sir Eustace Poer, who lieth wounded here, and Sir William Grant, whom I am sorry to see in such company, but who can expect no quarter!"

His command was instantly obeyed, the castle rendered up, and in the dead of that icy Christmas night, the cross-bow man and his two attendants, as they stood before the gate of Castle Island, looked with a smile of grim and vengeful pleasure upon the bodies of Sir Eustace Poer and Sir William Grant depending from the ominous cross-beam over the archway. Without more ado the Lord Justice and his stern band sat themselves down in the hall of the fortalice they had thus taken, and there finished their Christmas cheer.

R. D. J.

ACQUAINTANCE AND FRIEND.—Man's life is a chain, and every acquaintance he forms in its course is a link, completing the whole. Affection is the clasp securing it, which only snaps when Death severs it.





NEW BRIDGE.

THE town of New Bridge, county Kildare, is pleasantly situated on the river Liffey, the banks of which, above the town, are very beautiful and fertile, a great extent of rich pasture land extending from the river on either side. About a mile above the town are the ruins of Great Connell Abbey, founded by Meyler Fitzhenry, A.D. 1202; a mile below is the large bog of Mounds. The cavalry barracks in the town are very extensive.

It is rather anomalous to call the oldest bridge now remaining on the river Liffey, New Bridge, for, with the exception of the ancient Bridge of Dublin, which was taken down and rebuilt some years since, it is asserted to be the first stone bridge which spanned it. We learn from Pembroke's "Annals," that this bridge was erected in the year 1308, by John le Decer, the Lord Mayor of Dublin in that year, at his own expense. The bridge is situated about a mile south-west of the town of Leixlip, illustrated in our last number. It consists of four arches, some of which are semi-circular and others pointed. Like the majority of most ancient bridges, it is high and extremely narrow. "Mantled with luxuriant ivy," says Dr. Petrie, "and enriched with the varied and

mellow tints of so many centuries, it is in itself an object of great picturesque beauty; but these attractions are greatly enhanced by the quiet, yet romantic, features of the scenery immediately about it—particularly the woods, and the ruins of the venerable Abbey of St. Woolstan."

THE BLACK DOCTOR

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. STAMMERS opened the door with feverish haste, and Bramble stood before one who was the very personification of physical suffering and mental distress.

"Oh, Doctor, have you any news for me. I have lived a life of torture since I last saw you—tell me all—tell me the worst; this suspense is worse than a hundred deaths. His sister has cried herself to sleep, but there has been no sleep for me for nights, nor I fear is there any more peace for me in this world."

"I have good news for you," said Bramble, "aye, the very best news; I have the forged bill."

The lady stared with intense wonderment at the Black Doctor as she caught him by the hand, and her face was at once expressive of incredulity and amazement.

"This way, madam," said Stammers, as he led the lady to an adjoining room, where he placed the candle which he held on a table, and drew forth from his breast pocket the fatal pocket-book, within which was contained the cause of so much heart-burning affliction, within which was the product of

fraud and avarice, and the sad results of prodigality and crime—the records of many a human folly, and that which gave power and wealth to Abraham Isaacs.

Mrs. Stammers almost fainted, as she saw Bramble unclothe the strings which secured the pocket-book.

"Here it is," said Bramble, as he produced the forged bill and held it up to the light. "On that slip of dirty paper the life of

your husband and my friend depended. It is now yours," and the Black Doctor placed the bill in her hand.

She grasped it convulsively, and big tears rolled down her face, but they were tears of deep and soul-felt gratitude.

"How can my life and every energy of my soul thank you for the great good you have done us, and if my life can repay you it is at your service," said the lady, as she held the hand of Bramble in hers. But as she did so a cloud seemed to pass across her features, and she added: "I hope no wrong has been done to obtain this bill."

"None whatever," replied Bramble; "and you should not be conferring all your gratitude on me; the person who obtained the pocket-book is outside; would you wish to see him?"

"I would be most anxious to do so," said Mrs. Stammers, "that I may thank him."

Bramble cautiously opened the hall-door, and called Tony.

"All right," said Tony, as he ascended the steps and entered the hall, "this is a lonesome place, and it is very cold."

"This is the young person who found the pocket-book," said Bramble, introducing Tony, "and he gave it to me. He knew what it contained, and was aware how much you would wish to have it."

Mrs. Stammers ran over to Tony, and not only embraced him, but absolutely kissed him, much to his own surprise, as he did not think it necessary to remove his white hat.

"Yes, ma'am," said Tony, when he had recovered from his surprise, "the doctor is right; I found it, and I gave it to him."

"What is your name?" asked the lady, as she placed her hands on Tony's shoulders, and looked at him with eyes beaming with joy and thankfulness.

"Tony Johnson, ma'am," replied the boy; "I know your governor very well, and I would go a long way to serve him."

"This poor boy," said Mrs. Stammers, "reminds me of my duty. Where is my dear husband, and how is he? but how can he be if you have not informed him of the good news which you have told me?"

"We must be very cautious for some time in this matter," said Bramble. "You must not breathe a word even to Miss Stammers of the finding of the bill; tell her that her brother is safe, and will be here in the course of to-morrow. Above all things, keep that bill safe."

"I will," said Mrs. Stammers, "put it where its horrid presence shall never remind me of my husband's shame," and she held the bill towards the flame of the candle.

"Are you mad?" said Bramble, as he had just time to prevent the lady putting her threat into execution; "are you aware the Jew could get others to forge a bill to imitate that which you were going to burn, and swear, and get others to swear, that the one which was but an imitation was the original forgery?"

"I feel the importance of what you say," said Mrs. Stammers, "and you may rest assured that I will keep it safe."

"I am now compelled to leave you," said Bramble, "as Tony and I are going in the direction of home. He is to be my *cicerone*, and you may be expecting to see Mr. Stammers here in the evening, as in all probability I will meet him early."

Mrs. Stammers caught the doctor by the hand and said: "Accept the warmest gratitude of a mother and her children; as for Tony, the welfare of his future life shall be my anxious care; I owe him much, and I will repay him as well as I can. I will now bid you good-night," said the lady, almost overcome by emotion, when Bramble and Tony left and gently closed the hall-door after them.

As they were leaving Elm Place, Tony inquired: "Where are you going, doctor?"

"To Mud Island," replied Bramble, "where we will remain till daylight."

When they reached this classic locality, Bramble entered the room where Stammers lay, and, addressing him, said: "Stammers, I am happy in being able to inform you that your wife has now the bill in her possession, and you are safe from all danger."

"Don't mock me in my misery," said Stammers, as he rose from his wretched pallet, but immediately fell backwards, exhausted. "I have," continued the sick man, fifty thousand pounds—I will pay all my debts this night."

"I am afraid," said Bramble, addressing the Mud Island king in a low tone of voice, "that our poor friend has lost his reason. Have you observed anything like delirium about him?"

"He has been raving all day," said the king, "and I fear that he is stark mad this moment. Poor gentleman, the shock he has received, together with his recent accident, has been too much for him."

"This," said Bramble, "is the most unfortunate item in the case, now that the danger which he and his friends most apprehended is all past. What is to become of his poor wife and helpless children?"

Meanwhile the patient continued to writhe as if convulsed on his pallet. The Doctor strove so far as possible to soothe the frenzied excitement of his unhappy friend, and had at length the satisfaction of seeing him fall into a profound slumber just about daybreak, when the entrance of Tony drew the Doctor's attention, who made a sign to that wide-awake young gentleman to tread softly, to speak low, and not disturb the maimed and heart-worn sleeper.

"The detective is going to get his reward," said Tony, chuckling in high glee. "They are going to tar and feather him."

The Doctor repeating by gesture his intimation of silence to Tony, both left the room of the sufferer, and proceeded to the window of an out building, or rather round hovel, from whence they could enjoy a full view of the operation of tarring and feathering, a process by no means new to the executive of Mud Island.

The luckless detective (Horseman) had been led from an underground cellar, wherein he had been confined, together with Squint for his companion, during the previous night. His appearance at the place of execution was hailed with shouts and roars of ribald mirth by the vast mob assembled. The process of denuding the hapless victim of his garments was accomplished with marvellous celerity by "Red Dan," who evinced a dexterity in the disrobing process which proved him to be an accomplished and tried hand at that sort of work. The tar brush was most vigorously and unsparingly applied by a half dozen willing operators, who speedily covered the body corporate of poor Horseman with a dense bituminous coat, his entreaties for mercy and forbearance being interrupted by the casual introduction of the loaded tar brush into his gaping mouth. The tarring having been completed, a sack full of feathers was then showered, of course with unsparing liberality, over his tar-covered body. The aspect of the feathered biped was so truly comical, that the grave features of the saturnine Black Doctor relaxed into a smile, whilst Tony crowed and capered with ecstasy. The process of the execution of the Mud Island sentence terminated by Horseman, tarred and feathered as he was, being drummed out of the King's territories beyond the Spring Garden frontier, with all the ignominy considered to be due to a spy and an informer. The fife and drum of the Mud Island militia played "The Rogue's March" in front, and thus amidst the yells of the mob, the shrill laugh of the women and girls, and the shouts of the young population, Horseman made his exit from the Mud Island territory, and having had his water-soaked clothes thrown to him, retreated to hide his shame and discomfort in some private hostelry or lodging.

So soon as the crowd had dispersed, the Black Doctor, addressing Tony, said, "Tony, here is money, go and hire a chaise at once, and let it be brought to the door of the king's house immediately. It is necessary that my friend Mr. Stammers shall be removed from this without delay."

"All right, doctor," answered Tony; and, whistling a few bars of "The Rogue's March," interrupted by occasional roars of merriment, off went the young scamp on his message in search of a discreet jarvey.

It required a considerable amount of time and trouble to make Stammers ready for his journey from Mud Island to Elm-place, but by persuasion and gentle violence, the Black Doctor succeeded in prevailing on him. When the chaise drove up to the door, with Tony sitting on one of the back rails, in all the full excitement of juvenile delight, Bramble had to laugh at the antics of his young friend, whose white hat had undergone anything but a process of renovation during the past twenty-four hours.

"That is a precious young fellow," said the King of Mud Island, "I would like to have him as a subject."

"Tony," replied Bramble, "is one of the greatest artists of his time. I would not part with him for any consideration. He saved my friend from his worst enemies, and was the means of defeating Abraham Isaacs, the terrible Jew money-lender. This won't do," continued the Black Doctor, "as Mr. Stammers must be at home before the day is much older. You must help me to put the injured man into the chaise."

"No sooner said than done," replied the king; and in a short

time Stammers and Bramble were seated in the vehicle, driving at a brisk pace for Elm-place.

On arriving opposite the residence of Colonel Stammers, the Black Doctor alighted, and knocked gently at the hall-door, which was opened by Mrs. Stammers.

"Your husband is in the chaise," said Bramble, as the lady shook him warmly by the hand.

"A thousand thanks," said she, "are yours from me. How can I thank you or show my gratitude as I should do?"

The maimed man was borne from the chaise with as little delay as possible. He appeared to be suffering much pain, when he was placed in a bed fitted for his reception.

The meeting between Stammers and his wife was most affecting. "I owe that which is worth twenty lives to Bramble," said Stammers; "and to that little boy in the street. You have that accursed bill, I am informed. Keep it safe, at present I could not look at it."

"I have it," observed the lady, "in safe keeping, where no one can obtain it." As she spoke, Colonel Stammers, accompanied by his niece Charlotte, entered the room where Stammers was lying. When his sister saw him she was transported with joy, and the old man went towards him and addressed him in the most affectionate terms.

Colonel Stammers was about sixty-five years of age. He was still erect, and time seemed to have dealt leniently with him. He dressed with the greatest care, and wore the full blue body coat of the time, adorned with gilt buttons. He had on a buff vest, and cravat scrupulously white, secured by a large diamond brooch. Trowsers very tight at the ankles, pumps with jewelled clasps, and white silk stockings, completed the costume of the old colonel.

"You have got a bad hurt, I am sorry to hear, Bob," said he. "I have also learned that this gentleman,"—pointing to Bramble—"has done you good service. Accept my best thanks," continued the colonel, as he extended his hand to the Black Doctor.

"I have done my best," replied Bramble, "but the greatest quiet for many days will be required for your patient. I have to go now on important business, and I will call to see him to-morrow, when I trust he will be much better."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STANZAS BY MOONLIGHT.

The last spring moon was shining

Above Knockfierna's hill;

As late I lay reclining

By Woodstock's murmuring rill;

Which flows a scene of beauty round,

All silent and all still,

Save where the water's pleasant sound

Comes floating by the mill.

And sweetest fancies filled my mind

While gazing on the scene—

The village looming far behind,

The vernal lawns between;

I thought how calm my days might glide

In some retreat like this,

Afar from haunts of pomp and pride,

'Mid Nature's sylvan bliss.

There read the muses' mystic lore

In valley, grove, or stream;

Or high on Fancy's pinions soar,

Above the solar beam;

Or, sweeter still, with fond delight

To sing some lowly song

In such a scene—on such a night—

To maiden fair and young.

But well I know the rainbow's hue

Is fleeting as 'tis bright;

And still my days of rest are few,

• Nor cheered by love's fond light:

And I have neither wealth nor fame

To gain the valued boon;

Yet I can pleasing fancies frame

Beneath the silver moon.

P. J.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF TYPOGRAPHY.



HE many sciences necessary to be practised in the production of a book or periodical are so various and interesting, that we have little doubt a brief insight into the history and progress of the art of printing, will be acceptable to the readers of this journal.

We need scarcely remark that the science of typography is of comparatively modern origin; for although the principles upon which the art was ultimately developed are of the most remote antiquity, it is not more than four centuries since the first book issued from the press. Anterior to the invention of printing, raised words were cut on a block of wood, the impressions from which were taken by means of a simple pressure. To this day the Chinese pursue this rude method of printing, being the only people who do so. The work which they intend to be printed, is first written upon sheets of thin transparent paper, impressions of each of which, by the aid of glue, are transferred to tablets of hard wood. The engraver removes every portion of the blank surface of the block, and the transcribed characters are thus left in relief. The Chinese do not use any press, but when the ink is laid on, and the paper carefully placed above it, a brush is passed over with the necessary degree of pressure.

According to Davis, before the discovery of wooden blocks, the Chinese were accustomed to use stone blocks, on which the writing had been engraved, by means of which process the ground of the paper was made black, and the letters left white. The first moveable types that were constructed were of very rude and imperfect manufacture. The exact year of their introduction has not been ascertained, but it is certain to have taken place in the course of the fifteenth century, probably between the years 1437 and 1438. Although the credit of the discovery has been variously awarded, there is little doubt that it must justly be accorded to John Gutenberg (or Guttenbergh), a German. Even the briefest history of the art of printing would be incomplete without a sketch of his career. He is supposed to have been born at Mayence, or Mentz, early in the fifteenth century, and to have settled at Strasburg, about the year 1424. Eleven years afterwards he entered into partnership with three citizens of that town, binding himself to disclose certain important secrets connected with the science of typography, by means of which they would attain opulence. Shortly after their proceedings were initiated one of the partners died, upon which Gutenberg sent his servant to the brother of the deceased with the request that no stranger might be admitted into the workshop, lest their secret might be discovered. However, he was too late, for all the "plant" of the office had disappeared, a circumstance which produced a lawsuit amongst the surviving partners, the result being a dissolution amongst them.

In 1445-46 Gutenberg returned to his native city of Mentz, where he succeeded in obtaining the necessary capital for the prosecution of his typographic experiments, from a wealthy goldsmith and worker in precious metals, named John Fust, or Faust. This was the origin of the first regular printing establishment. Between the years 1450 and 1455 Gutenberg succeeded in printing complete an edition (in the Latin language) of the Bible. This was executed with cut metal types, on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves, and from copies still in existence in the Royal Libraries of Berlin and Paris, some impressions appear to have been printed on vellum. But the expenses incident upon the publication of this work subsequently proved the cause of Gutenberg's ruin. Successful legal proceedings were instituted against him by Faust, into whose possession the entire of his "plant" fell—the suit being followed by a dissolution of partnership. The story in which the latter is introduced under the name of "Dr. Faustus," and represented as having been in collusion with his Satanic majesty, originated in the superstitions of the vulgar with regard to the books first issued from the German press. In addition to this Bible, many other specimens of the typographic work of Gutenberg have been discovered. Amongst them is an almanac for the year 1457, which was found some years ago in the archives of Mayence. "This," remarks Hansard, "would most likely be printed towards the close of 1456, and may consequently be deemed the most ancient specimen of typographic print."

ing extant, with a *certain* date. That Gutenberg was a person of refined tastes in the execution of his works, is sufficiently obvious. Adopting a very ancient custom, common in the written copies of the Scriptures and the missals of the Church, he used a large ornamental letter at the commencement of books and chapters, finely embellished, and surrounded with a variety of figures as in a frame. The initial letter of the first psalm thus forms a beautiful specimen of the art of printing in its early progress. It is richly ornamented with foliage, flowers, a bird, and a greyhound; and it is still more beautiful from being printed in a pale blue colour, while the embellishments are red, and of a transparent appearance. What became of Gutenberg immediately after the unsuccessful termination of his lawsuit with Faust is not well known. Like the illustrious discoverer of the great western continent, he seems to have retired almost broken-hearted from the world, and to have spent most of the remainder of his days in obscurity. It is ascertained, however, that in the year 1465 he received an annual pension from the Elector Adolphus, but that he only enjoyed this small compensation for his extraordinary invention during three years, and died towards the end of the month of February, 1468." We may add that, not long since, a monument was erected to his memory in his native city.

All Gutenberg's types were individually cut by the hand, the mode of casting types in moulds being assigned to Schoeffer, an apprentice with Faust, and Gutenberg's successor. The first joint production of Faust and Schoeffer was an edition of the Psalms, the most perfect copy known of which is that in the Imperial Library of Vienna. It is the first publication to which the date, printer's name, and place of publication were affixed, and was discovered, according to Timperley, "in the year 1665, near Innspruck, in the castle of Ambras, where the Archduke Francis Sigismund had collected a prodigious quantity of manuscripts and printed books, taken for the most part from the library of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from whence it was transported to Vienna. The book is printed in folio, on vellum, and of such extreme rarity, that though not more than six or seven copies are known to be in existence, all of them differ from each other in some respect. . . . The capital letters are cut in wood, with a degree of delicacy and boldness which are truly surprising; the largest of them—the initial letters of the Psalms—which are black, red, and blue, must have passed three times through the press." Faust and Schoeffer succeeded in concealing the improvements which they had introduced into the typographical art till the year 1462, when, at the sacking of Mentz, their employes were dispersed into different countries, and the invention of printing was thus dispersed throughout Europe. From Mentz, its birth-place, the art travelled to Haerlem, in Holland, and Strasburg, each of these cities having its respective advocates for its first introduction.

It is a popular error to suppose that the credit of introducing the art into England is due to William Caxton, since we find record of a small quarto of forty-one leaves—copies of which are extant—as having been published at Oxford, in the year 1468, being three years antecedent to the commencement of his labours. From a work entitled "Original and Growth of Printing in England," published in London, in 1664, it would appear that the first introduction of the art occurred during the reign of Henry VI., which monarch, at the expense of fifteen hundred marks, sent R. Tournour, Master of the Robes, and William Caxton, merchant, on an express embassy to Haerlem, to secure the services of a printer named Corsellis, to come to England, and set up a press at Oxford, which city has, therefore, the honour of being the original seat of the art in England. The king subsequently established another press at St. Albans, and a third at Westminster, the last being placed under the charge of Caxton, in the year 1471. It is affirmed by many that the very old practice prevailing amongst printers of calling their office a "Chapel"—the title being also applied to a species of lodge in which they meet to settle any dispute which may occur amongst themselves—originated in Caxton's exercising the profession of a printer in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey. In a poem entitled "The Press," there occurs the following allusion to the epithet:

"O, Albion! still thy gratitude confess
To Caxton, founder of the British Press:
Since first thy mountains rose, and rivers flowed,
Who on thine isles so rich a boon bestowed?
Yet stands the chapel in yon Gothic shrine
Where wrought the father of our English line.

Our art was hailed from kingdoms far abroad,
And cherished in the hallowed house of God;
From which we learn the homage it received,
And how our sires its heavenly birth believed.
Each printer hence, howe'er unblest his walls,
Even to this day his house a CHAPEL calls."

William Caxton was born in Kent, in the year 1412, and was apprenticed to one Robert Large, a mercer of the city of London, who died in 1441, leaving him a legacy of twenty-four marks, with which fortune he went abroad, and acted, it is supposed, in the capacity of agent for the Company of Mercers, in Holland and Flanders, where he resided nearly thirty years. In such esteem was he held both at home and abroad for his probity and moral character, that Edward IV. appointed him one of the commissioners to complete a treaty of commerce with the Duke of Burgundy. On his arrival in England he obtained apartments in the Almonry, at Westminster, when was produced, in 1474, the "Game and Playe of Chesse." This was followed by the "Recollections of the Siege of Troy," from the preface to which we learn that Caxton had "practised and learned, at great charge and dispenche, to ordain that said book in print." This remarkable man was the first who introduced the printing with moulded metal types, a great improvement on the wooden letters of his predecessor Gutenberg; but for many years afterwards the art of type-casting remained in a very rude and imperfect state. Caxton died in 1490, at the age of seventy-eight, one of his biographers telling us that he worked both at "press and case" to the very last day of his life. In a paper like this it is impossible to give anything like a minute account of his life and labours, but we may obtain some idea of his industry when we find that, in addition to he being his own compositor and corrector, he also made his own type and ink, and left behind him no fewer than five thousand autograph manuscripts. His pupil and successor, Wynken de Worde, a foreigner, improved the art considerably, being the first printer in England who introduced the Roman letter, all previous printing having been in the black or German letter.

Printing was introduced into Scotland, and begun in Edinburgh, about thirty years after Caxton had brought it into England. Very few works, however, appear to have issued from the Scottish press until the year 1541, when James V. granted licences to print. The art was not known in Ireland till about the year 1551, when a book in black letter was issued from a press in Dublin. We regret, however, to be compelled to acknowledge that Ireland has never kept pace with the sister kingdoms in this department of the arts. Why this is the case it is not difficult to determine, and we shall perhaps take another opportunity of referring at length to the causes which have hitherto led to the total neglect of national for foreign literature. We may add here that the first printing-press established in America was one set up at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1638.

In the sixteenth century the number of type founders in England was limited to four; but in 1684, we learn from Joseph Moxon, himself a letter cutter, that "the number of founders and printers are grown very many, insomuch, that for the more easy management of typography, the operatives have found it necessary to divide it into the several trades of master-printer, letter-cutter, letter-caster, letter-dresser, the compositor, press-man, the ink-maker, besides several other trades which they take in their assistance, as the smith, joiner, &c." For much of the present excellence of the form and elegance of types we are indebted to the late Mr. William Caslon, letter-founder in Chiswell-street, Finsbury, London, where his descendants still carry on the trade. Caslon was originally an engraver of ornamental devices on the barrels of firearms; but having, about the year 1720, been employed to cut a fount of Arabic letters for an edition of the New Testament, he was so successful that he abandoned his original profession, and started as a letter-founder, the superiority of his types speedily putting a stop to the importation of foreign letters. Mr. Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, was another very eminent type-founder; nor must we omit to award a word of praise to the durability and elegance which, for a half a century past, have characterised the letters cast in the foundry of Messrs. Miller and Richard, of Edinburgh.

The first step in the process of type-founding is the cutting of a punch or die, of hardened steel, with the figure of the letter cut the reverse way upon its point. When finished, this figure is struck into a piece of copper, which being thus impressed with the repre-

sensation of the letter, is termed the matrix. This matrix is then fixed in a frame, called a mould, the external surface of which is of wood, the internal of steel. There is an orifice at the top, through which the metal (an amalgam of lead and regulus of antimony, the smaller letters requiring the greater quantity of the latter metal) is poured. The mould, with the matrix at the bottom, is held in the hand of the founder, who pours the necessary quantity of hot metal into the cavity, swings the mould dexterously round his head, and thus forces the metal into the interstices of the matrix; the metal instantly cooling, the mould is opened by the pressure of a spring, and the type is cast out, the operation taking the eighth of a minute. From the caster the letters go to the breaking-off boy and rubber, who remove any adhering metal and smooths their sides. They are then set up in long lines upon a frame, and carefully dressed or finished. There are about one hundred and thirty separate pieces to a perfect fount of type, consisting of capitals, or "upper case" (A B C D); small capitals (A B C D); small letters, or "lower case" (a b c d); accents (á é í ó); signs, fractions ($+$ = $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{5}{8}$) etc. From the scale adopted by every type-founder to show the proportional quantity of each letter required for a fount, it would appear that the letter *e* is employed more frequently than any other letter.

For book work there are about sixteen sizes of letter, each letter having a separate name. The smallest is "Brilliant," the next "Diamond," and then in succession upwards, "Pearl," "Ruby," "Nonpareil," "Minion," "Brevier," "Bourgeois," (the letter with which this journal is printed,) "Long Primer," &c. Every description of type is sold by weight, and the price varies in amount according to the size of the letter; "Brilliant," the smallest size, costs about fifteen shillings per pound. The types used in printing offices are sorted in shallow boxes, with divisions, called "cases," and distinguished as the "upper" and "lower case," the former containing all the capitals, small capitals, accented letters, and characters used as references to notes, and the latter all the small letters, placed without any alphabetical arrangement, the only guide to their particular position being the size of the division devoted to them, the letters most in use being placed in the larger boxes. When the printer has composed or "set" the manuscript allotted to him, the matter is formed into pages, or "forms," as they are technically called, "imposed" upon an iron slab, and finally secured in an iron frame or "chess," to make it ready for the pressman, who "works it off." Of course, proof-sheets of the matter have been previously taken, and subjected to the careful scrutiny of the "reader," who marks all the words and phrases to be altered or corrected. We have already, in a paper upon "Errors of the Press," shown the care and attention with which it is necessary this functionary should discharge his duties. A recent writer has truly observed: "Many who condescend to illuminate the dark world with the fire of their genius, little think of the lot of the printer, who sits up till midnight to correct their false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuation. I have seen the arguments of lawyers in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own handwriting—many words, especially technical and foreign terms, abbreviated, words misspelled, and few or no points, and these few, if there were any, certainly out of place. I have seen the sermons of eminent divines sent to press without points or capitals to designate the division of the sentences; also the letters of the political and scientific correspondent. Suppose all these had been so printed, the printer would have been treated with scorn and contempt. No body would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance or carelessness of the author; and no one but the practical printer knows how many hours a compositor, and after him a proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to readable condition manuscript that often the writers themselves would be puzzled to read."

Stereotyping literally signifies the manufacture of *solid* pages of types, and the invention is ascribed to a Mr. William Ged, of Edinburgh, about the year 1725. The utility of the process will be at once obvious. Let us take this journal, for example. It frequently occurs that many more copies are sold of one number than another, and if the types were kept "standing" to complete sets, so much letter would be "blocked up," that is, remain unemployed, and a serious loss to the printer, as well as delay in the publication, be the result. There are two modes of stereotyping. In the one the pages are encrusted with a level cake of liquid stucco, which hardens almost immediately, and is then separated from the type. By this means an

exact representation of the letters and illustrations is obtained. The stucco moulds are next placed in an oven and baked to a certain degree of hardness, after which they are laid, with their faces downwards, in a square iron pan, having a lid of the same metal, with holes at the corners. This pan being immersed in a pot of molten type-metal, which enters by means of the holes and fills the moulds, a fictitious plate or page of types is thus produced. The other mode is the papier-mâché process, by means of which the "Illustrated Dublin Journal" is stereotyped, and which is thus described in Chambers's "Information for the People." "The substance used in making the mould consists of several layers of paper—one of brown paper, another of blotting-paper, and two of thin white paper—glued together with a paste made for the purpose. It is kept always in a damp state; and when about to be applied to the types, the surface is lightly and very carefully rubbed with French chalk, to prevent the plate from adhering to the mould. The paper is then laid on the types and beaten into them with a hard brush, a piece of cotton cloth being laid over it to prevent its being destroyed. When it is sufficiently beaten in, an additional layer of paper is applied on the top to strengthen the mould, and the whole is placed for some time under a press, and then on an iron table heated for the purpose of drying it. The mould being dry, is removed from the types, and the edges being pared, is now ready for casting. The casting-box consists of two pieces joined by a hinge; the mould is placed in the one half, and the other being fastened down, leaves a space equal to the desired thickness of the plate. The metal is then poured in at the open end of the box, and sets almost immediately. Care must be taken that the metal be not too hot, otherwise it adheres to the mould. When French chalk is too freely used, the quality of the plate is injured. If a piece of white paper dipped into the metal is made dark-brown, it is a sign the metal is too hot."

In future papers we shall notice the mechanical progression of literature, from the days of the rude old screw-printing press to those when machines are manufactured capable of throwing off twenty thousand impressions per hour, as well as the history of the substance upon which we write, from the time when the first paper was made from the *papyrus* of the Nile, to that when an English Chancellor of the Exchequer abolished the duty upon it, and thereby added additional weight (if any were necessary) to the aphorism: "Educate that you may be free."

HOW THE CHINESE MAKE DWARF TREES.—We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them "keepers at home," but how they contrived to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower pots for half a century, has always been much of a secret. With the breaking down of their famous wall and of their exclusiveness, this, among other curious nonsense, has been partly discovered and understood. It is the product chiefly of skilful, long-continued root pruning. They aim, first, and last, at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavouring to weaken it as far as may consist with the preservation of life. They begin at the beginning. Taking a young plant (say a seedling or cutting of a cedar), when only two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat. As the Chinese pride themselves also on the *shape* of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires, and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances to promote symmetry of habit, or to fashion their pets into odd, fancy figures. Thus, by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of tap-roots is out of the question; by the use of the soil, and little of it, and little water, strong growth is prevented. Then, too, the top and side-roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning-knife, or seared with his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed off on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life, and just growth enough to live and look well. Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, and the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion.

A VOICE FROM AN OWL.



FROM the most remote period the family which I have the honour to represent have been proverbial for their wisdom. If any proof were needed to verify this fact, it may be found in the circumstance that my effigy—or rather that of one of my family—was thought fit to adorn the casque of Minerva. For the perpetrator of the phrase, “as stupid as an owl,” I entertain the most profound contempt, as, I am happy to believe, my readers do likewise. Stupid, indeed! Why, reverting from the past to the present, I can adduce no better illustration of our wisdom than the fact—and it is a fact not to be laughed at—that with other sage birds in the Zoological Gardens, I am a “constant reader” (to employ a rather hackneyed expression) of the “Illustrated Dublin Journal.” I am by no means egotistical, but it is my impression that the effect of one of the handsomest initial letters in its pages is due to the representation of an owl appended thereto. And while on the subject of wisdom, I must confess that the design of the letter in question testifies to the sapience and taste of the artist, while—as wit is not seldom allied to wisdom—speaking in a personal sense, it suits me to a T. In fact, I am so pleased with it that I herewith send

my portrait to the Editor, accompanied by a few notes, for which he may find a corner.



The general character of my family is, I may premise, as follows: Our eyes are large, and are surrounded with a radiated circle of feathers, of which the eye itself is the centre; our beaks and talons are strong and crooked; our bodies very short, but thick, and well covered with a coat of the softest and most delicate plumage; the external edges of our outer quill feathers, in general, are finely fringed, which adds greatly to the smoothness and silence of our flight.

There are numerous branches of my family. Chief amongst these I must notice the “Great-Eared Owl,” who in size is not much inferior to an eagle, but is rarely found in the United Kingdom. Then there is the “Long-Eared, or Horned Owl,” remarkable on account of its horns, or ears, which consist of six feathers, closely laid together, of a dark brown colour, tipped and edged with yellow. The upper part of the body is beautifully pencilled with fine streaks of white, rusty, and brown. In addition there are the “Short-Eared Owl,” the “White Owl,” the “Barn Owl,” the “Screech Owl,” the “Gillihowt,” and others, who, like the company at a public meeting, are “too numerous to mention.” With a fresh protest against any member of my family being deemed a type of dulness, I will conclude by asking, with the poet—

“Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When we the solemn owl despise?”

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER VII.

CONTAINS WHAT THE WRITER CONSIDERS SOME VERY SOUND ADVICE, TOGETHER WITH THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF THE MELANCHOLY END OF A CERTAIN CAT OF THE “SQUEEZER” SPECIES—A SOLEMN WARNING TO MRS. SQUEEZER.



IN the last chapter of these papers I gave a true and unvarnished account of my attempted dinner party at my “apartments,” as Mrs. Squeezer designates my suite of rooms. I related with perfect candour the manner in which I was over-reached by that astute female, and my hospitable intentions frustrated. I kept nothing back, neither did “I aught extenuate, or aught set down in malice,” as my intention was to give the readers of this journal a plain, unvarnished tale, leaving it, then, to them to determine whether Mrs. Squeezer may not, in very truth, be considered “a real grievance” in my regard.

You may easily believe, courteous reader, that, after the failure of my dinner, and the ignominious defeat which I suffered, I did not attempt to repeat the experiment. It was at once too costly and too unsatisfactory; and Mrs. Squeezer had the satisfaction, and I have no doubt that she enjoyed it prodigiously, of having beaten me, beaten me hollow, I may say, on every point on which we had engaged in combat. Armed at all points, up to every dodge of offensive or defensive warfare, and with her immense experience in doing for young men, (I have very little doubt that she did for the late lamented Mr. S., too, if the truth were only known,) I was but a mere babe in her hands, and had no resource but to sit meekly down, cross my hands upon my breast, humbly bow my poor crest-fallen head, and acknowledge myself conquered. It was a lamentable state of things, but there appeared no help for it, and it has always been a fundamental part of my philosophy to “make the best of a bad job,” as they say in that part of the country whence I sprung. Hence, I did not add to my real grievances, by allowing myself to be too much overcome by my misfortunes, but with that elasticity of mind which, I am gratified to say, distinguishes me, endeavoured to look at the brightest side of these untoward occurrences. When, for example, the tails of my coat were so unluckily set on fire by the box of matches which I carried in my pocket, for the purpose of lighting my lamp, I didn’t fret and fume about my coat, which, indeed, was irretrievably ruined, and which I didn’t take the trouble of picking up out of the street into, which I threw it, (I recognised it the other day on the back of an urchin of some eight years of age, in Liffey-street, the two tails trailing behind him in the dirt, like a presentation train,) but I at once said to myself, “Incog, my boy, you have lost your coat, no doubt, but just consider that before you could have succeeded in pulling it off, you *might* have been all in a blaze; and instead of merely feeling uncomfortably warm about the region where the matches were creating so much mischief, you might have been very uncomfortably singed, and so be thankful after all.” Again, when Mrs. Squeezer’s cat capsize the handy young woman, of whom frequent mention was made in the last chapter, and (I say nothing about the dinner) caused her to sprain her ankle, the way I put it was this, viz.: that, instead of throwing down the handy young woman, and spraining her ankle, he might have thrown *me* down, and not merely have caused me to sprain my ankle, but even to break my neck; and, when I looked at it in this light, I confess that I soon recovered my equanimity, and considered that it was a much lesser evil to have had my dinner wasted, and to have had to pay a larger sum for breakage, doctor’s bill, etc., (I am sure that £10 didn’t cover all,) than to have had my own ankle sprained, or, perhaps, even to have suffered the dislocation of my neck, an injury which, I have been informed, it is beyond the skill of even the most clever and scientific doctor to repair.

This is my way of treating the “ups” and the “downs” of this life. I have had a fair share of them, yet still, more of the “downs” than the “ups,” I am quite sure; but, somehow, I have managed to pull through them all, and have arrived at my present period of life, whatever that *may* be, without having suffered so much from the wear and tear of life as most of my friends; and this happy

result I attribute solely to the sound philosophy upon which I have always endeavoured to act, and which I am striving to impress upon the favourable notice, of my readers. Farmer Ashfield, of "Speed the Plough" notoriety, has always been a great favourite of mine. His philosophy is my philosophy, and hence the reason of my favourable sentiments towards him. "Never despair, Farmer," says a certain Mr. Morrington to the sturdy old man, when he is about to be turned out of house and home.

Listen to the philosophy of the old man's answer, which, divested of its Somersetshire dialect, and translated into English, more or less comprehensible, runs thus:—

"I never do, sir," he answers. "It's not my way. When the sun do shine, I never think of foul weather—not I; and when it do begin to rain, I always think that it's a sure sign that it will give over." Now, what could be sounder or more practical than this answer of the old farmer's? and, as it contains a very apt illustration of my code of philosophy, I here present it to you, courteous reader; and, if I may presume to give you a piece of advice, it is this—viz., always to try and look at the bright side of things. Try and meet your troubles half-way, and you are half-through them. We cannot expect *always* to have good fortune; and when bad fortune does come upon us, there is nothing to be gained by sitting down in a corner, covering our ambrosial locks with dust and ashes, and giving vent to nothing but sighs and groans. No; let us look it boldly in the face. "We should manage our fortune," says La Rochefoucauld, "as we do our health—enjoy it when good; be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity." When things come to the worst, they are sure to take a turn; or, at all events, we must endeavour to persuade ourselves that it will be so.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

Such are the words which the great man who wrote of these things as scarce another ever wrote, puts into the mouth of the noble Roman, and who is there who may not learn a lesson from them? Yes, kind and intelligent readers of the "Illustrated Dublin Journal," this is my advice to you; and, we now know one another so well—and I have reasons enough for believing, that the bond of sympathy which inevitably springs up between a man who writes with a strong and earnest desire to benefit as well as amuse his fellow men and his readers, has already been born between you and me—that I am sure I may presume to repeat my piece of advice—by always to try and meet your troubles half way. When adverse winds are blowing, and a thousand contrary currents are carrying you hither and thither, sometimes threatening even to dash you upon the rocks and overwhelm you with destruction, always try to keep your look-out eye sharp upon this tide, of which the poet speaks. Catch it. Steer your bark into it like a man at the proper moment. Hold the rudder with a firm and unflinching hand, and never doubt, but the favouring flood will eventually lead you on to fortune, and to happier things; and even if, after all, you *should* go down—and you won't be the first honest, single-hearted man who has been swamped by the flood of life—you will at least have the consolation of feeling that you struggled like a man, and that you only gave up when you were utterly impotent for further efforts, and what need you care for the world and its opinion then? The great Cardinal was never half so great as in his fall, nor, can anything be more sublime than the words put into his mouth—

"Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

Such, dear reader, is my advice to you, as I know that you will take it in the same spirit in which it is given; and be sure that you will be the happier at all events, if not the better for it. It is the same habit of "taking things easy," which has supported me in all my troubles, and more particularly in the annoyances which I have

suffered at the hands and appetites of Mrs. Squeezer and her cat; and this remark brings me back to my subject. I confess that since I began to write these papers I have got into a sad habit of rambling away, and treating, as a certain learned old gentleman put on the title page of a book he published, "*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," which means, as far as I can put it into English—but it loses its force by being translated—"Concerning *everything*, with several *other* interesting matters." However, courteous reader, allow me to say in this place, that although I may appear to ramble, still I never do so without an aim. Of that aim I fondly hope I need not here pause to speak. Moreover, as soon as ever I have reason to believe that my rambles are either growing uninteresting, or that you are becoming disinclined to follow, I shall at once bring my disquisition to a speedy close, and "Finis" will be appended to these papers with as little delay as possible. But, on the other hand, so long as I have reason to hope that the readers of this "Journal" turn with pleasure and expectancy to that part of it where the "Grievance Papers" are generally to be found, so long shall I continue my humble efforts to amuse and instruct you, at least, until the subject shall be exhausted, and with due submission to the all-powerful sway of the Editor, who, of course may, any day, should he be so viciously inclined, turn off my steam, and bring me to a sudden stop. And now, courteous reader, hoping that you are only a hundredth part as happy to meet me in print as I am proud to have the privilege of appearing before you, and of finding just one little atom of room, and I will say, of kindly feeling in your hearts, and hoping still more fondly, that the longer we know one another the better we may like one another, I will now return from these roadside wanderings to the beaten track, along which my course is laid.

I think I have made the remark more than once, and I now solemnly repeat it, viz., that I believe that I have been driven as near to desperation by the machinations against my peace, of Mrs. Squeezer and her cat, as it is well possible for a man to go. Whether I may ever pass the limit, is more than I can say. My temper, I am happy to believe, is good, but still I am but human, and being but human, I must confess with the poet (the quotation I admit is rather stale,)

"Nil humanum a me alienum puto."

or, in other words, there is nothing which an aggravated specimen of the human species may perpetrate, to which I may not be eventually driven in revenge, or self-defence.

I wish no harm to Mrs. Squeezer or her cat. I have no desire to be brought under the notice of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the agents of which, I am given to understand, go about our streets in the guise of benevolent-looking old gentlemen, that they may thus more easily pounce upon cabmen, coalporters, and other individuals whose feelings towards animals are not generally supposed to be of the most tender character. I should shrink into my very shoes with shame were I brought before a presiding magistrate, and charged with having, in a spirit of refined cruelty, converted, or caused to be converted, so the indictment would run, Mrs. Squeezer's cat into a rabbit pie, and still further—so the indictment would go on—by malicious perversion and mis-statement caused said pie to be consumed by the aged lady to whom said cat pertained, to the grievous bodily injury and detriment of aged lady aforesaid, etc., etc; and yet, Mrs. Squeezer, such things *have* happened. It is in a spirit of peace and friendliness towards you that I raise my voice and solemnly proclaim to you, through the medium of this "Journal," which I know that you read, that such things have happened, and that matters have been so arranged, that "rampagious" old ladies have actually, thinking that they were devouring the lodger's pie, feasted on their own cats—baked, and served as "rabbit."

Listen, Mrs. Squeezer, if you please. Some friends of mine had apartments in Glasgow. They suffered grievous injuries at the hands (I suppose the critics will object that cats haven't got hands,) of the landlady's cat, and not being gifted with my amiable and forgiving spirit, they retaliated. I have reason to believe that the Glasgow cat was of the same species as your brute, Mrs. Squeezer; for his depredations, too, extended to the matters of spirits, tea, and, in a word, of whatever was going. Well, this unfortunate animal was caught, killed, (oh! what a case for the benevolent Society already alluded to,) skinned, and sent to a pastry cook's, where he was made into a pie, highly seasoned, and covered over

with a delicious-looking crust. When properly baked he was sent home to the lodgings of my friends. The landlady had already missed her precious favourite, but, as he was accustomed every now and then to leave home for a few days, (on a party of pleasure; most probably,) without permission, his absence had not caused any very particular surprise. Well, my friends, on receiving their delicious pie—and they told me that you *really* could not distinguish it from “rabbit”—carefully removed a portion of the crust and also of the inside—the *meat*, I suppose, we ought to call it—as if they had eaten it. I promise you that they *didn't* eat it; but they took good care to keep what they had removed out of sight, and the pie had all the appearance of having afforded a hearty lunch to two healthy young men. There was more than half of it left; and upon leaving the house, these wicked young men gave particular orders that the remains of the pie should be most carefully preserved, as it was of extraordinary excellence. They collected several friends, who were all wild with excitement to witness the denouement of this horrible affair, and in due time, about seven in the evening, they returned in a body to my friends' apartments. It was quite evident from the confusion of tongues that issued from the back parlour that the landlady was entertaining a select party of acquaintances. My friends ascended to their own apartments, and rang the bell for tumblers, and the remains of the cold pie which they had ordered to be put away. After a time the servant brought up the tumblers, and, “Mistress was very sorry, but really the pie had disappeared, and could not be found anywhere. That nasty, mischievous cat had made away with it, and eaten every morsel of it.” As soon as the servant had left the room, the wicked young fellows almost danced again with mad excitement. Again they rang the bell, and sent down an angry message, demanding the relics of their precious pie, and again the same answer was returned—“the cat, the mischievous cat.” At length, pretending to have lost all patience, and boiling over with irrepressible indignation, they all rushed down to the landlady's room. Tartan, who headed the party, tore like a madman into the room, taking very good care to leave the door wide open, so that the others who were outside in the passage might witness all that passed.

There were some six or seven old ladies seated round the table, in the centre of which stood the dish which had contained the pie, quite empty, whilst the mouths of the old ladies were still greasy, as if from delicious picking of bones, and consuming of savoury tit-bits.

“My pie!” roared Tartan, in a pretended fury. “I want to know, ma'am,” addressing the landlady, “what has become of the pie which I desired to be so carefully kept? It is atrocious, and I will never sleep under this roof another night!”

The landlady had dexterously and unperceived, as she fondly imagined, by Tartan, thrown the corner of the table cloth over the empty pie-dish, and, deluding herself with this false idea, she stood upon her dignity.

“Really, Mr. Tartan,” began the Glasgow Mrs. Squeezer, “I don't know what you mean by thus rudely forcing yourself into my room, when I am entertaining a few of my friends. As to your worthless pie,” she went on with unblushing effrontery, “all I have got to say is, that it was carefully put away, and if the cat got at

it and devoured it, I can't help it; and have only to beg that you will at once retire from my apartments.”

She delivered herself of this brazen speech, (I suppose it is a habit which elderly females who take in and do for young men gradually acquire,) with a great deal of confidence and self-possession, considering the circumstances and the nature of the case, and her gesture, as she pointed with her finger to the door, was really quite impressive.

Tartan, however, didn't budge an inch. He walked coolly over to the table, and taking the corner of the table-cloth between his finger and thumb, deliberately turned it back, thus displaying in all the beauty of its cleanly-polished sides, the empty pie-dish.

“I always believed that your cat, madam, was an extraordinary animal,” he said, looking fixedly at the landlady the while; “but, really, if it be true that he has devoured my pie, he must have not only surpassed even himself, but every cat of which I have ever heard. The Kilkenny cats, indeed, ate one another, but your cat has beaten them hollow, inasmuch as he has eaten *himself*.”

“What do you mean?” gasped the landlady, beginning to grow very yellow in the face.

“Why, what I mean is this,” returned Tartan, more deliberately than ever, “that pie,” pointing with his finger to the empty dish, “contained the body of your cat—properly cleaned, seasoned, and prepared,” he added, “but, still, I repeat, the body of your precious cat. I don't say who has eaten him or who has not, but all I say is, that I hope whoever did eat him enjoyed him, and that he may agree with them. If it will be any consolation to you, madam, in your bereavement to possess his skin, which can be stuffed as naturally as life, I shall be most happy to make you a present of it, and will send it down to you;” but before Tartan had concluded the sentence, the horror-stricken landlady had fallen down in a faint, in which state she was conveyed to her bed, from which I understand that she did not rise for several weeks.

I need scarcely say that Tartan made his escape as quickly as possible from the infuriated old ladies, who seemed prepared to fall upon him and tear him to pieces. He rushed up stairs, screaming with laughter, and waited further proceedings. In the course of half an hour all the doctors in the neighbourhood had entered the house; while from every part of it issued those peculiar sounds, which, as a general rule, you only hear in the cabin of a steamer during a heavy gale of wind.

It is in no malevolent spirit that I tell you this *veritable* story, Mrs. Squeezer. As I have already said, I wish no harm either to you or your cat; but I repeat, that there are limits beyond which human endurance cannot go; and I trust, for your own sake, that you will not drive me to take desperate measures. If you do, the consequences rest upon your own head. Once again, I raise my voice, and solemnly exclaim, Mrs. Squeezer, beware! INCOG.

P.S.—“Incog” takes this his first, and, indeed, the only opportunity in his power, of returning his sincere thanks to his anonymous friend in Scotland for his sympathetic communication; and also for the valuable facts contained in that note, of which he has not failed to make due use. It is a great encouragement to him in his investigations of this interesting subject of “grievances,” to find his efforts meeting with such kindly appreciation, whilst his own sufferings evoke such warm expressions of sympathy and condolence as those uttered by his correspondent.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER II.

A YOUNG man's way in the world is seldom won easily. Every father starts his boy with a notion that he is to enter the lists with peculiar advantages over ordinary combatants. He has a longer spear than his adversaries; his helmet is more easily carried than theirs; his armour is proof against the most deadly weapon. Therefore, he must be a conspicuous fellow, and must win a heavy bunch of laurels in a very short time. Other young men, the pet boy is told, have a hard time of it, and would give thousands for his long spear, and his strong armour. He ventures out into the field with this notion. Poor lad! His spear breaks with his first thrust; his heavy armour bears him to the earth. Then the father advances in anger to speak of advantages thrown away, of money squandered, of morals stained and tattered, of time misused. And the son hangs his head, or, stung with some vague sense of the parent's unjust verdict, talks loudly. He may forget his natural filial respect, and turn alone into the world, to seek friends who will bear with him in his wayward disposition, who will kindly pass his

errors by, for the traits of goodness which redeem them; who will pardon his wild passions for the noble character that, in the end, shall master and subdue them. These friends, he finds, unhappily, far away from home, as a rule; and so, as he advances, he becomes estranged from the hearth at which he passed his infancy; or cherishes the remembrance of it chiefly for the mother who was so good to him, and who is now the only familiar friend he has there.

Young Newcome was not quite at his ease even with the good

colonel his father. And how many Colonel Newcomes can any of us count in our circle? I may remember one or two among a hundred fathers, but then not one of these has all the boyish good humour, the mercy for faults, the gentleness in reproving them, which are the charming characteristics of the colonel's character. I am certain that among all the young men whom Faversham knew, he could not point to three on good terms with their fathers. Perhaps the fault lay usually with the young men; yet none of them were rascals, and most of them were good-hearted, and on excellent terms with their associates. They were generous in their views, happy to look to the bright side of any man's character; esteemed by old gentlemen whom they met on equal footing; yet with their fathers they never cared to spend a single week. If the governor sent the money required by return of post, he was a trump; if, instead of the desired pecuniary remittance, he favoured his son with a moral lecture, he was an old bore; if he paid a visit to his son's chambers, he was on a prying expedition. If the son got into a scrape, he did not care how far it was noised about so that it did not reach

the governor's ears. Thus the governor was being to be drawn upon; from whom everything was to be hidden; who was never welcome in his boy's rooms; whose advice was a bore, and whose anger could not be



ous fellow, and must win a heavy bunch of laurels in a very short time. Other young men, the pet boy is told, have a hard time of it, and would give thousands for his long spear, and his strong armour. He ventures out into the field with this notion. Poor lad! His spear breaks with his first thrust; his heavy armour bears him to the earth. Then the father advances in anger to speak of advantages thrown away, of money squandered, of morals stained and tattered, of time misused. And the son hangs his head, or, stung with some vague sense of the parent's unjust verdict, talks loudly. He may forget his natural filial respect, and turn alone into the world, to seek friends who will bear with him in his wayward disposition, who will kindly pass his

afforded. Jack Ashby talked about "the old boy" having tipped him like a brick, or about my old governor who keeps me shamefully tight. Stackington looked upon his noble parent as the born liquidator of his tailor's bills. Clifton's father was a stern man, whom Clifton respected and avoided, but of whom he was independent, being a contributor to various journals. As for Namby, he delighted in telling the most ludicrous stories, reflecting either upon the parental sense or the parental probity; but I think he preferred the stories which damaged both at a blow. Faversham, who was a sensitive fellow, and hated to see people on bad terms, always expressed his distaste for stories of family quarrels.

"I and my father quarrel, occasionally," he would admit, "but I keep the row to myself—I am really sorry to be on bad terms with the old gentleman."

Not that Faversham felt at his ease when alone with Faversham senior, or sought, as a remarkably pleasant relaxation, a week in the old gentleman's company. But he was naturally tender-hearted, and sought to explain discords away. He talked about May and November; he endeavoured to explain to his companions that men of fifty, and men of twenty-five, had necessarily different tastes, and that, possibly, an old gentleman would find an evening at his own place, or at Namby's, a most stupid affair. Clifton, however, who delighted in having an argument out, and prided himself upon downright expression of opinion, would at once boldly go in to show that the fault was all on the side of the fathers. The father moulded the son—it was surely not the son who moulded the governor! Therefore, if the two fell out, it was only logical to lay the blame at the father's door, since he had obviously failed to bring up his son, as a loving, a clever, and an accomplished son.

"The fact is," Clifton went on to assert, with an emphasis intended to clinch the argument—"the son grows so much like the father, that the father says: 'What, ho! here's a fellow creeping up to my side, who will pretend to stand upon equal ground with me presently; who will put a wig and gown on like mine; who will cease to look up to me as his supreme earthly ruler; but who will absolutely think for himself. He will surely become a rebel in my little kingdom at home, for I shall no longer be able to lock him up, or cuff him when he contradicts me; or he will move an opposite way to that which I have pointed out. Let me assert my dignity at once. Let me brow-beat him, and show him how poor a thing a young man is. I intended him for the bar, and he has actually the impertinence to possess an eye for colour. If he will not bend to my will, he shall, under the heavy penalties of my displeasure. Surely I know better than he can know, whether or not he should become a painter.' That is the sort of thing, my boys. For instance, my governor, for whom I have great respect, thought I should make a good lawyer. Well, you all know by this time, that I am not likely to disturb any gentleman present who may happen to occupy the wool-sack twenty years hence. I told him I had a love of art. He replied that I ought to be keeping myself. I retorted hastily, that I would keep myself; and I have done so from that moment. I and my father are friends still, while we are apart, and I dare say he is a very lovable sort of person to people who are admitted on intimate terms with him; but he never allowed me this intimacy, so I cannot speak from experience. Now this is the sort of thing with us all. We are all to be great men, but we seem to be slow in getting our ermine on. This laziness and money rows are the points upon which young men and their governors split. These have too much dignity to make companions of the fellows whose ears they have pulled through happy infancy; and we seem to have too much spirit to be slaves. So each goes his own way, in the belief that each is ill-used. I know we are rioters, that we smoke shamefully, that we are up later than the family doctor would advise us to be out and about; it is quite true that Jack bought a Don Caesar de Bezan costume with the tin which his governor gave him to pay his rent; but surely our governors did all this before us, and if we were to believe them, they became decent fellows enough after a few years' wildness, and made, I believe, at least, some sort of reputation in the world. In the same way we shall turn up on our feet at last. And as for masquerading, why I saw Mr. Sergeant Blaring the other night dancing at Vauxhall with Lady Macbeth!"

In this way Faversham's friends discussed parental duties. And looking at the question from Clifton's point of view, many of us may perceive little bright bits of truth—of truth that should guide us all, if we would make good fathers, and being good

fathers, rear sons that will make intimate friends of us when they grow up.

Among Faversham's friends, however, Namby was the man who had always a brisk parental quarrel in hand. There appeared to be seldom an interval of civility between father and son. Weddings and funerals, and Christmas dinners, were the special occasions on which the young gentleman to whose rooms the reader has been already introduced, was distinctly summoned to spend a few hours under his father's roof. And then the father and son invariably launched into an argument which ended in a quarrel. On no subject of human interest did the father and son think alike. But poor Mrs. Namby could not understand this quarrelling; she would beg of her "dear boy, George," to listen quietly to his father, who was a very great man, and ought not to be contradicted.

George Namby, Esq., Q.C., was a great man at home. When he spoke at the dinner table, Mrs. Namby glanced at the guests to catch their looks of admiration. Mr. Namby had grown to his "proud position" out of the corduroys of a country charity boy. He professed to glory in this, and when he waved the muffin cap of his youth in the presence of his democratic constituents, deafening cheers greeted him. I think he would have taken it as a personal favour, if any genealogist could have proved to him that he was born in a work-house. To young Namby the parental glories were most distasteful, and he declared that in this boasted humility there was a very low kind of pride. "To pull down your parents into the mud, that you may look all the taller raised upon their backs, is not a very creditable action," said young Namby, often.

The quarrels between father and son became at last so frequent, that it was necessary to come to an arrangement which should effectually separate the radical father from the conservative son. It was agreed that the son should draw his quarterly allowance from the parental bank, and send the receipt for it to his father's head clerk. In this way there would be no occasion for a letter to pass between Mr. Namby, senior, and Mr. Namby, junior. This happy expedient having been arranged, the young gentleman announced to his friends, that he and the governor had at last come to terms; and that they had mutually agreed not to write to, or visit each other, except on some very pressing emergency.

Namby stated the cause of quarrel in his shrill voice, (with that quiet face never moving the while,) as an inveterate objection his father had to comic writing.

"He persists in ignoring my humorous powers; and I tell him I might as well deny his legal knowledge. He says, that I am a paid buffoon; I reply, that equal talent is wanted to write a burlesque as to state a case. He has a pet currency theory, which I smashed; he said, all the country wanted was an enormous supply of paper money; he insisted that bank-notes created wealth; I replied, that he mistook the ticket for the soup. And so we parted."

And in this way, strong in himself, young George Namby stalked into the field to carve his own fortune, and determined at least to back his sword with the strength of a brave heart. When Faversham was first introduced to him, he had already been his own master some six or seven months; during that period he had worked hard at times, and at times had been wild with his money. He had, however, contracted friendships that kept his heart warm. Perhaps—of these friends—Clifton was the man who appreciated him with the most discrimination. He saw something sound and good, though rugged and unpleasant, under that saucy humour which characterized Namby's general conversation. He believed thoroughly, that the time would come, when Namby would cast aside his contemptuous verdicts on men and things; when he would become tolerant, and gentle, and even tender. And looking forward to this time, he cherished his friendship for the brave young jester, for the pleasure that it promised. Clifton, himself, hated the sentiments entertained, as he believed, for the moment, by Namby; for the young press-writer was a liberal—with all the ardour for his party which a young man, once interested in politics, usually exhibits. Namby wrote sparkling paragraphs to damage the radicals; attacked a political principle with a pun; and threw a *mot* at every bill before the House of Commons. It was Clifton's business, on the contrary, to take up all questions serious. He read political thinkers attentively; he had heaps of blue books in his chambers; he was an occasional student of "McCulloch's Dictionary;" he knew all that had been said on both sides about "Free Trade" and "Protection." The benefits of competition were at his fingers' ends; the

evils of every kind of "Protection" he could demonstrate at any moment; and he turned the attention of his friends constantly towards America—where, he said, men drew the breath of freedom—and, added Namby, were subject to the mild regime of the bowie-knife. The difference of opinion existing between the two young men was not more decided than that of their persons and habits. Clifton was a spare, muscular man, with a pale, thoughtful face, and an expression habitually serious. His manners were reserved, and he cared little for society. If he ever danced, it was after great persuasion; if he ever prepared himself for the opera, it was to oblige a friend. He would sit up smoking and talking till the sun shamed him; but he was never attracted to Vauxhall three times throughout his period of residence in the Temple. Namby was a capital dancer; had appeared at Vauxhall in many costumes, was well known at various late London houses; showed his placid face, and shrilly piped his jokes wherever he was invited. The primrose gloves he wore in six months would have lasted Clifton his lifetime. And then his fat figure, and his round head, upon which some sculptor seemed to have begun the model of a face, but to have left off his duty half-performed, are to be considered. The nose was an unfinished protuberance; the mouth was a curved slit; the eyes appeared to have been just pushed into the clay, and left there, without the ceremony of moulding the delicate rise and fall which should throw light and shade about them. Then the round head was fastened to the body by a thick, shapeless neck. The shrill voice that almost whistled from this extraordinary head was ludicrous in itself; and people who heard Namby make an observation for the first time, turned round, wondering to hear that little voice issue from that substantial bust.

Faversham had no great admiration for Namby. He disliked the ill-nature apparent in his jokes; he did not share in his independent views of men and things. He said that young men should hold themselves back; bear themselves modestly towards their elders; and issue verdicts but sparingly.

The hall dinners frequently brought these men together. They met in the little kind of passage in which they put their gowns on, and sat upon a table against the screen, waiting to make up a mess. They were known, too, and liked by all the panniers, and were on particular terms with the smart old gentleman in velvet robes, who kept the list of attendances, and presented their bills to them with jocular remarks. Their jokes about the gastronomic indulgences of the benchers—their endeavours to obtain sauces or dishes from the cross-tables—their propensities for treating their favourite panniers to wine—their utter disregard of all law questions—their easy way of forming acquaintances, made them a very popular Temple set. As they left the hall after dinner, running across the tables to make an early exit, and as they threw their gowns into the open arms of the attendant at the hall-door, invitations to various chambers were pressed upon them, cigar cases were opened for their convenience, and a painnier issued from the room beyond, where the butler was counting the heavy baskets of plate, with a lighted paper. They left with a "good-night" for every body, and generally with the promise of having "just one glass of grog" in one of the adjacent courts. Stackington was at once the swell and the butt of the party. Namby liked him because he had Plantagenet blood in his veins, but joked him, because the opportunities he offered were irresistible. Clifton, however, intensely disliked him, partly because he was an aristocrat, and partly because he was a very shallow fellow. Faversham admired his coats, and was inclined to cultivate him for his gentle birth; but Ashby was undisguised in his satisfaction when he made the acquaintance of a peer's son.

Stackington liked Faversham. There was in this young gentleman a certain bearing that suggested to strangers a descent from a long line of earls; and, to be just to Faversham, this bearing was without pretension of any kind. He was not proud, he was not haughty, he was not cold. He had a natural refinement which blended itself with every act of his life—which he carried with him upon the wildest scenes of his youth, and which gave him tastes difficult to satisfy with £200 a year. His set cared very little for private society—avoided taking tea in any metropolitan suburb; but Faversham might be found rubbing his patent leather boots with a white handkerchief, in his little Temple chambers, on many a winter's night. Namby dropped in, perhaps, and remonstrated with him; or Ashby tried to lure him away to a whist table in Pump Court. But Faversham was always resolute in his determi-

nation to exhibit the patent leathers at the evening party to which he had been invited. Namby said he was a most lady-like man, and that his sisters were most gentlemanly women. Ashby insisted that Faversham had once kept him waiting for three-quarters of an hour while he dressed in full evening costume, to witness a sparring match in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

To close a long digression, and to return to that point at which we left the natural current of our story. On the morrow of the party at Namby's chambers, while Namby was yet in bed, and the cigar ash still lay about his sitting-room, Clifton knocked at Faversham's door. A second knock produced a muffled grunt from within—a third knock was followed by a bump upon the floor and a shuffling noise. In a minute afterwards the door was opened by Faversham to Mr. Clifton. Faversham was too polite to exhibit the annoyance he felt at being seen with tumbled hair and an uncombed moustache. He begged his visitor to enter his sitting-room, telling him that he would find plenty of pipes in the cupboard, and as much bottled ale as he liked to drink under the sofa. And then the host disappeared to "add perfumes to the violet," which was Mr. Namby's expression for the cares of the toilette.

Meanwhile, Clifton, in no way inconvenienced by the evening he had spent, threw open the cupboard, selected his pipe, and took up a volume of Shelley. Clifton thought that was just the sort of book Faversham would read—a book without an atom of sound thought in it; a book whence no single fact of avail to the progress of the world could be evoked. He rubbed his closely-cropped head nervously as he read; and seemed, as he turned over leaf after leaf, to grow more and more irritated. He was disgusted with its constant reference to flowers, honey, and bees; and, at last, he pitched it aside, with the declaration that there was no good of any kind in it. Science was to him the end and aim of all intellectual exertion. Whether to discover new combinations of human labour, new natural laws, new properties in matter, all efforts should tend to the solution of some problem. Thus, all fiction which, instead of elucidating social laws for the information of the world, generally distorted them, according to Clifton, was to be avoided and discountenanced. Following out this logic to its utmost limits, our philosopher had discovered, at the early age of twenty-two, that poetry had done infinite harm to the civilised world. He described it as intellectual dram-drinking. His visit to Faversham was due to an anxiety he felt to know the exact state of this gentleman's opinions. Some delicately-tinted note-paper and envelopes, together with a heap of dirty white gloves lying in a corner of the sofa, gave him ugly suspicions. He had fears that he had recently made the acquaintance of a very idle dandelion.

Faversham presently entered the room magnificently prepared for breakfast. He wore berlin-wool slippers, upon which some tender hand had worked a group of pansies and violets; he had a perfectly-adjusted black cravat about his neck; broad stripes meandered from his pockets down his trousers, and his waistcoat presented a plaid of the quietest design. This kind of tailoring gave Clifton a very unfavourable impression; but it was natural that the fellow who had daubed pencil-marks upon every page of his Shelley, should wear pansies upon his slippers! The soda-water and tea duly discussed, the honey put aside (for in the summer Faversham ate bread and honey), the two young men having thoroughly aroused Ashby, settled down to a quiet conversation, and to bitter ale and pipes.

Faversham had intended to write the opening pages of his romance, but he could not turn Clifton out, nor did he feel inclined to get rid of him. All he wanted was an excuse for not devoting his morning to work, and in his early visitor he welcomed that excuse; besides there was always something to be got out of a conversation with an ordinarily intelligent man. Thus, perfectly contented with himself, he filled his pipe, and relieved the pansies upon his slippers against the fender.

"So, Mr. Clifton, you are surprised that I eat honey for breakfast?"

"I think a mutton chop and a pint of beer would do you more good," Clifton replied, as he filled his glass with the liquor he recommended.

"It doesn't agree with me; it makes me heavy; it takes all romance, all love of the beautiful out of a man. Now, there is something sweet in the associations which flit about a bee-hive! A man actually in Pump Court is whisked away to Mount Hybla upon a alice of bread and honey!"

While Faversham talked in this way, in a half-humorous, half-serious tone, his guest kept his eye fixed upon the end of his pipe, puffing strongly, the while, the smoke into rich grey clumps, which rose boldly as his own thoughts, as rapidly and with an end, I am afraid we shall find, as faint and useless.

"I see we are not likely to understand one another, Mr. Faversham," Clifton said, as he cleared the last volume of smoke from his mouth with a bound. "I am disappointed, for I hoped you were a man with a strong, practical tendency."

"I catch your meaning," Faversham answered, rather nervously, and with an expression which a friend would have recognised as one of sarcastic disdain. "The difference between us may be explained in a few words: you derive your logic from a study of M'Culloch; I get any I may have from Shelley. We need not be the less friends for this difference—take some more beer."

"A dexterous definition, I grant," Clifton pursued, without either accepting the beer, or the civil wish of his host, "but to me, unsatisfactory. I estimate a thing by the value—material or immaterial—you are able to get out of it."

"So do I, my boys," said Ashby, as he entered the room, in a pea-jacket, without a cravat—"so hand me over the bottle. If there be nothing in it I will throw it under the sofa, because there's nothing to be got out of it; but if there be something in it, I will cherish it accordingly till it is empty. Hang it! no more philosophy. I am going down to Hastings, to-night, to the governor; so I shall get a dose of it there. Faversham knows, to his cost, what a hand my sister is at it."

"Now, then, Jack, no nonsense. He has a sister, Mr. Clifton, any fellow might be proud of." Faversham was glad to turn the conversation to general topics.

Other men dropped in rapidly. Stackington, the magnificent, strolled in last. Clifton coldly bowed to him, and disappeared very soon after the aristocrat arrived, slipping a little book into Faversham's hand, and begging him to read it, if it were not too heavy for him, as he passed out of the room.

Ashby was most energetic in his attentions to his honourable guest. Stackington would have conferred a personal favour upon that gentleman if he had consumed all the beer in the chambers, and had kindly emptied the tobacco-jar into his pocket. Stackington was shrewd enough to perceive Ashby's veneration; and although he was not altogether regardless of the attentions it produced, he had a slight contempt for the fellow who offered them. He felt that Ashby must be a very obscure person to think him a "swell;" but he did not discourage this verdict, nevertheless.

There is no democracy more complete—no republic more thorough—than that which governs the society of young men. In the free atmosphere of London chambers, my Lord de Lys may shake out pictures of all his quarters without obtaining a better footing than Barlow, the great biscuit-baker's son; the young baronet may have his cab waiting for him, and his balls to talk about, yet if he be a fool, or a snob at heart, he will come in for his full share of unpopularity.

The representatives of the great families learn at Eton lessons of liberal meaning, which, let us hope, will be of use to them all when worldly heads abase themselves before them. In the same way, these Temple courts—dingy places though they be—are so many colleges, where young men first come in contact with the world. All the light that struggles into these low, old rooms, comes from the young hearts they harbour; none penetrates through their smoked windows from the sky. Here all worldly considerations are set aside; the peer's son and the tradesman's son meet on equal ground to smoke and drink, and think together. Many grey heads are shaken at these windows; but, believe me, there is more good than harm comes from even the smoking parties peculiar to these regions. The beer may give occasional headaches; the tobacco may benumb the brain, still there is a heartiness among the men—a true liberality of soul, which sweetens the early days of life. Few of us grow better as we grow older. The ambitious become misanthropes; the liberal hand closes up; the free mind grows diplomatic; the warm blood recedes from the heart as the colour fades from the hair. Well may Lord de Lys cherish the remembrance of the time when to the baker's son he was simple Jack de Lys. That intimacy was worth all the respect which has familiarised him with the crown of men's heads ever since.

Did any man, save Ashby, ever move from his seat when Stack-

ington entered the room? No; Lord Stackington's son, shuffled upon the corner of the table—when all the chairs were occupied—and, in no way condescending, smoked the dhudeen the baker's heir had lately had between his lips. The Stackingtons occasionally meet young fellows in whom the snobbish element of life displays a precocious development; but the Stackingtons then despise it, although in after life it becomes a pleasure to them. Thus Stackington, although the son of a peer, was a gentleman upon whom practical jokes—always stupid jokes—were played; whose dress was a constant source of amusement to the set; and who had few invitations "to make a night of it" than most of his associates. He certainly was a very mediocre person. He was remarkable for nothing so much as for a composure which no *contre-temps* could disturb. If he said a stupid thing, and the company became merry at his expense, he quietly asked the noisiest of the laughers to hand him a pipe-light, and calmly blew his Turkish tobacco cloud. At home he was a very great person, but, he could not possibly account for it, directly he came in contact with Temple men he was little more than a tailor's dummy. Here his quarterings were of no account. Faversham alone of all the Temple set known to Mr. Stackington, enjoyed this gentleman's perfect good will.

Ashby marked down that day in his calendar when Stackington dipped his long fingers into his tobacco-jar, as a bright one. Faversham saw this with regret. It jarred upon him; he felt that Stackington must think his chum a very vulgar kind of person. To make up for Ashby's assiduity Faversham was undoubtedly off-hand.

"I am afraid you'll have to sit upon that pile of books, Stackington," said Mr. Faversham to his exquisite visitor, pointing to a confused heap of the "Annual Register," with his pipe.

"All right," answered the Hon. Mr. Stackington, as he proceeded to dust his seat with his handkerchief. "Deuced dirty, though."

Mr. Stackington was relieved from his embarrassment by Ashby, who persisted in giving up his arm-chair, although he had studiously kept that seat when Namby and others had entered the room.

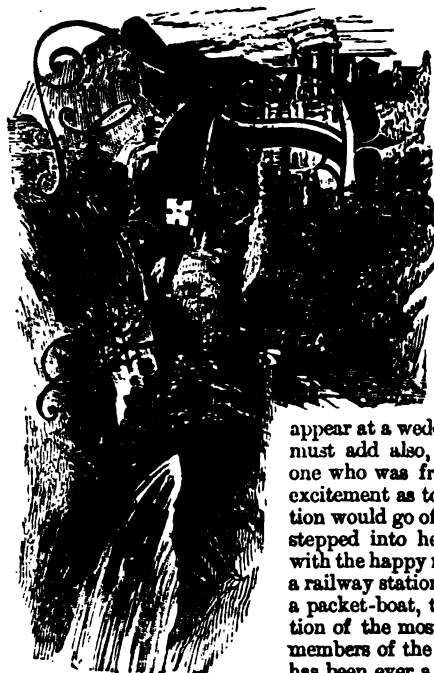
Stackington had called on this occasion to ask Faversham—for the first time—to pay Lord Stackington a visit. It must not be disguised that this invitation was most welcome to the young gentleman. He would have been shocked if a friend had accused him of love for a lord in the abstract; but he *did* like that kind of society known as "good society." The invitation was to Hastings, where the baron had a marine residence.

Ashby was going, as he had already intimated, to this watering-place to meet his father. Faversham had already arranged to go with Ashby, so that it was agreed, to the latter gentleman's great joy, that the three should depart together. Having finished all the ale that Mr. Faversham's wine and beer merchant had deposited under his sofa, the young men were unceremoniously informed by Ashby that they must go, as he and Faversham had barely time to pack their portmanteaus. This proposition was met by Namby (who had come with the shameful intention of reading his last parody to Faversham) with a determination to replenish his pipe. It was in vain that the hosts tried to turn their unceremonious visitors out; so they packed up in their presence, and under the fire of their criticism, and only left them at the railway station, the roysterers returning to dine at the "Dolphin," in Fleet-street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROLONGING THE BEAUTY OF CUT FLOWERS.—For keeping flowers in water, finely powdered charcoal, in which the stalks can be stuck at the bottom of the vase, preserves them surprisingly, and renders the water free from any obnoxious qualities. When cut flowers have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly-trimmed end instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen to become smooth and to resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Coloured flowers—carnations, azaleas, roses, and geraniums, may be treated in this way. White flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers amend the most, although azaleas revive wonderfully. We have seen flowers that have lain the whole night on a table, after having been worn for hours, which at breakfast next morning were perfectly renovated by means of a cupful of hot water.

WEDDINGS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.



OR so far, in this world, there is no cessation to the occasions of marrying and giving in marriage, and, no doubt, our fair readers look upon such opportunities with a spirit of interest which would do honour to more primitive ages. We never knew any lady who has not gone a shopping with the most earnest zest whenever she was destined to

appear at a wedding *déjeuner*, and we must add also, that we never knew one who was free from a flutter of excitement as to how such a transaction would go off. Until the bride has stepped into her travelling carriage with the happy man, whirled off from a railway station, or steamed away in a packet-boat, the mental organisation of the most staid of the female members of the bridal friendly circle has been ever a victim to visions of tulle d'illusion, orange blossoms, and

white lace, kid gloves and blanc mange, nice young men and splendid settlements, to an extent positively alarming to contemplate. We must admit in our own person to have attempted—vainly attempted—upon a few occasions to combat the flutter to which we refer, and awe it down by the dignity of our mortal manhood, and we must confess our utter discomfiture in every such attempt. White lace and female excitement have been at all such times triumphant, and we have paid the penalty at M'Swiney, Delany, and Company's palace mart, when we have paid for a bonnet, an opera cloak, a sash ribbon, and a pair of bracelets, as a peace offering specially designed for the adornment of our decidedly better half at the ceremony. At such times we have privately sought consolation from the contemplation of the reduction in our funds, by contemplating the systems of conducting marriage formula over the world, and now place the result before our readers.

In the Jewish tribes the candidates for matrimony were betrothed before the elders or the governors of the place, at the house of the bride's father. It is asserted by Jewish writers that after the espousals the bride remained during ten months at least in her parents' house, in order to make suitable preparations for her marriage ceremony. This period past, the wedding was celebrated by a feast of seven days. The bride was adorned on the occasion with as much care and elegance as could be afforded by her station in life, and a nuptial crown was placed upon her head. A curious difference existed between the Israelite mode of holding the festival and the modern. At the ancient marriage feast of the Jews, the bridegroom and his party feasted in one apartment, whilst the bride and her companions enjoyed themselves in another. On the last day of the seven the bride was conducted to the house of the bridegroom's father. The procession usually set off in the evening with great ceremony. The bridegroom was clothed with a marriage robe and crown, and the bride was covered from head to foot with a veil. Each of them was accompanied by his or her companions marshalled in a distinct body, playing on musical instruments, and singing songs composed for the occasion. The maidens who accompanied the bride wore veils which completely concealed their features. As they passed along the way which led to the bridegroom's house, their path was illuminated by the light of torches placed at intervals to shine upon their path. At the bridegroom's house his female relatives and friends, invited for the occasion, came forth to meet them. They also waved torches or bore lamps as they moved forward. Having

met the bridal party, they joined their ranks and accompanied them to the residence. Upon their entrance the doors were shut, and no other guests admitted to the marriage supper and its accompanying festivity.

The modern Jews considerably differ, in their ceremonial of marriage, from their forefathers. The bride is accompanied to the place of celebration by her female friends, and the bridegroom by his male friends. The company is always large, as unless ten men are present the ceremony is null and void. When the marriage is about to be solemnised, a canopy of velvet is brought into the room, and extended on four posts. The bride is led beneath this canopy by two females, the bridegroom by two men. Those are generally the female and male parents of each, if such are living; if not, the nearest kindred perform this duty. The celebrant then takes a glass of wine; and having recited a formulary prayer, offers the glass to the bride and bridegroom, who both drink of the wine, after which the bridegroom places the ring on the finger of the bride. Then the marriage contract is read, and when its reading is concluded, the person officiating takes another glass of wine and gives it to the bridegroom and the bride, who both drink. The empty glass is then laid upon the floor, and the bridegroom stamping upon it breaks it to pieces. This is intended to symbolise the frailty of life. All the company then cry out, "*Good luck to you!*" The ceremony is followed by alms for the poor. After this ensues the nuptial feast for seven days. The nuptial ceremonial of Christianity is, we have no doubt, a subject with which our readers are well acquainted; but the merely social forms were somewhat different in the early ages to those with which we are familiarised. Unmarried females in those times wore a purple fillet, which was unbound before the rites began; a veil was then thrown over the bride. The ordinary formula was then gone through, after which the parties were adorned with garlands of flowers, and went in procession to their home. The evening was closed with a marriage feast, at which the friends of the bride and bridegroom were present.

Amongst the ancient Greeks marriage was looked upon as a solemn transaction. On the day before its celebration sacrifices were offered. The bride and bridegroom cut off a portion of their hair and dedicated it to the gods. Towards the evening of the day of marriage the bride was conducted from the residence of her father to that of the bridegroom, accompanied by the bridegroom and a companion, whom he selected for the occasion. Crowds of attendants marched in procession, carrying lighted torches, and vocal and instrumental music hailed the bridal party as it moved along. The bride was veiled, and she as well as the bridegroom wore a chaplet on her head. As the parties entered the house which was to be their residence, confectioins were showered over their heads, to indicate that abundance of all good things might ever await them. The marriage was not celebrated by a civil or religious rite. A nuptial feast was held in the house of the bridegroom, at which both men and women were present, seated at different tables. The epithalamium or nuptial hymn was then sung, and the ceremonies were over. On the following day it was customary for the friends of the parties to send presents to the wedded pair.

The custom of a Roman marriage differed in many respects from the Grecian mode. The wedding day was never fixed without consulting the auspices. Certain days were always avoided as being unlucky. When those difficulties were arranged, on the occasion of the marriage the bride wore a long white robe adorned with a purple fringe, or with ribbons, a girdle was worn around the waist, whilst a veil of a bright yellow colour was thrown over the head, and shoes of the same colour were worn upon the feet. When dressing, the hair of the bride was divided with the point of a spear. No religious ceremony was used upon the occasion. In the evening the bride was conducted to the house of her husband, carrying in her hand a distaff and a spindle with wool. Three boys accompanied her dressed in the *prætexta*, one bearing a torch before her, and the other two walking by her side. The procession was also attended by a large company of the friends both of bride and bridegroom. On reaching the house, the entrance of which was ornamented with flowers, the utmost care was taken that the bride should not strike against the threshold, which would be an unlucky omen. To prevent this she was carried into the house. Before entering, however, she wound a portion of the wool around the door-posts and anointed them with lard, after which the bridegroom met her with fire and water, which she was required to touch. She then advanced and

took her seat upon a sheep skin spread for the purpose, after which the keys of the house were formally handed to her. A marriage feast terminated the proceedings.

Amongst the ancient Scandinavians the marriage ceremony consisted in feasting chiefly. The bridegroom having obtained the consent of the maiden, and also that of her parents, appointed the day, and having assembled his relatives and friends, sent some of them to receive the bride from her father. On those occasions the dowry was also given. The father of the bride then accompanied her and the bridegroom's party to his house, and there formally gave her into his hands. After this the bride and bridegroom sat down to table with their guests, who drank their healths, and toasted the gods and heroes in Valhalla, in full draughts of the beer of the Vikings. The bride's friends then took her up on their shoulders and bore her around the apartment—a mark of esteem amongst the Goths. The husband then presented the wife with a pair of oxen for the plough, a harnessed horse, a shield, a lance, and a sword. "This," says Tacitus, "was so strictly that she should not lead an idle and luxurious life, but was to become a partner with him in his labours and a companion in danger, and equally sharing with him the lot of peace or war." He states also that the women on their parts gave some arms; this was the sacred bond of their union, these their mystic rites, and these the duties who presided over their marriage." The yoked oxen, the harnessed horse, and the arms, all served to instruct the women how they were to lead their lives, and how, perhaps, life might be terminated. The arms were to be carefully preserved, and being conveyed by the new husband made of them, were to be considered as portions for the daughters, and to be handed down to posterity.

These modern nations which are still darkened by barbarism have some very peculiar and interesting ceremonies upon the nuptial occasion. In Japan, after the preliminary choice has been made by the bride, and the wedding day fixed, an intelligent female servant, of the second class, is sent to the house of the bride to attend her; and the father of the bride, having invited all his kinsfolk, entertains them previous to the bride's departure; the bridal party sets out in litter, called in that country *surimasa*. A mediator or "go-between," being always the originator of a marriage in Japan, precedes them to the house of the bridegroom. His wife occupies the first of the numerous litters, then the bride, then the bride's mother, and finally her father, constitute the train. The bride is dressed in white, the Japanese mourning colour, to signify that though she is about to leave her parents. At the right hand of the entrance to the bridegroom's residence is stationed an old woman, having a mirror containing some rice cakes, and on the left is an old man furnished out in the same manner. When the bride's litter reaches the apartment they begin to pound their mortars vigorously, the man exclaiming, at each blow, "a thousand years!" the woman exclaiming, just as often, "ten thousand!"—thus alluding to the supposed immortality of the tortoise and the crane, and invoking them for the bride. As the litter passes between those personages, the man pours his cake into the mortar of his female companion, and both pound vigorously together. What is thus pounded is made up into two cakes, which are given a conspicuous position in the apartment where the marriage is to be celebrated. Within the passage of the house the litter is met by the bridegroom, who stands in his dress of ceremony ready to receive it. There is seated in the same room a woman with a lantern, and several others behind her. It was by the light of this lantern that the bridegroom first saw his bride, and if he feels dissatisfied with her appearance now, he can prevent the ceremony from being performed. As the bridegroom reaches to him a small bag, containing a small image of the bride, and he hands it to the female servant, who takes it to the wedding apartment and hangs it up. The bride is then preceded by the lantern-bearer, and the ceremony is very noisy. The mediator, his wife, the bridegroom, and bride, are assembled together in the same apartment, and the two young girls, one of whom carries the bride, and the other the female butterfly, from a wine jar which they carry, pour out wine into one bowl which is placed upon the other. The bride then takes a little of the wine in both her hands, and sips a little of it, and then hands it to the bridegroom, who in like manner, puts the bowl under

the third, takes up the second, and, drinking out of it three times, presents it to the bride, who performs the same ceremony, and puts the second bowl under the third, takes it up, and, after holding it to be filled, begins the same formula as before, and giving it to the bridegroom, he drinks and places the bowl under the first; this concludes the ceremony. The relatives are informed that the marriage is celebrated, and join the bride and bridegroom for the wedding feast.

In Malagascar, when the choice is made, and the preliminaries arranged, a lucky day is fixed by a soothsayer, and the relatives of the bride and bridegroom meet at the houses of the respective parties. All are attired in their best apparel, and decorated with their gayest ornaments. At the appointed hour the relatives or friends of the bridegroom accompany him to the house of the bride. There he receives the dowry, which being settled, he is received by the bride as her future husband. They eat together, and are recognized by the senior members of the family as husband and wife; a benediction is pronounced upon them, and a prayer offered to God that they may have a numerous offspring, abundance of cattle, many slaves, great wealth, and increase the honour of their respective families. They then repair to the house of the parents or friends of the bridegroom, and again eat together, when similar benedictions are pronounced by the senior members of the family, or the head man of the village, who is usually invited to attend the ceremony. The nuptial bond is in some instances now regarded as complete; general feasting ensues, after which the parties return to their respective homes, and the newly-married couple to the residence prepared for them.

In the South Sea Islands the marriage ceremony is a curious proceeding, as described by Mr. Williams in his "Researches." He gives a very life-like account of an instance at which he was present.—A group of women seated under the shade of a noble tree, which stood at a short distance from the house, chaunted, in a pleasing and lively air, the heroic deeds of the chieftain and his ancestors; and opposite to them, beneath the spreading branches of a bread-fruit tree, sat the newly-purchased bride, a tall and beautiful young woman, about eighteen years of age. Her dress was a fine mat, fastened around the waist, reaching nearly to her ankles, with a wreath of leaves and flowers, ingeniously and tastefully contrived, decorated her brow. The upper part of her person was anointed with sweet-scented cocoa-nut oil, and tinged partially with a rouge prepared from the turmeric root, and round her neck were two rows of large blue beads. Her whole deportment was pleasingly modest. While listening to the chaunters, and looking upon the novel scene before us, our attention was attracted by another company of women who were following each other in single file, and chaunting, as they came, the praises of their chief. Sitting down with the company which preceded them, they united in one general chorus, which appeared to be in praise of the bridegroom and his progenitors. This ended, a dance, in honour of the marriage, was commenced, which was considered one of their grandest exhibitions, and held in high esteem by the people. The performers were four young women, all daughters of chiefs of the highest rank, who took their stations at right angles on the fine mats with which the dancing-house was spread, and then interchanged positions with slow and graceful movements both of the hands and feet, while the bride recited some of the mighty doings of her forefathers." Such is the marriage ceremonial down by the lone Pacific. The bride is bought and paid for there, so that a numerous family of girls is a valuable stock-in-trade to the avaricious savage who possesses them. There is a touch of slave traffic about it which divests it of interest.

Marriage amongst the Hindoos, is conducted with great pomp and enormous outlay. It is stated that a parent will often expend his whole fortune on a marriage entertainment, and pass the rest of his days in the most pitiable destitution. The nuptial ceremonies continue during many days. The wedding dinner is given to an immense number of guests, and if the entertainers be rich, is extremely magnificent. Upon this occasion only, the bride sits down to partake with her husband, of the luxuries provided; indeed both eat out of the same plates. This, however, is the only time in her life that the wife is allowed such a privilege; henceforward she never sits down to a meal with her husband. Even at the nuptial feast, she eats what he leaves unless she be too much of an infant—for females are married in Hindostan at ten or twelve years old—to be sensible of the honour done her. Some sacrifices being made on the

last day of the festival, a procession is made through the streets of the town or village. It commonly takes place at night, the streets being brilliantly illuminated with innumerable torches. The newly-married pair are seated in the same palanquin facing each other. They are magnificently arrayed in brocaded stuffs, adorned with jewels presented them by their parents, and if their parents are unable to make such presents, the gems are borrowed for the occasion. Before the palanquin marches a band of musicians, who drown every other sound in the braying of horns, the clamour of drums, pipes, and cymbals. As the procession moves onward, the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom come out of their houses to express their congratulations as they pass, offering them various presents, for which, however, they expect a more than adequate return.

Like the Hindoos, the Chinese incur large expense in celebrating marriages. The bride, locked up in a red quilt sedan, borne by four men, usually followed by a train of friends gaily dressed, accompanied by music, and bearing banners, is carried by night to the house of the bridegroom. Here the parties pledge each other in a cup of wine, and together worship the ancestral tablets, together with prostrating themselves before the parents of the bridegroom. This done, the Celestials are held to be formally united.

In those details, our readers have the description of most of the strange ceremonies by which marriage has been, or is at present, instituted. From Sackville-street to the South-Sea territories, it seems to be an interesting occasion to the fair sex, of which they take the utmost advantage in crinoline and tarlatane, with wine and cake in the one region, and in newly-done up mats, cocoa-nut milk, and dancing in the other. We confess, after all, to a leaning to the crinoline and tarlatane, and the additional etceteras; and conclude our jottings by professing our preference, even at the cost of being amerced for the same on the next possible opportunity, in the which event we will lay down our money generously; deriving courage from a vision of banian trees, mat millinery, and the wife trade, gathered in gloomier days of meditation.

THE LADY OF DARREN.



It was a bright day, early in October. The two preceding days had been wet and stormy, but now not a breeze shook the brown leaves in the woods, the clouds had cleared away from the blue heavens, and the cheerful sun shone down upon the landscape with a calm, warm smile, as if the golden summer were once more about to return. The jays and starlings, and hosts of other birds, sat upon the sunny sides of the trees, pecking at their glossy plumage, and singing and chattering away merrily; the shy hare rustled the fallen leaves in its joyous gambols beneath upon the sere grass, and the wily fox and ruffian wolf emerged from their caverned homes, and basked themselves in the genial light, as if the spirit of peace had descended into their savage hearts, and they were never more to commit havoc amongst the weaker denizens of the forest. The solitary crags upon the steep mountains looked silently down with the stern smile they had worn in the moonlight of many a faded century, upon the winding river and the wide labyrinth of forest beneath, whose aged trees crowded low-lying shore and valley with their naked trunks, like battalions of giants arrayed in serried ranks awaiting their foes; and the streams that had roared savagely, during the preceding day, adown their rocky channels, now began to subside, and sent their murmuring voices in low and quiet cadences from the surrounding hills.

Amid the above-mentioned forest by the Liffey shore, stood a strong mansion, which, some centuries ago, was occupied by a widowed lady, by name Margaret Preston, who dwelt there with her only child, Mary, a young girl just verging into her eighteenth year. On the noon of the above day, a page was leading the way, accompanied by Mary Preston, into a solitary path that wound northwards along the shore of the river, from the gate of the house of Darren, the home of his fair companion. Mary Preston, as she looked forward, suddenly beheld a powerful black horse, standing beneath a tree, an armed knight leaning beside him. The heart of the young lady of Darren beat and fluttered hurriedly at the sight, for she well

knew that martial form, but, overcoming her maiden shyness, she hastened onward, and in a few moments was beneath the tree, and clasped fondly to the breast of Sir Brian Courtenay, one of the bravest knights belonging to the gallant city of Dublin. The page, after fastening the bridle of his master's horse to a branch of the tree, with a laugh of delight at bringing the two lovers together, scrambled nimbly up the jagged face of the crag, and perched himself upon its summit, a wary sentinel over the trysting-place beneath. Courtenay and Mary Preston sat themselves side by side upon a fragment of rock, with hearts so full of love and joy at their meeting, that for some moments they scarcely knew how to speak.

"Dearest," said the young knight, when at length he found words for his thoughts, "I owe thee much for what thou hast undergone for my sake."

"Ah, me!" answered Mary, "how I suffered when I heard of the battle, and the sad doom they laid upon thee!" and she sighed at the remembrance.

"Methought," resumed her lover, "that a worse doom even than death awaited me, for, the first night after I was taken prisoner at the battle of the Red Rath, I doubted thee, and thought thee false!"

"How couldst thou think so, Brian?" said she, casting upon him a look of mingled fondness and reproach. "Did I not plight heart and hand to thee at Darren Ford, and couldst thou lose thy faith in me so soon?"

"I heard the guards that surrounded me, after the battle, saying, that thou wert going to be married to Sir Maurice Plunket's son, my mortal foe, within a month," answered he, "and in my madness at being his father's prisoner I knew not what to think!"

"It was so settled between Sir Maurice and my mother," returned Mary Preston, "but they little knew what a weak maiden could suffer for him she loved. I would have died ere I saw that day!"

"Yes," said Courtenay, passionately, "and I, faint heart that I was, still doubted thee even whilst thou wert under the same roof with me in Plunket's Castle, pleading for my life. Ah! I little knew thy fond and loyal heart, Mary, but I shall never doubt thee again!"

"It would kill me an thou shouldst," answered she. "But that woeful morning in Plunket's Castle I shall never forget. Little was the wisdom I had, not to take the advice of my cousin Alice, when she said that asking the father to spare the life of his son's rival would only make matters worse. But when I heard next day that thou wert to die ere the setting of the sun, I was mad; I seemed to think but one thought, that of saving thee, Brian. Thou knowest the rest."

"I do," said Courtenay, taking off his steel gloves, and clasping her small white hand fondly in his. "I do, and I know thee better, dearest."

"I fear me," resumed the lady, "that I shall come to some woeful harm between them. My mother even treats me coldly since morning. My kinsfolk pass me coldly as if I were the enemy of all, and Roger Plunket, he that advised me to beg thy life of his father, knowing that it would only hurry thee to the death, he even looks insolently upon me!"

"Name him not," said Courtenay, while a wrathful light kindled in his dark eyes. "His dagger is even now whetted for my breast, Mary, but he and his father—my father's murderer—shall get what they deserve ere long!"

"And his father," resumed Mary, not heeding the prohibition. "His fearful father. The looks he used to give me, whenever we happened to meet, after that fearful morning. Day and night afterwards in the misery of suspense about thy fate, when I had no comfort but thinking and dreaming about thee all alone, his black eyes seemed to glare before me ever, till my heart would shudder and my soul sicken at the thought that, though respite for a time, thou wert in his power. Ah!" continued she, with that guileless truthfulness and candour that disdains concealment of the slightest thought, "my poor heart was torn with sorrow for thee, Brian, during all that time of misery, till I thought at length it were good if I could lie down and die!"

"And to me also it was one long night of woe," said Courtenay. "But I beseech thee, Mary, not to give way to such gloomy thoughts again. My heart tells me that these troubles cannot last. Dost thou not see that when Maurice Plunket and his son thought their power over me securest, God delivered me out of their hands—giving me means to escape even at the gallows foot!"

"It was a gallant escape," answered she, looking proudly on her lover. "Oh! how my heart beat when I saw thee, after thou hadst broken from them and seized yonder fortunate steed, sweeping past the house of Darren with the speed of the wind, with those woeful foes upon thy track!"

"And I, too!" exclaimed he, "I saw thee as I passed, and the sight of thee gave me ten-fold courage!"

"I fell upon my knees and prayed for thee," rejoined she, "and never rose till I heard the thunder of their horses coming back, and saw them returning without thee. I knew that God had heard me, and I sought my own room and wept, and prayed in gladness at thy escape!"

"Darling one!" said Courtenay, in a low, tender voice, pressing her to as leal and gallant a heart as ever beat beneath a corselet. "See," continued he, "what a brave charger I have got by that wild chase."

"He is a noble steed," said Mary. "But now that I think of it," she continued, with a mournful and frightened look, "why art thou armed, Brian? Surely this panoply is unnecessary for such a day as this, and for such a meeting!"

"Alas!" answered her lover, sadly, "it is for a sterner meeting I have donned these arms."

"For what? Tell me—I beseech thee, tell me, Brian!" she exclaimed, eagerly looking into his face, and at the same time taking her hand from his and laying it upon his steel-clad arm. "Surely, surely, thou art not going to expose thyself to new dangers, and leave me—yes, leave me to suffer over again those dreadful days I have spent in fear and sorrow on thy account!"

"It is my duty," answered Courtenay, taking her hand fondly again—"my duty to get back the lands belonging to my house and name, that Sir Maurice Plunket now holds—yes, and my duty to avenge my father's murder. This evantide Plunket, and his stewards, whom I have bribed, are to visit the 'Dane's Knoll,' to mark out a site for the building of a tower. There I will confront him, and pay back in blood the red debt I owe him for my father's death!"

"Ah, me!" said Mary, while hereyes filled with tears—"thou lovest me not, Brian, else thou wouldst not leave me thus."

"If I loved thee less," resumed Courtenay, "I would abandon the cause of my house and kindred, and stay within the gates of Dublin like a coward—stay and brand my name with dishonour; for even now, my comrades begin to look lightly upon me, seeing that I have not yet fulfilled my vow to avenge my father. No, Mary, for thy sake I would go. For thy name that will yet be joined with mine, I will go; and if I do not win back my ancestral lands, I will at least make Maurice Plunket pay dearly for them. Trust me, that the danger is not so great as thou thinkest, and that I will soon return to fold thee in my arms as I do now!"

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed poor Mary, as she wept bitterly—"ah, me! that I have ever loved, for it brings but sorrow!"

"Say not so, dearest," resumed Courtenay. "A happy day will yet dawn upon us. But now the hour is come when I must begone. Farewell, darling one," continued he, as he kissed her sorrowfully—"farewell, and may God watch over thee till my return to the woods of Darren!" and with that he loosened his horse, and rode across the river, and into the wood at the opposite side.

"So soon!—so soon!" exclaimed Mary, as, rigid as a statue, she stood looking after him—"may Heaven have pity upon me!" and as the last gleam of his armour shone upon her from amongst the trees, she dropped again upon the seat, and wept long and bitterly. Recovering herself somewhat, at length, she stood up and took

the path homeward, along which the page, by his master's orders accompanied her.

There was a stream amid the forest that then clothed the whole district, which, after flowing down through a magnificent valley, made a sudden semicircular bend, and then wound away to join the Liffey, about five miles from the House of Darren. Into this bend ran a picturesque tongue of land, which, becoming gradually more elevated as it approached the stream, at last ended in a perpendicular rock upon the shore. Upon its highest point stood one of those ancient Danonian forts with its encircling fosses, between the outer of which and the abrupt edge of the precipice lay a smooth, level piece of green sward, shaded by a few huge oak trees. And here Courtenay, after tying his horse in the wood, stood awaiting the coming of his foe. Scarcely had he waited half an hour, when, peering through the trees, he beheld Sir Maurice Plunket and his treacherous steward riding towards the spot, the former wearing no defensive armour, and having no weapon save his sword, dagger, and pistol.

"He shall never say that I attacked him unfairly," muttered Courtenay to himself, as he speedily divested himself of his armour, and placed it in a heap near his horse. He had scarcely done so when there was a hurried rustling through the brushwood, and the next instant Sir Maurice Plunket, followed by his steward, sprang out upon the level space, and, with a fierce frown of mingled hatred and surprise, stood confronting his young foe.

"By the blood of my body!" he exclaimed, "but we are well met!" as he plucked his huge sword from its scabbard, and, without pause or explanation, attacked Courtenay, who stood gallantly on his defence, the tall steward at the same time putting his back against a tree, quietly to survey the contest. After narrowly escaping, by a spring to one side, one of the terrible thrusts aimed at him by his antagonist, Courtenay sprang forward, and plunged his weapon obliquely into Sir Maurice Plunket's back, as the latter followed his harmless stroke.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed he, bitterly, as he plucked his sword out of the wound, and stood on his defence again. "Thou art turning thy back too soon, Sir Maurice. Put thy breast to the front, like a man," continued he,

springing within his antagonist's guard, and striking him across the hand. "There, thou base murderer—there! Hast thou not time to pick up those two fingers of thine now lying upon the grass?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Plunket, who was a stout old warrior, "and thy heart's blood shall redden the grass where they lie!" and with the words he threw away his sword, and, springing in, grappled with his antagonist. Courtenay's sword was now useless. He cast it also away, and a fierce struggle commenced, in which both came to the earth, rolling over and over till they came within a few feet of the sharp edge of the precipice. Here Courtenay almost felt his foe's dagger in his flesh, but, after another fearful struggle, he at length brought him under. Three times he plunged his keen into Sir Maurice Plunket's neck, and then sprang triumphantly to his feet.

"Now," continued he, as he looked upon his prostrate foe, "think on all the blood thou hast spilt," and with his foot he spurned Plunket nearer to the edge of the cliff—"think of my father's blood that thou didst shed—think of it, for he is now well avenged!" he added, as he dashed his dying foe over the edge of the rock!

One calm morning, when the winter had passed away, the sun shone down merrily on the green woods of Darren, the bright Liffey tumbled joyously down by bank and brake, and level flowery shore, and a joyous peal of bells rang out to welcome the happy bridal of the Lady of Darren and her handsome lover, Sir Brian Courtenay.





ANTRIM CASTLE.



THE original Castle of Antrim is generally supposed, according to Dr. Petrie, to have been erected in or about the year 1662, by Sir John Clotworthy, Lord Massarene, who died in 1665, and whose only daughter and heiress, Mary, by her marriage with Sir John Skeffington, the fifth baronet of that name, carried the estate and title into the latter family. From the architectural style of the edifice, however, it is more than probable that although the Castle may have been re-edified in the seventeenth century, it was founded long before, as some of the walls of the earlier structure are still visible. The present Castle appears to have been originally erected in the early part of the reign of the First James, by Sir Hugh Clotworthy, who by that monarch's patent had the charge of certain vessels on Lough Neagh. His son, Sir John, was one of the most distinguished leaders of the Parliamentary forces during the Civil War, and notwithstanding this fact, was, oddly enough, raised to the peerage by patent of Charles II., under the title of "Baron of Lough Neagh and Viscount of Massarene." The Castle is beautifully situated on the banks of the Six-mile-water river, immediately contiguous to Lough Neagh, and is a good example of the style of domestic architecture introduced into Ireland after the Restoration. The gardens of the Castle, the greatest length of which runs parallel with the river, are probably coeval with the erection of the edifice, and are laid out in a very attractive and uncommon style.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER IX.



RETIRING from the apartment, after a renewed expression of the colonel's thanks, Bramble said to Tony:

"Show the coachman the way to Abraham Isaacs," and in a quarter of an hour the chaise was in front of the residence of the Jew.

Abraham Isaacs could not sleep the night before, and he arose early. He looked care-worn and disturbed when Bramble entered the toy-shop.

"Good morrow, Mr. Isaacs; of course you have found the bill which you mislaid last night," observed Bramble. "I am directed to let you have a thousand pounds for it."

"I have it not by me," said Isaacs, "but I will give you a receipt for the money."

"I will not pay you a farthing till I get the bill," said Bramble, "and if you don't produce it now you may do your worst. It is true then what I have heard, that you have lost the bill, and that you want to frighten me out of a thousand pounds. The sheriff has not the bill, and you know that. Let me tell you Jew," said Bramble vehemently, "you cannot cajole me."

"Am I to understand that you defy me," asked Isaacs, becoming pale with rage. "I will make your friend feel the vengeance of 'old Isaacs the money-lender,' as you call him.—I will," continued the man of Israel, "I will," as he clenched his hands.

"Good morning Mr. Isaacs," said Bramble, as he rose and bowed with ironical obsequiousness to the Jew.

When the Black Doctor re-entered the chaise he said to Tony—"The Jew will try and forge another bill for the one he has lost. He will go to Barman's for that purpose, and we must be there before him."

The chaise was driven without delay to Equity-row, and when Bramble had paid the coachman, he dismissed him.

Quill was sitting on his high stool, whistling, as the Black Doctor and Tony entered Barman's office.

"Welcome, Doctor," said Quill. "Tony and you are out early this morning—there must be something up."

"I expect the Jew will call here soon," said the Black Doctor. "He will want you to commit a forgery, to make good a bill which he has lost. Tony and I will remain behind that old screen till he comes."

"All right," replied Quill, and he had scarcely done speaking when Abraham Isaacs arrived.

"There is nobody here," asked the Jew, as he cautiously looked around him.

"Not a soul," replied Quill, as he rose and locked the door.

"You can put money into your pocket and in mine," said Isaacs.

"I want you badly. I lost a pocket-book containing a forged bill and other valuable documents. I have a stamp with me, and we can draw up a bill like that of Stammers' in no time, and I will give you fifty pounds for your trouble."

Bramble and Tony held their breath as Quill observed that the sooner the thing was done the better.

The Jew readily assented, and proceeded to fill the body of the bill. When this process was completed, the Jew handed Quill two names on a piece of paper. "Copy them as closely as you can, and give me the bill."

"Admirable," said Isaacs, as he looked at the two signatures.

Bramble cautiously stole from his hiding-place, and snatched the bill from the fingers of the Jew, and crumpling it in his hands said, "Ha, ha, Mr. Abraham Isaacs, is this the game you are at? Who is compromising a felony now, will you tell me?"

The Jew looked aghast with amazement.

"You are in my power now. You played for a heavy game, and you have lost."

"Give me that document," said Isaacs, "and there shall be no more about it. I will destroy it here in your presence."

"No," said Bramble, "I will keep it for your comfort." Come Tony," continued the Black Doctor, addressing the boy, and as both took their leave, Bramble said to Quill that he would require him in the evening.

"All right," said Quill, as the Jew fixed his eyes on the confidant who had betrayed him.

At a subsequent period of the day Frederick Foster, Jacob Barman, and the Black Doctor, met in the two-pair back room of a tumble-down old house.

"This place will do admirably for holding the wake," said Barman; "and we won't have much trouble in getting the coffin in."

"I think it will do," replied Foster; "but we must be looking after the coffin at once."

"Come along, then," observed the Black Doctor, "as there is not much time to be lost."

A fat little man, with a round jolly face, was sawing timber in a place where piles of unfinished coffins were placed. The undertaker tried to look sorry, as Bramble, Barman, and Foster entered.

"We want a plain, cheap coffin," said Barman, "and we require to have it sent where we direct with as little delay as possible."

The little, fat, round-faced man nodded assent, and in a short time the coffin was placed on a bier outside the door.

"Will you require any body to put the corpse in the coffin?" asked the jolly little man, who tried again to look sorry.

"No," replied Barman; "the deceased was the wife of this gentleman," pointing to Foster. "We will manage the matter ourselves."

Nelly, the person who had been so kind to the Fosters in their poverty, provided a quantity of stones and rubbish, which she put into the coffin on its arrival at the house where the wake was to be held.

During the progress of these events, poor Mrs. Foster was sitting before a scant fire in her wretched lodgings. The lady had made a will, bequeathing all that she was entitled to receive out of the

English equity courts to her husband, never knowing of the mock wake or burial.

The coffin was placed on two chairs, and a solitary candle stood on the mantel-piece of the room in which the wake was held. The Black Doctor, Barman, Foster, Nelly, and about half a dozen other persons were present. Tea and refreshments were supplied, and a number of observations were made regarding the merits of the deceased, who, while the mock wake was going on, was thinking sadly of the past.

"We must be very cautious regarding the funeral in the morning," said Barman, addressing Foster. "It must leave early."

"It must," replied Foster. "I believe Bramble has obtained a promise that a hearse will be here in time."

It was a dark raw morning in December, when a mean-looking hearse stood at the door of the house. Day and night were just parting when the humble funeral took its departure for an obscure cemetery, where a grave had been prepared to receive the coffin. Some shovels full of damp earth having been thrown into the grave, the seeming mourners left the churchyard.

"I must have that certificate of Mrs. Foster's death from you this day," said Barman, addressing Bramble, "as we will want to apply for probate to the will at once. I must get Mrs. Foster out of town with as little delay as possible."

"I am ready at any time with what you require," replied Bramble, "after I return from seeing John Bruat, at the 'Three Jolly Travellers.'"

The several actors in the mock funeral separated in the morning before nine o'clock. Barman to make the necessary arrangements for the proving of the will, assisted by Quill, who looked as if he would give the world for a sleep; Wimp to take up one of his old positions, to wait until he would be called on to act officially; and poor Foster to return to his cheerless and miserable home. As he went along the streets he thought, in all the time of his want and misery, he never felt so miserable in his life, as he knew that he had been guilty of a fraud and an act of dishonour, to which his nature had been a stranger. He looked as if he had been crushed to the earth by the weight of his afflictions, and as the thin sharp morning air made him shiver from head to foot, he pursued his way to where his wretched wife was anxiously awaiting his arrival.

Mrs. Foster had risen from her bed when her husband entered his lodgings. Within all was squalid misery and want. There was no sign of fire in the grate, although the cold was intense.

"Where have you been all night, Fred?" asked Mrs. Foster. "You are in a deplorable state, and must need rest. Misfortune and want have been old guests of ours, and they appear inclined to prolong their visit," continued the lady, as a melancholy smile passed over her pale and worn features.

"They leave us this day, Laura," replied Foster. "I was kept out arranging about that will, upon which we can raise sufficient means to relieve all our wants. We will leave this miserable place this night. For the present," continued Foster, handing his wife some money, "try and make this place more habitable by getting fire and food."

Mrs. Foster soon availed herself of the services of Nelly, who, in a short time, lighted a fire and prepared breakfast.

"It will be necessary for us to leave town," said Foster. "You must precede me, as the entire success of our efforts will depend on our enemies not seeing you."

"I am willing to do whatever you require," replied Mrs. Foster, "particularly as no position in which I could be placed could be worse than my present one."

"You shall have ease and comfort, and shall be removed from the miseries and the degradations of poverty."

It was about noon when Barman entered the shop of Abraham Isaacs. The Jew was in his old seat, dictating a letter to a young man of genteel appearance, though shabbily dressed. This young man was the son of one of Abraham's victims. The Jew gave, out of what he called charity, the young fellow something to do at scrivenery, to keep him from starving.

Isaacs observed Barman as he entered the shop, and addressing the young man, the Jew said: "Harrington, wait outside till I call you, and tell that gentleman in the shop to come in."

The poor scrivener rose and obeyed, and in a few minutes the needy attorney and the Jew were closeted in deep and earnest conversation.

"I am destroyed, Mr. Barman," said the Jew, "if you do not come to my assistance. I made a terrible mistake yesterday in your office."

"In my office?" asked Barman, with surprise.

"Hear me out," said the Jew, sternly. "Yes, in your office I mislaid a bill worth to me a thousand pounds, and, as it should be taken up yesterday, I thought of drawing up a bill to imitate the one I had lost—mislaid, I should have said," observed the Jew, correcting himself. "As I said before, I went to your office, and with the assistance of your clerk, Quill, we drew up the duplicate bill. When it was completed, and while I was giving the ink time to dry, that demon, whom you call the Black Doctor, came from behind the old screen, and snatched it from me."

"Did you recover the forged document from him?"

"Don't call it a forgery," said the Jew, stamping his right foot on the floor, "it was only the duplicate of a forgery."

Barman perceiving his advantage, replied coolly, "If it is not a forgery, I would like to know what a forgery is? So Mr. Isaac, you were not content with putting your own neck into a halter, but you should put that of my unfortunate clerk into another. Was there any one present but Bramble, Quill, and yourself?"

"That is the worst of it," replied the Jew. "Bramble was accompanied by a boy, whom he called Tony, and both overheard my conversation with Quill."

"This is a desperate affair," observed Barman. "You must get up that forgery, even if it cost you half what you possess in the world."

"Could we not do it cheaper," said the Jew, as he lowered his voice to a whisper, and fixed his heavy ravenous eyes on the attorney.

It was now a contest between the wolf and the fox—between savage avarice and intense cunning.

Although Barman guessed the meaning of the Jew, he affected not to understand him.

"What do you mean by 'cheaper'?" asked Barman. "Do you know anybody with sufficient influence over Bramble, who could induce him to give you up the bill?"

The face of the Jew assumed a fiendish expression, as he drew his chair closer to where Barman was sitting, and said: "I did not mean that; I meant," and Isaac looked wildly around him, "I meant that you should pick a quarrel with the Black Doctor, and this will decide the encounter," and he drew a small dagger from beneath his coat.

In a second Barman sprang on him like a tiger, and before the Jew could utter an exclamation, his throat was in the vice-like gripe of the attorney.

The Jew was nearly strangled when Barman threw him heavily on the floor.

He slowly recovered his breath, and contrived to crawl back to the chair on which he had been sitting.

"So Mr. Abraham Isaac, you want me to commit murder, to save you from the gallows. Only that I would not like to deprive the law of its due, I would have choked you myself. I will," continued Barman, "be a witness against you, and serve our case by recording the agreeable conversation we have had."

"And hang your confidential clerk," murmured the Jew.

"Fool! can't you perceive, even on your own statement, that Quill was a party to your committing yourself. Was he not aware that Bramble and Tony were behind the screen, when you were committing the forgery?"

"True," said the Jew, "I should have thought of that. Perhaps, Mr. Barman, you will be kind enough to forget the foolish proposal which I made to you about Dr. Bramble. I did not mean it, I assure you, it was a mere joke."

"You dog!" observed Barman, as he foamed with passion, "what reason did I ever give that you could believe me capable of becoming an assassin? I will make it a dear joke for you, a thing that you will not have much time in this world to remember."

"I admit I am in your power and that of Bramble," said the Jew, mournfully. "I am in a position to reward you for silence, and if you can obtain that 'duplicate,' and give it me, Abraham Isaac will be practically grateful."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT ON AND ABOUT HOWTH.



UBLIN is generally admitted to be excelled by few, if any, European capitals in the varied and magnificent scenic features by which it is surrounded. Amongst these the peninsular Hill of Howth, which rises to an elevation of nearly six hundred feet above the sea level, at the northern entrance to a bay rivalled by none other in the world for picturesque effect, if we except that of Naples, is perhaps the most attractive, as well for the gifts which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon

it, as for the historic recollections which crowd around its very name. Rich, indeed, is this old hill in memories of gallant deeds. Kingly chiefs, as we have elsewhere observed, have sent thence their forays and hostings far and wide, even to the very foot of the Rhetian Alps, and here, girt by the flower of their chivalry, held courtly state, and enjoyed the triumphs which their prowess had won. The standard of the Vikings has flung its folds on its breeze, as their hurtling hosts, when least looked

for, like storm-billows swept its coasts, and the surge of slaughter and spoliation rolled over rampart, and shrine, and hamlet. To the lingering wayfarer here,

"Where Beauty is and Power hath been,"

when not a murmur disturbs the tranquil grandeur of the picture, save the soft ripple of the waves upon the solitary strand, sobbingly, as it were, chaunting requiems for the victims they had made in the wild winter of their wrath, and above and around the carolled rivalry of nature's music-choir, memory, unbidden, will conjure up visions of the unquiet actors and the scenes of the long-ago, and the ring of the revel, the song of the bard, and the clash of battle seem to haunt the echoes still.

In a previous paper, descriptive of some incidents in the career of Grace O'Malley, we gave an illustration of one of its most striking features—the Lighthouse of the Bailey, and now proceed to notice a few of the legendary and historical events connected with Howth, which, we have no doubt, will be acceptable to our readers. The ancient name of the hill, as we have already remarked, was "Beann Etar," or more correctly "Beann o-tir," the hill from (or off) the land, in allusion to its almost insulated position. It is curious, however, to see to how many conjectures, more or less fanciful, the etymology of the title has given rise. According to the "Dinnseanchus," it was called "Etar" from Eada, a queen of the Tuatha-de-Danaan, who was interred here, and to whose memory a cairn was raised. In Grose's "Antiquities of Ireland" it is given as "Binnea-duir," the "Hill on the Water," from the word "duir," said to be synonymous with the British "dur," water. Baxter, in his "Etymological Glossary," writes it "Ben-na-dair," the "Hill of Oaks," from a belief that its sides were formerly luxuriantly clothed with that tree. Others attribute the name to the hero Edar, brother to Breagh, from whom the headland of Bray is thought to be named, while many contend for "Bin Eider," or the "Cliff of the Eagle." The present name of the hill is thought to be traceable to the Anglo-Norman "Hofda" and "Houde," from the Scandinavian "Hoved," or "Höfud," a promontory, the Norse synonym for its Irish radix.

The early history of Howth, as recorded in the bardic annals, is of a very mythical character. Legend poems recount that here the first bark and first knight-errant that ever visited Ireland arrived; here the Fenians erected a beacon-station, from which they could discern and herald the approach of a hostile fleet; thence, with trembling senses, they beheld the mystic sable cloud that from the orient mantled the island in Cimmerian gloom, as a corpse with a

shroud; and here the famous Fionn-mac-Cumhail, foretaught the dark future of Inisfail, embodied his previsions. Of Irish fairy traditions, the wildest and most wondrous are those relating to a baleful race of mammoth Piasts, or serpents,

"Unknown to Pliny and the laws of nature,"

that was supposed to infest rivers, lakes, and wells, whose breathings, as they trailed their scaly spires through the slime, were as pestilential blasts. Numbers of these fell reptiles, happily completely unexampled in the extant fauna of the world, were slain by Fionn, who was a veritable Apollo amid Pythons, and slayed them as that luminous deity did Marsyas, when he dared to emulate the melody of his lute. Amongst his conquests was one hitherto invincible Titan, who had haunted Howth for ages, an achievement thus alluded to in the "Lay of the Chase of Sliabh Truim," published for the Ossianic Society:

"He killed the Piast of Loch Cuillin,
It fell by Mac Cumhail with success;
And the great Piast of Binn-Eadair,
That was never overcome in battle."

There were giants, also, in those days, and one of them, named Roc, being fiercely pursued by Fionn and the Fenians, after making a circuit of nearly the entire of Ireland in his headlong retreat, in the course of which he sprang across the cataract of Eas Ruaidha—now Assaroe, on the river Erne, near Ballyshannon—"without wetting his foot," followed by Fionn, directed his course towards "the estuary of Binn-Eadair," which he cleared "in a leap similar to a flight over the sea," still attended by the chivalrous Fionn, whose endurance was at length rewarded by his capture. "This Fin Mac Coffe," writes the veracious Dr. Meredith Hanmer, "also fought with a gyant that landed at Howth and came to challenge combats for tribute, and by policie, not by strength, overcame him. His policie was: he caused him in the night (for the space of three nights) to be kept waking, and in the day-time to be fought withal, and thereby weakened his strength, and foiled the gyant." In the first century of the Christian era Howth was the residence of a famous bardic soothsayer, called "Athairne of Beann Etar;" it was from a ford constructed by his dependents across the Liffey, that Dublin derived its ancient appellation, "Baile-atha-Cliath Dubh-lin," the "Town of the Ford of Hurdles on the Black Pool."

One of the earliest notable events in the history of Howth, is the assertion that it was the principal scene of the devastations of the pestilence—the first recorded in the Irish annals—which swept away the entire of the Partholanian colony, after having held possession of the island for nearly three hundred years. Be this as it may, certain it is that Howth was the first place where a very destructive pestilence, which is said to have originated in the East, broke out in the year 1348, devastating the entire country, and almost depopulating Dublin and Drogheda. Passing over the reign of Criffin Nianair, in the ninth century, who had a fortalice on Howth—having alluded to it in the paper entitled "An Irish Sea Queen"—we may here remark, with reference to the popular error which has long supposed one of the many cars that, more or less injured, may be still discovered on Howth, to be his sepulchral monument, that there can be little doubt these artificial elevations are tombs of the Tuatha-de-Danann, a race which, in the far, far past, formed one of the most important dynasties of ancient Ireland, and some of whose monarchs and greatest heroes here flourished and were interred. For example: In "Cath Mhuirghe Leana; or the Battle of Magh Leana," edited for the Celtic Society by Eugene Curry, Esq., M.R.I.A., a historical tale of the time when Conn Cedchatach, or "Conn of the Hundred Battles," reigned at Tara; when the Red Branch Knights were pavilioned at Craobh Ruadh, and when Erin was partitioned into two kingdoms by the *esker*, or steep ridge of hill that stretched—

"From the point of Leim Con of the Bays;
From the pleasant Ath Cliath Mearaidhe
Unto the sea at bleak Eadair [Howth]"—

that is to say, in the words of one of Florence M'Carthy's exquisite lyrics—

"From the waves of the West to the cliffs of Ben Eadar"—

there is allusion to a powerful chief of this mystic people, named

"Aedh of Eadair," who resided on the summit of Howth. His daughter Eadoin was celebrated for her charms, and dying of grief at seeing her husband—Oscar, son of Oisín—as she thought mortally wounded after an engagement, was buried on the north side of the hill, where the cairn erected to perpetuate her memory is still visible. A poem ascribed to the warrior-bard Oisín, affirms that Howth was the muster-place of the Fenian forces and their Norse auxiliaries, previous to their departure for the disastrous battle of Gabhra-Aichle, in the third century—an engagement so fatal in its effects to the destinies of Ireland, that it is regarded as the source of the ultimate decadence of the national monarchy. About the middle of the seventh century Howth was the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the forces of two rival aspirants for regal honours, in which two of the candidates were slain. During the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries its history is nothing but a series of relations of its being harried and plundered by the Danes—acts which, from their frequent repetition, evidence that it must have presented temptations substantial enough to encourage and reward their love of "loot" and laughter. As if their visits, however, were not sufficiently inimical, and direful in their results, its soil was frequently drenched with the best blood of those who should have shed it in its defence, and not conquest; for we read many a sad record in which it figures as a scene of carnage where the weapons of our ancestors were levelled with deadly intent, not against the ruthless enemies of their country, but against one another.

When the Anglo-Normans invaded Ireland, Sir John de Courcy and Sir Amoricus Tristram, with their followers, were amongst the foremost who enlisted in the enterprise.

"Adventurers they from far, who roved
To live by battle which they loved.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halbert, brand, and shield."

They had previously served together in the Norman campaigns, their achievements in which have been so marvellously related by the chroniclers of the age, that in reading of them we can almost fancy ourselves listening to some *scald* chaunting the deeds of the heroes of Scandinavian romance. De Courcy had received letters-patent from Henry II., entitling "him and his heirs or assigns after him to enjoy in that land [Ireland] all that he could conquer with the sword, reserving to the king homage and fealty." Associating with himself in the enterprise Sir Amoricus Tristram, he disembarked their troops at Howth, but being compelled to remain on board ship through illness, the command devolved upon Sir Amoricus, who, in the engagement which ensued with the forces sent to prevent their landing, and which occurred at the "Bridge of Evora"—a mountain stream that falls into the sea on the north side of the peninsula, nearly opposite the rocky islet of Ireland's Ey—displayed such brilliant gallantry and generalship, that the victory remained with him, and he received from the king for his conduct, amongst other rewards and distinctions, the "land of Houede," in the tenure of which he was subsequently confirmed by King John, in a letter-patent which is still extant, a fac-simile of it being engraved in the official reports of the Royal Commissioners appointed by George III. to adopt means for the preservation and classification of the Public Records of Ireland. The original surname of Tristram is said to have been changed by Sir Amoricus for that of St. Lawrence, in consequence of a victory which he obtained at Clontarf over a division of the Irish forces that had invaded his territory, on the anniversary of that saint. Tradition relates that, while in Normandy, Sir Amoricus and De Courcy had entered into a solemn compact in the Church of Notre Dame, at Rouen, to assist each other in acquiring territorial aggrandisement in foreign lands, and to equally divide between them whatever wealth they should acquire by conquest, or receive in reward of their services. This chivalrous league eventuated in the death of Sir Amoricus, in the year 1189. As the gifted author of "The Monks of Kilcrea" writes—

"Close hemm'd by foes, in Ulster hills, within his castle pent,
For aid unto the west countrie Sir John de Courcy sent;
And, for the sake of knightly vow, and friendship old and tried,
He prayed Sir Armor Tristram would to his rescue ride.

Then grieved full sore that noble knight, when he those tidings heard,
And deep a vow he made, with full many a holy ward—
That, aid him Heaven and good St. Lawrence, full vengeance should await
The knaves who did De Courcy wrong, and brought him to this strait."

Sir Amoricus organised a strong expedition to effect a diversion in favour of his brother-in-arms, but on his march into Connaught was encountered at Knoc-tuadh (Anglice, Knocdoe), the "Hill of Axes," which is situated within a few miles of Galway, by a far superior division of the Irish, under Cathal O'Connor, King of Connaught, surnamed the "Red Handed"—the "Cáhal Mór of the Wine-red Hand," of Clarence Mangan's exquisitely beautiful ballad, "A Vision of Conact." Finding it impossible to advance with success, and disdaining to submit or retreat, the grim old Norman dismounted, and, drawing his sword, "ranne his horse through, saying, 'Thou shall never serve against mee that so worthily has served with mee.'"

"Then every horseman in his band, dismounting, did the same,
And in that company no steed alive was left but twain;
On one there rode De Courcy's squire, who came from Ulster wild,
Upon the other young Oswald sate, Sir Tristram's only child."

Of the entire band these were the only two who survived the slaughter of that disastrous day. One by one Sir Tristram and his gallant followers fell, not, however, until

"As move the mowers o'er the sward upon a summer day,"
they had cleft many a broad gap in the ranks of their foes. And thus, sword in hand, as he had lived, perished the first Baron of Howth; as for the victors—

"Good cause had they to rue,
For a bloody fight and stern was the battle of Knoc-tuadh."

Sir Amoricus, who, in addition to being De Courcy's brother-in-arms was likewise his brother-in-law, having espoused his sister, had issue three sons, of whom the eldest succeeded him in the lordship of Howth. In the subsequent struggles which ensued to establish English dominion in Ireland, the St. Lawrence family distinguished themselves through many generations for their devotion to the English cause, both in the field and in the council. Sir Robert St. Lawrence, the fifteenth baron, who was Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1483, married a daughter of the Duke of Somerset, his descendants thus claiming descent from Edward III. In the year 1767, Thomas, the twenty-seventh baron, first adopted the title of earl, he having been created "Viscount St. Lawrence and Earl of Howth," furthermore receiving, in consideration of his own and his ancestors' loyal services, a pension from the crown.

The venerable ruins of the Abbey of Howth crown the hill rising immediately above the harbour. This edifice, which is frequently designated Balcadden Abbey, from the little bay of that name, is said to have been originally founded by the Ostmen, in the course of the eleventh century, about which period Sitric, the Danish King of Dublin, after his profession of Christianity, conferred a considerable portion of the lands of Howth upon his ecclesiastical foundations. In the early part of the thirteenth century (1235), when the original prebendal church of Howth was transferred from Ireland's Ey to the mainland, the Abbey of Howth was dedicated to St. Mary, and constituted a member of the chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral, being shortly afterwards endowed by Almericus, the ninth baron, with a grant of thirty acres of ground. There is a very excellent notice of this edifice given by Mr. Bell, in his admirable prize "Essay on the Ecclesiastical and Gothic Architecture of Ireland." We may here observe that this gentleman, who was an eminent heraldry painter in Dublin, and "in all the relations of life a most worthy and kind man," died in Simpson's Hospital, in that city, on the 15th of last September, in the 86th year of his age.

A flat, embattled belfry with pointed apertures for the suspension of three bells, springs from the gable at the western extremity, opposite the principal window of the Abbey, and harmonized well with the sedateness and solidarity which characterised the rest of the structure. When the Abbey was finally dismantled, the bells, which were probably of German or Loubardic manufacture, and not of an earlier date than the fifteenth century, were deposited in the vaults of the Castle, in the great hall of which they are still preserved, where they remained for upwards of two centuries. When they were discovered they were found to have sustained such injuries as to be altogether unserviceable. No longer, as of old, with emulous chimes to peal alarms to castled steep and tented hill, or speak, with solemn, sweet vibrations of—

"Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb."

They are each about two feet and half in height, and one foot and a half in diameter at the base, and are furnished with legends in relief, occupying a single line. Those around two are in the Latin language and Gothic characters, and are easily deciphered. The inscription on the third differs in the formation of the characters, and its explication has hitherto been an antiquarian *questio vexata*. Many assume that it is verbally abbreviated, while others will not consent to receive the spaces and points which would thus, of necessity, be introduced between the words, and for which, they contend, there was no authority in the original. Bell, in his "Essay," has adopted this reading:—

NICHOLAS : MUN : CIR : OF : MELCIPER :

From a "rubbing," however, the text would appear to more correctly run as follows:—

NICHOLAS : MUN : CER : OFMEBLALNER :

The writer was of opinion, assuming the legend to be in the Irish dialect, that by the restoration of a few mutilated lines or strokes a *vraisemblable* if not *vrai* interpretation of at least a portion of it might be:—

NICHOLAS : MUNTIR : OR : ——— :

"A prayer for Nicholas of the family of ——" that is, a prayer for the donor of the bells, who, from the Christian name, was apparently a member of the St. Lawrence family. Dr. Petrie, however, in a letter addressed to him, while characterising this hypothesis as ingenious, does not consider it tenable, the correct orthography of the word *muntir* being *muintir*, or *muintiar*, while, moreover, if used to express a tribe or family, it should have the word *do*, corresponding to the Latin *de*, prefixed to it. However, as the circumstance of this peal of bells having been cast abroad scarcely admits of a doubt, the perhaps too violent contraction of a sentence in Irish is not only possible but excusable at the hands of foreign artists or craftsmen.

In the south aisle a massive monument,

"Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise
With many a scutcheon and device,"

serves as an altar-tomb for Christopher, twentieth Baron of Howth, who sat in two Elizabethan parliaments, respectively held in 1559-89, in which latter year he died, and his wife, both represented by recumbent effigies in high relief, the baron in the armour of the period, with a hound, an emblem of faith, reclining at his feet, and the baroness in the quaint costume of the same date. The sides of the monument are divided into Gothic panels, with handsome foliage ornamentation and scroll work, most of them charged with the armorial bearings of the St. Lawrences, and those families with whom they intermarried. In the immediate vicinity of the Abbey cemetery are the remains of a monastic edifice, usually known as the College of Howth, exhibiting characteristics of a different style of architecture to the Abbey, and being probably referable to the sixteenth century. The entrance porch, which leads from the south side into a quadrangular court-yard of small dimensions, and the principal window, placed to the left of the doorway, even in their present desolate and ruined condition—Man having, as usual, proved a worse foe than Time—are objects of deep interest, and cannot fail to attract attention.

Whatever may have been the dimensions and architectural trait of the original edifice, the Castle of Howth appears to have been completely restored about the year 1564 by Christopher, the twentieth baron, few traces remaining of the earlier edifice, with the exception of a small square castellated tower opposite the left wing, called Corr Castle. The modern mansion is an irregular embattled structure, flanked by square towers at each extremity, and from its eccentric but picturesque architectural combinations clearly indicates that its present proportions are the result of additions made from time to time, less with regard to uniformity of style than convenience. Entering the principal porch from a terrace approached by a massive flight of steps, the visitor finds himself in a hall of spacious dimensions, running parallel with the front of the building. Around it are suspended reliques of ancient armour and weapons, which serve to illustrate the military life of a former age. Amongst the latter the chief attraction is the two-handed sword employed by

the first baron at the battle of Ebor, a sufficiently formidable weapon, no doubt, in skilful hands, but withal rather unwieldy. It is mutilated towards the point of the blade, which is still three feet nine inches in length; the hilt alone is twenty-two inches long. In the picture gallery of the Castle is an impressive full-length likeness of Dean Swift, by Francis Bindon—one of the four of Swift from the pencil of that artist—executed in 1735, which represents him in clerical robes, holding a scroll inscribed "The Drapier's Fourth Letter to the Whole People of Ireland." This was the famous pamphlet published on the 23rd of October, 1724, in which Swift first openly affirmed the independence of Ireland. Prostrate at his feet is the nude figure of William Wood, writhing in mortal agony, and clenching the patent granted him in July, 1722, which empowered him exclusively to coin half-pence and farthings to the extent of £100,800, to be alone current in Ireland. The "Drapier's Fourth Letter" was denounced by the authorities as "a wicked and malicious pamphlet, containing several seditious and scandalous passages," and three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the writer. Robert Blakely, the Dean's butler and amanuensis, was alone in the secret, which he preserved inviolate, and, for his fidelity, was afterwards appointed by the author verger of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Swift was a frequent visitor to Howth Castle. The demesne, which comprises about six hundred acres, is richly wooded, and affords at every fresh turn of the walks some new and picturesque glimpses of the sweeping swells of greensward that stretch away through the vista of foliage. In the pleasure grounds the parterres are all of free, tasteful patterns, the flowering shrubs, which are massed about with great skill, being relieved by magnificent hedges of beech, remarkable for their dimensions and form, and having a very pretty effect. In a dip of the ground adjoining the east side of the demesne are the remains of a crom-leac, one of the finest rock monuments in the county Dublin. The table is a huge quartz mass of irregular form, measuring in length eighteen, in breadth twelve, and in extreme depth eight feet. The weight of this boulder is probably about ninety tons, and it is evident has been too ponderous for the upright stones upon which it rested—although some of them are seven feet in height—as the pressure has completely destroyed their original perpendicular position, while one side of the table is supported altogether on the ground. It is locally termed "Fionn's Quoit," from a tradition that it was employed as a war missile, and left in its present situation by Fionn-mac-Cumhail, who in the attitude of launching it through the air would have made a fine study for another Discobolus, or quoit-thrower, had ancient Ireland possessed a sculptor as gifted as Myron of ancient Greece.

The first stone of Howth Harbour was laid in 1807, after which the works were steadily on under the superintendence of the eminent engineer, Mr. John Rennie. The entire amount expended in the construction of this harbour, which has been characterised as "a beautiful product of English thought and Irish taxation," from the 2nd of July, 1807, until the 5th of January, 1832, was nearly £420,500. The deposition of sand and mud, from the banks on the west side, has accumulated to such an extent within the harbour that it is now entirely worthless for the purpose for which it was designed. On the 12th of August, 1821, immediately after his coronation, George IV. landed here, after a lengthened passage, the tedium of which was alleviated by a notable carouse on goose-pie and whiskey.

The Hill of Howth is easily accessible from the metropolis by the swift agency of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, a branch line from which was opened in July, 1845. The town of Howth consists of a single street leading towards the summit of the hill, and extending irregularly along the north-east angle of the peninsula, with a congregation of huts branching sea-ward down the declivity. The population, which is chiefly devoted to a sea-faring life, exclusive of visitors, is about nine hundred; that of the entire parish about seventeen hundred. The circuit of the peninsula is nearly six miles. From the Kilrock Quarries, situated on the steep ground impending above Balcadden Bay, a little beyond the eastern pier of the harbour, and which from its smooth sand and clear water is very attractive to those who regard the sea as a natural panacea, the 'New Path,' formed a few years since, commences. It extends in an undulating course and with a gradual inclination along the exact verge of the cliffs, the toil of the ascent being more than recompensed by the glorious panorama within ken when the summit of the path is gained—an altitude of nearly three hundred

feet above the level of the sea. At the extreme north-east of the hill, and a short distance from the quaint cliff locally known as Puck's Rock, is the precipitous headland called the Naze of Howth, a term identical with the Norse *ness*. From this point the path, which in many places is so narrow as to render a passage past any fair votary of the prevailing fashions a feat completely incompatible with safety, diverges southward, passing the Castlena Rock, in the vicinity of which the ill-fated Victoria steamer first struck, and numerous rocks and headlands distinguished by names having reference to their fantastic forms or associations, until it terminates below the Bailey headland, near the site of the ancient lighthouse, from which roads ramify inland, and towards the Sutton or south side of the hill, the scenic features of which blend the most tranquil beauty with the sternest sublimity. From the little hamlet of Censure, south-west of the Bailey, immediately above which are the remarkable rocks called "The Needles," and the once fortified headland of Drumleck Point, of the *dun* that crested which the tradition is now alone preserved, a wild road conducts with a gradual descent in the direction of Sutton, before reaching which it separates, one branch leading to the left towards the cultivated slopes that stretch away to the southern shores of the bay, while the other, and more modern, sweeps to the right, past the ruins of the ancient little oratory called Cill-Fintan, or St. Fintan's Church.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

ENTERS UPON THE QUESTION OF THE DINNER GRIEVANCE.



HAVE now, courteous reader, made you acquainted with the principal points upon which I rest my case for concluding that I am suffering from "a real grievance" in the person of Mrs. Squeezer, and, I shall add, her cat—although I am afraid that the grammar of my sentence will be somewhat deteriorated by the addition of that animal, inasmuch as it may be objected with considerable reason, that Mrs. Squeezer's cat is *not* a person, and, therefore, cannot with propriety be included in the sentence as it stands. However, I pass over all such minor considerations, as they shrink into comparative insignificance before the real merits of the case, and the far more weighty interests which are at stake. I rest my case, then, against Mrs. Squeezer principally on the "latch-key" and the "dinner," and, indeed, what more can be required to constitute a grievance of the very weightiest character than the manner in which I was treated on these two points. I *did* allude to shirt buttons, but I am content to let that point pass. Considering the large sum, too, which I pay for my "apartments," I have no doubt that some, were they in my position, might object to the lumps which render my bed anything but one of roses: others, again, might raise an objection to the generally dilapidated state of the furniture, which, indeed, I must confess, is on a par with the plate basket of which Mrs. Squeezer had so much to say, and which turned out such a sham when it was produced. I should imagine that the furniture of my room is that which was provided by the late lamented Mr. S. when about to bring home his blushing bride, and *that* must have been a very long time ago, indeed; and little wonder if the appearance which it now presents is of the dingiest, and of a fashion of days long since passed away. As an example, although I believe that it is not very logical to conclude from a particular case to a general proposition, I will merely take the mirror which is suspended over the fire-place. It certainly is not ornamental. I imagine that at some remote period—say in the beginning of the seventeenth century—the frame may have been gilt, but it certainly does not look as if it had seen the hand of the decorator at any later period; and yet this dingy old thing is kept carefully covered by Mrs. Squeezer with a piece of gold-coloured gauze, (I only say *gold-coloured* gauze, because I know that is the colour usually employed for this purpose,) which has gradually become as black as the frame which it covers, and which, by a delicate fiction, which only a highly-imaginative mind could ever realise, it is supposed to protect. As it certainly is not ornamental, neither is this mirror of any earthly use, so far as I can conceive. I sometimes glance at myself in it, but I invariably turn shudderingly away from the sight of the ghastly, double-nosed,

yellow, and dimly-reflected monstrosity which is presented to my gaze. I am, unfortunately, of a highly bilious temperament, and am under no necessity of resorting to any artificial means for bringing on an attack of this unpleasant disease; but, if, for any reason which a lively imagination can conceive, I *did* wish to do so, I really don't know anything which would be so efficacious as, after I had dressed with peculiar care, and had flattered myself that I was looking more than usually well, (I was going to say fascinating, but I won't,) to seat myself before Mrs. Squeezer's mirror, and survey myself steadily in its wonderful surface for a short space of time, say, half an hour. If I didn't rise from the contemplation bilious and jaundiced to the very last degree of which human nature is capable, I don't believe that there is anything in creation which would produce the effect, if Mrs. Squeezer's mirror failed to do so.

However, as I have just said, I don't rest my case upon these minor matters. Others might do so; and might, even with reason, I admit, consider Mrs. Squeezer's neglect of shirt-buttons, Mrs. Squeezer's furniture, Mrs. Squeezer's distorting mirror, and Mrs. Squeezer's lumpy and uncomfortable bed, as quite sufficient to constitute a "real grievance." I rest my case on higher grounds, and with a magnanimity of mind which, I am quite certain, is uncommon enough to be remarkable, despising these smaller matters, I fall back upon the latch-key and the dinner party, and with these facts—figuratively, of course—in my hand, I fearlessly appeal to the enlightened readers of this journal, amongst whom I have very strong reasons for concluding that, my melancholy case has excited a large amount of sympathy, and call upon them to decide whether, in my position as "a single gentleman," I am not suffering from such a pressure of untoward circumstances as may be considered amply sufficient to constitute a "real grievance." By the diabolical manoeuvres of Mrs. Squeezer, my latch-key was rendered practically useless, and not worth its own weight in steel; and the result of it was, that I was prevented from seeing my friends on any evening at their own dwellings, and of mixing in that society for which I feel that I was formed, and in which I could find so much enjoyment. If I must be home by ten P.M., of course evening parties were out of the question; and the most I could aspire to would be a dull dinner party, with a lot of old fogies, with whom I could not be expected to have any sympathy or congenial feeling. I confess, and I am not the least ashamed of the fact, that I *do* enjoy a lively evening party, but dinner parties, properly so called, are my horror, and I hold them in utter detestation. After Mrs. Squeezer had brought things to such a pass, that I could neither remain out after ten P.M., with due regard to the safety of my shins, and other tender parts of my body, nor see my friends at home without being committed to the tender mercies of Mrs. Grigg and the handy young woman, I did try to relieve my overcharged feelings, and find vent for the natural vivacity of my nature, by attending some of those dreary dinner parties, to which I have just alluded, but I was obliged to give it up. I *couldn't* stand it. It wasn't in nature; at all events, not in that portion of nature which has its development in my person, to bear such an infliction as some of the dinner parties which it was my miserable lot to attend, and I was compelled from motives of the most obvious nature to relinquish all participation in these melancholy performances.

I don't see any particular reason in the nature of things why a dinner party should be such a stupid business, as in nine cases out of ten it turns out to be, but as the philosophers say, there is no arguing against a fact, "*Contra factum non licet argumentari*," and of the fact, I at least, so far as my experience goes, have no doubt. First of all, there is that fearful ordeal to be gone through in the drawing-room while we are waiting for dinner. Fat old Lady Standoff, with her flaming turban and its bird of paradise, which, judging from the antiquity of its appearance, may reasonably be presumed to have been coeval with Adam when our first parent inhabited that garden of delights, stands at the top of the room, and turns up her nose (although, indeed, nature has performed that operation for her in a sufficiently marked and most certainly durable manner already) because old Taylor, who is a hundred times as rich as she is, but who has the misfortune to be in the "leather line," has presumed to speak to her ladyship, and make some inoffensive remark about the weather. If my Lady Standoff hasn't got breeding enough to behave herself like a lady, why didn't she stay at home, and send a civil refusal to the polite invitation to dine, which Straitlace forwarded to her? But my lady had no

such intention! Her dinner at home would most likely have consisted of a soggy chop, and a half pint of sour wine, whilst she is sure of the best of good eating and drinking at Straitlace's table, and therefore Straitlace knows well enough that he can reckon upon her company, although he can by no means reckon upon her behaving with even a semblance of civility to the rest of the guests, whom he is, morally at least, bound to invite to his festive board. If I were Straitlace, Lady Standoff might go to Timbuctoo for her dinner, and be taken down by the king of that interesting but little-known kingdom, for anything that I cared; but dinner of mine she should never have the satisfaction of devouring, unless she had good manners enough to behave with civility to my guests. Then, to see that poor old Lucretia—oh, I beg her pardon, the *Honourable* Lucretia Fadedflower, who must, I think, have "come out" somewhere about the middle of the last century. She has chosen—so she says, others maliciously add, through necessity—a state of single blessedness; and whatever temptations may have crossed her path in former times, I should imagine that there is very little danger now-a-days, at all events, of her being tempted to break her resolution. But, then, to see her airs, and her poor old faded-out gentility, as she stands aloof in Straitlace's drawing-room, and refuses to fraternize with the rest of us, and for no earthly reason, so far as I can judge, except that she has "Hon." tacked on to her name, and happened, by some freak of fortune, to be born tenth daughter to the most noble the Earl of Stoneybatter, who died ages ago, and left his numerous family but very slenderly provided for. And to see the look of utter contempt with which she regards me, as Straitlace leads me up to her, and ask me to take her down to dinner, which I humbly beg to be allowed to have the honour of doing. The supercilious look which she gives me through her quizzing glass, which is of a pattern as antique as herself, would goad me into fury, if I didn't despise the poor old thing from the bottom of my soul. To see the manner in which she puts the tips of her dirty kids,—and I'll swear that they have been cleaned at least half a dozen times, at twopence a time,—upon the sleeve of my coat, you would imagine that she was fearful of contracting some unpleasant and contagious disease or other. *Why* doesn't she stay at home? Or, better still, why doesn't she fraternize with old Lady Standoff, and why don't they dine tête-à-tête—and oh! what a dinner that would be—instead of bringing her last generation gentility, and her poor threadbare pride where they are not wanted, and where they throw a damper upon every one with whom they are brought into contact? What right has she, I ask, as I have already asked in the case of Lady Standoff, to cause herself to be conveyed in a hired cab to the house of Straitlace, who is a decent fellow enough, but who does make such mistakes in these matters, if she can't prevail upon herself to behave like an ordinary Christian, who lives in the nineteenth century, when she arrives there? Why doesn't she shut herself up like that horrible old woman of whom we have just been reading in "*Great Expectations*," and hide herself and her worn-out old airs from the face of the daylight which glares so strangely and so sadly on them? It would be an arrangement which would, I am sure, be a great deal more satisfactory to all parties concerned, with perhaps, the exception of herself. For my part, I must say, that I took her down to dinner twice, but I wouldn't have done it a third time for all the dinners which were ever cooked at Straitlace's kitchen-range. I couldn't do it; it is not, I repeat, in nature to stand it. If these old creatures be so utterly lost to all sense of decency as not to perceive the propriety of discontinuing their frantic efforts to keep a place in the society which is so irrevocably slipping from under their feet, and which is no longer the place for them, I consider that government ought to take the matter into its own hands, and provide them with apartments in the British Museum, in that part of it which is named the "*antediluvian*," at the same time making a strict law, that they should never be allowed to leave it, but should constitute an integral part of the curiosities there collected. For example, the Honourable Lucretia Fadedflower might be provided with a glass-case large enough to permit of pedestrian exercise, combined with every facility for showing off her poor old worn-out airs. It might be labelled—"a relic of the last century—extremely rare, and very valuable, on account of its great antiquity.—Visitors are requested to approach this specimen with great caution, as it becomes very mischievous if touched, or annoyed by questions." And I am confident that the glass-case

and its contents would become at once a most interesting and useful exhibition, whilst society would be infinitely relieved by the removal of these poor old creatures to a sphere so much more fitted for them. However, don't for a moment, courteous reader, if you please, think that I am indulging in these philippics against my Lady Standoff, the Honourable Lucretia, "et hoc genus omne," merely because they are *old*. I should be ashamed of myself were I to attempt to treat old age with any such disrespect or unbecoming levity. No. If there be anything for which I have a sincere and deep respect, nay, even a loving veneration, it is for the beautiful old age which does not attempt to cover its own snowy locks with a ridiculous wig, or try to hide its wrinkles under a coat of rouge. There is no disgrace in the scanty locks over which Time has scattered his snows—it may be, with no sparing hand. There is nothing repulsive in the furrows which the same ruthless hand ploughs upon the faces of us all, as we approach nearer and nearer to the appointed term. I know two or three venerable old ladies, who have passed the appointed "threescore and ten," and I never see them in the midst of the prattling children who play around their knees, and smooth by their guileless love the path—the inevitable path—which every day grows plainer, and still more plain before them, without feeling sentiments of veneration arising in my soul for the beautiful old age which they do so grace and dignify. In my eyes, at least, the silvery hair in its scanty thinness on the old woman's brow, and the plain white cap, of a fashion long since passed away, are a thousand times more beautiful than the most elaborate wig over produced by the perquier's hand, or the showiest turban ever turned out by Parisian milliner. I never meet these old ladies at dinner parties in flaming turbans, and antique satin dresses, endeavouring to pass themselves off for that which they are not, striving in their folly and imbecility to hide that age, which, did they but receive it as the natural consequence of their being, would be their greatest ornament, and which is only rendered more evident, as it surely becomes more hideous and revolting, by their futile efforts to hide its ravages by wigs, feathers, and paint. Oh, let them go home! by all means, let them go home!—Let them throw off their borrowed locks; let them wash their faces, and fling the rouge pot out of the window; let them lay their feathers, their laces, and their gimcrackery aside, once and for ever; let them comb in two plain bands across their brow, the silvery locks which Nature herself has covered with her snows, to remind them of the winter which has already come upon them, and of the returnless bourne whither they are journeying. Let them clothe themselves in the simple garb which alone fits their age and their position. Let them give their feathers and their flowers to their grown-up grandchildren, and let them believe how much more beautiful they themselves will look in their plain white cap, and the simple mittens, which are the only adornments which become them. Let them not be ashamed of the wrinkles on their faces; Nature, herself, has written them there with her own finger, and when the face on which they have been traced is wont to wear a smile; is wont to reflect the placid cheerfulness, which ever follows a life well spent, these wrinkles do but serve to set it off in

all the honest comeliness of its venerable beauty. Let them show themselves no more in ball-rooms, or at dinner parties, but let them, instead, make their way, if they are able, to those rooms at the top of the house—the rooms with the bars in front of the windows, whence children's voices are to be heard for ever issuing during the day. Let them strive to render their presence in these rooms one to which the hearts of the children may fondly cling; and when evening has come, instead of decking themselves out in their borrowed plumes, and driving off to entertainments, which, at their age, they by no means grace, let them call the little children to kneel around their knees; let them take the little hands, and fold them between their own, and teach the young lips, which as yet can scarcely form the words, to say "our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name;" let them teach their grandchildren how to raise their innocent minds to God their maker, and the fresh young love of children's hearts shall scatter on their path to the grave a thousand flowers of never-dying sweetness. Then, in truth, shall their old age be venerable and beautiful; then, in truth, shall they be respected in their lives, and lamented when they shall have passed away; then, when their time shall have come, shall they face "him who rides upon the white horse, and whose name is Death," without fear or trembling; without that horrible shrinking from an inevitable decree, which is so fearful to one whose whole life has been spent in a futile effort to hide it from himself; to make a mystery of that which is plainer than the noon-day light.

But I must pause, and bring these reflections to a close. If I continue them, I am afraid that I may travel out of my proper sphere, and expose myself to that unpleasant operation which is familiarly known as "snubbing," or, as some phrase it, "putting a fellow's nose on the grindstone." During the course of my chequered existence, I have had to undergo the operation referred to more than once, and have found it so decidedly unpleasant, that I am by no means anxious to suffer a repetition of it, more especially at the hands of those whose good opinion I am so anxious to propitiate as the readers of this journal. I am quite convinced that the remarks which I have ventured to make in this paper do not apply to any of the readers of the "Illustrated Dublin Journal," and, therefore, I have given expression to them the more freely; but I have made them, because I have often met the types of those whose folly has called them forth, and I think it is the duty of an honest man to expose folly whenever he has a fitting opportunity, not for the sake of exposing it, but of correcting it; and of all the follies which walk this world, I do believe that there is none so thoroughly ridiculous in itself, nor so disgusting to others, as the foolish old age which tries to hide itself under borrowed plumage, and goes mincing forth in feathers and in paint, keeping up the "sham" till the fatal moment when it is stricken down for ever and ever, and the poor old worn out skeleton is exposed in all its natural hideousness to the unsympathizing looker-on.

So much for the "Dinner Grievance," which, is however, by no means exhausted, and which shall, with your permission, kind reader, form the subject of some future remarks.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER III.

THE sale of wooden spades and polished shells was proceeding vigorously, when the train added Messrs. Stackington, Faversham, and Ashby to the population of Hastings. The sunburnt faces that were pressed against those of pale citizens; the rapidity with which clerks' heads disappeared under the uglies of their wives, sisters, or sweethearts; the ardour with which young gentlemen rushed at their papas; and the agili-

ty with which the railway officials pitched the luggage from the waggon upon the platform, are points in the arrival of a Saturday afternoon train, which may be remarked at any watering-place within easy reach of London.

Ashby was very proud to find his sister Victoria and his mother waiting at the station. They would see him shake hands with the Hon. Mr. Stackington; they would also learn that Faversham was going to pay a visit to Lord Stackington at St. Leonard's. The young men shook hands, before they scrambled after their luggage, and parted. Ashby was a little sulky, for Mrs. Ashby had asked him, within hearing of Stackington, whether he had brought down the saddle of mutton from Newgate market for the morrow's din-

ner. Faversham had faithfully promised Ashby to call upon him on the following Monday, and, if possible, to bring Stackington with him. Cheered with this prospect, the young man walked along the winding road from the station, carrying his carpet bag, having first fairly ascertained that the baron's carriage, containing Stackington and Faversham, was out of sight.

Grateful to every body is the first summer sniff of the cool sea; delightful to taste the salt that gathers upon the lips after the first

stroll upon the parade of our favourite watering-place. It is pleasant also, to recognise the old familiar faces of last year, still intently gazing at the shingle in the hope of gathering precious agates; to find that the pale boy who was wheeled about in a chair, when we left last autumn, has survived the winter, and can now walk slowly with the help of a friendly arm. It is most mournful, however, to learn that the broad sailor who seemed to have been carved out of a massive block of mahogany, he who pulled us out to catch mackerel last year, lies now buried in the lament he loved, with sea weed for a shroud; but it is very exhilarating to know that various weddings, which we had anticipated from observations taken by the setting sun, on many autumn evenings of last year, have actually taken place. Behind one couple who seemed in a very advanced stage of courtship last year, it may be remarked that a servant walks, with something in very flowing robes between her arms, to which something the lady turns now and then to address words which sound like English mutilated by a Red Indian, but which, we are informed, is maternal English. The watering-place itself has



changed but little. The bazaar is still holding forth the attractions of a gratuitous concert, to lure its victims to its lotteries; the handsome riding-master still proudly passes the parade, in charge of groups of

timid young ladies, who are learning to ride because horsemanship is an accomplishment indispensable to daughters, whose fathers do not keep horses; the same screams rise upon the morning air from the vigorous plunging powers of the same stalwart bathing-woman (who by the way would certainly give any cannibals into whose hands she should fall by chance, the most irremediable attack of scurvy); the same landladies persist in the assertion that houses which front the railway-station, face the sea.

And, unfortunately, there is the same gossip afloat. All newcomers are severely criticised by the people who have occupied the parade during the last fortnight, and various stations in life are freely assigned to them: the fellow who wears the largest whiskers, I have noticed, generally obtaining from parade opinion the greatest consideration and the highest place. Last autumn the post of honour was unanimously accorded to two brothers, who wore fine, fair moustaches, and sported faultless tailoring: but we remember, as very remarkable, that these grandees of the parade were conspicuous at the billiard-table, and were very successful in the public room. The ladies insisted that they must be the youngest sons of earls, at the very least; their name, to the horror of many sentimental minds which had been occupied reading novels, on the shady sides of the boats upon the beach, turned out to be Barlow!

The Ashby circle played a conspicuous part in all this gossip and activity. The family enjoyed a representative in all the varying scenes of the watering-place. No cutter full of people was shoved off the beach, to afford holiday makers the advantage of being ill at the small charge of one shilling, that did not contain an Ashby; no lottery for a glove-box took place wherein an Ashby did not figure as the representative of a number; no raffle-paper was without an autograph of this most interesting and highly respectable family. Even in the matter of costume, the temporary emigrants from Jamaica Lodge were not behind their rivals of the parade. They had invaded the place, amply prepared to put every other ugly in the shade; their boy had a better wooden spade than any of the playmates he found upon the beach; the paternal Ashby had the most wide-awake of all the wide-awakes; and it would have been difficult to find a larger or more useless instrument than that telescope which formed part of the Ashby luggage.

Although the family had arrived only a few hours before the eldest son, already Mrs. Ashby was a subscriber to the reading-rooms, and Miss Ashby to various local charities, when Jack made his appearance in the evening. The old gentleman, in his wide-awake, and light linen coat, looked full of life, as he welcomed his boy's appearance upon the parade, and told him he had ordered a couple of chops for him at the lodgings. Miss Ashby was reclining upon a bench, wondering how her father could become so very excited with so little reason. She asked John after his health, and allowed him to kiss her on the forehead. Jack used to say that his teeth chattered after he had kissed Miss Ashby.

The Ashbys had taken part of a lonely cottage, which was perched upon the precipitous cliffs of the south coast. It was surrounded by trees, and the garden before it sloped away towards the beach. Before the windows lay the broad sea, with ships like white birds floating upon its surface. To the right, the view included a glen, where trees had sprung in the clefts of the sundered rocks, and along the bed of an almost exhausted stream, where rich ferns had softened the jagged outlines of the earth, and from the shady recesses of which the rambler caught, through the mazes of spare trees, welcome glimpses of the blue ocean, to which the murmuring waters at his feet were tending, slowly and almost imperceptibly, but as inevitably as every human pulse bears a creature onward to the Valley of Death.

From the Ashby windows the blue smoke could be seen, which rose from the coast-guard station, sheltered far beneath; from these same windows, people could be observed scrambling down the opposite rocks, and hence flocks of sheep looked like maggots, full of life, against the sloping points of the coast. Here the Ashbys thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They ate all their meals in the open air; they lingered in the garden after the sun had set, and when June flies buzzed about their ears in the dark shadows of the trees: and were loth to enter the house even to sleep. Mr. Ashby was the leader of every excursion; who most loved to scramble over the rocks; who was content to lie behind a huge sand-stone upon the beach, watching his boy and Amy at their daily search for pebbles, bottle-fish, and sea-weed. He was also content to

climb the rocks, at the luncheon hour, with his pockets loaded by the treasures found by his children. It was with a heavy heart that he returned to London every Monday morning, burdened with commissions for the servant at Jamaica Lodge, and with a list of requirements which Mrs. Ashby was sure he ought to be able to get at trade price. It was most consoling to the feelings of Mr. Jack Ashby to learn from his mother that the cottage had been inhabited during many years by the widow of a peer, and that it was in the possession of the aristocratic family at the present time.

Jack took an early opportunity of having an hour alone with his sister, Victoria. Victoria, with her light heart, and active tongue, always amused him. And then the young fellow knew very well that the girl loved him, and turned to him from the sectarian shadows of her home.

"Well, Victoria, what kind of a place is this?" said Jack, as he surprised his young sister on the morrow of his arrival, in the centre of the strawberry bed, her hands glistening with dew.

"Why, the strawberries are ripe, and the people here keep two cows; there are quantities of new-laid eggs, and they bake their own bread," said the girl laughing.

"All weaknesses of mine, as you seem to know, you young puss."

"The man and woman who keep the house have been here fifteen years," pursued Victoria; "they have only one little boy; they have been better off; the man lost all his money in the grocery business; his wife is consumptive; she makes beautiful pies. When she was young she was lady's maid to Lady Agnes Rosemoore, and her husband was footman in the same family; her maiden name was Wallis."

"Does she wear a wig?" Jack asked.

Victoria saw no slyness in the question, but went on again in her own flighty, voluble style. "No, but her husband does; he had a brain fever after he failed in business, and all his hair came off. The coast-guard who lives in the glen—you can just see the chimney from here—is her second cousin. He is under orders to leave for Rye. Poor woman, she is very dull about it."

"Come, never mind the coast-guard, and the rest of it. Are those strawberries for me, chatter-box?" said Jack, advancing energetically towards Victoria's basket, full of fresh fruit.

"Of course they are—but for breakfast," Victoria replied, and snatching up the basket she ran towards the house followed by Jack, both laughing their loudest.

Miss Ashby met her riotous sister at the door.

"I'm ashamed of you," said the serious young lady; "what must the people of the house think of you? Good morning, John; I am not surprised at you."

"I tell you what, Saint Araminta, I'll bet you a brooch against a meerschau, that the people of the house will have less to say against Victoria than against your saintship, when we leave."

"I don't understand your vulgar nonsense, John; you had better reserve it till you return to your chambers." Miss Ashby passed out into the garden, the picture—the pretty picture, it must be confessed—of disdain.

On the following day Faversham arrived at the cottage, accompanied by Stackington, in the baron's carriage. Faversham, having been asked to stay with Jack till the end of the week, had brought his portmanteau.

Mr. Ashby was very attentive to Mr. Stackington, and was charmed by this gentleman's affable manners. But Stackington could not talk very well; and Mr. Ashby, unfortunately, with the mistaken idea of suiting his conversation to his company, thought proper to start at once into the mysteries of the prevailing diplomacy, of which he knew little, and of which his hearer knew less, except that there was a difference between Berlin and Vienna. Poor Mr. Ashby's little knowledge always turned up a dangerous thing to him. He had read many good books, and had got half notions, indistinct memories of names, distorted views of facts, from them. Some branch of his tree must, at some time or other, have married into the Malaprop family. It was Ashby who was heard by an ill-natured barrister, who spread the joke abroad, at a city dinner, to express his disgust for "Congreve" eels, cooked in any way.

Ashby junior was pleased when Stackington rose to take leave, promising to call in the course of the week. Jack, to exhibit his familiarity with the aristocracy to his dazzled parents, behaved in an unusually off-hand manner to his guest, and asked him, as they shook hands, to come shortly, and have a pipe with him.

That evening Mr. Ashby left the sea-side for his London counting-house. Faversham, left to the godly family, tried to persuade himself that he was very fond of the country; that the glen was very charming; that he could live within the sound of the salt waters all his life. After breakfast he and Jack used to stroll away along the beach; to declare that the day was beautiful; that chambers were murky, disgusting places, compared with this clean cottage. But Faversham's sympathies were with men; as he lay upon the shingle, his thoughts turned to King's Bench walk. He was quiet, subdued all day; he smoked, and talked to Ashby's sisters, but in the cool of the evening, when the ladies were putting on their bonnets for a walk upon the parade, he revived, and hummed his favourite air before the house, as he pulled his yellow gloves on, and repulsed the endeavours of Master Ashby to climb up his legs. The party strolled over the heights towards the town, generally while the yellow tints of the sunset were deepening to a blood-red splendour. As they reached the parade, the red vapours of the west had been already chilled to a fading purple; and the moon had thrown down a silver carpet across the sea, which turned with the walkers, and seemed to invite the adventurous to bend their steps thitherwards. It attracted Faversham's attention, and held it, the first time he walked upon the parade. He had offered his arm to Miss Ashby.

"A splendid night, Miss Ashby!" said Faversham, still gazing away from his companion, across the silvered waters. "A glorious night; one that Shelley would have enjoyed!"

"I have never read a line of him," Miss Ashby replied, with emphasis.

Faversham remembered instantly that his favourite poet was nowhere recognised in the serious neighbourhood to which the partner of his walk belonged. Miss Ashby's serious face looked so pretty, with its solemn expression; the moonlight gave a coldness so proper to its gentle outline, that Faversham, when he turned towards it a little nervously, to note the extent of his blunder, fixed his eyes upon it for some moments, and thought he had never seen a holier image. He longed at once to turn so fair a thinker to his poet. He thought how sweet those lips would look, reciting the tender passages of his melancholy muse.

"I remember," Faversham said presently, "that religious people detest Shelley's name; robbing him of his divinest phase, by denying him religion. Yet there is in every reverence he pays to nature, a good man's reverence for God!"

"Let us change the subject, Mr. Faversham, I beg; we shall never agree," Miss Ashby replied very, very seriously. "I know your opinions are those of all young men, just now. It is a great pity!"

"If I am wrong, undeceive me. You will find me a candid convert."

"It is beyond my power, Mr. Faversham," Miss Ashby answered; "we are a long way behind mamma."

Afterwards Faversham told his friends that he had been walking along the sea-shore with the prettiest little bigot in the world.

Returned from the parade walks, the Ashbys passed an hour about the supper-tray. This hour, in many English households, is the pleasantest of the twenty-four. The talk is light and general. A row of candles stand in inviting prominence upon the sideboard; the servant inquires whether or not anything more is wanted; the fire is made up to last just half an hour longer; the defects of friends have already been amply discussed, and finally dismissed; there is wine, there is also generally some spirit, perhaps there are a few cigars, upon the table; all the party draw unceremoniously about the fire, and impart cheerful confidences.

Faversham was never more lively, during his visit to the Ashbys, than at the hour when the family usually was in bed. After supper Mrs. Ashby allowed one cigar to be smoked in the drawing-room. After supper, when Victoria had gone to bed, Miss Ashby was less serious than at any earlier hour of the twenty-four.

It was at these times that Faversham obtained insights into the mind of Miss Ashby. She fenced with him, it must be admitted, most admirably; she silenced his arguments by pat Scriptural quotations against which he felt it was vain to struggle. He saw that she was literal in everything, that strongly persuaded of the soundness of her own opinions, neither sentiment nor the hardest hits of logic would avail to modify them. Yet she argued with him; and he knew this to be an honour which Miss Ashby conferred upon

few of her father's visitors. He talked of an active religion, free from all sectarian bias; she declared that his argument pointed the road to absolute atheism. Shocked often, poor Faversham frequently resolved never again to have an argument with Miss Ashby. But he could never resist the ever-recurring temptation. It annoyed him constantly to see so pretty a girl, so good a girl, opposed to him. He felt a yearning to be in harmony of soul with that sweet little sectarian. He tried to touch her in every way; he appealed to her sense of the beautiful, when they were clambering about the rocks; he drew fanciful conceits before her, when the summer waves came creeping to her feet; the shepherd boys, carving sticks upon the downs, were images to him which he turned to account in vain.

A primrose was a primrose to Miss Ashby; the waves, but the saltiest water. She took her account-books of her districts with her upon the beach; nor did she turn from their ruled pages for one moment to glance at the ribbed silver clouds above, nor the shadows of those clouds upon the ocean below. Here Jack and Faversham often found her, and they lit another pipe, drew their caps over their eyes; threw themselves upon the hot shingle not far off, and played with the pebbles, or pelted Master Jack, and that gossip, Miss Victoria. Faversham, although interested in the conversion of Miss Ashby to his opinions, was glad when Saturday brought back Mr. Ashby to the sea-side.

The old gentleman was welcomed home—as a good father is always welcomed home. That is, Master Ashby hid the flower-pots he had broken during the week—discontinued his cane smoking, obeyed his mother, and went less often to the strawberry-bed. Jack was less jocular, and drank less wine at dinner. Victoria curbed the gossip she loved. Mr. Ashby seldom returned home without some present for the children, or something dexterously obtained at trade price for the elder branches of the family. He always brought a copy of the "Times" with him, and a scarcely dry copy of a weekly paper. He had long stories to tell of the friends he had met in the week; of the little events which had occurred at Jamaica Lodge, and of the political discussions in the houses. He was the idol—the Mentor of his home. His verdicts were final on all questions, to his wife, and to his children—if we except Miss Ashby. It was really pleasant to see his clean face on the morrow of his return, pleased and prepared for some long ramble. He was an intelligent man when he was not intellectual. As he was the oracle of the omnibus in which, six days in every week, he travelled from Jamaica Lodge to the city, so at the sea-side he was the great interpreter to his family of every change of wind, of every phase of the ocean, of the varieties in the shipping that came within sight of that powerful telescope already alluded to. It was his weakness, however, to appear armed with information at all points, and if he did not estimate young men very kindly, it was because he rarely obtained from them that deference for his opinions which he courted, and which, in the city circles open to him, he generally obtained.

Faversham was really interested in old Ashby. He had no great respect for his talents, he detested his business-views, the sordid phases of his character; but he was curious to know how it came about, that this very ordinary member of society, and exemplary city man, made a better father and a better husband than the professional and political men of his acquaintance. There was the Queen's council Namby, for instance. Contrast him with Ashby in his domesticity. The eminent barrister was a liberal, he had one of the clearest intellects at the bar, he had fought his own way to fortune, he loved the poor man (in his speeches), yet he cast his son upon the world, if not with a curse, at least with a scowl that embittered the poor boy's heart against him ever afterwards. Then there was Mr. Clifton, who quarrelled daily with his wife, and told his son he must fight his own way as his father had done before him; nor could he withdraw from his group of contrasts the dignified figure of Lord Stackington, who gave a tip of one of his fingers to Stackington, when he met this young gentleman after an absence of two years. All these gentlemen, thought Faversham, are men of elegant tastes, men of liberal aspirations, authorities on most questions of the day; great upholders of national education, public converts to the doctrine of kindness mostly, patrons of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," yet they get no welcome home like that which greets Mr. Ashby.

On this account Faversham liked Jack's father. He was easily touched, and he was cheerful in being the witness of the good

citizen's domestic harmony. He thought that it would be even worth the sacrifice, could certain men buy some of this quiet happiness, at the price of those thunders of applause which make a platform an elysium, or at the cost of a favourable criticism in the most powerful of the journals.

Faversham was not sorry to be back in his dusky chambers, but he remembered his sea-side walks with Miss Ashby, as bright little passages in his history, which he had not sufficiently appreciated while he was experiencing them. It is a happy truth, that in turning upon the past, the bright passages of our story grow brighter, and the dark clouds under which we have crept, seem less terrible. We wonder that we did not more thankfully enjoy our fortune, and that we made so much of our mishaps.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHANTOM BARK.

A LEGEND OF BRAY.

[THERE is a fanciful legend told among the fishing population of Bray, of a chief of the O'Byrnes who was lured away as the poem relates; but, it is said, even amid the scenes of glory by which he is surrounded he sorrows for the fallen fortunes of his sept; and the fishermen relate tales of a wondrous bark seen at times in the beautiful bay, from which the spell-bound chief gazes on his cherished tho' ruined towers.]

A LIGHT skiff lay rocking 'neath Bray-head's bold steep,
Where the waves 'gainst its iron-shore wrathfully leap;
And its master was sleeping, calm, silent, and still,
In the shadow thrown over the wave by the hill.

Till in accents of warning there fell on his ear,
A whisper that mortals but seldom may hear:—
"Ere from the green waters the moonlight shall fly,
Thou shalt tread in my bower, or, O! chief, thou shalt die."

As flash the bright rays upon Dargle at morn,
As timid hind bounds at the blast of the horn,
The chieftain sprang upward, wild, startled and wan,
But the form that whispered the warning was gone!

All silent and foamless seemed quickly to glide,
Like a swan on the water, a bark o'er the tide;
And a form seemed to guide it, as pale as the spray,
And fair as a sea-nymph—away, far away!

And soon through the waters, with white sails outspread,
The fay-bark pursuing, the chief onward sped;
Till his bark, as it rapidly swept from the strand,
Was lost to the gazer who looked from the land.

And ever, as onward the spirit-bark fled,
His wild chase unwearied, undaunted he led,
Till visions of glory, that earth's cares dispelled,
His spirit entrancing, the chieftain beheld.

When the dawn of the morning on Ravenswell broke,
And tinted with gold upon Wilfort the oak,
There was wild *caoine* and wailing—O'Byrne never more
With his skiff from the ocean came back to the shore.

And the chieftain's tall towers begirt by the wave,
With turrets unbannered, looked lone as the grave;
With revel of nobles its halls no more rung,
The harp remained silent, the song-bursts unsung.

When, ruined and roofless in hopeless decay,
His castle unchieftained fell to ruin a prey,
When the morn was decking the mountain's grey side,
The sea-chieftain's bark was flung in by the tide!

Even yet, when the moonlight is wreathing the wave,
And the shade of the mountain falls dark as the grave,
May be seen, where looms upward the sea-witches' cliff,
Far out on the ocean, the chieftain and skiff!

WHAT WE GET FROM GRAPES.



THE variety of beverages is really astonishing that have from time to time been invented by mankind, either as a means of allaying thirst, or of stimulating the brain.

Allover the globe there has been placed some means of satisfying what seems to be a universal necessity, and where one source of a stimu-

lating beverage is denied, another fills its place, which is, doubtless, best suited to the particular climate, or to the habits of the people. We turn up our noses at the culinary delicacies of some lands less favoured than our own; at the stewed rats of China, or the baked earthworms of New Holland; are disgusted beyond measure at the taste of the African bushmen, who delight in caterpillars; or that of the Siamese, who prefer a curry of ant's eggs to one

of chicken or rabbit; but a physiologist will tell you that by these disagreeable dainties life is maintained, and muscular strength kept up equally well as by the, to us, more palatable beef or mutton of Europe; and a chemist, his disgust once overcome, would probably sit down to either one or other of them with the comforting knowledge that, after all, they contained quite as much carbon and nitrogen as more familiar food.

So is it with the liquors we ferment. The Switzer, who prepares from the bitter gentian a spirit which affords him solace and warmth on his frozen mountain tops; the Mexican, who brews a liquor with an odour resembling that of tainted meat; and the Tartar, whose constant beverage is fermented mare's milk, all do so from the same motive, and in each case the same result is attained as in the preparation of our wines and malt liquors. All artificial beverages may be considered as the results of a feeble attempt to supply the place of that other which, combining in itself all their good qualities, and possessing none of their faults, has ever been esteemed the type of liquid perfection; has ever, from the earliest ages to the present time, been an object diligently laboured for and universally enjoyed—Wine, the unapproachable, inimitable!

As I write the word Wine my modest sheet of foolscap seems to expand into a very Sahara of paper, claiming to be covered with the ideas which it suggests. The very mention of wine brings visions of sunny hill sides, teeming with golden grapes; of panniered mules, threading along the edge of a precipice, and toiling beneath the weight of their luscious burden; of the heaped fruit, ready for the wine-press; of long files of waggons, laden with turgid skins.

You are taken back to the earliest days of Pagan nations, and see poured from the golden vase the libation which preludes the feast. You think of the wines of Chios and Lesbos; of the Surrentine wine, which was the favourite of Caligula; and of the Pucine, to which the empress, Julia Augusta, said she was indebted for length of days. Then of poor Clarence, and his butt of Malmsey, and pondering upon his strange affection, you remember that of the Rhinelander, as evidenced in the familiar expression: "Lend me your walking-stick to support my vine; the vine will support you when the stick cannot; Lend me your umbrella to prop my vine, it will in turn shelter you far better than the frail silk." And once in Germany you breath an atmosphere redolent of wine; you are in the land of Markobrunner and Johannisberg, the home of Hock and Liebfraumilch, the country of Gargantuan wine cellars, of the great tun of Heidelberg, of that Bremen cellar, where, for more than two centuries, have reposed five hogheads of Rhenish, a glass of

which is veritable *aurum potable*; for supposing the wine to have increased in value in the same ratio as would the sum which it originally cost, if put out to compound interest, it would be worth £113,492, and the price of a single bottle would purchase a German principality!

The knowledge and use of wine dates from a very early stage in the history of man, but we are left in ignorance of the precise period. Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard and drank of the wine, and of the intoxicating nature of the beverage we are not left in the slightest doubt. Indeed, in a warm climate the very fact of the juice of grapes being allowed to remain even for a short time would determine its change into wine. The Jewish Rabbins believed that the fruit—

—“Whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,”

was no other than the grape, and to this day the natives of the island of Madagascar have a tradition that the four rivers of Paradise flowed in streams of milk, honey, oil, and wine, and that the punishment which entailed upon our first parents was in consequence of their having partaken of the last of these.

Many oriental nations preserve some memory of the discovery of this universal beverage, and among the ancient Greeks Bacchus and Noah seem to have been considered as one and the same person.

“I know, too, where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,”

sings the Peri, in Moore's “Lalla Rookh.” About this monarch the Persians retain a legend, stating that to him is due the introduction of wine into that country. Jemshedd—the story goes—was so very fond of grapes that, desirous of always having them, he had a large quantity stored in a cellar. When he next visited them he found that the grapes had burst, and that the juice had lost its sweetness; and instead of having it thrown away, which would seem to have been the most natural proceeding, he had it carefully stored in jars, and labelled “Poison.” Now, one of the ladies of Jemshedd's household, perhaps from motives of jealousy, happened to be desirous of putting an end to herself, and taking advantage of the proximity of what she considered a deadly poison, swallowed a considerable draught. Much to her surprise, however, she awoke some hours afterwards without even a headache, mightily refreshed, and not at all in a hurry to attempt suicide again. Many, however, were the visits she paid to the poison jar, and the wine soon becoming exhausted, Jemshedd inquired how it had vanished; and on being told, lost no time in repeating an experiment which had been productive of such salutary effects. More grapes were gathered, and soon fermented, and the court of Jemshedd resounded with the praises of *Zehar-e-koosh*, or the delightful poison.

Few circumstances argue more in favour of the theory that wine was intended to be the universal beverage of mankind than the etymology of the word itself. From the Hebrew verb *vin*, to press, come the Greek *oinos*, the Latin *vinum*, the French *vin*, the Spanish *vino*, the Welsh *gwin*, the Irish *fiun*, and the English *wine*.

It will give some idea of the changes and modifications which climate, soil, and cultivation can effect upon the grape to state that no less than fourteen hundred varieties are cultivated in the gardens of Luxembourg. This will also help the reader to understand how it is that one fruit can produce wines of such varied flavour, strength, and richness.

Besides the differences in wines, which are the result of variety in the grapes from which they are made, there are other peculiarities due to the method of cultivation pursued. An example of this exists in the case of the wines of the Cape of Good Hope, the peculiar earthy flavour and want of richness of which are the only particulars in which they are inferior to those of Spain and Portugal. The reason of this is obvious; in the first place the grapes grow very close to the ground, and become covered with particles of earth, and when they are gathered no care is taken to separate the clean from the dirty branches; both, together with unripe and withered fruit, being employed indiscriminately.

The proportion of alcohol in different wines varies quite as much as do their more sensible properties, being on the whole greatest in sherry, which contains a per centage of proof spirit ranging between 30 and 37. In port wine the same, or very nearly the same, alcoholic contents have been estimated; and this also may be said of

the wines of Madeira and the Canary islands—Teneriffe; but in French wines the highest per centage ever reached is 16 or 18, and the ordinary wines of the country rarely hold anything like this.

We will now proceed to inquire what are the other constituents of wine, which so modify its alcoholic portion as even in some cases to engender a doubt of its identity with the spirit obtained from it by distillation, i.e., brandy.

The first of these is sugar. This substance serves to modify the flavour of wines very much, by masking the taste of the acids which it contains, and frequently, were this sense alone depended upon, giving a false idea of their strength. As a general rule, it may be said that when the quantity of sugar in a wine, which, like port or sherry, usually contains a moderately large quantity of alcohol, is great, the wine is proportionately weak, and *vice versa*. In sherry the largest quantity of sugar found is not greater than 18 grains per ounce, while a wine called Paxarete contains as much as 94 grains. Claret and Burgundy are totally devoid of sweetness, as are also many of the German wines. The quantity of sugar in port wine varies between 16 and 28 grains per ounce, and is about, on an average, the same as that in champagne.

The acids contained in wine which deserve notice, are tartaric and acetic, the greater portion of the former being present in the form of cream of tartar.

The substance to which wine owes its astringency or roughness, is *tannic acid*, one of the constituents of oak bark and nut galls. In the wines of Madeira, Teneriffe, and in most of the Rhine wines, its quantity is so very minute as to be insignificant; but in Port and Claret it is, on the contrary, large, and this fact is often taken advantage of in cases of medical practice, where an astringent is indicated, is, indeed, the great reason why port wine is prescribed more frequently than any other for invalids. The tannin in wine also serves a very important end as regards their preservation, for it unites with other substances liable to decomposition, and prevents them from exerting any injurious effect.

Wine owes its peculiar odour and taste to the presence of small quantities of volatile matter, which are held in solution in the alcohol. The principal of these is *acetic ether*, which seems to be generated from the alcohol during the fermentation. The experiments of Liebig and Pelouze, have shown that from more than one thousand gallons of wine scarcely a pound of ether can be obtained, and from this fact it may be gathered, that in its pure state the ether must be extremely powerful.

The wine used in England is the produce of the vineyards of Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, and Madeira. The Canary Islands also furnish excellent wine, and of late years that of Southern Africa has come more into use than formerly. Taking them in this order those of Spain first demand attention.

Spain is, in very truth, a country of wine; it contains no less than seven thousand vineyards, and the juice of its grapes flows from more than fourteen thousand wine presses.

The variety which chiefly finds its way to England is that near Xeres—pronounced Cheres—a town not far from Seville. The difference in the quality of Xeres wine, known more familiarly as Sherry, are partly natural, and partly artificial. Among the former of these the most important is the fact, that two gatherings of grapes are made; one early, when the fruit is not quite ripe, and the other when it has attained to maturity. Now, as only ripe grapes yield the best wine, that of the earliest vintage is very inferior, and is much mixed with that of a better quality. Among the matter may be classed the mixing of different vintages, and the adulteration with boiled wine and brandy, both of which are practised in order to meet the demand for strong, full bodied wines, in the English market. A Spaniard would reject wine which we esteem as perfection in this country, holding that sweet wines are only fit to be used as liqueurs. Among the most famous wines of Xeres is the Amon-tillado, or Montillado, which is not the production of any particular vineyard, but is stated to be purely accidental; a sort of wine phenomenon. It is pale in colour, almost devoid of sweetness, and has a full, rich, nutty flavour, which is much prized in this country for imparting these qualities to wines in which they are deficient. Thus we learn, that no wine is perhaps less natural than Sherry, which is notoriously a mixture of the products of many vintages, and is moreover “improved,” to suit the tastes of various drinkers.

Sherry is one of the wines which was formerly called “sack.” What the etymology of this word is, is very uncertain, some

authorities contending that it owes its origin to a town in Morocco called Xeque; others that it is from *sec*—dry,—a view which seems to gain some strength from the fact, that lime—if we may take the dictum of Falstaff upon his favourite beverage—was sometimes added with the object, doubtless, of increasing its pungency. On the other hand it may be advanced that so far from sack being necessarily a dry wine, a variety which was very sweet, Malmsey also received this appellation, being distinguished as “Canary sack.”

Morewood inclines to the more probable explanation, that there being a Japanese beverage called *sacki*, which much resembles wine, the Portuguese traders in Japan—who also traded in Madeira and the Canaries—introduced into Europe the name of a beverage which they had learned to like, together with the wine to which it bore a resemblance.

Portugal gives us only one wine of any importance. This is that of Oporto, or as we call it Port. The importations of this wine form more than three-fourths of the total quantity of red wine consumed in England. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, five hundred pipes of this wine were a superabundant annual supply, while in 1857, no less than twenty-four thousand pipes were shipped to this country; a curious example of the mutability of the tastes and habits of a nation.

It has been often said, “that there is more Port wine drunk in England than ever comes into the country,” a statement not without some foundation, for its deep colour and predominating flavour serve to mask sophistications which cannot so readily be practised upon the more delicate white wines. Even in Portugal itself it is not exempt. The Wine Company of Oporto, some years since, in the endeavour to carry on an honest trade, had all the elderberry bushes exterminated, as the juice of this fruit was largely used to communicate adventurous colour. Even, now, the juice of a species of *phytolacca*—an adulteration even worse than that by elderberries—is employed.

Port wine, like sherry, receives additions of brandy. This is carried even to a greater extent than with the wines of Spain; it is in fact, invariably practised, no wine ever escaping with less than five per cent of the spirit; while some of a poorer class, said technically to be “sick,” are doled in much greater proportion.

In pleasing contrast to the brandied heavy wines of Spain and Portugal, come those of France, which are for the most part genuine and unadulterated. Indeed the extreme delicacy of flavour and bouquet, upon which most of the reputation of French wines is founded would be totally injured by even a very small admixture of distilled spirit.

Burgundy, which is one of the most famous, owes the favour in which it is held to the patronage of the Dukes of that name, who were known as “*Princes des bons vins*.” The most celebrated wines of Burgundy are those produced in the vineyards of Chambertin, Clos Vougeot, and Romanée Conti.

The provinces of Languedoc, Roussillon, and Provence, also produce excellent wines, some varieties of which being sweet and strong, are profitably distilled, or serve to mix with those of a poorer quality. Besides these, the wines of Gascony and Guienne are in much esteem, those with which we are most familiar being the produce of the vineyards of Lafitte, Graves, Sauterne, Barsac, Chateau Margaux and Haut Brion. The wine which we know in England by the generic name of Claret, is a mixture of wines of uncertain names, united in such proportion as to produce a beverage which is known by experience to please.

Champagne, which has not inaptly been said to bear the same relation to wine proper as confectionery does to more solid food, is produced in the department of the Marne, and from the fact that it requires a mode of preparation peculiar to itself, a brief sketch of its manufacture may not be unacceptable to the reader.

As soon as the juice of the grapes, (from which the skins are rigorously excluded,) is expressed, it is put into casks which are kept perfectly full, lest the air should tinge the wine yellow, and allow it to ferment. In the first month of the following year, the newly-made wine is drawn off the lees, and clarified by means of isinglass, a process which it is sometimes necessary to repeat several times. In May it is bottled, and at this time, about three per cent of a syrup, made with the wine and pure sugar, is added. If the champagne is intended to be pink, the syrup is made with red wine. The bottles being secured by wiring down the corks, they are placed in a hori-

zontal position, and thus remain until September. All this time a slow fermentation is going on; alcohol is being formed, and carbonic acid being dissolved in the wine. The latter exerts such considerable pressure upon the fragile glass, that the bursting of the bottles is rather a regular occurrence than an accident; sometimes amounting to as much as fifteen per cent. It is this loss, and the great care and dexterity required in the succeeding process, that accounts for the high price of genuine champagne.

In September, then, the bottles are placed in a reclining position, with their necks downwards, so that the deposit which has been formed in them during their fermentation may fall towards the cork. The wire fastening is now removed, and by a series of rapid evolutions, only to be acquired by extended practice, the cork is withdrawn, the sediment tilted out, the cork again returned to its place, and the bottle again placed neck downwards. This jugglery has to be repeated until no more deposit is formed, and the wine remains clear and brilliant.

The wines of Germany are well known to possess excellent flavour and delicious bouquet. The summary of Longfellow's “Friar,” may serve to indicate those in most esteem, quite as well as a less interesting prose description.

“At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hocheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine!
They are all good wines, and better far,
Than those of the Neckar or those of the Ahr.”

Chemically speaking, the characteristics of German wines are acidity, and small alcoholic contents.

The island of Madeira, which boasts the best sugar and wheat, and the most salubrious climate in the world, produces also excellent wines. Besides a *Finta* or red wine, which does not appear to be exported, there are, according to Morewood, wines made from the Malmsey and Serrial grapes, that from the former being sweet, and the latter a “dry” wine. The wine, however, which is known in England as Madeira, is made from all the grapes of the island indiscriminately, with the exception of the just-mentioned varieties. As in its pure state it will not bear the sea-voyage, it is brandied before shipment, or sometimes the brandy is added when it arrives in England. In the latter case it is distinguished as “London Particular.” When strengthened by the addition of spirit, Madeira, however, vastly improves by transmission to a warm climate, and when so treated, is in much demand. “I have had,” writes Mulder in his ‘Chemistry of Wine,’ “Madeira which had been seven times (in cask) to the East Indies and back, and truly such nectar was unknown to the gods of the ancients.”

Madeira is from its stimulating properties much prescribed by physicians for debilitated patients, in cases where its slight acidity is not objectionable.

Statistics are always rather dry reading, and while we do not think that our readers would care for any lengthened details of wine imports and consumption, we cannot conclude without some reference to these particulars. When we go back and look up the private accounts of some of the royal and noble households of England, we find evidences of the extent to which the drinking of wine was carried, which are scarcely credible when viewed in the light of our modern notions of temperance and moderation.

At the enthronisation of the Archbishop of York, in the sixth year of Edward IV., one hundred tuns of wine were drunk. His predecessor is said to have used eighty tuns of claret yearly in his house; and the consumption of wine in the establishment of the Earl of Shrewsbury exceeded two tuns in the month. In the Earl of Northumberland's household, however, which was regulated with the utmost economy, the yearly allowance of wine did not exceed forty-two hogsheads.

Such, in its origin, in its chemical history, and in some of its varied phases, is wine. We to whose lot falls not to partake of it with our daily bread, should not lament; in this respect its want is well supplied, and it serves with us a no less useful end. To enliven the feast, to cheer in despondency, to strengthen in sickness, is its mission; let us therefore prize it for its excellence, and drink it with thankfulness.

D.

THE BRAVO'S SURPRISE.



ON a bright summer morning, about half a century after the death of the renowned Chevalier Bayard, that good knight who lived and died "without fear and without reproach," a young man, in the garb of a soldier, was pursuing his way towards a range of mountains that towered over a certain part of the coast of southern Italy. It was evidently a period of truce in that land, else why should this young soldier be on a ramble of pleasure, as he happened to be at the time? He was dressed in the Spanish military costume of the day, but the lofty brow, slightly aquiline nose, and other eminently handsome features, together with his well-moulded stalwart frame, and proud port, as he trode leisurely onward, were better evidences that he belonged to that gallant nation. His age was about twenty-three, but there was a thoughtful expression in his face, and a look of much experience in his dark grey eyes, that made him appear a few years older.

The range of mountains, towards which he directed his steps, lay between him and the coast, and it was not till the morning was very considerably advanced that he came to the opening of a pass, that seemed to lead in past through them to the sea. Through this pass a stream descended into the plain, and along the edge of the glen, down which the bright cool waters danced merrily, a path led up into the heart of the mountains, and, shaded by many a spreading and graceful tree, formed a pleasant if toilsome way, along which the young soldier pursued his journey, till the beams of the meridian sun smote hot and brilliantly on the fantastic boulders of rock that occasionally strewed the sides of the steep and solitary ravine.

"By my faith, Miguel," said he, half audibly addressing himself, as he went on. "By my good word, but thou art a veritable pilgrim to-day. But we will rest soon."

The turning of the path was at last gained, but when the young soldier here looked on the prospect that opened before him, the idea of his projected halt was abandoned for the time, and he only stood for a few moments in delighted contemplation of the scene. He was on the verge of an immense oval valley, in the midst of which a huge pyramidal-shaped block of hill shot up its pointed summit into the blue air, with a waterfall at its foot.

Upon the very verge of the fall, the young soldier sat down, opened his wallet, and began regaling himself upon its contents, which consisted of a loaf of brown bread, a quantity of dried figs and some raisins, together with a flask, which contained a small modicum of choice wine. After finishing a few morsels of the bread, his eye fell on a huge vine, which hung from the bough of a tree beneath him on the side of the chasm, and which appeared through all its length one immense cluster of ripe and tempting grapes. Casting a glance around the chasm, in order to discover a few bunches of grapes more easy of access, his longing eye again returned to the huge trailing vine, for another was not to be seen.

"Well," he said, at length, "I will have a bunch or two, even though 'twere at the price of my neck. But, no—at Calaro I can regale myself upon them without incurring such danger," and he recommenced his attack upon the brown loaf. "However," resumed he again, as he gazed upon the heavy clusters of alluring fruit, "a sparrow in the hand is worth a vulture on the wing," and with that sage proverb he put his wallet on the sward beside him, stood up, and began examining the steep side of the chasm, in order to find some mode of access to the object of his desires. Beneath his feet and down to the root of the trees from which the vine depended, hung an aged creeping plant, like a ladder of rope.

It was now an easy task to ascend the trunk, and he was soon plucking eagerly at the ripe bunches of grapes above. After enriching himself with a choice collection, he was about to descend, when the branch of the tree on which he leant principally for his support, incontinently broke beneath his weight, and he would have been precipitated into the deep, dark pool beneath, were it not that at the same instant he caught a firm hold of the depending wreath of vine. This also gave way, and, as it were, peeled down the trunk of the

tree, so that when at last it stopped, with a shock, he found himself in the air, swinging to and fro over the pool, and, luckily for himself, entangled in the rosy branches and flexible clingers of the vine. To and fro he swung for some considerable time, till at last the vine wreath ceased its undulations, and he found himself only a few yards above the treacherous water, ensconced in a far more ingenious hammock than ever he had the fortune to be placed in on board ship, when he sailed from the blue Cordova Bay across the Mediterranean wave, to the gay shores of the Italian land.

He had full leisure to regret his hasty act and look around him, but there were no means of escape save by the water, the threatening roar of which, as it escaped from the pool some yards to his right, made that mode of exit appear both dreadful and dangerous. After taking a full survey of his situation, he endeavoured to swing himself into the almost perpendicular side of the chasm next him, but with each effort, the vine wreath, after various provoking oscillations, returned to its original position, and left him to re-contemplate his dilemma in no very enviable frame of mind. His only plan was to wait for the aid of some traveller who might chance to take the path he had taken in the morning.

He was now in despair, and about to let go his hold of the vine, and commit himself to the dubious mercy of the water beneath, when he heard, high above the noise of the waterfall, the jovial notes of a guitar, sounding apparently from the very spot he had some time before chosen, whereon to eat his noonday meal in peace. After making himself hoarse with calling to the unknown musician, the sounds of the guitar at length ceased, and on looking up, the young soldier beheld a stalwart and very handsome youth, about his own age, gazing upon him from the edge of the precipice overhead. Over a blue velvet doublet he wore a light Spanish cloak, and his curling ebony locks fell down almost upon his well-turned shoulders from beneath a plain broad-brimmed hat without a plume, but with a diamond clasp to the ribbon that encircled it. The stranger leant against the trunk of a young tree, in order to have a better view, and at last seemed to comprehend in its fullest extent the danger of him beneath, who so eloquently and eagerly sought his help.

"Who and what art thou?" said he, as he still, however, leant against the tree looking down.

"By my word, sir stranger," answered the unfortunate object of his inquiry, "if you wait for genealogies, there will soon be only a slight account of me, for I feel this bacchanal twig about to give way again and plump me into the pool. My name," continued he, as the other now began to descend with wonderful nimbleness to his aid, "is Miguel de Cervantes, a soldier of King Philip the Second of Spain."

"Ha!" said the stranger, still descending towards the ledge on which the tree grew. "I, too, am a soldier of the king. Dost know me, Miguel? Dost know thy merry comrade of years ago when we lived together in the Calle de los Moros of Salamanca, and studied to make sonnets and redondillas under the tutorship of the worthy Juan Lopez?"

"Don Juan de Burgo!" exclaimed Cervantes, in immense astonishment. "I faith but it is he for a verity! Ah! I remember—remember well. But methought thou wert long ago in thy native country beyond the seas, Juan—in Ireland."

"I would have been," answered the other, as he commenced, after gaining the ledge, breaking off a long branch of the tree. "I would have been there, but that my father was killed in battle about a year ago, and his barony given away to another. So you see there was nothing left for me but to follow the tack of King Philip's drums as a soldier like thyself.* Here, catch this!" continued he, as he reached out the broken branch to Cervantes, "catch a firm hold and I will draw thee in."

In a few moments Cervantes was safe on the ledge, and clasping with a warm pressure the hand of his friend. They then ascended to their original station overhead, and sitting down side by side, commenced a new attack on the contents of the wallet.

"What brings thee here?" queried Cervantes, after taking a draught of wine to refresh himself.

"Love!" answered his companion, curtly.

"Love! I faith thou hast come a far way to find out an idol for thy heart."

* At this time great numbers of the Irish went over to Spain and fought under the banners of King Philip.

"Dost see that guitar?" said De Burgo, pointing to the instrument which lay on the grass beside him. "Dost think I would wander about like a troubadour, with that at my back, were it not for love, and to strum up a serenade in honour of her bright eyes? Three months ago," continued he, warming to his subject; "three months ago, we met, and loved, Miguel. She is the kindest, loveliest, best, and most faithful maiden in all Italy, and her name—I may tell it to thee, Cervantes—is Maria de Mondella!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Cervantes, "the daughter of Don Atilano, the proud old captain of musqueteers. In good faith, Juan, you will have a troublous love-story, for she is both beloved by, and betrothed to, the Signor Antonio, the old magistrate of Calaro, yonder!"

"I know it," answered De Burgo; "but she hath vowed eternal constancy to me. What, therefore, do I care for father or lover—the latter being of an age fit for her grandfather. I will pursue it out to the last, Miguel, come what may."

"Let me picture to you what will hap," said Cervantes. "The Signor Antonio is old, it is true, but, then, he hath abundance of money with which to pay a bravo, to put half a foot of steel or more into thy back, some night that thou art strumming thy guitar before her window. So beware, I tell thee, Juan, or thou mayest never return when the trump of war is again sounded."

"Come," answered his companion, arising and taking his guitar, "I will play a serenade to-night, before her window, whatever haps. Let us go, for I am impatient to reach Calaro, and be near her once more."

Cervantes stood up, and arranging his wallet, with his comrade took the path that led down by the wild stream towards Calaro, which place they reached early that evening. They put up at the only hostelry in the village, intending to remain there for a day or more, according as fortune frowned at or favoured the love affair of the warm-hearted Hibernian.

That night when the villagers had retired to rest, and when the moon silvered the waveless expanse of the sea, the gay notes of a guitar might have been heard echoing through a scented orange grove that bloomed before a beautifully built cottage in the village of Calaro, and if any curious inquirer stole upon the scene, he would have observed the worthy Juan standing under the casement of young Maria de Mondella, and singing to the accompaniment of his instrument a serenade that would have melted a heart far more obdurate than that of his lady-love. Bye-and-bye the casement opened gently, and a beautiful head, and a pair of the brightest eyes imaginable, appeared in the moonlight, and there and then ensued a conversation too long and sweet to recount within the limits of this veritable history. Next night the same scene was repeated. On the third night Cervantes sat in the hostel waiting for his comrade, but Juan did not return at the usual time. It was a calm beautiful night, and Cervantes feeling uneasy, at length wrapped his cloak around him, took his sword, and leaving the hostel, strolled up the

village towards the residence of Maria de Mondella. Taking a path that led through the orange grove, he soon came in sight of the house, and there saw his comrade, with his hat and sword thrown beside him, and his guitar in hand, warbling away a farewell serenade in praise of the bright eyes of Maria. As Cervantes looked upon this scene, a man glided suddenly out behind his unwary friend, from between the trunks of two aged trees, and ere there was time for a call or shout of warning, the long dagger of the bravo—for he was one—was buried in the back of poor Juan de Burgo, who, dropping his instrument, fell with a groan upon the pavement. Cervantes rushed out, sword in hand, from his hiding place, but before he had gained the scene of the catastrophe, the bravo was gone—gone too, as Cervantes was well aware, beyond pursuit. The end of it was that Juan, all but mortally wounded, was borne into the dwelling of Don Atilano, Maria's father, where, after a day or so, he recovered his senses sufficiently to recognise his friend. Cervantes wanted to remove Juan to the hostel, but Don Atilano, who was a blunt and rather eccentric old soldier, refused, and insisted on the wounded man being left in his house till his recovery. He, however, prohibited Maria from seeing Juan, but she contrived to see him nevertheless, and her renewed vows of constancy had more effect in his recovery than the ministrations of the village doctor, who attended daily.

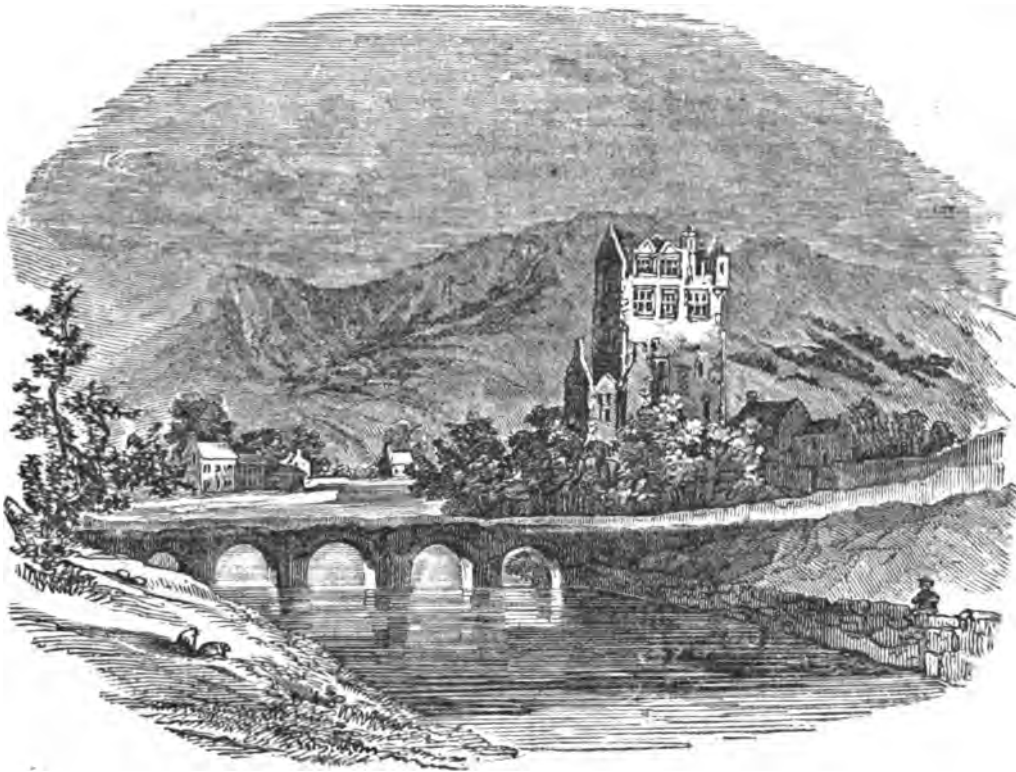
One day, when his friend had just recovered, Cervantes strolled out into the village, and there saw on every corner a proclamation posted up, commanding every soldier of King Philip to return to head quarters. The two comrades did return, but not before De Burgo had again seen Maria, when both once more vowed to be eternally true to one another, despite Signor Antonio and all. And they were true, as after events justly showed.

Stirring times followed the departure of the two comrades from Calaro. At the battle of Lepanto, where Don Juan of Austria with his fleet encountered the Turks and defeated them, the two fought gallantly side by side, and there it was

that the future author of the immortal Don Quixote lost his left hand. After that memorable engagement Cervantes, on his return to Spain, was taken prisoner by a band of Algerine pirates, and sold as a slave. His many adventures afterwards, and his final escape and return to Spain, are matters of literary history into the particulars of which it is unnecessary to enter here.

De Burgo was more fortunate. He returned to Italy, wandered away again to Calaro, and found Maria de Mondella still true to her vows. During his absence his ancient rival, Signor Antonio, had died, and now returning as Juan was with well acquired glory from the wars, there was no bar to his marriage with Maria. They were wedded, and in after years, spent happily, Juan de Burgo rose, step by step, till he became one of the bravest generals of King Philip the Second. Whether he ever again met his comrade, Miguel de Cervantes, is unknown.





DONEGAL CASTLE.

THE venerable ruins of Donegal Castle are situated on the north bank of the little river Easky, at the extremity of the town to which, as well as the county, it has given its name. The title literally signifies the Dun or Fort of the stranger—*Dun-na-Gall*. According to the "Annals of the Four Masters," a fortalice was first erected here by Hugh Roe O'Donnell, in the year 1474, from which period it became the chief residence of the chiefs of Tirconnell. In 1601, this castle having been surrendered to the forces of Queen Elizabeth, through the instrumentality of Niall Garve O'Donnell, it was besieged and taken by the famous Red Hugh O'Donnell, who reduced it to a ruined pile. Dr. Petrie is of opinion that the present edifice was erected by Sir Basil Brooke, a scion of the family of Brooke, of Norton, in Cheshire, to whom a grant of the Castle was made by patent, dated the 16th of November, 1610. During the troubles of 1641, the castle was garrisoned for the King by Sir Henry Brooke, Sir Basil's son, but was taken in May, 1251, by the Marquis of Clancricarde, assisted by the Ulster forces under Sir Phelim O'Neill, and the united septs of the MacMahons and O'Reillys. He abandoned it, however, upon the advance of Sir Charles Coote, into whose possession it fell. Since this time it ceased to be used as a residence.

"Oh! solitary fort, that standest yonder,
What desolation dost thou not reveal!
How tarnished is the beauty of thine aspect,
Thou mansion of the chaste and gentle melodies!"

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER X.

BARMAN pretended not to hear the observations of the Jew, and was about to take his departure, when Isaacs got between him and the door, and throwing himself on his knees, besought the attorney to have pity on him.

"By letting you live a little longer you may be made some use of. Get up! I have a will here, duly executed, in which the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds is bequeathed to Mr. Frederick Foster, by his wife, Laura, who is now dead. I want from you now a thousand pounds on that will, and the remaining fifteen hundred when probate shall be obtained."

The Jew paused, and said, "Mr. Foster is deeply in my debt already, and suppose, good Mr. Barman, if I give you now five hundred pounds on the security of the will, you will let me have the remaining two thousand to pay me the interest on my advances and the balance due to me?"

"You can make your election between accepting my terms or going to Newgate this very night," said Barman, with an air of indifference. "Don't higgie with me, your money is safe; but mind, besides the thousand which I now demand, you must give me an acknowledgment for the balance stated in the will."

"You are too hard on me; consider what a large sum Foster owes me."

"Liar!" replied Barman. "Do you think I have no other business than to listen to your recording your many virtues. There is the will," continued Barman, throwing the document on the table.

"Give me the money and the acknowledgment, or say that you won't."

The Jew took up the will, and was proceeding to peruse it, when Barman said, "At your leisure you will find it all correct. I can wait no longer."

The Jew rose and took from his pocket a large key, and going over to an iron safe built in the wall, produced the money demanded.

"Is there a thousand here?" asked Barman, as he lifted the leather bag which the Jew placed before him.

"There is, in gold and notes," replied Isaacs, sadly, as he shook his head.

"I will take your word for it; give me the acknowledgment now and I will go," said Barman.

The Jew complied, and in a few minutes after Barman was on his way to the wretched lodgings of Mr. and Mrs. Foster.

The Jew remained wrapt in profound thought, after the attorney left. The fox had defeated the wolf.

The return of wealth to those who have become suddenly poor is received with that delightful appreciation of its value, as the gradual progress to health is esteemed by the feeble convalescent who walks out in the warm, balmy air, after having been immured for months, in pain and suffering, in a sick chamber. Poor Mr. and Mrs. Foster, what joy is on its way to your miserable home; your hours of weary want and pinching penury are at an end, at least for a season, and sunshine is coming to the shadow of your hearts, and stranger Hope again returns to you!

Barman, though his load was heavy, thought his step was never so elastic, and he felt as independent as if he owned a fourth part of the city. His heart was brim-full of exultation, and all his faults were swallowed up for the time in his good nature. In fact, he had no room for anything else, as he trudged along with his precious burden. He stopped at his office on his way, and suddenly opening the door, he discovered Quill in the centre of the floor, addressing, in a loud voice, an imaginary jury.

On observing the excited appearance of his master, and hearing the chink of gold, as Barman laid the leather bag on a table, the forensic Quill at once came to the conclusion that his employer had robbed and murdered some body.

"Was there any one looking for me here to-day, Jonas?"

"No, sir," replied Quill, "except Wisp, who said that he would call again."

"Tell him," said Barman, "to wait with you till I return. Tell me why did you not inform me of your having assisted Abraham Isaacs to commit a forgery here yesterday?"

Quill instinctively gave a whistle, as he looked with surprise at his master.

"It is no matter, now; I will be back soon," said Barman, as he hurriedly took his departure, before Quill had time to reply.

"How did he find it out so soon?" soliloquized Quill. "Could the Black Doctor have told him? No. Could Tony? No. Could Jonas Quill? No. And Abraham Isaacs did not tell him; and who told him then? said Quill, as he stopped a considerable time to consider. At length he said, "Whoever told, it is clear that this illustrious individual is in a fine scrape. If it comes to no worse, I will surely lose my present high legal appointment. But I will be tried for forgery, and so I had better rehearse the trial."

Quill descended from his stool, and, fixing his eyes on several bundles of mouldy law papers that were piled on a shelf, he said, "Gentlemen, answer to your names." The law papers having been supposed to be duly sworn, Quill placed a tin box on the mantelpiece, which he addressed as "My lord!" "Hats off!" said Quill, and, after having cried out "Silence!" several times, he said, "Put Jonas Quill forward. Are you ready for your trial?" "I am," was the reply. "Do you object to the jury?" "No," replied Quill. "I forgot," continued Quill, to ask myself "was I guilty or not guilty, but that's no matter."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Quill, addressing the law papers on the shelf, "the prisoner at the bar stands indicted—I won't mind the indictment," said Quill, "that's the business of the clerk of the crown."

Quill then proceeded to address the jury for the prosecution. "Gentlemen of the jury, I have a most painful duty to perform—a duty rendered more irksome as the prisoner is a member of the profession to which I have the honour to belong. He had extensive practice in this very court, and bore a most amiable character.

He is descended from the old and time-honoured family of the Quills."

The further progress of Quill's oration was interrupted by the entrance of Wisp.

"The governor says that you are to stop here till he comes back," says Quill.

"Who was that you were speaking to when I came in?" asked the bailiff.

"I was only reading aloud from a favourite author. Was there anything fresh to-day?"

"No," replied the bailiff. "Didn't we manage the wake and funeral very well?"

"First rate!" replied Jonas, who entered into general conversation with the bailiff.

Barman knocked at the door of Foster's lodgings, and was admitted by Mrs. Foster.

"I have good news for you," said he, as he placed the bag containing the money on the floor at the feet of Foster, who was sitting at the fire. "In that there is a thousand pounds, the first instalment of the will."

The sudden joy seemed to be too much for Foster, who almost fainted, and his wife appeared like one bewildered, as Barman opened the bag and placed piles of gold and bank notes on the table.

"You must remove from here to-night," said Barman, who was beginning to get deeply affected at the influence which the prospect of returning fortune exercised over Frederick Foster and his wife. "You must not be seen here. When night falls get a lodging in some quiet place at the other side of the city."

"I cannot thank you now," said Foster, "my heart is too full of gratitude."

"Don't mind that part of the business, my dear fellow," said Barman. "I must be off to settle with the bailiff and the others who took part in—the recent proceedings," continued the attorney, "and for that purpose I will want about fifty pounds."

"Take as much as you require," said Foster, warmly shaking Barman by the hand.

"I have not attempted to express my gratitude to you, Mr. Barman," observed Mrs. Foster, "because I could not. The obligations we are under to you are too great."

"Had I no other reward, madam," replied Barman, "than the consciousness of having assisted in relieving you from the persecution of your enemies, it would be ample compensation for any little trouble I might have had in your affairs."

Barman having received the money he required, and after having paid his respects to Mrs. Foster, took his departure, followed by her husband.

"You remain only this night and to-morrow in Dublin," said Barman. "I will see you at my office before you leave, and we will best consider the course to be pursued."

Barman, after having bid his friend a cordial good evening, returned to his office, where Quill and Wisp were waiting for him, the former all apprehension and the latter all impatience.

When Barman entered his office he called Quill aside, and asked him if he had spoken of the Jew's forgery to any one.

Quill, who was trembling with fear, answered in the negative.

"Keep your secret," said Barman, "and speak to no person about it without my permission. Here are ten pounds for you for the part you played in the making of the will and in the wake and funeral. Wisp," continued Barman, calling the bailiff, "here are ten pounds for you; you know for what you get it. I must leave now, as I am in a hurry home."

When Barman was gone, Quill looked into the face of Wisp, and Wisp looked into the face of Quill, as if to ascertain if the surprise of one was as great as the surprise of the other. Each counted his money over and over again in silence, till at length Quill exclaimed:

"Bravo! governor;" and turning to his friend, said—"Come, Wisp, time is up."

In a short time the office was closed, and the worthy pair took their departure together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCIENT FORMS OF CIVILIZATION.



OUR forms of civilization, as remarked by Dr. Knox, in an able paper read before the Ethnological Society, not long since, seem to have existed in the early dawn of history, in regions of the earth, and amongst races of men remote from each other, all remarkably antagonistic of those Western races who now play so prominent a part.

These regions were Egypt, India, China, and the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris; and the civilized races occupying them were the Copt, the Mongol, the Assyrian, and the Indian or Hindû. Through thousands of years these races have invariably presented unmistakable differences in physical organization and moral character, as is proved by historical as well as sculptural evidence. The unchangeable nature of these forms of civilization is as remarkable as the

constancy of their physical characters. One of these races—the Coptic—has ceased to exist as a nation, but so long as it retained the resemblance of a people, it seems never to have undergone any change. The Persian, Greek, Roman, and Saracen swept the valley of the Nile, gazing with wonder or contempt at the sublime and mysterious monuments of ancient Egypt, but these peoples made no permanent change in the *morale* or *physique* of the Copt race. What the Hindû is now his ancestors were in the days of Alexander the Great, and there is nothing to show that the Mongolian of China was ever different than at present.

It is almost certain that, although the Arab and other foreign races have displaced the native Copt from the soil of Egypt, the remains of that race, unaltered physically, still wander by the banks of the Nile. We are not aware of the existence of any pictorial remains of the ancient Celtic inhabitants of France; but it is certain that those of many parts of that country so strongly resemble those of our native Caledonians, that the identity of the race can scarcely be questioned; whilst the Basque remain an isolated people to this day. An indigenous race may be driven out by another, but even this accident, apparently so probable, seems but seldom to have happened. However, be this as it may, we have evidence of a pure Coptic race still in Egypt, while the physical characteristics of the Jew, the Gipsy, and the Parsee remaining unaltered under every circumstance and every climate, and the pictorial and sculptural remains of races whose features are still recognizable after a lapse of at least 4,600 years, prove not only the fixity of race-characters, but their persistence and antiquity. The four races referred to by Dr. Knox, differ remarkably in their physical organization and social conditions, their literature and language, architecture and fine arts, and mode of warfare. Had nothing of the Coptic race remained but their skeletons, how meagre and erroneous would be our knowledge! But in the sculpture of the tombs of Thebes, the Coptic artist of the day has handed down to us the knowledge of that exterior by which Nature distinguishes her varied productions. In the presence of these monuments the Copt ceases to be black, as was asserted by Herodotus. From them we learn that the race was peculiar; seemingly African—certainly not European. Those elongated, sleepy eyes could never have been conjectured had we possessed but the crania of the race; the enlarged nostrils, extended mouth, and tumid lips, so characteristic of the Copt, must have remained for ever unknown, but for those representations of that exterior in which resides all the remarkable distinctions.

The key to the literature of the Coptic race has been lost, and

Egypt's place in history, consequently, is not yet determined. The Indian records are regarded as untrustworthy, as well as those of the Chinese. Thus, of the three most remarkable nations on the earth, the Coptic, Mongolian, and Hindû, who each invented a civilization peculiar to itself, we are unable to determine the historical relations. The history of ancient Egypt would have thrown light on that of Syria, Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylonia, Arabia, and Ethiopia. In a true history of the Phœnician race might have been found the secret of Etruria's ancient monuments; a reliable history of India might have discovered traces of the history of Central Asia, as yet unknown to us. But those records fail us at the point where they are most wanted, and thus the history of those races must be sought for in the territories they are known to have occupied.

As Dr. Knox correctly observes, the aboriginal races of Asia Minor are quite unknown to us, and have not been mentioned by any author since Homer; whilst those of the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris are only known to us through the imperfect narratives of the early Greek writers. The discoveries of Botta, Layard, and Rawlinson, show us that these races, isolated from Egypt and Syria, held in check by the natives of Asia Minor, and limited on the north and east by mountainous regions, presented a form of civilization, of art, and a written language entirely peculiar. There is another difficulty in respect to these races of the Euphrates and Tigris, who invented, or at least employed, the cuneiform letters as the medium of monumental inscription—viz; that all traces of any littoral races seem to have been lost; although it is certain such must have existed. Such a race may have stood in the same relation to the more inland races, as the Phœnician held to those around, and as the modern Basque to the Celtic race of France.

The Phœnicians sent warlike colonies to Africa and Europe, of which the African offshoot fill as bright a page in history as the Carthaginians; but this maritime people made few or no conquests, and consequently but slightly influenced the fortune of the African continent; as in like manner the maritime Basque have made no head against the Celtic races, in a conquering point of view. But it may have been otherwise with an Egyptian or African colony, landing in Southern Babylonia. Modern authors hint at this when they speak of the Egyptian or African origin of the Chaldee. The Armenian historians obscurely indicate a race entering by the valley of the Persian Gulf, and carrying to the highlands of Armenia the elements of civilization. Numerous have been the attempts of scholars to assign to these three races—the Coptic, Mongol, and Hindû—not only their respective places in history, but likewise their respective claims to the discovery of the arts; who were first civilized, and what they borrowed from each other. Dr. Knox's opinion has been long since expressed, that each created its own form of civilization, literature, language, art, and religion. Two distinct races of men are portrayed on the Coptic monuments—the Copt and the Negro; and an ancient race not now to be found anywhere is depicted on the Etrurian monuments. Others, then, are also on the Coptic relics, of which it seems impossible to define the races. They may represent some Scythian people, but they are certainly not Jews, if the Jew of that day resembled the Jew of the present.

The ancient Coptic artists have represented on their monuments a considerable number of figures, having different physiognomies; but many of these are representations of Arab tribes, inhabiting the borders of Egypt, and not at all intended to represent great original divisions of the human family. In these paintings, much was obviously left to the fancy of the artist; but from the pictorial representations, the Copt seems never to have penetrated into the land of the elephant, although this animal, the great arm of war in every age in India, abounded in Abyssinia, and, without doubt, also in Southern Libya. The absence of the elephant, the camel, and of cavalry, strikes at once at those theories which have assigned to the monarchs of Egypt a vast territory, and innumerable conquests over adjoining nations. The ancient Copts, observes Dr. Knox, made no conquests; and, what at first seems almost incredible, were not the fact proved by their own monuments, they had not, during the lapse of thousands of years, discovered the art of training the camel and the elephant to domestic or warlike purposes. The Egyptian monarchy had made no progress with Northern or Southern Libya, and the elephant was unknown to them until the time when the generals of Alexander the Great returned from India, and thus introduced the Asiatic elephant into Africa and Europe.

It is remarkable that there are amongst the Egyptian pictorial

representations figures almost resembling the Chinese. If they are really such, we have then another race depicted on their ancient monuments besides the Negro and the Copt. In very remote times the Chinese had penetrated as far as the Caspian, and we see no reason to doubt that their vessels may have navigated the Red Sea. In the time of Herodotus, an African people who shaved their heads, reserving the long central lock, dwelt to the south of Egypt, in the direction of the sea-coast, and it was possibly these people which are represented. The ancient Egyptians, Persians, Medes, Assyrians, and Babylonians, seem alike to have been ignorant of the use of cavalry and of the elephant.

Dr. Knox does not wish it to be understood that in his opinion no civilized race existed anterior to the Copt, the Mongol, and the Hindú. On the contrary, he believes that there were many such, but that their monuments have disappeared. What he contends for is, the originality of the ancient forms of civilization; and as regards the Coptic, it frequently occurred to him, that Egypt, with its original population, holds relations much more intimate with Syria than with Africa. There is undoubtedly in the Coptic physiognomy something Syrian. Of the Mongolian, as represented by China, and of the Hindús, all who have studied the monumental history of these races must admit that if they borrowed their civilization from western races, the period when this happened must be infinitely remote, and that if such races existed, they and their monuments have wholly disappeared.

Subsequently to the Coptic, Mongolian, and Hindú forms of civilization, a race new to history and a new civilization appeared in the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris—viz., the Assyrian. Many are disposed to add the Babylonian or Chaldee. In physical conformation the Assyrian race were quite distinct; they were Asiatic, possessed a written language peculiar to themselves, and arts which, although in some features resembling the Coptic, yet presented striking differences. We are able to determine much of the physical organization and form of civilization of the Assyrians from their monuments; that the latter was Oriental and peculiar does not admit of a doubt.

In early times there arose by the shores of the Bosphorus and the Propontis, the Hellepont and Ægean, a race of men whose destiny it was to present to mankind the highest form of civilization, and to teach them art, science, and philosophy. They likewise perceived the beautiful in Nature, and had the ability to express it in sculpture. They had penetrated, at a remote period of their history, far into Asia Minor. These Greeks mingled deeply with the Asiatic races, and were supposed by Niebuhr to have drawn much of their architectural inspiration from the Oriental mind. The contrast between the Assyrian, Coptic, and Indian sculpture with the "Elgin Marbles" and other works of Greek art, may be well studied in the British Museum. "Turn then," says Dr. Knox "for an instant from the contemplation of the dog-headed Anubis, the barbaric forms of Egypt, India, and Assyria, to the divine figures which meet the gaze in the Grecian galleries, and we shall be forced to admit that between the minds of the races which fashioned and invented these different forms of art, there is a gulf impassable by any educational bridge." That ancient Greece altogether borrowed her grand ideas of art from the East cannot, however, be conceded, when we see such distinctive features in the minds and characters of the races. We have already, in our second number, adverted to some of the most salient points in the history of Greek art.

It is a matter of surprise how it happened, that great Western races—the Scandinavian and Celtic, the Teuton and German, the Goth and Slavonian—continued in the lowest condition of barbarism, until a period which appears like yesterday, in the history of man. In forty centuries they were unable to advance a single step in the direction of true civilization. Architecture they had none, and to speak of their literature and arts would be simply ridiculous. Nor was it until returning from the East, where the Saracenic form of art had taken root, that a new order of architecture, the Gothic, arose. It was not until the discovery in Italy of the remains of Greek art, that the beautiful and true in Greek art, literature, and science were once more recognized on earth.

Central Africa is the cradle of the Negro; the Copt has never been traced to or from any other country but the valley of the Nile; in Southern Africa alone dwells the Bushman; to Eastern Asia we trace the Mongol; to the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the

Assyrian. The descendants of the latter still exist, in the modern Armenians, who for some thousand of years have unconsciously trodden under foot the temples and palaces of their ancestors; as for the Arab tribes they were as unconquered in the time of Augustus as they are now; Nineveh and Babylon rose and fell, leaving them free in their deserts. Brought into contact with many races, they adopted the inventions of none. They accepted fables for truth, and the Koran was their tomb of science, literature, and art. They attempted three settlements on three continents, and signally failed. Nature gave them Desert Arabia as their home, and there only do they thrive.

CURIOSITIES OF FOOD.



HE labours of modern chemistry have thrown a new light on the various races of men, inhabiting parts of the globe which are widely different from each other in their geographical and climatological relations. The substances which serve as food, or the quantity which is taken, appear to the superficial observer often of a most extraordinary nature, from the circumstances that they are apparently so heterogeneous from what we are accustomed to. We shall, therefore, proceed to notice a few of those unusual or extraordinary articles of consumption.

For some years past the southern countries of America have exported to the Continent considerable quantities of dried meat, known under the name of *Assayo*. It is reputed to make an excellent soup. Another sort of food prepared in Texas is the *meat-biscuit*, which is made of boiled beef, free from grease; the liquor is evaporated to the consistency of syrup, and this is mixed with wheaten flour in sufficient proportion to form a solid paste. This paste is then spread out by a rolling-pin, pierced with a number of minute holes, cut into the ordinary dimensions of the biscuit, and then baked and properly dried. The biscuit is eaten dry, or it may be broken and boiled in twenty or thirty times its weight in water. This biscuit resembles in appearance a light-coloured sugar-cake. It is packed in air-tight casks or tin canisters of different sizes, part of the biscuit being pulverised by grinding in a mill for the purpose, and then packed with the whole biscuit. "Jerked beef," or *tasajo*, as it is termed in Cuba, is imported to a large extent into that island, for feeding the slaves on the plantations. In South America jerked beef is called *charqui*, and when salted and smoked, or dried in the sun, *sesina*. The mode of preparing it in Chili is described as follows: When the horned cattle are sufficiently fat, or rather at the killing season, which is about the months of February and March, from five hundred to a thousand, according to the size of the farm, are slaughtered. The whole of the fat is separated from the meat and melted, forming a kind of lard called *grasa*, which is employed for domestic purposes. The process of "jerk-ing" the meat is performed by cutting the fleshy substance into slices of about a quarter of an inch thick, leaving out all the bones. The natives are so dexterous at this work that they will cut the whole of a leg, or any other large part of a bullock, into one uniformly thin piece. The meat thus cut is either dipped into a very strong solution of salt and water, or rubbed over with a small quantity of fine salt. Whichever mode is adopted, the whole of the jerked meat is put on the hide, and rolled up for ten or twelve hours. It is then hung on lines or poles to dry in the sun, which being accomplished it is made into bundles, lashed with thongs of fresh hide, forming a kind of net-work, and is ready for market. The tongue is the only part of the head that is eaten. Dried meat enters largely into consumption in several other countries. In the Cape Colony dried meat is called *biltonge*. In the East, especially in Siam, the dried sinews of animals are considered a great delicacy; and we find dried elephant's flesh is stored up for food, under the name of *pastoormagh*. In Asia Minor beef is preserved with garlic and pepper, and dried in the sun for winter food. Hung beef from Germany is well known at our tables.

Pemmican is an article of food much used by Arctic travellers,

and the Hudson's Bay Company's traders. It is meat of any kind dried and pounded, and saturated with fat. There is, it is said, as much nourishment in one pound of pemmican, as in four pounds of ordinary meat. It may be eaten as it is, or partially cooked, and has a pleasant taste.

Sir John Richardson, who was employed by government to prepare pemmican on a large scale, for the use of the different Arctic expeditions, thus describes the process he adopted: A round of beef of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared away, was dried in a malt kiln, over an oak fire, until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt mill, when it resembled finely grated meat. Being next mixed with nearly an equal weight of melted beef suet, or lard, the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and a part of it was sweetened with sugar. Both of these kinds were much approved of in the sequel by the consumers, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients were well incorporated by stirring, they were transferred to tin canisters, capable of containing 85 lbs. each; and having been firmly rammed down and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin, and soldered up. As the meat in drying loses more than three-fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,651 lbs.—reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.

The North American Indians dry their venison by exposing thin slices to the heat of the sun, on a stage, under which a small fire is kept, more for the purpose of driving away the flies than for promoting exsiccation; they then pound it between two stones on a bison hide. The suet of this animal is added by the traders, who complete the process by sewing up the pemmican in a bag of undressed hide, with the hairy side outwards. Each of these bags weighs ninety pounds, and is designated by the Canadian Voyageurs "un taureau." As we have already remarked in a paper on the "Curiosities of Derivation," the hunters of the wild cattle in the savannahs of Hispaniola, became known as "buccaneers," from the Carib word "boucan," applied to the hut in which they smoked the flesh of oxen.

So much for animal food, and some of the processes which the instinct and necessity of man lead him to adopt for its preservation in different climates. But what would our readers say if they were asked to partake of a fricassée of lizards? The very idea is suggestive of what were the feelings of the Glasgow Mrs. Squeezer when she found she had eaten her cat! Nevertheless, in many countries lizards are at a premium, and although not very attractive in appearance, yet their flesh by many persons is highly esteemed, being reckoned as delicate as chicken, and but little inferior to turtle in flavour. It is a species of large tree-lizard, properly termed the iguana, and is about three feet in length, from the head to the extremity of the tail, and covered with a soft skin of a bluish green colour on the back and legs. It has a pouch of loose skin under its throat of a light green; eyes black, and claws, of which there are three or five on each foot, sharply pointed. A kind of mane moves along from the head to the tail, which it erects when irritated, and will then snap hold of anything with great tenacity; but is perfectly harmless if undisturbed. This ugly-looking lizard, which looks like an alligator in miniature, is considered a great delicacy in most tropical countries. Although often roasted or fricasséed, a frequent mode of cooking the iguana is to boil it, to remove the layers of fat, which are melted and clarified, and put into a calabash or dish, into which they dip the flesh of the iguana as they eat it. The Spaniards for a long time were unable to overcome their repugnance to the iguana, regarding it with disgust as a species of serpent. They found it, however, to be highly palatable and delicate, and from that time forward, the iguana was held in repute among Spanish epicures.

There are several varieties of this reptile in Australia, but that which is most common is from four to six feet in length, and from about a foot and a half to two feet across the broadest part of the back, with a rough dark skin enlivened by yellow spots. Although perfectly harmless, as far as the human race are concerned, this huge lizard is a terrible foe to the smaller quadrupeds—opossums, bandi-

coots, kangaroo-rats, etc.—on which it preys. It is very destructive also among hen-roosts, and often takes up its quarters in the vicinity of a farm-house, for the convenience of supping on the hens and their eggs.

The iguana is much sought for and esteemed by the blacks as an article of food, and is frequently presented as a great delicacy to the young "gins." By the settlers it is not often eaten, owing to the natural feeling of dislike which is created by its form and habits. Those, however, who do not entertain these feelings, or are able to overcome them, find the flesh of the creature excellent. It is not unlike that of a rabbit, to which, in flavour, it is fully equal, and eats best when stewed or curried.

The iguana usually lives in trees, and, on the approach of man, it invariably makes off with great alacrity, scrambling rapidly up the nearest trunk; but it is easily brought down by a shot.

One writer tells us, that while out on a shooting excursion at Port Essington, he observed a native plucking the feathers off a goose; while so employed, his eye caught the tip-end of the tail of an iguana, an animal of the lizard kind, about four feet long, which was creeping up the opposite side of a tree. He tossed the goose, without further preparation, on the fire, and ascended the tree as easily as Jack would run up the well-rattled rigging of a man-of-war. He almost immediately returned with the poor animal struggling in his scientific grasp. It was the work of a minute to secure it to a stick of about the same length as itself to prevent its running away, when it was made to change places with the goose, which being warm through, was considered to be sufficiently done. The whole goose he devoured, making no bones, but spitting out the feathers. Then came the iguana's turn, which although less tender, was not the less relished.

Simmonds, in his work on the dainties and delicacies of different nations (to which, by the way, we must express our acknowledgments for much interesting information), believes the iguana to be the Talagowa of the natives of Ceylon—*le Monitor terrestre d'Egypte* of M. Cuvier. The Indian monitor, *Monitor dracena*, Gray,) is found in great abundance in all the maritime provinces of Ceylon. The natives are partial to its flesh. Dr. Kelaart states that he once tasted some excellent soup made from a tender iguana, which was not unlike hare-soup. At Trincomalee they are hunted down by dogs, and sold in the market for sixpence each. They feed on the smaller reptiles and insects, and measure, when large, four feet five inches. Despite its repulsive appearance, the iguana is eagerly hunted for food by the natives of Africa, Australia, America, and Asia.

The egg of the iguana is another article deserving the attention of gourmands. One of these lizards sometimes contains as many as four score eggs. These are about the size of a pigeon's egg, with a very soft shell, containing but a small quantity of the albumen. The yolk, unlike that of other eggs, does not become hard and dry when boiled, but is soft and melting as marrow.

To our taste, the pie made by Mr. Tartan from the remains of the Glasgow Mrs. Squeezer's cat, does not suffer by comparison with a "lizard fricassée," or the "grimalkin steaks," "bow-wow pies," and "rat-filéd stews" alluded to in our paper on "Chinese Delicacies."

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.—To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since creation, and essential to the very existence of animals, a few facts derived from observations and a long train of experiments must be observed. Were the atmosphere, everywhere, at all times, at an uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by its evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapour, or cease to be absorbed by the air when once fully saturated. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in cold than in warm weather. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Now, when from continual evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapour, though it be invisible, and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents of air rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain.

CHEAP LITERATURE.



O great and singular a revolution is the world of journalism and general literature at present undergoing, that we think a few pertinent observations on the subject, suggested by a leader in the columns of a clever contemporary (the "Saturday Review"), will not be out of place in these pages. Every alteration in the law which in any way affects the press, or the publication of cheap books and magazines, has always produced important, and in many instances unexpected results; but no innovation ever equalled in its effects those which were expected from the abolition of the Paper Duty. Almost every day there is an announcement of some new publication, or of a reduction in the price of an old one. A tumultuous scramble is taking place for the coveted prize of public favour. The wildest competition has been raging during the last month, and we are told of newspaper proprietors who are content, not only to throw away the fair and legitimate profit they have been earning, but also to submit to a heavy loss, week after week—for no other purpose, apparently, than to see which can beggar the other first. The day is probably not far distant when the public will discover that

this rivalry is by no means designed for *their* advantage, though they may at present reap some slight benefit from a contest which is only intended to crush the weakest, and to build up a monopoly. It is not straightforward trading to sell an article below its cost price; and no one can suppose that a system based on such a principle can be permanent. This question, however, is one in which it cannot be expected that the public will concern themselves. An issue of much greater moment than the success or failure of a few speculators is raised by the events now taking place around us. Is there any risk of that class of literature which appeals to the "masses" being reduced to a lower standard? Will the undertakings of certain publishers tend to debase or to elevate the popular taste? In short, will the abolition of the Paper Duty lead to an advance or to a retrogression in letters? These are questions that may be discussed quite independently of any special publication or project, and undoubtedly they must possess great interest for all who attentively consider the circumstances which influence, for good or evil, our social life.

An examination of the current numbers of any of the halfpenny or penny magazines will show that what is called "sensational" writing is the thing chiefly aimed at. If we turn to the cheap press the indications we discern are not exclusively of an encouraging character. We have no desire to underrate the enterprise and perseverance which have been devoted to some of these journals, but it cannot be denied that they too often lose sight of the fact that their proper calling is to guide and direct opinion. Instead of aiming to afford information, or to lead their readers to *think*, they habitually indulge in violent, reckless writing. Under such a system how is it possible that the great questions of the day can be considered in a calm, rational spirit of inquiry? One journal bids against another for a rapid and rancorous writer, and forthwith we have followers in the steps of the successful man, filling our journals with crude opinions, founded upon thoughtless prejudice. It is not deemed necessary to *prove* anything. A statesman is assailed with scurrility because it has been the fashion to attack him, or a government is condemned because the journalist will not take the trouble to make himself acquainted with its policy. His object is simply to write a "slashing leader." He delights in "cutting up" measures and men, in heaping abuse indiscriminately, in retailing and furbishing up old scandals, in mentioning half a dozen famous names in a single paragraph, only to heap contumely upon them, and in giving as much offence and causing as much pain as possible. Nothing can be more easy than for a man of average powers to pen such articles, if he be willing to degrade his gifts for the purpose. There need be no time given to thought—no trouble taken to seek for information. A pitiful *rechauffé* of passages in modern history, a free use of proper names, and some obscure allusions to old events, dressed up in tinsel, and

"spiced" with a certain degree of bitterness—and the "leader" is complete. The process may be repeated day after day without exhausting the brain, for the brain is not employed at all. The vocabulary need but to be frequently replenished, and there are books enough to help the lame over this stile. The article thus produced has its brief day, and perishes as it deserves to perish. It has given no material for reflection. It has taught nothing, for the writer was himself ignorant. But it has done its work in misleading public opinion, and in corrupting public taste.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTINUATION OF THE DINNER GRIEVANCE.



N the investigation of the interesting and delicate inquiry which has occupied us, courteous reader, for some weeks past, I lately entered, as you may perhaps remember, upon what I think I may fairly call the "Dinner Grievance." I spoke at some little length on the annoyance to which I had, through Mrs. Squeezer's perversity, been exposed, when endeavouring to mix in those entertainments which are familiarly known as dinner parties. I had previously given my own idea of a real dinner party, or, to speak more correctly, my idea of what a dinner party ought to be. Hence, the reflections which I threw out in my last paper, and which, with your permission, I will now pursue, had reference to dinner parties, not as they *ought* to be, but as they *are*. For example, and to render the matter still more clear, Straitlace and Mrs. S., of course, come to the conclusion that it would be a very proper and becoming thing to give a dinner party. The Jenkinsons are always giving dinner parties, and the neighbourhood in which they reside is kept in continual hot water, so to speak, by the perpetual rolling of carriage wheels, and the thundering double knocks of the respective "Johns" and "Jeameses" pertaining to said carriages. A poor inoffensive old gentleman of my acquaintance, and a confirmed bachelor, had resided for years in peace and quietness in ——— Square. He was the very incarnation of quietness, and did no harm to any one, although, I am bound to add, that I am not in a position to justify me in saying that he did much good either. Of course any gentleman who has dealings, on however limited a scale, with butchers, bakers, grocers, wine merchants, etc., and who contributes his fair share to the taxes, which it is our privilege to be allowed to pay, must do a certain amount of good, and be of a certain use. This old gentleman of whom I speak was to this extent, I have no doubt, a useful member of society; but I am quite sure that the sphere of his usefulness was of no wider range. He took his own dinner, but he never called his friends to take their places at his festive board (the recognized and correct expression, I beg to say). He drank his glass of wine, how many I am not able to say, but he was not in the habit of filling glasses for his friends to imbibe. He took his daily walk around the square, wind and weather permitting, and retired peaceably to his couch about 8 P.M., at least, so I have been credibly informed. Well, this inoffensive old gentleman, after vegetating for so many years in peaceful quietness in ——— Square, was suddenly thrown into a state of the utmost consternation and alarm by the intelligence that the house adjoining his own had been taken by a dashing young couple, who were expected to render ——— Square somewhat more lively than it had been for a good many years past. This was no other than Jenkins and his amiable and accomplished lady, (you see, dear reader, how conscientiously I award her the prefixes which I found to her name in the daily paper which announced her union with Jenkins, although she *did* stigmatize me as a nasty, dissipated fellow.) After the usual amount of painting, paper hanging, and general upholstery, Jenkins and his amiable lady took possession of their new abode, and thereupon ensued such a ceaseless rolling of carriage wheels, and thundering double knocks next door, that this poor old gentleman was driven nearly frantic. For some short time his poor old nightcapped head used to be protruded from the window of the second floor front, at

all kinds of unseasonable hours, and vigorous remonstrances and expostulations were addressed to the "Johns" and "Jeameses" already alluded to; but these unfeeling wretches, in place of sympathy or condolence, merely responded by "chaff," and double knocks intensified to a fearful degree. The end of it was, that the poor old gentleman was obliged to leave the house which he had inhabited before Mrs. Jenkins was born, and retire to a more secluded neighbourhood, somewhere in the vicinity of Drumcondra, I believe, and it certainly is quiet enough to satisfy the most exigent requirements in this way—where I hope, and have little reason to doubt, that he will be able to spend the remainder of his days in such quietness and peace as may satisfy even him.

But I digress. The Jenkinsons are always giving dinner parties—reason Straitlace and his wife—nay, even those Joneses, and we all know how badly they are off, and how ill they can afford it—sometimes entertain their friends, and why shouldn't we provide an entertainment, and invite our friends to smile upon our festive board? So Mrs. S. elegantly puts it to Straitlace, who strokes his whiskers, and responds approvingly. Whereupon Straitlace and Mrs. S. determine to give a dinner party.

Now, so far so good; and as regards the general principle, I have no desire to do anything but express my entire approbation of it. But it is as regards the application of this principle that I beg to express my emphatic disapproval of the proceeding. Having determined upon giving a dinner party, of course, one of the most essential considerations is the list of guests to be invited; and here it is precisely that Straitlace ceases to act like a reasonable being, as he shows himself to be in all ordinary matters, and involves himself in a perfect labyrinth of absurdities, which are enough to make an unprejudiced observer's hair stand stiff with horror on his head. Instead of considering whether his intended guests are of such a similarity of taste and congenial feeling that he can reasonably conclude that they will enjoy one another's company, he throws this first and most obvious consideration overboard altogether, and only considers whether he can, by hook or by crook, as they say, manage to get together some people who have long-sounding names which will look well in print, (if he be so far fashionable as to be favoured by having his parties published,) and who possess titles, which will fill the neighbourhood with rage and envy.

Oh! if Straitlace and Mrs. S. could only see and hear themselves in council, as others see and hear them, how fully they would appreciate the ridiculous appearance which they present! Listen to them as they go over the list of names! "We must ask Lady Standoff, dear," suggests Mrs. S., in her softest voice. "Pon my word," answers Straitlace, bristling up ever such a little, "pon my word, I don't see why we should ask that old woman. She is a regular fright in her old crimson gown, and her yellow turban, and the last time she was here she was scarcely civil to me, to say nothing of my guests. 'Pon my word, I don't see why we should ask her, and I won't do it either—hang me if I do!"

Straitlace seems as if he had made up his mind, but Mrs. S. knows well enough how to turn him round her finger, and she returns again to the charge, having, like a skilful general, somewhat varied her tactics.

"Not ask Lady Standoff, dear," puts in Mrs. S. "Oh, you know we must do it. I confess that I don't like her a bit better than you do, George; but then we must ask her"—(I don't answer for Mrs. S.'s logic, I beg to say). "She will expect it; we have always asked her; and if she finds that we have had a party without inviting her, she will never have done talking about us, and she will do us no end of harm among her friends. Besides, you know, dear, how well her name sounds," urges Mrs. S., in her most coaxing way. "The Right Honourable Dowager Lady Standoff—only listen to that!"

Straitlace scowls and pulls his whiskers savagely, and is by no means convinced, but of course he gives in, and so my Lady Standoff receives her invitation.

"Not invite Miss Fadedflower," puts in Mrs. S., as George protests still more vigorously against the Honourable Lucretia. "Oh! we must invite her, at all events. (That terrible *must*—there is no resisting it.) What will the Stoneybatters say if they hear that we have slighted one of the family? and you know, George, that Tom is growing up, and we must begin to look out for something or other for him; and didn't you yourself tell me only the other day, that a change of ministry is almost inevitable, and when there is a

change, you said that the Earl of Stoneybatter is very likely to be made a Lord of the Treasury, and there is no knowing what he may not do for dear Tom; get him into the Post Office, or the Customs. Oh! we must invite Miss Fadedflower," concludes Mrs. S., and so Miss Fadedflower receives her invitation.

Then Mrs. S. carries her list through, and then George commences with his.

"Ask old Taylor," remonstrate Mrs. S. indignantly. "Why, George, do remember, he is actually in the leather line, and *how* can we ask Lady Standoff to sit at the same table with a leather merchant. It would be a gross insult. 'You don't care about the insult, but you must look after your own interests! It would be a good many hundreds a year out of your pocket to offend old Taylor?' Are you certain of that? 'You haven't the slightest doubt about it!' Well, *that* does make a difference, to be sure, and after all, Mr. Taylor is a respectable-looking old gentleman, and perhaps Lady Standoff won't perceive the smell of leather about him; only those nasty tanyards are so strong, and do leave such an unpleasant flavour about every one connected with them. However, dear, as you are positive, I suppose it must be, and we can only hope for the best." And so, Straitlace goes through his list, until he comes to a certain humble name, very far down on it, to wit, Mr. Incog.

I don't wish, for obvious reasons, to chronicle the conversation which, no doubt, took place on the merits of the humble individual in question. It might be unpleasant to place on record that Mrs. S. objected that I was "nobody;" that they were under no obligation to me, and that she always considered me a very conceited little fellow; neither might it be flattering to have to admit that Straitlace carried his point on the plea, that I was an old friend of his at school; that I am only one, and being rather small, shall not occupy much space, whilst on account of my dressing well, and looking smart and genteel, I shall be useful in taking somebody down to dinner, and they are a gentleman short. I say that I do not wish to record the conversation, which I know very well is held upon my claim to occupy a chair at Straitlace's crowded table. You see, when the auspicious day arrives, and I, arrayed in my best, make my way into Straitlace's drawing-room, I have to take it for granted, that I am perfectly welcome, and that Mrs. S.'s gracious smile to me is quite sincere; and all this might look very like hypocrisy on Mrs. S.'s part if her previous remarks on me had been made public, and I shrink from subjecting any lady to even the shadow of such an imputation.

Straitlace having followed this absurd line of conduct in the issuing of his invitations, is it any wonder that when we assemble in his dining-room, Lady Standoff turns up her nose at poor old Taylor, and the Honourable Lucretia regards me as so much dirt, only fit to be trodden under her feet. But at length we get down to the dining-room, and oh, what pen can describe the stupidity and slowness of these fearful dinners! I am quite certain that my humble quill, (or I ought to say pen, for I use steel), cannot do it. Once or twice it was my lot to sit next to the Honourable Miss Fadedflower. If I ventured on an inoffensive remark about the weather, she turned slowly round, and fixing her eyes upon me, gazed at me with a look of ineffable astonishment at my audacity in presuming to speak to her; and, of course, I was completely and effectually silenced. Several times I found myself inextricably mixed up with old Taylor, and a party of gentlemen, who, like himself, are in the "leather line." Straitlace doesn't deal in leather himself, he is a kind of broker and commission agent, but I fancy his business lies principally amongst gents, whose energies are devoted to this interesting article. At all events, whenever I dined at Straitlace's table, I always found that "the leather interest" mustered very strong. As I have just said, I several times found myself inextricably mixed up with a party of these gentlemen, and it will require a very lively imagination, indeed, to picture the pleasant evenings which I spent in their society. My knowledge on the subject of leather is, I frankly confess, very limited. I know that my boots are made of leather, and I know that boots manufactured of French leather, cost more than when they are made of home material; and with these facts, I may say, that my information on the article of leather terminates. I certainly have no interest in leather, beyond the interest which inseparably attaches to my boots. Fancy me, then, surrounded for hours by a party of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen, who haven't an idea amongst them which doesn't smell of the tan-pit, whose

conversation is in all truth of leather, leathery. Leather! Leather! Leather!!! I have often heard that there is nothing like leather, but I must say, that I never fully realized the significance of this expression until I met these gentlemen at Straitlace's table. It was, as well as I recollect, during the year 1860, when there was a great depression in the leather line, and when leather was looking "down;" and there I must sit, perforce, listening to the doleful account of how Mr. Poleskin, the great leatherman, had that day been "Gazetted," and how it was generally believed that the dividend wouldn't be much more than five-eighths of a farthing in the pound; etc., etc., until I was sick to death of leather and of leathermen. I don't complain that these gentlemen felt a natural interest in leather, and all its concernings; but what I complain of is, that they couldn't leave the "shop" at home, and not bore me to death with their business connections. Mr. Taylor's tanyard would have been a very becoming place for their conversation; but they had certainly no right to bring it to Straitlace's table, and force it down the throats of those who couldn't reasonably be expected to feel any interest in it. I remember once, as I was walking down Sackville-street, keeping a sharp eye on the varied developments of human nature, with which one is sure to meet in the streets of a large city, that I observed a small knot of persons gathered round the base of Nelson's pillar. I drew near to see what was the matter, and discovered that an oldish-looking man, evidently a regular old gossip, was "spinning a yarn" to the knot of listeners whom he had collected round him. I imagine that the story was of a somewhat wonderful character, to judge from the mouths of most of the spectators, which were considerably wider open than is allowed by the ordinary rules of politeness. Among the listeners I observed particularly a young urchin, a precocious young "gamin," whose bump of veneration was, I am afraid, but very imperfectly developed. When the old gossip was in the very midst of his story, and had just made one of his most telling points, this audacious young vagabond, having first carefully seen that a way of retreat was open to him, suddenly raised his voice, and cried out, "I say, Governor, that'll do now. Shut up!" and down Talbot-street he went with the fleetness of a hound. The remark, I admit, was rude, but it was decidedly expressive, and I can't say how often I have been grievously tempted to roar out to old Taylor and his friends, when engaged in their dissertations on leather, to "shut up!"

Then, again, to think of the dreary stories which one is bound to listen to at these entertainments. There is one old gentleman whom I used frequently to meet when I was in the habit of frequenting these festive meetings. I suppose I did not meet him at dinner less than twenty times, and I never heard him tell but one story; but he told that story *every* time I had the pleasure to meet him. Some one meaning no harm, would give utterance to quite an ordinary expression, which would serve this imbecile old gent for a peg on which to hang his inevitable tale. I have seen him waiting for hours for this opportunity, his poor old face puffed out with anxiety and expectation. At last the remark for which he has been so anxiously waiting is unconsciously made by some one in the company, and then out it comes. "Ah! yes," says he, "dear

me, how remarkable. That just reminds me of a wonderful occurrence," and then, having the ear of the house, as they say in parliament, for politeness compels us to listen, this foolish old man bores us to death with his foolish old story, which we have all heard twenty times before, and which, although he takes half an hour to tell it, is all about nothing when it's told. Now, what I want to know is, why doesn't this venerable old (humbug, I was going to say, but the term is offensive, and so I suppress it) gentleman "shut up," and why does society and the rules to which we must all submit, prevent me from telling him to "shut up," when his own intellectual perceptions have become so dim as not to suggest to him the propriety of doing so. I hold that all this denotes a false state of things. Straitlace thinks that he honours me when he sends me an invitation to one of those dreary banquets, and he doesn't speak to me now, because, having suffered the infliction as long as nature could support it, I felt myself compelled to send a polite excuse, or refusal if you will, to one of his invitations. Straitlace ought to have considered before he invited me, at least so I think, that I couldn't be expected to fraternize with old Lady Standoff, or become suddenly seized with a vivid interest in "leather;" and if these, and the other conditions which you, dear reader, can easily form for yourself, could not be expected to have place, what right had he to ask me to his table, or to be offended because I did not go? Yes, I say again, as I have already said, that I consider such dinners as these, in the light of a "real grievance." Mrs. Squeezer subjected me to this ordeal for several years through her manoeuvres and perversity, and it is one of those matters for which, indeed, I may forgive Mrs. Squeezer, but which I can never forget. I would rather dine at home every day in the week, and spend my post-prandial leisure in surveying myself in Mrs. Squeezer's dingy mirror, than be condemned to take down the Hon. Miss Fadedflower, and sit next her for three or four hours, or listen to Mr. Taylor and his friends who are in the "leather line." And what makes all this infinitely more annoying is the fact that it is all quite unnecessary. If Straitlace would only use a little of the common sense of which, as I have said, he is by no means deficient, and not ask me on the day he asks Lady Standoff, or Mr. Taylor, how much more more pleasant he might make it for all parties—the dinner would cost no more, whilst it would be eaten with a much greater relish; Straitlace would form for himself many real friends, and would spare those who accept his invitation from much real annoyance, as he would certainly spare himself the mortification of having his entertainment described under the head of a "real grievance." Moreover, I am quite confident, that both Straitlace and Mrs. S. would be compelled to confess, if they would only be candid and speak out, that their famous dinners, which gave them so much anxiety, and cost them so much money, were, for all practical purposes either of amusement or utility, perfect failures, and all this for want of a little common sense.

But, I am becoming severe, and, so courteous reader, I, too, perhaps had better "shut up" of my own accord, before I am favoured with an intimation to do so, which it might be as unpleasant for me to receive, as I am quite certain it would be painful for you to administer.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER IV.

FAVERSHAM, poor fellow, fell ill a few days after his return to London. How he caught that violent cold, which developed rather alarming symptoms at last, is a matter which Namby and Clifton could best explain.

To be ill in chambers—with an old, dirty, disagreeable laundress to attend upon you, is not one of the advantages of single life. Faversham, who was naturally very

dull when alone; who hated all kinds of shifts; who was, in short, as his sisters persisted in informing him, made to toast muffins while his wife brewed the tea; was compelled to lie in his bed, with all kinds of books and newspapers at his feet, listening for the welcome kick or knock of a friend. His door was left ajar when Jack Ashby was out, so that the invalid should not be compelled to get out of bed. This happy expedient enabled his long list of friends to pass in review before him; to smoke clay pipes upon the foot of his bed—to tell him the last anecdotes—to agree with him that the doctor was a muff—and to advise him often, not to obey the old boy's solemn directions.

Poor Faversham! He was the picture of misery, as he lay there

in bed; his moustache out of order, and his hair clinging in uncombed and flattened clumps, about his head. To every friend he declared that, when he was well, he would be at home every night at eleven o'clock, that he would never smoke again; that henceforth he and the whiskey keg of the Scotch Stores were strangers.

"Faversham, my boy!" said Jack Ashby, one morning early, bouncing into the invalid's room, in his shirt-sleeves, and with his coat and brush in his hand, "the Jamaica Lodge people have sent a hamper of delicacies for that very interesting patient, yourself! Such jellies! I know!"

"I am sure I am extremely obliged to them, Jack," Faversham replied, really touched by the attention. "It is doubly attentive."

"By George! yes, my boy; it's more than they would do for your humble servant. Shall I open the hamper?"

"Do, Jack; bring it in here," said Faversham, raising himself in the bed, in a highly excited state.

Mr. Ashby tossed his brush and comb upon the sick bed, and went to fetch the Jamaica Lodge contribution.

"Hang it!" exclaimed this gentleman, as he dragged in the basket, "they might have paid the carriage, I think."

"Don't be disgusting, Jack, open it," replied Faversham.

Mr. Ashby lost no time in ringing some portly jellies and blanc-manges along the dressing table; a light cake he threw upon the bed. A little basket of grapes found a place upon a chair at the bedside.

"Literature too, by George!" said the explorer, as he gathered up a heap of pamphlets from the bottom of the hamper. Glancing at them one by one, he read, 'Thoughts for a Sick Bed,' 'A Serious Word,' 'Aids to Charity,' 'The Power of Pence,' etc.



"These, of course, are from Saint Araminta," said Jack, throwing them upon the bed. "Never mind, Faversham, here is plenty of jelly to take those few powders in."

Faversham was not inclined to be jocular. He took up the tracts, and for the first time for many days past, there was a light colour upon his cheeks. He thought of the prettiest little bigot in the world, and of her serious marble face, as it was turned to him, more than once, when the moon had cast her wealth of silver upon the sea.

"Take those jellies away, and this cake, Jack; but leave me the grapes—there's a good fellow. Tell the Wretch to get me some tea at once."

Jack—he was a good-natured fellow—served his chum faithfully. The Wretch was summoned to prepare tea. The jellies and cake were removed from the bed-room, and Faversham was left to turn over the pages of the tracts at his leisure.

Miss Ashby had marked passages calculated to touch Faversham; but I fear the pencil mark was more attractive to the patient than the sentiment or advice it emphasized. Thinking often of the pretty eyes that had wandered over these pages of pious precept before him, Faversham found them not unpleasant reading. There were, too, here and there, noble sentiments that honestly touched his heart; but there were also evidences of sectarian rancour (and some of these were graced with Miss Ashby's pencil mark), which shocked him. He turned from the tracts, it is to be feared, little improved; that is to say, in the way Miss Ashby evidently intended to improve him.

But he was disturbed by the attention which had been paid him. He felt its kindness. He took up the tracts—threw them down again—picked a few grapes—turned about in his bed—wondering and speculating. Why did Miss Ashby think of him? He had frequently contradicted her; they had seldom agreed upon a single point; she thought him on the high road to atheism; while he had very clearly defined, for her information, the qualities of a bigot. Two people more dissimilar in taste and feeling he could not conceive. As Faversham slowly recovered from his illness, he thought this point over frequently. He ate the jellies, he consumed the cake; other jellies and cakes followed in due course from the same kind family; and each time the Parcels' Delivery Company's cart deposited a little hamper in Faversham's passage, he grew more nervous than he had been before.

He was sitting before his fire one day, his slippers almost touching the bars—the long-dismissed breakfast apparatus still upon the table; the sun endeavouring to get at him through the dense carbonaceous crust upon his chamber windows, when his attention was diverted from a comic article in a new comic journal, chiefly supported (both in circulation and contribution) by Nambly, by a lighter tap than he was accustomed to hear at his outer door. The sound of suppressed laughter, the gender of which was unmistakable, confused him. He had no collar on; his hair displayed but the faintest track of parting. A second knock, at once sharp and light, left him no time to deliberate. He put his tobacco-jar and pipes into the cupboard—threw Jack Ashby's empty soda-water bottle under the sofa, and went to admit his visitors.

When the door opened there was a great rustling of silk; much kissing; and presently the close atmosphere of the rooms seemed to be revived with fresh air, imported direct from the country. Faversham, protesting that these laughing girls were very wrong and imprudent, ushered his sisters into his sitting-room. Their fresh faces, fresh ribbons, fresh gloves, all appeared in strong contrast with the chambers. Ashby said, afterwards, when he heard of the visit, the ladies were two roses that had tumbled into a cobweb. They were hearty, merry girls. Clara, the elder of the two, was handsome. She had a tall, fine figure. Her head moved gracefully—imperiously—upon her neck. Her eyes had expressive glances—because they were shaded with long, dark lashes; but nobody who ever looked resolutely beneath these lashes thought the pupil deep or lustrous. The forehead, nose, and mouth of this young lady were exquisitely feminine. Miss Faversham's manners, however, were the horror of her brother. She professed an entire disregard of the forms of society; she made rude speeches to men, which speeches her indulgent friends laughed at as wit; she carried out her own notions in dress, disdainful to follow the fashion; and she talked of gentlemen by their nicknames. She was conspicuous and courted wherever she appeared. She accepted compliments as slight instalments of the praise due to her; and was not extremely fond of female society.

His sister Ada was a little creature with kind eyes, and a sweet smile. She was only the satellite of the splendid Clara. Ada loved Clara devotedly; thought her very clever; never had an idea of rivalling her popularity; followed her in some of her wild excursions—but timidly, and with an ever-present fear that they were encountering the rude remarks of the world. Ada did not pretend to be intellectual herself, but she thought highly of the talents of her sister—and more especially of those enjoyed by her brother. She listened to Faversham's lessons; to his shrewd views of the world; to his delicate—his fine perception of woman's place and duties; she felt the justice of his censures, when he addressed Clara; and she loved him more and more for the softness of his heart and the manliness of his soul.

Ladies are highly amusing when they suddenly penetrate into the bachelor homes of their relations. They laugh at the way in which the cloth is laid, at the unpolished stove, at the uncleaned windows, at the awful quantity of tea-leaves in the tea-pot, at the brushes and hat brushes, and boot-hooks which lie upon the breakfast-table; at the pile of books upon the sofa, and at the flower vase upon the mantel-piece filled with spills. Faversham's sisters thoroughly enjoyed their visit to the Temple. They explored the contents of his cupboard; made him ring the bell that they might see what his landlady (the Wretch) was like; insisted upon re-arranging his window-curtains; marvelled at the ingenious contrivance by means of which he toasted his bacon; and tasted his bread and honey. All this time poor Faversham was very nervous. He was glad to see them, but he asserted that ladies should never enter the Inner Temple. Clara enjoyed his scruples as evidences of absurd punctilio, and openly declared she hoped some of his Temple friends would call.

"Well," said Miss Faversham, having completed her survey of the rooms, "of all the miserable places I have ever stepped into, this is the worst. Why, no wonder you have been ill, Henry."

"I find them very comfortable," said Faversham, "but they were not contrived for the thousand and one wants of ladies."

"But don't you find it awkward, Henry dear, pouring out the tea yourself. I should like to see you," said Miss Ada.

"Well," continued Miss Faversham, (but all her male friends call her Clara, so why should not we?)—"well, papa has sent us to say that he shall expect you at the Grove, as soon as you are able to move out. We are going back, I'm afraid, next week; you might be attentive, if you can make it convenient."

"Very clever as usual, I see, Clara."

"Of course Henry will, if business will allow him," Ada interrupted: "How provoking you are, Clara."

"I know you're on thorns all the time we're here, Henry," pursued the lively young lady. "Well, you have not told us who sent you all that jelly—and those grapes."

"They did not come from the Grove."

"We were not at home, you know, Henry," Ada interposed; and although there would have been small chance of this attention from the quarter in question, even had the young ladies been at home, this allusion to a carelessness which the sister felt to be unkind, wounded her a little.

"What do men want with jellies," suggested Clara; "the Spartans never ate blanc-mange!"

"Nor did their wives use bandoline!" Faversham retorted, to the great amusement of his sister Ada, who had crept to his side, and was playing with his hand.

Before Faversham cleared his room of petticoats, he had promised to go to a party to be given by the Mellons, on the following evening. His sisters were staying at the Mellon establishment,—in Temple phrase,—they were "vulturising" there.

The Mellons lived at Baywater; in one of those many dapper little band-box houses, with green shutters, stucco porticoes, a front garden—somewhat larger than a dining-table, and a back garden a trifle more extensive than such a table at its full length. Nine years had the Mellons inhabited this suburban box, and each year had the difficulties of residence increased; for six times, in those nine years had Susan, the maid, appeared at the street door, when she took in the milk, armed with a white glove, and a bit of pale ribbon, to gag the knocker. Joshua Mellon, Esquire, could strike his hands deep into his capacious pockets, and declare that he had done the state some service; if, indeed, the little Mellons tumbling about him, and destroying everything in his way, could be of ser-

vice to any country. These contributions to the Imperial census, are little details to be passed by with the fewest possible words. They enjoyed the maternal solicitude of a most intellectual mother, —a mother who was versed in the various theories of education, whose awful tongue lisped even Latin occasionally, and who wrote poetry; they were therefore brought up "with every advantage." Whether they turned these advantages to proper account,—whether in course of time the girls became suburban blues, and the boys senior wranglers, are points in the Mellon history into which I have not inquired. At the period when Faversham saw them, they were very pert,—very self-possessed—repulsively clever children.

The eldest son was in the rule of three, at an age when ordinary children are painfully puzzled with simple addition; the eldest girl played the "Shower of Pearls," before schoolfellows of her own age had mastered the preliminary difficulties of "Away with Melancholy." The last I ever heard of the heir to the Mellon property, was on an occasion when having, at the early age of sixteen, suffered the return of an article which he had addressed to a popular magazine, edited by a well-known novelist, he was heard to say, he had learned that the editor "never inserted articles above his own calibre." I thought this promising.

Faversham arrived late at the Mellon party, in company with Mr. Clifton, whom he had coaxed into evening dress. Clifton felt ill at ease in the glare of a white cravat and white gloves; he hated the kind of business. Mrs. Mellon very graciously received Faversham and his friend, and pointed them out to a lean lady at her side, who looked on at the amusements of the evening over her spectacles, as two very intellectual young men. The Misses Faversham were in black. Clara had a red rose in her dark hair, while the fairer hues of Ada were relieved by a white rose. When Faversham arrived, Clara was encompassed by a laughing audience of three or four young men; Ada was talking in a corner to grand-mamma Mellon.

Clifton at once desired to be introduced to the elder sister. When Clara Faversham and Mr. Clifton stiffly, quietly, almost carelessly bowed to each other for the first time—when coldly, their eyes first met—when the common-place small change about the heat of the room, the voice of the last public singer, and the success of the entertainment, was banded to and fro, how strong was the iron clasp that closed the book in which the story of their destiny was written! "Good-looking—but uncultivated," was the verdict the lady pronounced, when Faversham asked her opinion of his friend.

"I wish, Clara, you could be less cultivated," the brother retorted.

Clifton sat next to Clara at the supper-table, quite accidentally, according to his own statement; but I am afraid that an attraction, the power of which was yet too weak to be perceptible, had even now sufficient force to lure him to the lady's side. Clifton was never more angry at his own awkwardness than when he dropped a spoon-full of lobster-salad near Miss Faversham's plate.

"You men are so awkward," observed Miss Clara as Clifton offered a confused apology.

Presently Miss Faversham remarked to Clifton, that "she had not noticed him in any of the dances." Clifton replied, that "he very seldom danced." Whereupon the lady added:

"Why, you are quite a barbarian!"

This speech was given in a tone that, by its intimacy, was freed from rudeness. Clifton did not know that this tone was habitual to Miss Faversham. It enchanted him. He at once became voluble; his eyes brightened, and he said shrewd, sharp things, which pleased his listener. He had never felt perfectly at his ease before, in the presence of a strange lady. He was mortified, however, when suddenly, a light, stupid-looking boy of nineteen, his hair parted like a woman's, and his shirt worked like that of a most fanciful young lady, came up to Miss Faversham, claimed her, pertly, for a waltz, and in another moment had his arm round her waist, in a circle of human teetotums.

Clifton mechanically found a seat, and kept his eyes fixed upon the dancers. Mrs. Mellon approached presently, and introduced him to Miss Barnaby, the celebrated authoress of "The Destiny of Woman." Miss Barnaby was the lean lady who wore spectacles. She had the weakest voice imaginable, but then she had the strongest mind imaginable. No subject was too deep, no question too intricate for that clear head, adorned by faded hair which could not possibly develop more than two ringlets on each side. She simpered and sidled into a seat near Clifton.

"I think you will agree very well together," said the intellectual hostess, as she retired to resume her conversation with Faversham, on the ideal.

After two or three preliminary feints, Miss Barnaby plunged into deep water with the following startling question:

"Pray, Mr. Clifton, what is your opinion on Capital Punishment?" Little grey eyes peered over silver spectacles very seriously into his eyes, or Clifton would have laughed.

"It is a very serious question, Miss Barnaby," Clifton replied.

The dance was over, and Clifton started from his chair with remarkable agility, to offer it to the first blue muslin, or white muslin, that might approach. He left a laughing, hoydenish girl near Miss Barnaby—a girl who would have shivered with fright at the question which had startled even Clifton.

Miss Faversham took no further notice of Clifton. She was surrounded with petitioners for her company through the dances to come; and she dismissed one after another with an imperial air, before which they patiently bowed. She told one gentleman that he could not dance; another that she had danced with him already. After a severe struggle, Clifton, very red about the ears, mustered courage to place himself on the list of petitioners. He was—for Miss Faversham—very graciously received. She said, afterwards, that his handsome, awkward figure amused her.

"I thought, Mr. Clifton, you never danced?"

"Very seldom, it is true; but it is not often that I am so tempted," replied the young democrat, with an air almost courtly.

"Very well, with pleasure," replied Miss Faversham—"the next polka."

"Make it the quadrille, if you please," Clifton anxiously suggested. The lady complied, and with a laugh, bade the gentleman hope. Clifton danced with Miss Faversham, and was pronounced to be the "most amusing bear in the world" by this young lady.

Late in the evening, a young officer entered the ball-room—from that moment Clifton never had a chance, while the party lasted, of saying a word to Clara Faversham. The last he saw of the young lady was, when she was sitting in the passage, outside the ball-room, suffering the young officer to fan her.

Clifton consoled himself a little in Mr. Mellon's smoking-room. Here he found a selection of the host's male circle. It did not include many imaginative men; it consisted chiefly of practical, business loving fellows, shrewd enough at the profitable contortions of capital, excellent arithmeticians, condescending jurors in matters literary. These gentlemen were not favourites with Mrs. Mellon; she found that they were vulgar, common-minded—but, unfortunately, they suited her husband. For Mrs. Mellon hinted to all her intellectual friends, (and she prided herself upon the intellect she won to her drawing-room) that she had been misunderstood all her life. The depths of her capacious mind had never been sounded. She suggested very broadly, that if Mr. Mellon had failed to find the ground of this deep intelligence, it was not that his head lacked materials for the plummet. Painfully Mrs. Mellon threw her eyes to the ceiling, and sighed when the people praised her poems, and when men stood rapturously drinking in the sweetness of her musical lip. All this poetic ability, all this music, had been given to Mellon with her hand; yet he mixed his tumbler of brandy and water when she began to read her latest effusion to him, and lit his cigar when she struck up the symphony to her first song. He was a tradesman—nothing more, she declared to people with whom she was very intimate; but in the presence of ordinary friends, she never breathed the name of the street, whence the money came to keep up the gentility of Bayswater. Sometimes Mellon gruffly alluded to the business, in company; and I think by the twinkle of his eye, that the rascal enjoyed Mrs. Mellon's most evident discomfort. However, having the key of the wine-cellar in his pocket, he allowed Mrs. Mellon to fill her drawing-room with the dawning intellect of the time, as often as she pleased. Every night a new celebrity was introduced to him, every morning he had forgotten a celebrity's name. The young men he liked—and whom he was pleased to see, were those who occasionally followed him into the smoking-room; listened good-naturedly to his experiences "on the road," and could talk with him about boating. When Clifton entered the smoking-room, the following conversation was going forward.

"They say that Newcastle Tom will beat the Putney Bragger?"

"I doubt it. The long arms of the Bragger for my money."

"The Cambridge men are a seedy set this year?"

"But one of the best oars in the Oxford crew has lost his mother."

Clifton, who liked all manly sports, joined very well in the conversation. He knew little about boating, but he admired the manliness of the science. He was soon friends with his host, for he detected in the few remarks of this gentleman that referred to politics, a liberal spirit, and a clear practical head. When most of the company had left, Faversham joined the smokers. He also was a favourite with his host; for Faversham, although he cared very little for Mr. Mellon's society, was too good-natured to appear bored. Then, he loved a good cigar; and Mellon's cellar, when this gentleman *did* take the key out of his pocket, produced unexceptionable wines and spirits.

As the young men were riding back to the Temple, having given a cigar to the cabman, and directed him to drive his hardest, the party was reviewed with the usual good nature of departed guests. Faversham, as he yawned, and popped up his legs upon the opposite seat, declared that he had never before seen so complete a collection of ugly girls. Clifton selected Miss Barnaby as his pot aversion. He swore that she was the most detestable person he had ever met; the ugliest woman within twenty miles of the Post Office.

"She looks as though she had picked up her features in a scramble," suggested Faversham. "She has got Brown's eyes; the nose properly belonging to Jones, and the mouth adapted to the head of Robinson. Cover Simkins's head with Trinkins's hair, and you have a picture of her. She asked me, as we went down to supper, how much 'Blackwood' paid per sheet; and when, at the suggestion of Mrs. Mellon, I invited her to dance, she excused herself; she had been correcting proofs all the morning, and was fatigued."

"Now, Faversham, if you want to know my exact notion of a hateable woman, allow me to introduce you to Miss Barnaby."

"Disgusting!" sympathised Faversham, "so deucedly intellectual! I told Mrs. Mellon to night that my notion of a woman was a little flaxen-haired thing, who could chatter all day long like a bird; who had not the remotest notion of making a pudding, and who spelt letter with one t. The learned lady sighed, and said that mine was the prevalent notion. Alas! men liked playthings, not companions and rivals. I agreed, and owned that I should prefer the plaything to the parlour critic, who would greet me at every turn with an opinion, and would forget to sugar my tea, in her vehemence on behalf of woman generally, and her social position. I told her I intended to have my wife painted with a tea-pot in one hand, and the sugar-tongs in the other."

Faversham presently asked his companion whether he had any sisters. Clifton replied that he was an only child.

"You're a lucky fellow!"

"Why, Faversham, you ought not to complain. Your sisters are charming persons."

"I am glad you think so, my boy. To me the elder one, Clara, is exactly the girl I dislike. One of your fast young ladies of the modern school, who prides herself upon acting unlike other girls; waltzes with anybody; cannot resist a soldier; and forgets every man's surname. But with all these faults she is a good-hearted creature."

"Your younger sister, Faversham, seems to me a most amiable girl," Clifton said, turning the subject from Clara.

"That girl, my boy, is without a fault," Faversham replied, as he fumbled in his pocket for the cab-fare.

They had arrived at the Temple gates; and as they emerged from their dusky vehicle, they were called "swells" by the men who were driving their market carts, drawn by steaming horses, to Covent Garden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THROWING SNOWBALLS.—The following paragraph is from the "Dublin Chronicle," 27th December, 1787:—"The practice of throwing snowballs in the public streets is not less dangerous in its consequences than fatal in its effects, an instance of which occurred last Monday evening:—A gentleman passing through Marybone Lane was hit by a fellow in the face with a large snowball, upon which he immediately pulled out a pistol, pursued the man, and shot him dead. Those deluded people are therefore cautioned against such practices, as in similar circumstances they are liable, by Act of Parliament, to be shot, without any prosecution or damage accruing to the person who should fire." And these were the "good old Christmas times!"

THE LITTLE WIDOW WALSH.



WONDERFUL little woman was the Widow Walsh, hostess of the White Eagle, situated in one of the most frequented suburbs of Ballydoyle.

"And of what did your poor husband die?" I enquired. The widow put her apron to her eyes, took it away again, and looked at me with, as she doubtless wished me to understand it, the face of a sad widow. But the veil was very transparent, and the expression of good-humored resignation plainly discernible through the medium. She spoke plaintively, however, poor thing, as a bereaved widow ought to speak, as she told me that Pat, the poor fellow, had died "for want of being—shaken!"

"Lord bless me, Mrs. Walsh!" I ejaculated; "for want of being *shaken*!"

"Yes, ma'am, to my sorrow. My poor man—Lord rest his soul!—though not to say sickly, was latterly subject to a sort of fits, and uncommon fits they were—the like of which people said they never seen before—snoring fits we used to call them—and when they came on, ma'am, the only way to cure them was to take hold of Pat's feet, and shake him as you would a bolster. My poor

Pat, and 'twas you suffered well from the same fits!"

"What an extraordinary ailment!" I exclaimed. Then, as I recalled the image of the departed Pat, a long, shambling, huge-boned giant, it struck me that the process described must have been a matter of some difficulty. I remarked as much to the widow.

"Lord, no, ma'am," she replied. "You had only to take a good grip of his feet, and then to pull him down on the floor, and shake, shake, shake him, till you were out of breath. The harder you shook him, the longer it was before the fit took him again. Once, when he was worse than usual, I pulled him up the stairs, and bumped him down again, by the heels, and after that it was ever-so-long before the poor soul had any return of his wearisome complaint. Oh! if I had you back, my poor man, *wouldn't* I shake you! Well—indeed and I would, any time you'd want it, and why not?"

I solemnly declare that I give verbatim the widow's account of poor Pat's mysterious ailment, and its still more mysterious mode of treatment. Fancy a thin, slight morsel of a woman, four feet two at most, coolly talking of "*shaking up*," and bumping up and down stairs by the heels a giant of over six feet in height, weighing goodness knows how many stone! But incredulous as I certainly was at the time, I have since fully ascertained that the wonderful little woman only told me the simple truth. She really *used* to shake Pat up as described!

"Yes, ma'am," said the widow, dolefully; "if I had been in the way when the last fit came on, who knows but my poor man might be hale and hearty to-day, and not lying in his cold grave! But I was at a country wedding, and though they sent off for me at once, I was back too late. There he was, getting worse and worse, with red-hot knitting-needles running through his poor legs, and pins sticking him all over, and his head splitting off, and no one to help him. 'For God's sake,' says the poor creature, 'let some of you grab me by the heels and shake me as hard as you can!' 'He's clean crazed, poor man!' says one. 'Lord love him!' says another; 'is it a bottle of physic he thinks he is?' 'His poor head is gone, sure enough,' says a third; and so they left him to die; and when I got home, 'twas to find my Pat as dead as mutton, and I myself a lone, deserted widow, without a living man upon the floor!"

So poor Pat, you see, really died for want of being shaken up! Doctors, pray make a note on it!

It was only a figure of speech of the little woman to describe herself as "a lone, deserted widow." Not she, indeed! She had a merry little daughter to keep her company, and quite a mob of acquaintances and cronies besides. And whenever she wanted especial advice, she could consult her old friend, Farmer Heraghty, whose clear head was always at her service in that way. But, to be sure, she lost him after a while, for as times were bad in the old country, Daniel Heraghty thought that even at his age he would have a better chance of getting on in America. The little widow missed him, to

be sure, but in one way was his departure rather an advantage, since it completely silenced the busy tongues that had sometimes hinted at the likelihood of the little woman becoming Mrs. Heraghty. No! The Widow Walsh a widow would remain; she had made up her mind on it.

It was no secret that the thrifty little woman had laid by a pretty penny as a fortune for her daughter Nelly, who in course of time would also succeed to the proprietorship of the inn, and the good farm a mile beyond the town. Little Miss Nelly had plenty of lovers, but the suitor favoured by the mother was Anthony Murphy, a wealthy young farmer, well made, and tolerably good-looking. As far as the mother was concerned, Anthony could not complain of want of encouragement, but as it was the daughter he wished to marry, why his course of love was not as smooth as he could have desired. But Anthony Murphy was not one to give up in a hurry; not he indeed.

Now, I dare say you want to know what kind of girl this Miss Nelly was. Well, like her mother, she was quite a morsel of woman-kind, but unlike her mother, she had a round, fresh face; rosy, dimpled cheeks; abundance of soft, silky hair; and the merriest and slicest pair of blue eyes ever you saw. Once upon a time Miss Nelly had been known to cry with vexation because some wag had dubbed her "the widow's mite," and it used to cause her dire mortification to be obliged to clamber on a chair to reach up to the corner cupboard in the parlour, or the shelves in the bar; or to have to mount a foot-stool when she wanted a peep into the round mirror between the windows of the best sitting-room. Now, such straits were only suggestive of blushes, smiles, and dimples, pleasing to behold. And this simply because *somebody*, who owned a pair of big, brown eyes, an open, honest face, and a true, manly heart, had some time since stooped down ever so low, so as to whisper softly in Miss Nelly's ear, how she, with her warm little heart, and her bright smile, and her trim little figure, just realised his life-dream of a sweet, household fairy that could shed sunshine and happiness over any man's home. And this somebody said much more that I am not going to tell you, for that would not be fair.

Unfortunately this dear somebody's course of true love threatened to be rugged indeed. There was slender hope of the thrifty widow ever bestowing her mite on him, poor fellow. No struggling mechanic for her; she preferred, as a future son-in-law, the wealthy young farmer, Anthony Murphy.

One fine Saturday morning, as Nelly Walsh was tripping off to the chapel, her mother called after her to desire her to hasten back, as she had to go out. Nelly was home before you could have thought it possible, and then her mother, putting on her cloak, drew the hood over her head, slipped a little bag containing her money into her bosom, and took her market-basket on her arm. She paused on the threshold, and looked back at Nelly.

"Be a good, steady girl while I am away," said she; "and God bless you, Nelly, agra!"

And with that, off went the Widow Walsh—and the Widow Walsh never came back!

Fact, I assure you. Dinner-hour came round; evening fell and darkened into night; the last customers departed—but the Widow Walsh came not. The nine o'clock bell rang, and no Widow Walsh appeared. Terrified out of her wits, poor Nelly sent to beg of a neighbour to come to her, and to him she told her alarm. The neighbour looked grave, the servants crowded up, terrified, and whispering *their* dismay. Half-past nine, ten o'clock struck, and no Widow Walsh. By this time the alarm had spread in the neighbourhood, people came flocking in, and poor Nelly, almost at her wits' end, besought of them to go and look for her mother, and could hardly be restrained from setting off herself on a like errand. The report ran from house to house; the whole town shared in the excitement. And when next day passed—and the next—and the next—and no Widow Walsh returned, the hubbub was tremendous. Inquiries instituted, the police went prowling and seeking with their noses to the ground, advertisements were published, rewards offered. In vain, the Widow Walsh never came back.

Catty Mahony, the beggarwoman, who sits to this day in a hollow of the wall in the chapel-yard; had spoken to the widow, and more token, had received the widow's charity when the widow was entering the chapel; and Catty Mahony had spoken to the widow again when she had left the chapel, and given her the full value of her charity in prayers. Catty Mahony had then seen the widow draw

her hood about her face, walk quickly down the street, and mingle with the crowd. This was about one o'clock—three quarters of an hour after she had left home—and this was the last seen or known of the Widow Walsh, by neighbours, or keen-scented police, or Catty, or anyone else.

The little widow had taken with her, besides some loose change, twenty guineas in gold, the half-year's rent due to the landlord. But she had not been to the landlord's house all that day. This being the case, the general belief was, that the poor creature had been enticed somewhere and murdered, for the sake of the money she had about her. It was the only way people had of explaining the mystery, but this explanation was a misty one. There were things that no one could understand. How such a crime could have been committed in broad day light—how a woman so well known amongst the farming classes, who throng our town on market-days, could have gone anywhere without having been seen or recognised by a single person—how anyone could have known of the money about her—why she had not gone direct from the chapel to the landlord's house, close by—these were mysteries that none could fathom.

Amongst the lower orders there were some—not many, however, who hinted that the poor little widow had been spirited away by the good people! Had she not, in defiance of all tradition, spite of all opposition, caused to be levelled the green rath that stood upon her farms? She had been duly warned of the evil consequences of such an outrage, and now, might it not happen that the good people had avenged themselves by carrying off the offender bodily!

Can this be our blithesome, bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked little Nelly Walsh? Oh dear, oh dear! What a change is here! She does not seem so plump as before the widow disappeared; the rosy cheeks are paler; the blue eyes are dimmed with tears. Just now, too, the little hands are tightly clenched, and as she sits here alone, in the fast deepening twilight, she sways her body to and fro, and moans and wails, as Irishwomen of her class will do under the pressure of calamity.

It is a chill October evening, and the wintry wind shrieks and mutters among the trees in the Deanery garden opposite. Torrents of rain fall sullenly on the low roof, and dash in fierce gusts against the little window-panes. But within no effort is made to counteract the gloomy influences of the night. No pleasant fire sparkles in the grate, no candle dispels the gathering shadows. Ghastly and dark, they creep about, and crouch in corners, and glide behind curtains, and crawl stealthily over the white walls. The air is heavy and damp; and sad, unearthly whispers seem to echo the girl's half-stifled utterance of anguish.

Ah, poor child! she has had enough to trouble her during the twelve months that have elapsed since her mother's mysterious disappearance. First, there was a wearisome illness, during which everything in the house had been in the hands of servants, and honest and attached though they truly were, the old inn had not prospered under them. When the young mistress was at last able to go about, she found many things neglected, half her customers gone, the rest dropping away. She did her best to remedy this, but the loss of the thrifty little widow was daily and hourly felt, and things did not mend much.

And now had come the climax of her troubles. The kind landlord hearing that, contrary to all expectations, not a penny had been found of the hoard attributed to the saving of the little widow, had generously remitted to the desolate girl not only the half-year's rent due, but that of the half-year to come. Poor Nelly wept bitterly when she heard of the sudden death of her kind friend, and sore cause had she for tears, as she soon found to her cost. The heir-at-law, who lived in Dublin, had appointed as his agent in Ballydoyle a low-class attorney, and the first communication Nelly received from him was a notice to pay up at once the year's rent she was in arrear, and to be prepared to pay henceforward a higher rent for her house and farm. Nelly, greatly alarmed, told the agent of the late landlord's kindness about the rent, but as she had no proof of this beyond her own word, she only got jibed at by the new agent. As to the increase of rent, however, Nelly told him that her mother, two years ago, had obtained a renewal of her lease—or rather, a written promise of renewal at any time it might be claimed. The agent shook his head—he knew nothing of this; he had no proof of the existence of such a document, but of course, if in existence it could be produced. Nelly at once searched for it where she was sure it must be—amongst other papers in her mother's

trunk, up stairs. But no such document was to be found! High and low, up and down, in every nook and crevice, did Nelly search in vain. The paper had vanished as completely as the widow herself, and poor Nelly was forced to conclude that her mother must have taken it with her on the morning of her disappearance. But the agent was sure—or pretended to be so—that no such document had ever existed; and now, to end all, poor Nelly was to be sent adrift houseless.

And where, then, were Nelly's suitors? No, not faithless to her in her misfortunes, I am happy to say. Anthony Murphy she had long ago dismissed, kindly but firmly, and so as to convince him, sorely against his will, that she could never be his. And where was somebody else now? Ah! wretched little Nelly!—not an hour since had she sent him from her in sorrow and in anger. Over and over again, since her troubles commenced, had he besought of her to become his wife; to let him work for her, and care for her, and shield her, as best he might, from the world's rough trials. But Nelly was too proud to consent to this. What! *she* be a burden on the man she loved?—no—she would rather work as a servant all her life than be a drag on him! She would die rather than consent to that—*she* to keep him down in the world, indeed! And so obstinate, so proud, so immutable was she, that at length her lover, deeply pained and offended, had left her to herself. Oh, miserable little Nelly! No wonder she should moan, and sob, and rock herself, and wring her hands despairingly. To think of her having so grieved and angered him who was more to her than life itself! Oh my!—oh my! What must Tom think of her? Dear Tom, so true, so faithful, so tender of her, so good, so unselfish!

It was dark night, and through the pelting rain, and the thick gloom, came a stalwart man, and knocked at the closed door of the Eagle Inn. Strange to say, too, that though it rained as if sky and ground were meeting, and blew so that this stalwart man had to buffet his way along, not even a top coat had he to protect him from the weather. The collar of his jacket was pulled up over his ears, and held by his teeth, and his cap drawn down on his face, but the jacket was thin, and its wearer wet through by the time he reached the door of the inn and knocked. But without a moment's delay the door was opened to admit him and as speedily re-fastened behind him.

Before he had time to open his lips, the door to the left flew open; there was a joyous exclamation—and, yes, positively!—like a shaft from a bow, little Miss Nelly popped into the arms of the half-drowned new-comer, utterly unconscious for the moment of the very unpleasantly moist state of his garments, or of the shower-bath her sudden rush procured her. There she was, laughing and crying in a breath, and there was he, staring down at her, utterly bewildered, and small blame to him, I'm sure!

"Why, Nelly!" was all he could say, as he looked down at that puzzling little person, clinging to him so lovingly.

"Oh, my! oh, my!" cried Nelly; "I'm so happy! Oh, Tom, I'm so happy, happy, happy! Oh!"—becoming suddenly aware of Tom's deplorable condition, she darted out of his arms as speedily as she had shot into them.

"Goodness gracious me, Tom!" she cried remorsefully; "I ought to ask your pardon for sending for you on such a night! You're almost drowned, my poor boy! Why on earth didn't you put on your top coat coming out? Here now, take off this wet jacket as fast as you can—never mind me, you know, Tom—and come in and warm yourself." Here, having by a sudden spring triumphantly succeeded in jerking off Tom's streaming cap, she laughed gleefully, and by the way of expecting the removal of the wet garment, expended her remaining breath in a series of tugs at the cuffs and tail. Tom looked at her, too much amazed to laugh or smile, and dreamily divesting himself of his jacket, suffered her to seize his hands, pull him into the best parlour, and tyrannically push him into a big, cushioned chair beside the blazing, crackling fire. This done, she viewed him with great satisfaction, clapped her hands, and laughed.

"Am I asleep?" asked Tom, with a troubled look at the beaming face before him.

"Not a bit of it, Tom. But, oh! how good of you to come at once. I was half afraid you might refuse. Why didn't you put on your coat, though, you silly boy?"

"Because I was in such a hurry that I never thought of it," said

Tom. "I was afraid—afraid of some fresh trouble when you sent for me, so I just ran out as I was."

"My poor boy—that is so like you—never to think of your own comfort where others are concerned." She stood right before him now, and laid her hand softly on his head. "Ah! I know you so well, Tom! But now, say you have forgiven me out and out, before I tell you why I sent for you in such a hurry."

Tom was wide awake now, I fancy, for he forthwith put out his arm, and drew the speaker to his side. She nestled up to him, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Dear Tom," she whispered, "I would not pain you for the world."

Tom's eyes sparkled, and he looked earnestly into her smiling face. That he found there nothing very disheartening may be supposed, for without further hesitation, he boldly repeated a question that had already more than once been answered in the negative. This time the reply was very different, being of a nature most satisfactory to the questioner.

"Then," said Tom, exultingly, "the sooner I get you into my charge the better, Nelly, my little darling. *Halloo!* what the deuce is that?"

Well might he exclaim—for from under her apron Miss Nelly had suddenly produced before his astonished eyes—the missing document of such importance!

So this was the meaning of Miss Nelly's sudden change of demeanour—of her strange joyousness—of her relenting towards himself!—Tom's face fell a little—he would rather have taken her poor, and dependent solely on him—for Tom, be it known, was proud as his lady-love, every whit. Nelly saw what was passing in his mind, so she cleverly made a diversion in his thoughts by reminding him that he had yet to hear *how* she had found the mysterious paper.

"And remember, Tom," she added gravely, "that is to be a secret between us two. I ought not to keep anything secret from you, though, so I sent for you to tell you the whole story—one that seems like a dream to me still."

"It's all like a dream to me!" murmured Tom, looking fondly at his promised wife—so far from him, he had thought, awhile ago.

It was a strange story, surely, and many were Tom's ejaculations of amazement as he listened. About an hour since a travelling man—a stranger—had come to the house, saying that he had a message for her. At a hotel in New York, three months since, he had fallen into conversation with the landlady, a countrywoman of his own, a little, thin, low-sized, sallow, blue-eyed woman—rather good-looking, on the whole. Having ascertained from him that he was about to return home, and would pass through Ballydoyle on his way, she begged of him to go to little Nelly Walsh of the White Eagle Inn, and tell her that if she should at any time want the written promise of a lease, given by the landlord to her mother, about two years ago, she was to lift up the third plank in the left-hand corner of the room where her poor father died, and she would find it. The stranger being anxious to get home to his wife and family in Clonmel, had refused to stay for the night; wet as it was he had hurried off after delivering his message. But from his minute description of the host and hostess of the New York Hotel, both Tom and Nelly were fully convinced that the little hostess was no other than the wonderful widow Walsh herself, transformed into the wife of the farmer, Daniel Heraghty.

But I have something else to tell you.

One fine evening, when all the fuss of the wedding was over, Nelly came up slyly to Tom's chair, and said:—

"Tom, I want to tell you something."

"Well, little wife, out with it—is it a secret?"

"No longer a secret, Tom. I found *this* with the paper, under the plank—only, you see, Tom, I did not want to tell you until I was sure of you."

A little green bag containing two hundred golden guineas.

Ha, ha, Tom; I think Nelly was very wise in withholding her treasure a while—otherwise, there's no knowing what a proud fellow like you might have done! But now he must just pocket his pride with his guineas.

You see the Widow Walsh was not so bad, after all.

And now I have only to add—if Tom and Nelly don't live happy, that you and I may.

F. C.

IMPRESSIONS OF SOME ODD SEALS.



ABOUT twenty years ago, by means of a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy, public attention was first attracted to a number of seals—about sixty—undeniably of Chinese manufacture, which had been discovered in various localities in Ireland. The question naturally arose how they came there, and when, and for a considerable time it was an antiquarian *questio vexata* whether they were genuine specimens of Celestial art or not. One writer expressed himself thus: "The paper read before the Irish Academy on the Chinese porcelain seals found in Ireland, having inscriptions in a character as old as Confucius, is evidently a hoax. The fact is, that long rectangular seals, terminating at one end in an animal, and having the name of a person or place, are in common use among the Chinese at present, and employed in stamping papers, books, chops, tradesmen's bills, etc. The inscription on the base of these seals is in the Chuentze, or seal characters, which, though invented during the period of the Chinese moralist, is in the same use at the present hour as the black letter for fancy work, titles of books, etc. Several seals of this kind of agalmatite were sold last year in London."

Mr. Edward Getty was at the trouble to write and publish a minute account of them, recording, as far as he had ascertained, in what locality and at what date each had been found, and furnishing fac-similes of their mottoes, with translations made independently by various Chinese scholars, both at home and abroad.

As regards the material and form of these seals, the writer just quoted was signally in error; they are not agalmatite (or rather, agalmatolite) stealite or soap-stone, as are those generally met with, but porcelain cast in moulds, and subjected to such an intense degree of heat, and consequent vitrification, that their substance is as perfectly imperishable as the glass and porcelain trinkets found in the mummy cases of Egypt. Neither are they long and rectangular, like those of modern importation, but each is an exact cube, with a Chinese monkey seated on it by way of a handle. They are, moreover, all so precisely similar in size and general appearance, as to be distinguished only by the character of the under or stamping surface.

It is considered possible that these interesting relics may have come from the East, together with the weapons, ornaments, and other articles of commerce which were brought by the Phœnicians, to whom the ports and harbours of Ireland were well known. Sir John Davis being applied to on the subject, stated that the characters were sufficiently ancient for any assignable date within our reach. He added, that the inscriptions were mere names, not admitting of translation, but perfectly recognisable as in the ancient seal characters of China, and often used on the seals of public and private individuals at the present day. Nevertheless, impressions having been sent to various Chinese scholars in this country and elsewhere, the answers, when compared, presented sufficient resemblance to prove that the characters conveyed pretty much the same idea to several authorities. By some it has been conjectured that these seals may have come accidentally in tea-chests, but then arises the question, how happened it that such were sent to Ireland only, for, so far as we know, these relics have as yet been only discovered there. Many, we may add, have surmised that they were brought by persons connected with Lord Macartney's embassy, but the absence of any specimens of such seals in his collection tends to render the hypothesis doubtful.

TRUE GREATNESS.

LIKE a summer's sun, should a great man's life
In its dawn, all promise be:
In its noon-tide strength, a power to bless,
To fruitage all humanity;
In the evening sink, with his work well done,
In glory tranquilly.

THE SPECTRE OF THE SWAMP,

A LEGEND, ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN.



ANY years ago—there is no necessity to be particular as to the exact time—there resided in Germany a nobleman of a haughty and chivalrous spirit, to which indeed he was chiefly indebted for his title and estates, neither having been hereditary. At the period of which we speak the wars that had for a long time distracted Germany had ceased for a brief season, and Count Wolmar went to dwell in the retirement of a large Chateau, and ere long fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring baron of ancient lineage. To his great mortification, however, the baron declined his proposals, and he was not long in discovering that the objection to an alliance was founded on a want of hereditary honours. He sought the fair Edith, but she declined his hand in the most decisive manner; and, to add to his mortification, informed him that her affections were already engaged.

The Count knew not how to brook the refusal, especially as he could not discover who was the favoured suitor; the old baron affirming that he was bound to secrecy, while the lady refused to answer any question on the subject. Independent, however, of this circumstance, Wolmar had a personal cause of grievance, which we will presently explain. A young officer named Von Deutzberg, of a very high family, had served in the wars under the command of Wolmar. A few days preceding the battle that, for a season at least, decided the contest between the adverse parties, Von Deutzberg was nominated to the chief command of the army, to the excessive indignation of the Count. His proud spirit chafed at the injustice, he speedily retired from the court, and betook himself, in gloomy scorn, to his Chateau.

One evening as he was wandering, in a gloomy and dissatisfied mood, through a wood attached to his Chateau, a confidential vassal came hastily to inform him that a stranger, accompanied by a large suite, had just arrived at the castle of the old baron, and that it was every where said he was the accepted lover of the Lady Edith. The Count unhesitatingly mounted his steed, and rode on unattended, to personally ascertain the exact truth of the unwelcome intelligence. It was dark when he arrived at the baron's mansion, but to his inexpressible chagrin and wrath, was denied admittance by the castellan. No entreaties could move the inflexibility of the latter, and Wolmar's cup of passion was more than full, when he learned that the violent manner in which he was treated, was due to the express orders of Baron Von Deutzberg, Lady Edith's accepted suitor. Dashing his glove in the face of the castellan he rode furiously from the gate, his exasperation against his successful rival knowing no bounds. He passed the entire night in riding round the walls of the Chateau, longing for some miraculous power to aid the direction of his threatening hand.

He was not permitted to remain long in doubt as to the effect his conduct had produced. On the afternoon of the ensuing day he received a message from Von Deutzberg, couched in the most imperious language, and commanding him not to contend in vain with his superior officer, whose rank and ancestry placed him at so great a distance above him.

On receiving this response, Wolmar hastily marshalled all his vassals, and made various preparations, so that on the very day on which it should be announced that the nuptials of Von Deutzberg with the lady Edith were to be solemnized, might be the day on which to commence a feudal war, that should only end with his own life, or that of his rival.

The day of the nuptials soon arrived, and the Count, at the head of all his vassals, and retainers, attacked the Chateau in the midst of the festivities. As the contest progressed, sallies were continually made by the besieged, but Von Deutzberg was never seen in the mêlée. These sallies were nearly all of them unsuccessful, and it seemed evident that Wolmar would soon possess himself of the Chateau. Matters were in this state, when on the morning of the tenth day all the batteries were suddenly manned, at an earlier hour

than usual, a clarion blew its shrill blast, and just as the sun rose lustrous over the turrets, the many gates were cast open, and Von Deutzberg issued forth at the head of a chosen body, in full charge. Wolmar immediately singled out his rival; they met, but had scarcely crossed swords, when Wolmar was mysteriously struck from his horse! The astonishment of his followers at this event was quickly succeeded by a panic, and although Wolmar remounted and endeavoured to lead them on, it was all in vain.

Exasperated at the circumstance, and attributing it only to some fortuitous disaster of war—the fault he knew not how, of his steed, or the light of the sun striking in his own face, Wolmar bitterly reproached his soldiers for their flight, and exhorted them to retrieve their laurels on the following morning, and redeem themselves from a disgrace which tarnished all their previous successes. The night was passed in fresh preparations, and they again pressed forward to the attack. No sooner had the Count appeared in front of the Chateau, than the clarion echoed from the battlements, the gates flew open, and a second time Von Deutzberg issued forth at the head of his horsemen. As a falcon pounces upon his prey, so swept the form of Wolmar across the plain towards his hated rival, who in turn undauntedly spurred to meet him. Before they had exchanged a single blow, however, the steed of Wolmar became rivetted to the earth, while Von Deutzberg, wheeling round with inconceivable rapidity, dealt a blow upon Wolmar's crest that brought him senseless to the ground, his men being routed as before, but with far greater slaughter.

When the Count recovered his senses, nothing could exceed his rage and confusion. He knew not how this fresh discomfiture had occurred, unless some accursed witchcraft had been practised against him. Maddened by this overthrow, he once more rallied his men by that energy of passion from which there is no appeal, and a few days beheld him again in front of the walls that enclosed his rival, grasping his blade with clenched teeth and steady ferocity of purpose. But fate was still against him. Again Von Deutzberg sallied forth, and with a single blow of his sword a third time hurled the Count from his saddle, and galloping over him spread death among his flying followers.

It was midnight when Wolmar recovered consciousness. All was silent on the field, the dead lay in heaps around him. How it was that he should meet with these renewed disgraces, yet escape death, confounded his thoughts. "What black spell is here?" he muttered, as he slowly arose and advanced towards his steed, which stood in the same spot where he had encountered Von Deutzberg; "surely some power of darkness is leagued against me." Mounting his charger he rode leisurely to a distant eminence in front of the gates of the Chateau, and here, in the darkness of the night he remained fixed, like an equestrian statue, brooding with a soul of glowing agony on his thwarted will, and the immeasurable disgrace he had suffered at the hands of the man whom he regarded with such bitter scorn.

"O dream of vengeance," he at length ejaculated, awaking from his reverie, "no sacrifice would be too great, so thou could be realised, or I could have my will against those within yon walls!"

As he uttered these words he turned his eyes away from the Chateau, and, his gaze wandering over the plain, beheld an indistinct figure advancing across the distance with rapid movement. It looked hazy in the dim grey shades of day-break, and the body was sometimes only partially visible, being concealed by the thick rising mists of the moist fields. He at length discerned the figure to be

that of an old man, who though meagre in limb progressed at a very quick pace, and soon stood along side his steed, and gazed intently in his countenance.

"Who art thou?" said Wolmar haughtily, "and what wouldst thou with me, that thou approachest so familiarly?"

"I am Karl Heidelchmeim," answered the old man. "I overheard what you said a little while ago, and have come to know your pleasure."

"Thou heard'st me! Why thou wert far across the fields when I spoke!"

"Only a couple of leagues! surely Count Wolmar has heard the name of Karl Heidelchmeim, short a time as he has been a dweller in these parts?"

Wolmar turned pale; he *had* heard the names of Heidelchmeim, and he gazed at the strange being before him with a shudder, but the sensation quickly changed, and a dialogue ensued between the Count and Karl, which eventuated in a covenant to which we need not here more particularly allude. Wolmar returned to his deserted Chateau, which now contained but few defenders. The thought maddened his brain, and at nightfall he sallied out by the private postern to meet Karl, according to an appointment. As he approached, the old man, who was attired in a dingy red cloak, descended from the bole of a stunted oak where he had been sitting.

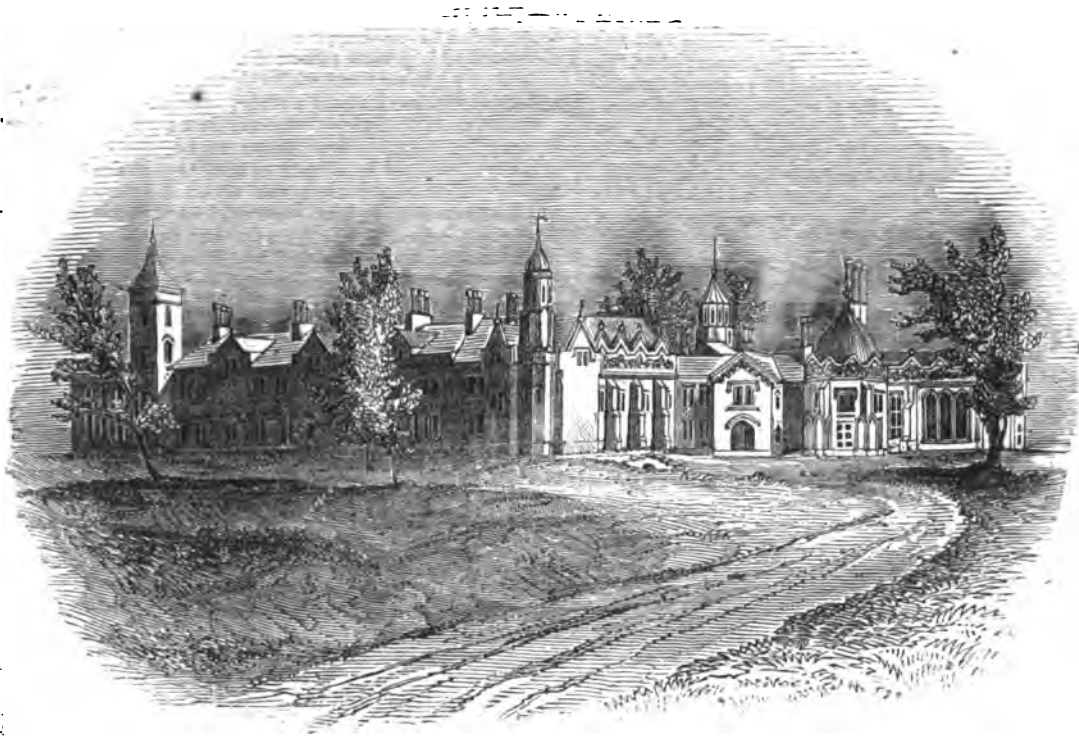
"Are you resolved?" demanded he, showing a huge set of irregular fang-like teeth.

"I am," responded Wolmar, sternly, "lead on."

Heidelchmeim led the way through wood and valley, till descending a long slope of thickly-set osiers, they arrived at a vast swamp. After wading through for a considerable distance they arrived at an immense flat stone of an oval shape, and standing about two feet high from the level of the dark marsh. They stepped upon it, and Karl immediately commenced a strange incantation. Three distinct shrieks issued from his haggard jaws, as he seemed to cast something, though nothing was visible in his hands, into the air, and strew it before them. And now Heidelchmeim began to utter words which may not be told, till gradually the articulation merged into sounds such as convey no meaning in any language on earth. When he ceased, in the thick swamp began a slow ripple, till by degrees through the dark mire rose up the figure of a demoniac goblin, with extended arms bent submissively downwards, as in obedience to the will of his summoner. It was doubtful whether the fiend stood mid-deep in the swamp or knelt amidst it. Its body was not discoloured by the mire, except on its leathern pinions, with which it had enveloped itself like a grim chrysalis.

Mysterious but brief was the conversation which ensued, and the result was soon afterwards shown. The Count spurred homewards, burning with impatience, assembled his few remaining vassals, and once more attacked the hated Chateau. Von Deutzberg fell beneath the demon-guided sword of Wolmar, the Chateau was set on fire, and the inmates, including the old Baron and the Lady Edith, perished in the flames. That same night the charred corpse of Karl Heidelchmeim was discovered in an adjacent wood, but what had caused his death was never known. After a short time the Count himself disappeared, and the legend will have it that the main cause of his untimely fate was his dark compact with the spectre of the swamp.





ORMEAU, COUNTY DOWNS.

ORMEAU, the seat of the Marquis of Donegal, is situated on the east side of the river Lagan, about a mile south of Belfast. The mansion, which is an extensive pile of buildings in the Tudor style of architecture, was originally built as a cottage residence in the last century, and has since gradually approximated to its present extent and importance. The original residence of the family was situated in the town of Belfast, and was a very magnificent castellated house, erected in the reign of James I. Of this noble mansion there are no vestiges now remaining. It was burnt in the year 1708, by an accidental fire, caused by the carelessness of a female servant, on which occasion three daughters of Arthur, the third Earl of Donegal, perished in the flames. A portion of the building, which escaped destruction, was afterwards occupied for some years, the family finally removing to their present residence, its preservation being no longer necessary.

The demesne surrounding Ormeau is not of great extent, but the grounds are naturally of considerable pastoral beauty, commanding the most charming views of Belfast Lough and adjacent moun-

tains, and have received all the improvements that could be effected by art.

As has been observed, there are many finer places to be seen in Ireland, belonging to noblemen, but there are, unfortunately, few of them in which the presence of their lordly owners is so permanently to be found, attracting the respectful attachment of the various classes of society.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XI.

IT is a strange fact, but not more strange than true, that in our daily converse with life, we meet men who perform acts of the greatest benevolence and kindness, who are thoroughly devoid of moral principle and of common humanity—men who illustrate the truth of the statement, that “no man is utterly depraved.” In the most abject and degraded there is always to be found some remnant of the pristine dignity of human nature, and a virtue appearing in the fallen or abandoned becomes great by contrast, and is like the graceful ruin met by the traveller in the desert, more beautiful because of the desolation by which it is surrounded. There must be much of vice and evil example to crush out all that is good in man, however degraded, for even in his ashes, perhaps, lives a genial fire that kindness and sympathy may fan into a flame capable of giving life and heat. Men in high places have been denouncing human nature as radically wicked, because in most instances they judge of all humanity by their own experience of themselves. Amongst the thousands who write, and teach and govern, how few there are who ever consider the causes which have most promoted crime, or the

means by which its influences could be checked and the offenders reformed. One half the world does not know or care how the other half lives, and still the half that does not know or care are those who have to pay the severe penalty for their own ignorance of the truth, that every man is more or less dependent on the other, and that this is “a world of compromises.” Brutus Bramble was a man full of natural goodness, and his nature leant most gracefully

towards that which was weak and defenceless. Thoroughly unselfish, he would spare no pains or trouble to serve a friend—ay, even he would risk his life to promote his welfare. Prodigal of his means when he had them; self-denying and patient when in want, his worst enemy could never accuse him of meanness, and he was as physically brave as a lion. He was still what the world calls a bad man. He was utterly devoid of principle, and he would not hesitate for a moment to overstep any moral obligation to effect his purpose. The high intellectual faculties which he possessed he perverted to the worst of purposes, and the "wild justice of revenge" was with him a solemn and a binding law. His nature, like his native climate, had its hours and days of glorious sunshine, but it had also those furious outbreaks of stormy passion, and those fearful convulsions of hate that made even those who wished to be his enemy court his friendship. The paths of Brutus Bramble were not in pleasant places, and much of that which was prominently bad in his character was owing to circumstances over which he could not exercise any control. Sent amongst strangers, and all but excluded from the society in which he should have mingled, because of the prejudice against his race and colour, he had to make low connections, and to associate with the night-walker, the street-robber, and the outcast and the prodigal, because his high spirit told him that none others would regard him as aught but an intruder, or one tolerated by sufferance. Still, in the breast of Brutus Bramble beat a bold and noble heart, true to its friendships and its hates. Bold, resolute, and determined, and possessed of indomitable energy, Brutus Bramble could be made a mighty agent for good or evil.

"Tony," said Bramble, as he walked along through the dark and still silent streets, "I fear that you are badly off for sleep, but you can have rest enough at the 'Three Jolly Travellers'; as I have business of much importance to transact with John Brunt, I will remain with him the greater part of the day, so you can sleep till I call you."

"I could sleep on the top of a gate," replied Tony as he stretched out his hands, and yawned with half his face. "I have been in great practice for a walking match for the past three days, Doctor," he continued, giving evident signs of being inclined to select the first corner he met to have a doze.

The Black Doctor, who perceived the drowsy propensities of his young friend, tried to keep him in conversation until they turned into an open space, when Bramble exclaimed—

"Halloa, Tony! what fire is that?" as he pointed to volumes of black smoke, bespangled with sparks and fringed with the deep copper hue of reflected flames, as they rose into upper air.

The loud cries of "fire! fire!" soon brought forth from every lane and alley in the neighbourhood, thousands of half-naked and shivering creatures, all rushing on to where they believed the fire was raging. Some were urged on by curiosity, and others by the hope of plunder. In this tide of human wretchedness and misery Bramble and Tony forced their way along. After they had gone a considerable distance, Tony stopped and, in the greatest excitement, said,

"As I live, Doctor, it's the 'Three Jolly Travellers' is on fire."

The boy caught Bramble by the arm, as he observed, "I hope Brunt is not inside."

"Quick, Tony, quick," replied Bramble, as he ran along. "We may be in time to render some assistance."

In a few minutes the Black Doctor and the boy were in front of the "Three Jolly Travellers." The flames roared like a furnace through the lower part of the house, and shut out all means of escape for any person inside by the doors. The dry timber crackled as it blazed, and the heat of the walls turned the hoar frost on their outsides into steam. The flames now burst from the drawing-room windows, and crept like serpents round the wooden sills until they devoured them. Men asked men, was there anybody in the house? and others asked if ladders could be obtained? as the flames raged and glutted themselves on all that could be consumed in the "Three Jolly Travellers," and illumined thousands of upturned faces of the vast crowd in the street.

Tony, who had been running about in a state of feverish excitement, went up to the Black Doctor, and said—

"I have been looking for old Brunt everywhere; he must have made his escape. Oh, I hope he has," continued poor Tony, down whose cheeks the tears were falling for one who never showed him anything but unkindness through his long and weary servitude.

"I have every reason to hope that he has got off," replied Bramble, "as he could not have gone to bed when the fire broke out."

The Black Doctor had scarcely done speaking, when John Brunt appeared at one of the upper-windows. A buzz of horror ran through the crowd, as the wretched man, flame-hunted, strove to force his way through an open sash. After much exertion he succeeded, and getting on a window-stool he sought to reach an old spout, and by that means effect his escape. The awe-stricken mob were perfectly silent while this terrible scene was being enacted, and Tony covered his eyes with his hands.

Brunt made a desperate effort to gain a grip of the spout, as the flames every moment drew nearer and nearer to him, but all was of no avail. Urged by despair he tried to gain the roof, but this was hopeless. His cries for help rose above the roar of the blaze which was now surrounding him, deprived him of the means of breathing.

The upper-floor now gave way, and as the debris fell into the place beneath, masses of lurid flames ascended and enveloped John Brunt in their terrible embrace. For a moment the outlines of of his features were to be seen, as he fell into the raging furnace and disappeared for ever.

Bramble could scarcely believe that he was not dreaming, so rapid and so terrible were the events in the tragedy which he had just witnessed. He was lost in contemplation as he thought over the scenes in which he took a part in the burning house. He was aroused from his reverie by a sudden heavy crash, and the shouts of the mob. The roof of the "Three Jolly Travellers" had fallen in, and buried beneath it, the charred bones of John Brunt, and the records of many a dark and bloody deed. The smoke that issued from the smouldering timber, half buried beneath the piles of rubbish, slowly ascended into the cold morning air, as Bramble gazed on the bare gables that stood tottering, blackened and naked, like sentries guarding the place of execution of John Brunt the murderer.

Bramble sought to recover his composure, as he went in search of Tony, but a sickening feeling of disgust and horror had come over him, which no effort of his could shake off.

"Jerry the Lift and Hawkesworth, are avenged" soliloquised Bramble. "Who could this Hawkesworth have been?" continued he; "I suppose it will now and for ever remain a mystery." Long and eagerly did Bramble look for Tony, and at length he found him sitting on the steps of a doorway, with his head bent between his knees. Sorrow was big at the heart of Tony, as Bramble gently lifted him to his feet.

"Come along," said Bramble, "don't be a fool. We could not prevent what has happened. You and I will spend the day together."

Tony made no reply, but followed Bramble silently. His eyes were red and swollen from crying, and as he went his way with his head bent, the boy was reviewing the years of persecution and suffering which he had endured at the hands of John Brunt.

By one of those strange inconsistencies of our nature, misfortune or death to those from whom we have received great injustice, is in the generality of cases, calculated to give us anything but gratification; and rarely, indeed, can a man be associated for any length with a person however unworthy, and not feel a kind of regret for his loss. We seem to have more in the death of an enemy, or a persecution, than satisfaction for any wrong either might have done us; and it was for this reason, the good-natured, loyal-hearted Tony felt bitterly at the terrible fate of his former master.

Bramble, notwithstanding his great power of endurance, felt that he was overcome by the fatigue and excitement of the past three days. He proceeded to a lodging-house, where he first saw Tony placed in a comfortable bed, after which he went and sought the repose he so much stood in need of.

It was far advanced in the evening when Bramble awoke, and having directed a servant to call Tony, got ready to go out.

Tony soon made his appearance, but all his old light-heartedness and love of fun, seemed to have forsaken him. He answered every question put to him, in a quiet subdued tone, and did not speak but when addressed.

"We will go as far as Foster's," said Bramble; "and you must cheer up, and be yourself, Tony."

"Very well," replied Tony; "I will go wherever you go. I have no home now, the old 'Jolly Travellers,' is no more."

"If nothing ever happened that old den," said Bramble, "I never intended that you should go back to live there. You will never want a home or friends, Tony. Are you aware that Mrs.

Stammers has fallen in love with you," continued Bramble playfully.

A momentary smile passed over the face of Tony, but he soon relaxed into his dejected state.

It was evident that the terrible sight which the boy had witnessed that morning had overcome him, and Bramble saw that time and quiet were the only remedies for Tony's complaint.

After a brisk walk, Bramble and Tony arrived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, just as they were preparing to set out in search of lodgings better suited to their improved circumstances.

Foster and his wife were delighted to see Bramble, and the former introduced Tony to the lady. In a few minutes Foster informed the Black Doctor, of the means adopted by Barman to obtain an advance on the will from Abraham Isaacs.

"Good," replied Bramble, as he rubbed his hands with glee. "I have a crow soon to pluck with Abraham, of which I will tell you more soon."

That night in the other extreme of the city Foster procured lodgings; and when Bramble was taking his departure with Tony, he arranged with Foster to meet him at Barman's office on the following day.

Tony and his patron retired to the lodging house in which they had been staying, and remained there till the next morning.

When Quill and Wisp had closed Barman's office, they made up their minds to have, what they called, a jolly night at the "Three Jolly Travellers." Nothing could exceed the surprise of the two legal worthies, when they discovered nothing remaining of their old haunt, but a heap of smoking ruins; and when they heard of the fate of John Brunt from a bye-stander, they looked as if thunder-struck.

"I will go home, Wisp," said Quill, "I don't feel well."

"So will I," replied the bailiff; "this is a terrible affair."

The pair shook hands, and went to their residence "sadder and wiser men," at least for that night.

In the forenoon of the next day, Bramble and Tony were to be seen at the door of Colonel Stammers in Elm-place. On knocking at the door, they were both admitted without delay, and ushered into the room where Bob Stammers was lying. He was delighted on seeing his benefactors, and having ordered breakfast, he said: "Bramble, if you were to know how much I have suffered, and what peace I at present enjoy, you could estimate the amount of services you have rendered me. If the energies of my life had no other object to accomplish, but to show my gratitude to you and Tony, they could not be engaged in a higher or a nobler ambition. Speaking of Tony, Mrs. Stammers insists that he must come to live there, and she will hear of no excuse. He shall not be treated as a servant; his education shall be attended to, and provision shall be made for his future welfare. Tony does not appear as gay as usual, has anything occurred to him?"

"Nothing," replied Bramble evasively, who did not wish to revive in the boy's mind, the fearful scene of the fire at the "Three Jolly Travellers."

"I want to tell you, Bramble," said Stammers, "that the two hundred and fifty must be paid to Abraham Isaacs upon that cursed bill."

Bramble jumped from his chair, and approached the sick man. "Are you losing your senses," said he, "are you going again to put yourself in the power of that ruthless fiend. Look here!" continued Bramble, producing the duplicate of the forged bill which the Jew had drawn up, "and when you observe it well, tell me what do you think of the wisdom of the plan which you propose?"

"This is not the original forgery," said Stammers, as he held the document in his trembling hands, and gazed upon it with amazement.

"No," said Bramble, "that is blessed Abraham's own work, got up by him to substitute the bill which is now in the possession of your wife. A mere accident placed Tony and me in a position to capture it from the old dog, who is now in my power. Give me that bill," continued Bramble, "you have seen enough of it." A scowl expressive of terrible meaning settled like a cloud on the face of the Black Doctor, as he said. "The blood-hound never hunted his quarry to the death as I will hunt Abraham Isaacs. I will make him a beggar, and the remainder of his wretched life shall be a hell for him. I will have vengeance for all the wrong, misery and death, that he

has so liberally dealt out, and nothing on earth shall swerve me from my purpose."

The entrance of Mrs. Stammers put an end to the conversation, and Bramble assumed his blandest manner, as he saluted the lady.

On seeing Tony she went over to where he was sitting. "Come," said she "my young gentleman, there is a person outside who wants you particularly," as she led Tony out of the room, and transferred him to the charge of one of the servants. "Come back as soon as possible, Tony," continued the lady laughing, as she saw the boy led off captive by the domestic.

Bramble, on the return of Mrs. Stammers, said that he hoped that Miss Stammers was quite well. There was something in the manner of the Black Doctor, as he put the question, that did not escape the observation of the lady addressed.

"She is very well, thanks to you, Doctor," replied Mrs. Stammers; "she will be here presently."

The shuffling of feet in the hall, and the loud ringing joyous laugh of Charlotte Stammers, interrupted the conversation, and in a minute after, the beautiful girl pulled Tony, covered with blushes and confusion, into the room he had left a short time before.

Tony had now on a suit of new clothes, and his venerable white hat had given place to a cloth cap. He felt quite strange in his recently-assumed costume, and from time to time he would throw his eyes over the glossy surface of his garment.

"Come here, Tony," said Stammers; "well, worthy boy, you deserve to be dressed in gold."

"I am so glad to see you, Doctor Bramble," said Charlotte, as she caught his right hand and shook it heartily.

Bramble hesitated, and appeared confused, as he replied to the lady, and handed her to a chair.

The Black Doctor was head and ears in love—was his love returned? Time will tell.

"Tony will remain with us, and this shall be his home," said Mrs. Stammers.

"Not for some time at least, ma'am," replied Bramble: "Tony and I have a great deal to do."

"Surely you won't take him away, Doctor," said Charlotte; and as her eyes met those of the Black Doctor, a blush came into her cheeks, which he at once perceived.

"For the present he cannot stay, but he shall call to see you every day. Your brother will tell you that Tony is at present a principal in most important business."

"He cannot stay now, Charlotte," said Stammers. "I know his presence is required elsewhere."

Bramble and Tony took their departure, promising to return as soon as possible.

They proceeded to the office of Jacob Barman, where they were to transact business of the deepest importance to the Foster and Abraham Isaacs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRESS.—It is not indeed likely that the extension of cheap and inferior newspapers and journals providing such food for the popular appetite for news, will lessen the number of educated and intelligent people who look to some favourite journal for the expression of enlightened opinion on every public event in their own country and abroad; who are pleased to place themselves under the guidance, permanent or temporary, of thinkers of a high order of intellect and character, and who enjoy the graces of style that flow from the pen of practised writers. Though the circulation of the lower classes of periodicals may be greatly augmented, it by no means follows that they will drive out of the field of competition those first-class journals which appeal to thoughtful and educated people in literature, science, and art. For such journals there will always be an honourable place; and, though they cannot hope to attain the immense circulation of the very cheap publications that appeal to the ignorant or the half-informed; there exists, within certain limits that are easily to be calculated, the materials for their steady growth in favour and in prosperity. The old lines of social and intellectual demarcation still exist, and it will be more than ever incumbent upon those who desire that our press should continue to be the most able, the most fearless, and the most honest, and in all respects the first in the world, to support the journals that engage the highest talent in their service, and that aspire either to lead or to reflect the public opinion of the time.

STARLIGHT.

"Take the glass,
And search the skies; the opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire—
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what
Are ye, and this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works?"



SOFTLY falls the starlight on the green earth; softly falls it on the eyes of man, awakening in the universal heart a love of the tender, the beseeching, and the beautiful. Far away up there they shine, each one set like an eye or a jewel in the blue brow of midnight; each one looking with angel tenderness, and seeming to weep and joy with us in a sympathy which can have no end. Beautiful is this starlight, for it tells of worlds afar—worlds greater immeasurably than our own, which the Creator has flung, like dust, into the darkness, which He has sprinkled all over the universe, each one like a perpetually-burning lamp, lighting up the streets in the city of God.

But this starlight, which inspires the emotions, and gives play to the poetic sentiment, also stimulates inquiry; and the philosopher, leaving for a time the moral meditations which their beauty has suggested, yields to the love of knowledge which their mystery inspires, and endeavours to know more of their history than the first glance conveys to him.

It has been found that if every star visible to the eye be registered, and the entire number so registered be ascertained, only one thousand stars are visible in our hemisphere; whereas, at first, these twinkling points seemed numberless before such enumerating and registering began. But, though it is easy to count the stars which are visible to the eye; when a telescope is directed towards them, the number which that keener eye discovers is so immense as to defy our arithmetic to compute them. On all hands the stars are crowded together in countless myriads, and with every increase of telescopic power, they come trooping forth from the darkness in such myriads as to be only suitably compared to the sands upon the sea-shore. Within the square of Orion, which is the five clusters observable throughout the winter, though only twenty-two stars are visible to the eye, the telescope discovers two thousand, and in the "Milky way"—which is the light, gleaming belt stretching completely round the heavens—as many as two hundred and fifty thousand stars have been counted in a space only two degrees wide, which passed over the telescope in a single hour! In fact, the telescope multiplies them in the heavens without end, each point being in all probability a sun attended by its own train of habitable worlds, where life, in all its infinite variety of forms, conditions, and emotions, may be unfolded, and where beauty, intelligence, and love may find a home.

It would be a bolder speculation, still, to measure the distances of these stars; and yet, to some extent, this has been accomplished, though by methods too elaborate to be described here in detail. It is found that the nearest of the stars is eighteen billions of miles away from us. To the star in the Swan, wherein Bessel observed a parallax of one-third of a second, a cannon ball would be 14,000,000 years travelling, though rushing along at the rate of five-hundred miles an hour; and the light which we receive from that star, and which, indeed, brings the revelation with it in its silent march through space, is at least ten years in passing, although light travels at the rate of 213,000 miles in a second of time. As a general fact, it may be stated that the brightest stars, or those of first magnitude, are between eighteen and seventy billions of miles distant, and the smallest, or those of twelfth magnitude, about twenty-three billions of miles; so that the light which excites the optic nerve, and enables man to perceive minute stars through the telescope, has left the orb from which it flows, at least four thousand years! And yet, this is nothing compared with the extent of creation; for Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope discovered stars six

thousand times more remote than a star of the first magnitude, or about two hundred thousand billions of miles distant.

But the number and distance of the stars is the least part of the revelations which this starlight brings us. There are stars whose light fades out at intervals, which seem, in fact, to perish, or become extinguished, and stranger still, many of these appear again after a lapse of time, as if the Creator had relighted them. A star in the constellation Hercules, which was observed by Herschel, in 1784, disappeared nine years afterwards, and has not since been seen. Thirty stars, in different parts of the heavens, have disappeared since the time of Hipparchus, and not one of that thirty is now to be found. A star in the body of the constellation called the whale, disappears and reappears; the time of its disappearance being 331 days, 10 hours, after which time it appears, and burns as brightly as ever, until its time arrives to disappear again. Just as we have lost some stars, too, others have started into being, which had not been seen before. In the time of Tycho Brahe, 1572, a star suddenly appeared in the heavens, and burned so brightly during six months, as to be visible at noon-day.

Besides these temporary flashes of starlight, and the loss of stars which had been frequently observed, and entered in catalogue, many of the stars which appear single bodies to the eye, are found, under the telescope, to be double, triple, and quadruple, that is, composed of two, three, or more stars wedged together, and frequently these are noticed to be of different colours. The eye, indeed, may recognise some difference of colour amongst the stars; the intense whiteness of some, and the bright blue tinge of others, may easily be discovered. But when we observe them through the telescope, we note that many of the smaller single and double stars are of brilliant colours, some being as red as blood, others of a bright blue; others yellow, orange, green, and violet; so that the firmament is not merely sprinkled with golden dust, but diversified with colours, as if it were a tessellated pavement to the temple of the eternal heavens. "It may be more easily suggested in words," says Sir John Herschel, "than conceived, what variety of illumination two suns—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford to a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes—a red and a green day, for instance alternating with a white one, and with darkness—might arise from the presence or absence of one or both above the horizon." And yet this is only one of the many varieties into which the forms of matter creep under the guidance and volition of omnipotence.

So far, viewed as separate existences, these stars are fraught with wonder, and full of individual suggestions. Still more sublime is that view which connects them together as a whole, which gives them uniformity, and makes even their variations and changes subservient elements to the unique arrangements of the whole. By unique, we mean one-ness of existence; for mathematical astronomy has now arrived at some remarkable conclusions as to the relations which the several stars bear to each other, and the uniformity of construction under which they exist.

At first view the stars appear sprinkled at random; and to notice the variable and moving stars seems to bewilder the mind still more. For instance, many of the double stars revolve around each other, some in a few hours, some in a few days, while many require long series of years. The mathematician takes a connected view of these motions, and finds that one definite principle pervades them. He finds, by a comparison of the labours of many years, that the stars have a general and steady motion to the south: he finds that all the lesser motions are subservient to this greater and general one; and proceeding step by step in this inquiry, he soon discovers that the whole body of stars visible to the eye, and the vast horde which the telescope brings into view (excepting only those clusters termed nebulae), are all connected in a vast star system, which revolves around one centre, common to the whole. He finds further, that this centre is situated in the little cluster known as the Pleiades, a group of stars in the shoulder of the Bull. In this group of the Pleiades he finds that a minute star, Alcyone, is most likely the central sun, around which all the stars of the heavens revolve, and that one sun is in all respects a star moving with others in this great starry system, and that the stars visible every night, are suns which keep one's company in this ceaseless round, each sun, like our own, having its train of planets. Amidst the diversities of star-light he discovers

uniformity, as so many atoms of golden dust, sprinkled at random through the heavens; he finds that they are suns, belted together in immense rings of light, sweeping a ceaseless march around a mighty central body, and composing in the whole an almost measureless circle, composed all through, of individual stars. The computations which led to these conclusions, also showed that the Milky Way, wherein the stars are more thickly crowded than in any other part of the heavens, is the outer belt or ring of this great astral system. Alcyone, the central sun, which appears to the eye a minute star in the cluster of the Pleiades, is situated 34,000,000 farther from our sun than our sun is from us, or a million times the distance of the planet Neptune, or about 3,386,966,400,000,000 of miles. The size of this little star, Alcyone, is 117,400,000 times that of our sun, or 93,920,000,000,000 of miles. Light will be 537 years in coming from that star; the sun will be 18,000,000 of years in traversing its vast orbit around it; and the number of bodies circulating together in the entire system exceeds seventeen millions, each of which is a sun constituted like our own, to light up habitable worlds. These stars that come forth nightly are some of the revolving suns, whose connected motions we have been describing. "Happy boon," says a modern writer, "to see these wondrous bodies with our work-a-day eyes; to need no special privilege, no mythical probation; but to go from our prosy tasks into the cool night air, and behold them spread out for the universal vision! One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design; to give man in the heavenly bodies the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve, for many generations, the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown; yet every night come out these preachers of beauty, to light up the universe with their admonishing smile."

M. Liandier and the Baron Portal, who have been constant observers of the scintillations of the stars for some years, have recently made a discovery which promises to be of great value as a weather prognostic, in addition to the barometer. Taking a telescope, and turning it on a first magnitude star well above the horizon, and throwing the instrument out of focus, an amplified image of the star will be obtained; this image should be about three quarters of an inch in (apparent) diameter, and if the object glass be made of pure material and properly adjusted, the image will be perfectly round, and composed of concentric rings, the light of which, owing to the scintillation of the star, will be continually varying. On this image, as a back-ground, the appearances which constitute the indications referred to are to be observed. First, appear shadows more or less dark, which dance round the borders of the disc, and finally pass on and cross it. This appearance is caused by clouds in the vesicular state, and from the rate and direction of their passage over the image of the star, the velocity and direction of the currents of air in the higher regions of the atmosphere, more or less charged with moisture, may be learned. From time to time a black point will traverse the image; this has hitherto been regarded by telescopic observance as a sign of fatigued eye-sight; but this explanation can no longer be received, and M. Portal attributes it to the formation of drops of rain in the atmosphere previous to their fall. Thus, the prognostics to be derived from the study of what passes in the higher regions of the atmosphere are the same as those obtained from similar observations on the surface.

ELECTRICITY OF THE TORPEDO.—M. Moreau has succeeded in collecting the electricity of the torpedo by means of the gold-leaf electroscope and a condenser similar to the Leyden jar. The operation is attended with some difficulty, the electricity being rapidly re-conducted from the collecting apparatus, owing to the humidity of the torpedo's tissues; hence it is necessary to break all communication between the apparatus and the torpedo as soon as the discharge is effected. In case of the voluntary discharge of the animal, the operator is never in time to break the communication; the discharges, therefore, were induced artificially, by exciting the nervous system, and collecting the electricity by means of an arrangement which he describes at some length. On connecting the under part of the torpedo with the ground, and the upper part with the electroscope, the latter immediately becomes charged with positive electricity; if, on the other hand, the upper part of the fish is connected with the earth, negative electricity results.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

TERRO-METALLIC ROOF TILES.



ORNAMENTAL clay tiles on the roofs of houses are certain, after a few years' standing, to present a very rugged and irregular appearance. Points and corners are broken off in most, and some are reduced to mere stumps. Some persons fancy they are blown off by the wind, or are knocked off by cats. The latter may be more numerous than pleasant in some localities, but neither the wind nor puss is blameable for this destruction. The frost is the great agent. Getting into the pores and fissures of the clay it splits and breaks away with regardless energy every winter; and this source of injury being well understood by the more intelligent makers, has given rise, of late years, to a species of metallic-looking tiles, the best class of which is known in the market as *terro-metallic* tiles. Some are said to be manufactured of a mixture of clay and waste filings from foundries and smiths' shops, but economic as we are in these days of commercial rivalry, it is doubtful if sufficient filings could be got for the production in quantity of even a portion of the thousands of roofing tiles and drain pipes manufactured of this class of material.

The best kinds are made in Staffordshire of the sub-soil clay of the coal and iron districts. The clay there, very dark in colour, is characterized by its highly ferruginous nature. Tiles and pipes made from it and burnt in the ordinary manner, are red and porous like ordinary earthenware, but when these objects are subjected to an intense heat, the surface is vitrified, and assumes a dark metallic lustre.

Accidents from lightning, which seem inexplicable by the current ideas of the use and properties of lightning-conductors, are constantly occurring. At Brienne, in France, a few months since, a factory was struck and fired for a length of twenty metres, although defended by no less than five conductors, the connections of which with the damp soil were unbroken. Here the lightning fell at about thirty feet only from one of the conductors; and how many similar, if not so serious cases, come within our own knowledge from time to time?

Ridge-tiles, possessing a metallic character, are referred to under the idea that it is possible there may be employed in buildings many materials besides metals which are capable of exerting an influence in the conducting of electric fluid.

When a new discovery is made, its practical importance is often over-rated or misunderstood, and the results of experience may teach us to regard it in very different lights. For years past it has been thought, as is still too generally believed, that the putting up a metallic conductor rendered a house perfectly safe from the lightning-stroke. So, undoubtedly, it would, if the lightning struck the conductor; but it is not *sure* to do that. There may be dozens of conductors, and yet the lightning may strike and damage the only part of the building where one is not. People used to think, and numbers do so still, that iron and steel *attract* lightning. They do not do any such thing. The lightning only goes to them when they form the highest and nearest point to the thunder-cloud; it would go as readily to clay or wood, or any other substance that formed the *nearest* point of communication—a spark flies from an electric machine as readily to the finger or a bit of wood as it does to an iron rod or a brass ball, and yet there is no comparison between their conducting powers. The lightning strikes a tree, and spares the zinc chimney-cowls on the mansion. It strikes the ship's mast, the church-steeple, and the bare ground on the hill-top. It used to be thought that an iron or copper conductor would conduce to the safety of every object within some thirty yards around; but Sir Snow Harris, our best authority, has clearly shown that metals do not *attract*. Their efficacy and value depends on their *conductiveness*. A copper wire will conduct as much electricity as a much thicker iron rod; and, therefore, if metals possessed attraction, copper ought, one would presume, to possess that quality to a greater extent than iron, and should therefore be preferable to that metal or steel for the points

of conductors. We do not find it practically applied in this way. Copper is often used to conduct over iron, but then the qualification is evidently seen to be its conductiveness. And so in every other case, the conductiveness of metals is the one quality that renders them useful in the protection of property. We have been led to these remarks by many objects which daily we see before our eyes, placed in positions where they cannot be harmless—zinc chimney-pots, galvanized iron roofs, metallic gutters, flag-staffs, and telegraph-poles.

Do we put these things on our highest pinnacles with impunity? If we connect them with a metallic conductor to the earth sufficiently deep to communicate with the damp soil, when the lightning strikes no harm occurs—the dangerous fluid is conveyed harmlessly away. But that result by no means proves such objects, so placed, to be innocuous in themselves. They have been rendered so by the continuous metallic road along which the lightning travelled, as its easiest course. On the continuity of that road everything depended. Broken by a gap, of a foot in extent, destruction might have followed. The first burst of a storm is always most dangerous, for it happens when the materials of houses and other objects are dry. It is then that the lightning, if it strikes, tests the conductiveness of the substances it encounters. When the heavy rain has fallen, every wet surface becomes a broad and facial medium of rapid conduction. It is before the shower-fall that houses may be fired and the greatest damage done. Ought we not, then, to be careful how we place conducting materials on our house-tops? Flagstaffs and poles, are, like chimney-pots, only dangerous on account of their altitude; and all other things being equal, if the lightning did strike any of them, the position of danger to the residents would only be in the direct line of the lightning's passage to the earth. But the other things are not equal, when different materials are used in the construction of the building. If any of these are metallic, or present metallic surfaces, they become dangerous in the case of a lightning stroke if they conduct, so to speak, nowhere. Take, for example, the metallic ornaments on the apices of the roofs of some of our suburban villas. If the lightning strike the wooden gable-spire at one end, this row of ridge-ornaments will do what?—conduct it to the other end of the building, to do the mischief there which it would otherwise have committed at the end where it first struck.

The danger thus involved is plain and intelligible to ordinary builders in the case of metals. But there are other substances besides pure metals which are conductors, not so good nor so powerful, but which the lightning would prefer to mere earthy or carbonaceous substances.

Amongst such, are not the terro-metallic ridge lines to be classed? On many houses is to be seen a line of these ornamental tiles. They are not only very slightly in connection with slate, the most commonly used of all roofing materials, but, being impervious to wet, and not liable to be clipped off, like ordinary clay tiles, by the frost, they are likely to be very largely used in future constructions, and it will, therefore, be well worth while to be sure that they are not used in any dangerous manner. Whether their capacity for conduction is dependent on their superficial coating, which we presume to be a silicate of iron, and is thus a surface conduction only, or whether they are conductors in the entirety of their mass, is immaterial in the results they would produce in the case of a lightning stroke. At any rate they do conduct sufficiently freely to make them objects of attention; they exert a comparatively rapid and marked influence on the electro-scope, and electricity passes to them from a rotatory electrical machine in continuous threads. Moreover, any one may be satisfied of their possessing metallic properties by bringing one near to the needle of an ordinary pocket compass. We do not wish to say that the material of these tiles is dangerous, any more than we would say that zinc, iron, or copper are dangerous. The danger is not in the material employed, but in the way of using it. The conductiveness of these tiles must be very considerably greater than that of any of the other substances which would ordinarily be offered to the lightning on striking a roof, but their known earthy origin might leave them unsuspected of being an insidious means of destruction.

Ballads are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedges, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER X.

NARRATES A TOUCHING INSTANCE OF AFFECTION AND FRATERNAL CHARITY, WITH A FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF "THE DINNER GRIEVANCE," AS EXEMPLIFIED BY A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT WHICH HAPPENED TO AN INOFFENSIVE OLD LADY, AS HEREIN RELATED.



HAVE still a few words more to say with your kind permission, courteous reader, on what I have named the "Dinner Grievance." I thought to have concluded my remarks on this subject in my last paper, but it is one of those themes which grow upon us, and develop into wider limits than we had at all anticipated when we began to treat them, and so, I must beg your kind attention for a brief space longer, promising that I will do my best to despatch the matter with as much brevity and conciseness as the importance of the matter which we treat will permit.

I began my remarks, as you may perhaps remember, by giving my own idea of what a dinner really ought to be, in order to be an entertainment at which one can assist with pleasure and satisfaction. I then passed on, by a very natural, and, I think, I may presume to say, orderly transition, from dinners as they ought to be, to dinners as, in nine cases out of ten, they are; and I expressed, as well as I was able, but, I trust, with all due calmness and forbearance, some of those mistakes which legitimately tend to bring dinner parties under the head of "Grievances." I did not spare my friend, Straitlace, in my last paper, but boldly and unflinchingly exposed what I considered his want of common sense in the selection of his guests, and his want of tact in endeavouring to extract anything like harmony and enjoyment from such discordant elements as the Dowager Lady Standoff, Mr. Taylor the leather man, and myself. I know very well that there will not be wanting many mutual friends to insinuate that I spoke thus harshly of Straitlace, because he and I have quarrelled, and I am now never invited to dine at his table. The charity of one's friends, and the lively interest which they take in our affairs, nay, even in the very least thing that concerns us, is quite overpowering nowadays. Just listen. Scroggins has met Jenkins in the street, and they have scarcely shaken hands before Jenkins begins: "Capital joke," sniggers Jenkins. "Have you heard of it?" "No, indeed, what's it all about?" inquires Scroggins. "Oh! the row between Incog and Straitlace—never heard a better in your life—almost died of laughing when I heard of it," and Jenkins begins to haw-haw in the open street, like an idiot, and to the astonishment of several decent people who are passing at the time, and who naturally enough are altogether unprepared for such a demonstration on the part of a respectable-looking individual like Jenkins. "Aw, now," draws Scroggins, "do tell me all about it, and don't keep me in suspense, that's a good fellow. I'm absolutely dying with curiosity." "Oh, didn't you hear of Incog's attack upon Straitlace's dinner party," rejoins Jenkins, when he has got through his haw haw performance. Why, all our friends are talking about it: Thought you must have heard of it." "Oh, is that all," answers Scroggins (you must, yourself, if you please, dear reader, supply the "aws" and other interjectional embellishments, with which exquisites of Scroggins's class are wont to adorn, or, at all events, *prolong* their conversation; for, although I am well acquainted with every variety of them, I have not as yet learnt how to write them). "Is that all? I heard of that to be sure, but there is nothing astonishing in that, for Straitlace's dinners are, I must say, the most stupid affairs in creation, and I don't wonder at a fellow's protesting against them, although"—Scroggins takes care charitably to put in—"of course the protest would have come with a better grace from some fellow who hasn't eaten so many of them as Incog." "Oh, that isn't the joke at all," puts in Jenkins quickly, and with an anxiety which does him infinite credit, lest the smallest point of the story should be lost. "That isn't the joke at all. Do you know why Incog has made such an attack upon Straitlace's dinner parties? that's the joke." "Why, I suppose because he finds them such a confounded bore," naturally answers Scroggins. "Oh, not at all; he's never invited now; *our grapes* you know, haw! haw!" and Jenkins digs Scroggins in the

ribs, and Scroggins responds with his own peculiar rendering of the haw! haw! and the two friends, both of whom you will remember are mutual friends of mine, shake hands and part in the greatest good humour, quite anxious to meet some other mutual friend to whom they may repeat "that capital story" about Straitlace and Incog. As I have said above, I am quite prepared for insinuations of this nature, and I am thankful to be able to say that I can treat them with silent contempt, *only* I will remind Jenkins, as I know that he would be greatly troubled and annoyed to think that he had in any way exaggerated or misrepresented the little misunderstanding between Straitlace and myself, that we quarrelled on account of my having *declined* one of his invitations, and that this is the reason why I am not now invited to his festive board; and I think the acute intellect of my dear friend Jenkins will at once perceive that this circumstance places our quarrel in rather a different light from the one in which he represented it. I feel equally certain that Jenkins will immediately take a cab, and drive round to the houses of all our mutual friends to whom he has repeated the story. That universal charity, forbearance, absence of back-biting, and freedom from malicious and spicy remarks about one's friends, which is so distinguishing a characteristic of this present nineteenth century, compels me to come to this conclusion: for surely this age is one of love and universal charity; and now-a-days, at least, nobody ever ruins anybody else's character, or breathes a word against his fair fame—now-a-days nobody ever speaks unkindly of anybody else, or exaggerates his little failings and defects—now-a-days nobody ever makes mischief between friends, whatever may have been the custom in the dark ages, from which we have so happily emerged. Oh, no! We are all brethren now-a-days. Our popular songs and our popular toasts are all about brotherhood, and, of course, we all live together like brothers—*of course*—deny it who can. No doubt there is a good deal of murdering and spilling of one another's blood going on in various parts of the earth. To judge from the newspapers, there is amongst us brothers of the nineteenth century a very fair amount of assault and battery—both physical, in the shape of heavy blows, and moral, in the more harmless and playful form of libelling, continually going on. A good many of our brothers, in some parts even of this United Kingdom, as I read in the same newspapers, are accused of trampling on their wives, and of exhibiting other little playful developments of character. A considerable number, too, of our brethren are being separated from the society which they were supposed to adorn and maintain, and are hidden from our brotherly gaze by strong stone walls and iron-grated windows, whilst the dress with which their brotherhood clothes them is, to say the least of it, as singular as the employment with which they are provided, for brotherly purposes, no doubt, is out of the common way. I don't hear that the gentlemen of the long robe are labouring under any very great depression of spirits, occasioned by the falling off of business, or that they are at all disposed to give up the legal profession in order to devote their energies to other and more profitable pursuits; neither is it considered at all possible, so far as I can learn, that the Four Courts and the other halls where justice sits enshrined (with a bandage over her eyes, of course) will be converted into Corn Exchanges, or places of public amusement, just at present. But, what matter; we are all brothers, and, no doubt, all these little matters can be easily reconciled with the principles of universal charity and brotherhood. I frankly confess that I *can't* do it, but then I am quite sure that there are those, for example Jenkins himself, who can. I know very well that the next time I meet Jenkins, he will take me by the hand, and greet me quite as warmly as if he hadn't been occupied for the whole of last week in retailing the story of my "sour grapes" to all our mutual friends; and, as I am perfectly certain that the dear fellow will be delighted to show me how all this is perfectly reconcilable with the purest charity and brotherly love, I am quite determined to ask such explanation at his hands.

But to return from this long digression, (which I hadn't the least intention of making, and for which I very humbly beg your pardon, dear reader,) to the question of the "Dinner Grievance." I quarrelled with Straitlace on account of the want of common sense which he exhibited in the selection of his guests. I had no complaint to make, either as regards the dinner which was provided, or the manner in which it was served. In these regards his dinner was all that could be desired, and no reasonable complaint could be found with it; neither was Straitlace exactly to be blamed, because old Taylor

and the rest of the leathermen "cliqued" together, and, talked "shop" the whole evening. If, in despite of all the laws of politeness, in this case laid down and provided, clergymen will talk theology, lawyers law, and doctors physic, without regard to those whom the same code of politeness obliges to listen to them, I don't see that the blame of this is to be thrown on the shoulders of the host. It would doubtless be a very great convenience, if the laws of politeness permitted the host to mingle up and down amongst his guests, and when he discovered three or four gentlemen engaged on a purely professional topic in a mixed company, authorized him to break in upon them with a bland smile, and the expression of the mystic word, "Shop." But the laws of politeness don't allow either the host, or the unwilling listener to such conversations, to interpose with any allusion, however delicately framed, to "shop;" but they oblige you, on the contrary, to listen with a bland smile upon your countenance, and an appearance of interest which of course you don't feel, whilst in your heart you are wishing the doctor with his talk of physic, the lawyer with his prate of law, or, old Taylor with his speculations on the probable fluctuations and fate of leather, at, well, let us say, Jericho. No, if good sense don't dictate to people not to talk "shop" in mixed society, there is no other remedy for it, and the host is not to be blamed, and I have never attacked Straitlace on this account, neither do I now intend to do so.

I have pointed out where I considered that Straitlace made a mistake in one direction. I am now about to make a few remarks on another of my friends, who gave a dinner party, and who, also by another mistake, although under a different point of view, also exposed his dinner to be considered in the light of a "grievance."

Some time ago, in the days when I was striving to kill the melancholy which enveloped me in Mrs. Squeezer's apartments, by sometimes dining out, I received an invitation to dine from a certain friend of mine, whom we will, with your permission, name Johnson. Johnson has a nice little place out in the country, but it is a little place, and consequently, when on the day appointed, I duly presented myself at Rose Cottage, I was considerably astonished to find rather a large party assembled, larger I knew very well than could be conveniently accommodated in Johnson's little dining-room. After the usual delay, dinner was announced, and down we went, I wondering all the while where we should all find seats. Johnson's dining room is calculated to accommodate, I should say, about a dozen with ease and comfort, whilst we numbered at least thirty. My speculations were, of course, set at rest on entering the room. Instead of the ordinary table in the middle of the room, with a passage for the servants all round it, they had arranged two tables, one on each side of the room close to the wall—so close, that there was no possibility of servants getting to the backs of the guests to wait on them. The only sphere of operation left to the domestics was the space in the middle of the room between the two tables; hence there was no way of attending to those guests who were sitting with their backs to the wall, except by reaching over the table to them, to the evident annoyance of those who faced them; and just mark the absurdity of this proceeding! After some little time we contrived to settle down into our respective places, but, I assure you that it was such a tight fit, that it *did* take some time before we were able to do so. As it was, there was hardly space enough to move one's arms, and really I scarcely ever witnessed a more painful, and at the same time, more ridiculous spectacle, than that presented by some stout old gentlemen who were endeavouring to carve with ease and dignity, under these adverse circumstances. For my own part, I was just beginning to take my soup, and had a spoonful in my hand, when a sudden bump at my elbow deprived me of all control over the article in question, and half the soup was jerked down the inside of my neck-tie, scalding my chest like boiling oil, whilst the remainder was deposited on my shirt-front, and my clean white waistcoat. I need hardly say that I turned fiercely round, and discovered, as I might have expected, that this very unpleasant accident had been occasioned by a servant, who was striving to hand a plate of soup over my head to the gentleman who sat on the opposite side of the table.

I was in a raging passion, but I could not in justice turn upon the servant, who was standing aghast at the mischief which he had occasioned,—for, how could he help it under the circumstances? I looked savagely down the table at Johnson, who, from the steady and systematic way in which he avoided my glance, had, I am

quite certain, perceived the accident. I therefore endeavoured, as well as I could, to sop up the soup with my handkerchief; but, what between the hot and greasy liquid inside of my shirt front, and the disgraceful appearance presented by the exterior of that article of dress, to say nothing at all about my waistcoat, I need scarcely say that my peace of mind, together with all chance of enjoyment for the rest of the evening, was irrevocably gone. I was, of course, ashamed to ask any one to dance with me, considering the disgraceful plight my clothes were in, and I slunk home as soon as ever I could, cursing Johnson and his dinner most heartily. However, this was but a mere trifle compared with what happened to an aged lady, of very large dimensions, who sat near to me. This old lady carried on her head one of the most elaborate and complicated pieces of millinery which it has ever been my lot to behold. She had flowers enough in her cap, if they had only been *real* instead of artificial, to stock a small garden; and if she had walked abroad on a fine spring day in this elaborate cap of hers, I should have been as little surprised to have seen the bees and the butterflies fluttering round it, as I should have been prepared to witness a pair of innocent redbreasts proceeding to build their nest somewhere within its ample folds. Under this most elaborate cap there was—must I say it—a most elaborate wig. This lady occupied the next chair to mine, and as she took up a good deal more than her fair share of space, I of course was crushed within the smallest possible limit. However, to the point. When dinner was about half over, I remarked a pale, quiet-looking little gentleman, who had had nothing on his plate for some time, directing a hungry glance towards the turkey which Johnson was carving at the bottom of the table. I summoned a servant to his assistance, and despatched him for some turkey for this hungry little gent. “John” returned in due time with the turkey on a plate. The next question was how to convey it to the gent who was anxiously awaiting its advent. There was no way of doing this, except, of course, by handing it over our heads, to the opposite side of the table. I don’t know whether “John” missed his footing, or, whether not being accustomed to wait at table under such difficult circumstances, he miscalculated his distances, but, at all events, in his endeavours to hand the plate of turkey to the gent for whom it was intended, his body came into violent collision with the old lady’s cap, and the whole fabric of lace, marabout feathers, flowers, and, oh, ye little fishes, the wig beneath, were all dislodged at one fell swoop from the legitimate position which they were intended at once to cover and adorn, and were lodged on the plate from which their owner but a moment before had been complacently taking her dinner. There was one loud scream of horror and dismay from this injured and insulted old lady; one frantic effort to replace the wig and its appurtenances, which now of course included the contents of the plate on which it had fallen, upon the bald and uncovered poll, and then she was led from the table by myself and another gent, in a state of mind which I shrink from endeavouring to portray, and which I leave to the vivid imaginations of the readers of this journal to picture to themselves. Mrs. Johnson, of course, hurried after the lady to whom this deplorable accident had occurred, and began to heap excuse upon excuse, and condolence upon condolence, but all in vain, for, I must say, that I never in all my life, and my experience is somewhat extensive, heard any one, not even excepting Mrs. Squeezer herself, “let out” in such style as this old lady “let out” upon poor Mrs. Johnson. Compromise was out of the question; the old lady was injured and degraded beyond all possibility of reparation, and haughtily rejecting all

proffers of assistance to rearrange her disordered head-dress, she summoned her carriage, and drove away, after a parting shot at Mrs. Johnson, which sent that poor little woman back to the rest of her guests with her cheeks crimson with shame, and her eyes running over with tears.

These were not the only accidents which occurred during that most painful evening, but they are quite sufficient to justify me in putting down Johnson’s dinner as a decided “grievance;” and, if the remembrance of that unlucky night be not quite sufficient to do so, I trust that the remarks which I have here made will effectually prevent him from ever again attempting to pack into his dining-room twice the number of guests whom it will comfortably accommodate. I can’t conceive how it is, or how sensible people can so far forget themselves, as to endeavour to cram more people into a room than it was ever intended to hold. There is in such a proceeding a total disregard of first principles, which it is perfectly appalling to think of in these days of universal enlightenment and progress. No, in the name of goodness, my dear Mr. Johnson, if the dining room of Rose Cottage will only hold twenty people, don’t, when you give a dinner party, try and stuff it with forty, and think that you are justified in this insane proceeding from the fact, that you only give a party now and then, and must invite all your friends. Do not think that your friends are at all obliged to you for inviting them to an entertainment where they are liable to be parboiled from the soup which is spilled over them, or to have the artificial head of hair, with which they strive to hide the ravages of Time, precipitated by your servants into the middle of the table, where it forms anything but an appropriate centre-piece? Do you suppose, I again ask you, that they consider it any compliment to be invited to mingle in an entertainment, where they are exposed to such casualties as these? If you do so delude yourself, get rid of the delusion as quickly as possible. If we are obliged to wear wigs, and, I have yet to learn that there is any disgrace in wearing this most ornamental article, we wish to do so with comparative security, and not to have our baldness exposed to the sight of an unfeeling and unsympathizing crowd of lookers on; for in all accidents of the nature of those to which I have alluded, I am quite convinced that, as I once heard an old-fashioned friend of mine phrase it: “There are more laughers than weepers.” No, Johnson, old fellow, when I can dine with you in peace and comfort—when I have room for the free play of my elbows—and am not in dread and bodily fear for my waistcoat and shirt front, I shall be always happy to take my place at your festive board; but so long as you continue, in defiance of common sense, to invite me to entertainments like the one which I have just endeavoured to describe; but of which, I must say, that I have not narrated one tithe of the atrocious inconveniences and annoyances with which it was surrounded; so long, however painful it may be to my feelings, and however repugnant to the gentler instincts of my nature, I shall not desist from exposing you and your dinners, in the hope, of course, of inducing you to embrace a line of conduct which will in the end be most satisfactory to yourself, as it will be infinitely more pleasant to your friends. You have already converted the stout old lady into a bitter enemy, and she blackens you wherever she goes; and, really, taking human nature as it is, who can be surprised at this, after the indignity to which she was subjected at your table? I am afraid that your entertainments may have the same effect upon the rest of your friends, and as I wish to save you from such a very unpleasant circumstance, I have spoken thus freely upon this subject, but always for your good. Remember that, Johnson—always for your good!

INCOG.

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No. 17.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MIKE DRISCOLL AND THE FAIRIES.

THE picturesque village of Castleconnell lies on the banks of the Shannon, about six miles above Limerick. A lovelier habitation could scarcely be chosen by the most enthusiastic admirer of decaying Art and perennial Nature. The surrounding district is thickly strewn with the remains of castles, fortresses, and

Leaving the village, the mighty stream sweeps, with a curved rush around the gentle promontory on whose height the castle of the O'Briens still stands in desolate magnificence; and thence, with many a bend, round green elbows of scented woodland and pastoral peninsulas, dotted with dreamy Cuyp-like cattle, towards Doonas. The fall in the bed of the river at this point is considerable. The narrow channel is nearly blocked up by huge boulders, overgrown with citrol-coloured flora, from whose fissures spring the slender hazel and the flowering elder; and over and around them rushes

the great torrent of waters, churning itself into vast cauldrons of boiling foam and clouds of mist; subsiding here and there into weltering pools of flaky emerald. To the right, the bank rises to the height of seventy feet; and, viewed from this elevation, the spectacle presented by the Falls is one of terrific beauty. Right and left, as far as the eye can penetrate, the river appears to be lashed into a white fury, and sends up a roar which may be heard at a distance of six miles in calm



churches, each shrined in the mellow twilight of its own legend; whilst the gently undulating country is belted and darkened with fragments of forest, and overtopped by the bluest of mountains. The nobler river itself flows past the village, a quarter mile in breadth, by quaintly-mossed and water-stained weirs, over which the salmon leaps, at times, high in the air, like a sudden gust of jewels; by conical-roofed, old-fashioned mills, whose crooked windows and high gables blend in marvellous harmony with the character of the surrounding landscape; and by pleasant cottages, where peasant girls still sit and sing at the threshold, and the spinning-wheel hums flaxen-toned ditties in the summer weather.

weather. The low shores at the opposite side are buried in the thickest foliage, whilst if the spectator lean over the cliff on which he stands, he sees but a precipitous wall of rock, which falls with plummet-like sheerness into the raging torrent beneath. The spot has many associations. Some years ago, a lady of high rank attempted to cross the Falls at midnight, in order to be present at a ball given at the residence of a gentleman of fortune on the other side. A

brave fisherman undertook to convey her across; but he and his fair charge perished in the perilous enterprise. A month after the tragic occurrence, her body was discovered floating some miles further down the river, the bracelets on her wrists and the jewels of her hair matted with water-weeds. The peasantry assert, that on the anniversary of her death, wailing voices ascend from the Falls, and a spectral lady is seen drifting seaward with the current. On the highest part of the bank are the ruins of a castle, evidently of modern erection. It is stated that the building was burned, by orders of its owner, for the express purpose of heightening the poetical character of the scenery, by adding a picturesque ruin to its other attractions. Then there is an ancient well, enclosed in an oblong of Druidical oaks; and there are raths, and nine-men-morris circles, where the lusmore flourishes, and the gentia fairies of the place dance jocund measures in the blinking starlight.

It was a morning of Christmas, 17—. The winter had been unusually clement, for the sycamores still retained a remnant of yellowing foliage, and the frosts were so light that they scarcely crisped the short meadow-grass. The day was brisk and sparkling, and before noon the mists, which had hung over the Falls since daylight, were dissipated by the sun and a low breeze from the south. The blackbird felt the time so pleasant that he puffed his golden throat, and whistled the first bars of a spring-tide carol: the effort naturally provoked the emulative disposition of his rival, the thrush, who, however, broke down in the effort, only to hear the crystal twitter of the robin from a neighbouring spray of holly. The Driscoll family, as they sat at breakfast, insensible, it must be confessed, to the vocal competition which had just taken place, felt that the season was mild, that the air was delicate, and the eaten bread delicious. So the lightest joke, the most trifling quibble, excited a fit of hearty laughter, with cries of "Tisn't half your best," "Arrah, what'll he say next?" and other complimentary incentives to the rustic humour.

The house occupied by the Driscolls was a large and respectable residence for a middle-class farmer of the period. It had two storeys; and, though the walls were seldom whitened, and the sashes and panes exhibited uncomfortable ventilating tendencies, the coat of thick thatch which shielded the roof, and the tufts of smoke which ascended from the chimneys, lent it an air of cosy indolence that was far from being disagreeable. As for its position, it defied criticism. It was a grassy eminence, which sloped to the river edge, and caught the last foam-wreaths that were hurled downward from the Falls. From the upper windows of the house one could obtain a good view of the "Jumping Hole," as it is called, and a goodly prospect of the rock-chafed river. Driscoll, senior, whom we do not pretend to quote as an authority on situation, was often heard to declare, that "all Ireland couldn't bate that spot for convaniance," and further, that a look at it on a heavy morning was "worth fifty pounds a year to a gauger."

The family group assembled at breakfast on the eventful Christmas morning we write of, consisted of old Denis Driscoll, his wife, and his two sons. Of John, the elder son, it would be hard to say much, as his character was of that negative description which offers little to the observer. Shrewd, active, and laborious, he was a faithful and valuable helper on the farm on week days, and "an out-and-out buckeen" on Sundays and holidays. Mike was the family genius; he drank more, danced more, and sang more than all his relatives put together. He never missed a fair or a pattern; he was the heavy man at all the local weddings, an indispensable assistant at the wakes, and the very deuce at "a trial of short-stick." To see Mike was to see the embodiment of humour. When he laughed his guffaw could be heard over a meadow; his great mouth would roll back, displaying a double line of shining teeth; his black eyes would literally flash with enjoyment, and every muscle of his face contributed some odd wrinkle or cunning fissure to intensify the jollity of his expression. Of Mike's good nature, no one was ever known to venture a doubt—his generosity was only limited by his ability; for he was always willing to oblige a friend with the loan of a shilling or the crack of a cudgel, as circumstances required. It is to be deeply regretted, that to all these shining qualities Mike did not unite profound religious principles. Not that his morals were ordinarily lax; but he had a constitutional passion for the open air, which occasionally induced him to neglect the solemn duties of religion. Then, Mike had been inoculated at an early stage of his career, with a fancy for card-playing, and was

often known to sit up four-and-twenty hours, without winking, at his favourite amusement. When the family went to chapel on Sunday, Mike would invariably say, "Go on, father; I'll overtake ye—believe me, I'll overtake ye." But he seldom fulfilled his promise, preferring rather to turn into a deserted lime-kiln, which lay at a stone's throw from the rear of the house, where he met with a group of choice spirits, with whom he gambled till dinner-time.

"What are you drammin' iv, Mike," asked old Driscoll, eyeing his son, who appeared to have fallen into a brown study. "Eh, what are you drammin' iv? Some misfortunate caper, I'll go bail?"

"Musha, father, as ye're curious to know what I'll tell you. I'm drammin' of nothin' at all at all, so I am."

"Wid the blessin' of God," observed Mrs. Driscoll, "he's thinkin' of goin' with us to day instead of playin' cards. Wont you, Mike?"

"Yes," said Mike. "I'll just go and make myself a thrifle decent, and then I'll be wid ye."

So saying, Mr. Michael Driscoll rose and climbed the stairs to an upper room for the purpose of refreshing his toilet. His brother, it will be remembered, was a buckeen; but Mike had an intellectual contempt for the proprieties of costume, which no fraternal example, however brilliant, was capable of correcting. He hated shiny hats, despised cravats, repudiated broadcloth, but held buckskin in healthy esteem. Consequently, when Mike, "a thrifle decent," presented himself before his family, and announced himself ready, his attire was more picturesque than elegant. It consisted, if we may descend to details, of buckskin knee-breeches, blue stockings, and brogues; his coat, which was furnished with a cape, descended almost to his heels. On his head he carried a beaver hat, slightly indented about the middle; and the whole was completed by the addition of a coarse shirt, fastened at the throat with a large brass button. In this inventory we have purposely omitted mention of his stick—a short, thick ash cutting, which had performed several curious surgical operations in the hands of its owner, and is therefore entitled to a distinct sentence.

All being in readiness, old Driscoll mounted a favourite gray mare, and his wife was placed on a pillion behind him; the buckeen rode a blood horse, borrowed from a neighbour; and poor Mike a one-eyed mule, which he aptly described as "the most contankerous baste in creation." The little cavalcade set out slowly for the chapel, about three miles distant; and it was evident from the radiant looks of Mrs. Driscoll and the jaunty air of her husband that both were delighted at getting Mike, at long last, on the high road to duty. The road lay in part through a densely-grown shrubbery, whence it turned off, at a sharp angle, and emerged on the open country. As old Driscoll jogged along, a sudden impulse caused him to look in the direction of the farm house. A quick exclamation of surprise passed his lips.

"Mike, avick," he shouted with considerable energy; "ride back as fast as the mule's legs will carry you; the pigs are pullin' the whate in the haggard—bad luck to them, an' the Lord forgive me."

"Bad scannis' to them," said Mrs. Driscoll, "they're the quarest pigs I ever seen. What, indeed! 'twould sarve them right if it choked them."

Mike cast a rapid glance at the haggard, and sure enough there were the whole litter, with the sow at their head, poking their noses into the corn-stacks, and munching the precious grain as only pigs and aldermen can munch. To turn back the mule's head and urge her to a canter was the work of a moment. "Don't lose no time, agrah," shouted his mother, as he rode off to arrest the work of demolition.

"Honour bright, mother," replied Mike, and without further parley he provoked the mule into a gallop. On reaching the house he jumped over the haggard fence, and contrived, with the assistance of his stick, to disperse the offending animals. Having secured the gate, he looked around for the mule, but that quadruped, being inclined to excursiveness, had wandered from the road, and was disporting himself in a piece of ploughed land to the north of the farm. To make matters worse, Mick found it impossible to catch him. The cunning beast eluded every attempt which his owner made to capture his reins, and led him such a dance through the soft loam that the latter was obliged to sit down, defeated.

After some time he rose, and was making his way to the road, when the hum of well-known voices from the other side of the ditch reached his ear; and before he could fly, a number of young men, dressed in the provincial holiday gear, leaped into the field, and stood before him.

"Arrah, then, is it yerself? and my Christmas-box on you," said Jerry Toomey. "Is it huntin' the wran all alone you were, and the two best fivers in the country goin' to try it out at the kiln?"

Mike laughed a good-natured laugh, and shook his head.

"Maybe he's goin' coortin'," observed Tom Delany. "See how nate he looks, scooped out to the nines, as the man said to the new piggin. I'd bet ye a fipenny bit, boys, he'd be ashamed to walk with us—wouldn't he Tony?"

The individual addressed as Tony, a little fat man, dressed in a faded hunting suit, here walked up to Mike, and, having made a circuit around him, clapped his hands in affected astonishment.

"Why, thin Mike," asked the little man, placing his hands on his hips, and throwing back his head with the air of a horse-critic, "you didn't mane to bother us intirely, did you? New buckskins, as my grandfather was a gentleman; new brogues, new coat, new everything—the signs of money flyin' about him like snuff at a wake. I wonder did he pay the hansel yet?"

"Begor, then, he didn't so," said Tom. "an' more's the shame for him; but we won't forget it if he does. After all, it's reasonable of me thinkin' that Mike was goin' to mass, for he's turnin' pious iv late—a young saint, you know."

The young man laughed simultaneously, much to Mike's chagrin, and with a view to cover his reputation as a good fellow, he said:

"Troth, Tony, if ye'd like to know the ins and outs of it, I was on the look-out for ye, knowin', as I knowed for the last two weeks, that ye'd have a bit of diversion to-day, and now an' iver I'm as good a man as any o' ye."

"More power to your potato cake," cried Tony, slapping Mike encouragingly on the back. "When the Driscolls give up sportin', ye may burn all the cards and shoot all the race-horses in the country. Come along, honey, for there's no time to be lost."

When the little party arrived at the kiln, they found it already in the occupation of a dozen of persons, who were disputing loudly over an alleged neglect on the part of some one present.

"Bring us all this way," cried one, "and when we come, there's not a card to play with."

"Dat Ted Nealon," said a sharp, wiry voice, "is de most in-sonest boy in de barony. He tink of notin' except atin' and drinkin', and guttin'. 'Tis neider here nor dere, but 'twas a bleedin' shame to lave de cards to him."

"Howld yer tongue, Tim," said a manly young fellow, who appeared deeply dejected; "ye'd talk from this to Michaelmas, ye would. Look, min, there's only one thing for us. Draw lots to know who'll go to the village to buy a sixpenny pack at Betty Houlihan's."

The proposition was received with delight. A number of straws of various lengths were placed in Tony's hat, and the gamblers drew one each. On comparing them, Mike's was found to be the shortest of the lot. The result startled him not a little, but there was no help for it.

"Dere, you're de lucky man, so you are," said Tim, "and you're well deservin' of the honour, so you are. Take to your pins, now, and don't cry crack till you're back again wid us. And beware of de Good People."

With many recommendations "not to spare his heels" ringing in his ears, Mike left the kiln. An hour later, with the cards in one of his capacious pockets and a bottle of whiskey in the other, he left the village and bent his steps homewards. He was in the highest spirits, for he anticipated rare sport; nor was his mind troubled by the reflection that he had sacrificed a solemn obligation to human respect for his companions. Whether it was that he had imbibed too much of the contents of the bottle, or that some unusual cause contributed to the elasticity of his temperament, we know not; but it is asserted, that whilst threading his way through Doonas Wood, the gay fellow carolled like a bird, and flourished his stick more than once with playful ingenuity. The extreme beauty of a little lawn, a place known as "The Fairies' Wake," hidden in a verdurous paling of holly trees, arrested his steps as he was about to cross it. The grass seemed to Mike to be grass of a softer and fresher texture than he had ever before seen; the trees, too, were of slenderer trunk and lovelier outline; and the patch of sky overhead was of deeper and richer blue than the sky usually wore at that season. "Surely," thought Mike, "if the Good People—Lord between us and harm—wanted a purty place to foot a double reel, 'tis here they ought to come, and not to the old raths, where two cats couldn't dance com-

fortably barrin' they held their tails in their mouths. Well, at any rate, though the place is nice, I must say it's cowl'd; and faith a dhrop would improve a bcy's acquaintance with it." Having expressed this opinion, Mike raised the bottle to his lips and swallowed a copious draught of the fiery liquor. At the same time, he became sensible that the cards had fallen from his pocket and were scattered in a brilliant litter on the sward. Placing the bottle in his pocket, he stooped to pick them up, but to his astonishment they wouldn't wait for his fingers; they appeared to be suddenly endowed with life, for they hopped and skipped about in all directions with such liveliness of manner and such variety of motion that it was evident, as Mike subsequently remarked, "The Ould Boy's children had their Daddy's luck."

"Ah, thin, will ye be aisay, will ye, and stop yer easpers," he cried, for the potent spirit had deadened his reverence for the supernatural to a degree bordering on disbelief in its existence. "Say ye'll come iv ye'll come, if ye don't, don't, for the deuce a one of me ud be bothered huntin' ye about for tin times yer worth. Knave of Spades, bad luck to me, but I'll twist yer neck, you dirty blackamoor, if you go on that way makin' a fool o' me. Queen of Diamonds, there's a darlint—thuck, thuck, thuck—an' she's goin' to let me take her, isn't she? Arrah, only mind how she cuts, head over heels—whool will she ever put a stop to her gallop. By japers, she's in debt to her house painter, and takes me for a bailiff. That's a decent, respectable man, the King of Hearts—a very decent man. Av coorse, he remembers the night when he won me the last thrick of that murtherin' forty-five, when I bate Ned Hegarty to babby-rags. Yerra, look how he comes to me, *faugh-a-balla*, Five of Clubs, you pock-marked thief, and make way for his majesty. Yere gone agin, King of Hearts. Ye're gone, you shabby desaiiver, with your ould petticoats streelin' to your heels. *Farragh-adho*, if you come forinast me now and stood and said, 'Take me, Mick Driscoll, take me,' I'd say, 'gerout, you ould bundle of tatters, I'd like to know who'd put you in their pocket?' Musha, Queen o' Spades, 'tis yourself that's a purty colleen, and proud I'll be to take you under my protection, with your nate curls hanging down your rosy cheeks, and the crown o' gold shinin' bright on your head. Whool! jewel, how she foots it, as if she was dancin' at Billy Leonard's hop for a wager. Oh, the deashy dawny little feet of her! and the lily hands, and the white tin fingers, so long and so taper, for all the world like two hanks o' candles! I have you, *achora*, I have you. Arrah, shoot me, but she's gone, like the rest iv 'em—gone clean, as Joe Bolster said, when he polished his brogues and pawned them afterwards. Honest woman, honest woman, I say you don't know me, or you'd behave yourself a thrife better. I'm Mike Driscoll, o' Doonas, I'd have you know. 'Tisn't myself that would say it, but there's not a girl in the barony that wouldn't cock her cap at me, if she thought 'twas any use for her. Do you hear that, Queen o' Spades! do you? go over to your ould *boccaugh* of a husband, that's makin' a fool iv himself in the bushes, tryin' to coax out the Queen o' Diamonds, iv you please, and tell him I said so. Q! thin, murther, what's the matter with them at all at all? There they're flutterin' about, like leaves at harvest time, and all the art o' man couldn't lay hands on one o' their ugly carcasses. Not a hair I care anyhow, for they'll soon get tired in spite iv 'em, and then twill be easy enough to go up and talk wid them. Go on, go on, ye varmint, I wouldn't look after ye for the good iv ye. Whool! that's right; when the somebodies dance *mooneens*, their father, av coorse, pays the piper."

During the delivery of this strange address, the speaker was busily engaged chasing the cards on his hands and knees, from place to place; but his labours proved fruitless. Sometimes a king card would dance within an inch of his hand, but when he stretched forth that member to capture the royal truant, the latter would bound a foot high from the grass, and roll away a dozen feet or more, when it would stand, as if inviting fresh pursuit. The queens insisted on sustaining the reputation of their sex for profound skill in coquetry. They would advance with a winning gait and fascinating air, towards the poor fellow, who used all his eloquence to induce them to return to his custody, and then prostrate themselves on the sward. But, strange to tell, when Mike laid hands on them, they would manage to glide out of his grasp, and go spinning about the lawn like humming tops. The knaves were eminently successful in provoking Mr. Driscoll's indignation. The rogues would stride up to him, with a look which meant to convey—"Can't you put us in your

pocket; then advancing their fat fore-legs, like a row of footmen at a Lord Mayor's dinner, and closing their left eyes, would gaze in his face so imploringly, that Mike was fain to pity them. Still, when he attempted to put them in his pocket, the merry young gentlemen would wheel round on their right heels, shake their wigged heads, and march off towards the trees, the skirts of their coats sticking out, and their swords dangling from their waists. As for the inferior cards they seldom came near him, contenting themselves with executing some mysterious movements under a neighbouring holly. Mike was disgusted with the whole business, and he was preparing to retire, when his ear was caught by a strain of unearthly music, which appeared to float up, thin and bodiless as the morning mist, from the Falls below; and having hovered overhead for a moment, died out in a chain of bell-like vibrations along the shores of the river. As he turned his eyes in the direction from which the music came, he saw that the sun had long gone down, scarcely a trace of twilight lingered in the skies, but a fragment of the moon had risen to the left, and filled the far-stretching landscape with a tender and melancholy brightness. Only a few stars were visible "in the intense inane;" the roar of the Falls was hushed, and a solemn stillness pervaded the air. The impression which the scene produced on the mind of the bewildered beholder was notably increased by the marvellous change which was taking place in the character and constitution of the cards. Some unseen magician had surely waved his wand above them, and transformed the slips of paper into the fantastic shapes which they were assuming. The four queens were quickly changed into winged fairies, which soared up gracefully from the sward, their airy draperies and wings, spotted with peacock's eyes, gleaming in the imperfect moonlight. Then the kings were divested of their uncouth robes, and transformed into slender elves, each with a blue bell on his head for a crown. The knaves, by a similarly confounding process, were changed into little old men, with hard, wry, rogues' faces, and decrepit bodies. They wore odd little hats, with triangular brims, and such queer jerkins and breeches, that Mike laughed outright as he watched them. As for the common cards, they were transformed into a brood of small fairy-like forms, whose backs and breasts were thickly spotted with clubs, spades, hearts, and diamonds. These latter tumbled about on the sward with uproarious merriment, and indulged in the quaintest grimaces and the shrillest of laughs. Suddenly a fresh burst of music rose from the Falls; this time a gay dancing measure. Directly the card fairies formed sets and chose partners, and fell to tripping one of the gayest double reels which Mike ever witnessed. A couple of elves, mounted on the backs of black-winged bats, sailed about in the air, and eventually ran a race to the corner of the moon for a dewberry handicap. The queen of hearts and diamonds, applying two fox-glove blossoms to their mouths, gave the signal for the start, and away went the jockeys. At the same time, the queen of spades and clubs flew over Mike's head, and dropped golden furze blossoms on his hat, which, as they rolled off the leaf, tickled his ears, and caused him to roar from a sense of exquisite enjoyment. Meanwhile, the elves continued to foot it feely on the delicate tops of the slender brome grass, and with such dexterous energy, that Mike felt it impossible to suppress his admiration, and cried out at the top of his voice, "More power to ye, the devil a better!"

The words were scarcely uttered when the King of Hearts, a dapper little fellow, who was stretching his legs on a leaf of wild lavender, marched up to him, and, placing his hands behind his back, exclaimed;

"Musha, is that you, Mike Driscoll? Happy Christmas to you, Mick; but arn't you afeard of catchin' cowl on the broad o' yer back, there?"

"Sorra afeard," replied Mike; "the night isn't hot surely, but it isn't cowl, and—"

"Maybe," says the king, "ye'd have no objection, ma bouchal, to a dhrop o' the native. We keep the best you ever clapped eyes on, and betune you and me, it never paid duty either."

"If it's convanient, I could dispinse with it," said Mike: "but none o' yer thricks, mind. Isn't it the quarest thing on airth," he continued, "that I got the whole lock, stock, and barrel o' ye for a few pence from Betty Houlihan this morning, and here ye're caperin' and flutterin' about in such grand style as if yer had the riches of Daymur at yer backs."

"Keep yer insinuations to yerself," says the king, and his face

grew red with anger. "Yer dirty hints wont sarve you here, I can tell you, Mike Driscoll. If you wish to behave dacent, we'll thrate you dacent; and to show you that we mane right, have a dhrop o' comfort afore we go farther." So saying, the king handed Mike a bottle with centuries of cobwebs clogged around its neck and sides.

Before putting the bottle to his mouth, something prompted Mike to look into it. Instead of being full of whiskey it contained a blue vapour, in the middle of which he perceived, floating about, the resemblance of a little girl, who, it was assumed, had been stolen by the fairies from her parents more than six years before. As he was opening his lips to speak to her, she motioned him to keep silent, and then whispered, "Mike, darlint, beware, and don't ait nor dhrink with them." He laid the bottle down in astonishment, and looked at the king.

"Ye're very temperate iv late, Mike," said the latter. "Is it because you don't like the colour iv it?"

"Troth, and it's not bad at all," replied Mike, "but I'd rather not take it jest now. If yer majesty will lave it to me a while, I promise to finish it before the night is over."

"Faith, an' you're more than welcome to it. Put it in yer pocket, Mike, and step across here till I have the honour and glory of introducing you to the Queen."

Mike followed the King across the grass to where her majesty was rocking herself to sleep on a bit of crowfoot.

"Are you awake, darlint," said the King; "bekase if you are, I'd like ye'd make the acquaintance of this fine fellow here."

The Queen, who was decidedly handsome, opened her eyes languidly and gazed on Mike. "Would you be after dancin' a double with me, young man?" she asked.

Mike bowed to the ground. "Would a cat drink new milk, ma'am?" was his reply.

"Ye're a flatherer, Mike Driscoll," said the Queen, blushing to the eyebrows. "Faith, ye're great at the blarney, anyhow. Ted," she continued, addressing the King, "will ye put yer finger in yer mouth, and whistle for the prime minister."

The King smiled and obeyed. In less than a minute the Knave of Hearts made his appearance.

"Ye're not dhruken yet, are you?" asked the queen, thoughtfully.

"Dickens a dhrop more than two I tuk," replied the knave, and as he spoke both his ears shot up like a pair of straight horns at each side of his head.

"Thin as ye're not," said her majesty. "pick out the purtiest pair o' pumps in the chest o' dhrawers, and put them on Mr. Driscoll, for he's condescended to dance a double with your mistress."

"Oh, ma'am!" ejaculated Mike, "faith, as for the condescension, it's all the other way, indeed."

"Hould your bladdherin'," says the Queen, "hould your bladdherin', will you?"

The knave, who had disappeared, returned in a moment, and fitted Mick in a pair of beautiful pumps, with green heels, and rosettes at the insteps.

"Tis nate they look, Mr. Driscoll," observed her majesty, "but a plumper pair o' calves than yours I never seed afore. Och, 'tis you must play the dickens intirely with the girls, it is."

"Axin' your ladyship's pardon," exclaimed Mike, "but I'm as innocent as the babe unborn."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the knave, giving, at the same time, a diabolic grin, which distended his mouth almost to his ears! "ha! ha! ha!"

With a look of supreme contempt at the ugly scoffer, the queen gave Mike her hand, and led him to the middle of the lawn, where they mingled with the other royalties, male and female.

"Have a dhrop before you begin, Mike," said the Queen of Diamonds, who glittered from head to foot with shining jewels, at the same time pointing to the bottle, the neck of which was visible above his pocket.

Mike bowed. "I'm as thankful to you, ma'am, as if I tuk it; but it's naiter here nor there until the blood gets heated; when that biles, I'll cool it."

Diamonds smiled graciously. "May I make bould to ax yer hand for the next set?" she asked.

"Faix, an' you may, and welcome. When the Queen o' Hearts gets wake, I'm yer man, my lady. Whoo! there's the music."

An unseen orchestra struck up a lively tune, and Mike, having led his partner up and down in approved fashion, placed his arms a-kimbo, and began to foot it with an energy which astonished the denizens of fairy land around him. Now he flung up his right hand, snapped his fingers with a great thwack, which made the grames tremble; now he retired, throwing his heels right and left, and making the long tails of his coat fly about distractedly.

"He's a rare jewel," says the Queen of Spades.

"Did you ever see the likes of him?" says her Majesty of Clubs.

"Remember your promise to me, Mike," whispered the Queen of Diamonds.

And the kings swore he was the best fellow in their dominions, and the knaves grinned with inextinguishable laughter, whilst the common cards went bobbing up and down, with the most comical gravity imaginable. Suddenly, the Queen of Diamonds gave a little shriek, and ran limping to a bed of wild thyme, where she lay down in apparent agony.

"What ails my delight?" screamed her royal consort, rushing to her side; "what's the matter, avourneen?"

"O, nothin' at all, at all," says the Queen.

"It's ill said of you," says the King, "and by my twelve retainers, I'll know the ins and outs of it."

"Troth, an' as ye're so curious, I'll tell ye; Mr. Driscoll throd on my corse—there."

"The flamin' blackguard," says the King. "Boys," said he to the Knaves, "take that *boccaugh*, and baste him green with nettles; bad look to his ugly crubeens, to-night."

The other royal personages hastened to interpose in behalf of Mike; and after a great deal of solicitation, backed up by the prayers of the wounded Queen, he was pardoned.

"It'll be all right, darlint," said the Queen of Hearts, banding over the beautiful invalid. "Put a bit o' brown soap to it, and 'twill be well afore ye're twice married."

Kneeling down at the poor Queen's feet, Mike took her foot in his hand, and began to chafe it, an operation which appeared to afford the sufferer no small delight. At the same time, a dapper little gentleman, in an oddly shaped hat, commenced to tickle the left side of his nose, whilst a pair of elves attempted to pull the bottle from his right pocket, and others poured showers of gold doubloons into his bosom.

"Does it pain you much, ma'am?" he asked, with a languishing look at the royal sufferer.

She smiled. "Begor, Mike," she said, "pain from you is a thrate. Are you tired o' dancin'? bekase, if you're not, I'd like to thry a minuet with you."

"You're welcome to it for a whole hour," replied Mr. Driscoll.

"What'll be plasin' to you?"

"A minuet, Mike, a minuet."

"Oh, consarnin' the time, I lave that to yourself; but what would ye like? Are you partial to a jig, ma'am?"

The queen laughed outright.

"We'll dance a min-u-et, Mr. Driscoll, if you please. Didn't you ever thry one?" she asked.

"Oh, now I lave it. No, thin, I didn't. I contracted with Tim Hinchy for three-ha'pence a-step, but he chated me out o' that dance, ma'am. Will ye be quiet, there, ye tazin' divils? Ma'am, spake a word or two to Paudheen, and intrate him to lave off ticklin' my nose. Curse o' Cromwell on ye, and lave the bottle alone—what's it doin' to ye? Can't ye thry and behave like Christhins—eh, can't ye?"

At a wave of the Queen's hand the elves desisted.

"There's the Queen of Hearts," she said; "mind, she'll be jealous o' me, Mike."

"Troth, thin, 'tis ill would become her. Is she spliced yet? I suppose ould Bullock Heart is her husband."

Diamonds was about to reply, when her royal sister seated herself at her side, and thus prevented Mike's curiosity from being gratified. At a signal from the Queen of Clubs, the whole company threw themselves in various positions on the grass; and as the Knave of Diamonds clapped his hands, the ground opened, and a round table, heaped with a sumptuous banquet, rose in their midst. To all solicitations to eat and make merry, Mick, who remembered the warning of the captive in the bottle, gave a firm but respectful refusal.

"Thry some of our blackberry jwm," asked the Queen of Spades.

"Shall I send you a lark's leg, darlint?" said the Queen of Hearts. "Or a juicy slice from this sirlain of frog?" suggested the King of Clubs.

"I ax yer pardons all round," said Mike, "but I couldn't ate another morsel."

As Mike said this, he felt a tiny head laid lovingly on his shoulder, and heard the Queen of Hearts whisper:

"Ah, thin, Mr. Driscoll, were you ever coortin'?"

"Why, thin, not to say much, ma'am. There was a girl o' the Bradys that I had a likin' for, and was goin' to be married to her, till we fell out about a feather-bed and a goat. We wouldn't give, and they wouldn't take, and there was an ind of it."

The Queen sighed. "And did you never love any one, since, Mr. Driscoll?"

"Begor, thin, I'm afeard I did," replied Mike; "greatly afeard itself."

"Her name wasn't Brady, Mike—was it?"

"Begor, thin, yer right enough, ma'am, it wasn't Brady; 'twas the—the—"

"The what, darlint?"

"Why, 'twas the Queen o' Hearts, ma'am;" and as Mike made the terrible confession, he wound his arm round the Queen's neck, and imprinted a kiss on her cheek with so much vehemence that the report resounded like a clap of thunder over the locality. Kings, queens, knaves, and commoners sprang to their feet. "Treason!" "Revenge!" "Kill him!" "Sting him to death!" were the first cries which arose from the tumult.

"Tie his heels together," cried the Knave of Hearts, "and hang him out o' the moon."

"Give us a garter, Peggy," said the King of Hearts to his wife.

The lady parted with the ligature with evident unwillingness, and Mike's ankles were bound together in a trice. A cold sweat burst out through the pores of his body, and he grew powerless in the presence of the terrible doom which he had earned by his rashness. In vain he remonstrated, pleaded, and wept. A power he was unable to resist lifted him on the backs of four gigantic 'bats, and in three seconds he was being whirled towards the moon, attended by all the fairy company. The planet was reached in less than ten minutes, and Mick felt almost sick to death from the smell of stale cheese that pervaded the atmosphere.

"Hang him to this corner," cried the King of Hearts. "We'll let him see he don't kiss our wife for nothing."

"She can have it back, if 'twill please your majesty," said Mike.

"I mint no harm."

"Here's a nice crumbledy corner to tie him to; 'twill break away in an hour, and then he'll be made porridge of," roared the Knave of Hearts.

A suitable spot was at length selected, and Mike, hanging head downwards between earth and heaven, was left swinging about in a storm which agitated the lonely lunar regions. Far below, he could see the world, and, when the wind lulled, could catch the roar of the Falls. His head grew dizzy, his heart sank within him, and, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "May the Lord have mercy on me." The words had not died on his lips when the corner of the moon he was hooked to snapped off, and he fell—down deeper, and deeper, and deeper! The stars shot past him, as he descended with the velocity of an aerolite; and, before he had time to bless himself, he alighted, with a great bound, on the world, narrowly escaping a plunge into the roaring Falls. He started up, he rubbed his eyes—what was this? where was the moon? and where were his tormentors? He was lying in the middle of the "Fairies' Wake," on the identical spot where he had taken the last draught of whiskey on returning homeward. Everything was quiet, not a leaf stirred; it was long past midnight, and the full, round moon of Christmas had begun to set. Looking up to the descending planet, he exclaimed, "'Twas a power of a fall intirely. I wondher was the bottle broke!" An examination of his pocket convinced him that it had not sustained a fracture; and, to his astonishment, the cards were all safe, and tightly packed together. "After all," he soliloquised, "I was only dhramin'; but ould brogues to me, if I play cards agin in a hurry—Sunday or Monday, or holiday, aither. What the deuce has got into the bottle?" Holding the flask between his eyes and the light, he perceived something moving up and down the inside. For a moment, he was convinced that it was the spectral child, who had warned him to reject all offers

of food and drink from the fairies, but, breaking the vessel, he discovered that it was only a field frog. Stiff and sore in every joint, he rose up and plodded homewards.

"You see, Mike," said his mother, when he had recounted in detail the experiences of the night, "that there's nayther luck nor grace in card-playin', for if you had gone where you ought, the Good People couldn't trouble you."

"Thru enough, mother," he replied; "but wait till I go card-playin' agin, and you'll be diggin' the praties on New-year's Day."

"There, go where ye ought to go," he exclaimed, throwing the new cards into the fire. "It's mighty plain that people who ride steeplechases on bats and dine on frog sirloins aren't fit company for honest Christians. And, mother, ye'll never agin have to fall out wid me about my duty; and here, may the Lord send us all A HUNDRED HAPPY CHRISTMASSES."

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

THE CHRISTMAS CHIME AND THE CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LIST! the Christmas Chime is pealing,
With its ever joyous swell;
And the midnight sky is sounding,
With the cheery ding, dong, bell!
From a thousand grey old turrets
Rings the dear familiar chime;
Ringing, ringing—bravely ringing—
For the merry Christmas time.
From a thousand blazing altars,
With soft clouds of incense dim,
Swelling, swelling, sweetly swelling,
Riseth up the Christmas hymn!

As it bursteth out with clanging speed,
Adown the frosty sky,
How many a ringing laugh grows still—
How dim grows many an eye!
And how the long-pent love breaks out,
The "Word made Flesh" to hail!
As ding, ding, dong, the Christmas peal
Comes dancing on the gale!

It telleth indeed of other days,
And it sings of a bygone time;
For ages have fled since first it shed
The notes of its merry chime.
But though ages have fled, and countless dead
Have bowed to the stroke of time,
Those stout old bells peal merrily on,
As they ring the Christmas Chime.

It rusheth forth from its turret grey,
With a sound right full and deep,
Like the wild wind's roar o'er the sea-girt shore,
When it wakes from its summer sleep.
And it hurrieth out with a surging swell,
And it seemeth in right hot speed,
For it knows that its song is a welcome one,
And that love is its own sure meed.

Yet it lingereth first in the old churchyard,
And it whisp'reth round the graves,
With a mournful voice, like the babbling song
Of the gentle summer waves.
It seemeth to wail, with its own sad notes,
For the joys of the by-gone time;
It walleth for those who may listen no more
To the song of the Christmas Chime!

Then away it hies through the midnight skies,
And it floateth along the gale;
And it scattereth love, and it scattereth joy,
As it danceth through the vale.

And it greeteth the young, and it greeteth the old,
And it gladdens each list'ning ear,
For it singeth this song—oh! a right merry one,
But once in the passing year.

For those bells may sing, as they merrily ring
To greet each Sabbath time;
But they ring *this* peal but once in the year—
At the merry Christmas time.
Then ding, ding, dong, as it rusheth along,
It ringeth right merrily, ho!
And with ding, dong, bell, as it flits through the dell,
It chimeth right cheerily, ho!

I hear it now, that Christmas peal,
And now the Christmas strain,
As angel tongues, with heav'n-born notes
Thrill through me yet again;
And all my soul grows hot with love,
My eyes with tears grow dim,
As still I list from countless lips,
The holy Christmas Hymn.



And list it now!—how softly sweet
It floats along the sky;
And now again, with gathering force,
Like voices from on high,
As on to Heaven the grand old hymn
Is wafted up above,
To mingle there with angel tongues,
One song of hope and love.

And who shall say its tones grow old,
Or who shall break the spell,
The Christmas Hymn for ever wakes
In hearts that love it well?
The scent of flowers is ever sweet,
The force of love e'er strong,
But fresher, brighter, stronger far,
The holy Christmas Song.

It may be voices now are hush'd,
It may be eyes are dim,
That once flash'd quick and bright to ours,
To greet the Christmas Hymn,

And as the first "Adeste" falls
Upon the straining ear,
The sinking heart, the throbbing pulse,
Tell of some lost one dear—
And for a moment we are sad,
And scarce may sing our song,
As the Christmas Chime, and the Christmas Hymn,
Float joyously along.

An instant more, and it has gone—
Our hearts grow full of love,
As a golden light comes gleaming down
In brightness from above.
As cherish'd tongues are heard once more,
The tongues of dear ones gone;
Even little children, praying still.
"God bless us, every one."

In hope or fear, the Christmas Hymn
Is e'er a welcome guest;
It cometh, like some angel's song,
To speak of peace and rest.
For as it speedeth softly on,
It tells of nought but love,
And scattering fragrance o'er the past,
Still points us to above.

T. J. P.

OLD KING CHRISTMAS.

OUR artist has "limned" him, in the centre of the beautiful engraving which embellishes the next page. That head is a glorious study—Pagan muscle and massiveness of development—Christian cheer and exultation. You fancy you hear the jolly old Viking roar from that huge mouth, and out of the hundred clefts of laughter which furrow his cheeks and forehead. He is a bit grizzled; but look at his beard, a frozen cascade, with all the water lines stiffened in the foggy sheet—you can almost see it wag. And those eyes—furnaces of fun, lighted up by the blaze of a million hearths and the better light of millions of happy faces. Bless him, though he is days distant whilst we write, we can hear the music of his sleigh-bells over the snow, and snatches of the carols he lifts up from his great heart, as the days grow shorter and the December stars rise earlier and earlier. Wait a little, and he shall rush into us from the wastes of midnight, whilst the cathedral steeples reel, and all the households of the land illuminate to welcome the time-honoured visitor. He is crowned with holly—gleaming holly, the noble evergreen which glitters with a verdurous brilliancy in our parks and shrubberies when the

sycamores are leafless, and the oaks are as bare as maypoles on the second of June. Before he arrives the village boys shall have gone out to gather branches of the tree he loves, and hung them up to honour him. And when he sits by our hearths, little hands shall be stretched out for little presents, and little eyes peer roguishly into out-of-the-way corners where are hidden nuts and sweetmeats. Oh, dear uncles and aunts, when little Tom or Mary appeals to your pockets, pray do not refuse them churlishly, or put them off with a serio-comic equivocation. For, as French is to a Cockney, so is money to our dear children—a little of it goes a long way, and rich is the giver thereby. Hold! there are the sleigh-bells.

Our artist has caught the two sides of happy Christmas merriment; and has entered with all his cultivated enthusiasm into the spirit of each. See above, how daintily those nice people sit around the festive board, how gracefully the old gentleman rises to a toast; how fondly Maria indulges her indolent little brother, how demurely Kate listens to the precious whisperings of that young gentleman in the snowy shirt-front, whose eyes are turned in every but the right direction. That dog in Kate's lap is a spice suspicious; but, gracious goodness, don't we all know what subtle resources the women

command when, like Lady Fitzpatrick in Planche's comedy, they wish they were coquettes? My good sir, that dog is a dummy, and as such enjoys a very enviable asylum. When Kate says, "Indeed!" in answer to some extraordinary observation of her friend to the right, she pats the animal's head; when annoyed from the same source, she pulls his ears; when made up for a "yes," she will whisper the affirmative, adding, "Oh! you poor little doggy;" but if bent on a "No," she will cast him from her lap, and cry "Get out!"

There is the rougher and heartier side of a Christmas revel sketched at the bottom of the picture. I have been looking at the faces of the two prominent figures for the last ten minutes, and have not yet grown tired of them. How sweetly bashful is the countenance of the young girl, as she averts it from the rather too confident gaze of her partner! How exquisitely she is posed, how gracefully draped—and, what is better, the whole figure is intensely and obviously natural. As for Pat, his enjoyment is evident—he is an incarnation of humour in frieze and shoe-leather. Were you to go over the ground in the morning, you would find it thickly tessellated with large nail prints, diversified, here and there, by the impression of an iron heel. For when Pat dances he does not depend exclusively upon his toes, but brings heel and sole into combined action. And to see him salute Peggy, as he leads her to her seat—but no, you can't. Look at that piper—don't you hear him blow?

Besides, we have hospitality personified in that woman who is leading the poor children from the deserted street into her house. God bless the kind hands whose gifts shall be multiplied at this season. It was a kind thought of the German poet when he represented the Infant Redeemer pacing the thoroughfares of a great town, at Christmas midnight, in the disguise of a destitute little child. The noble side of the Teutonic heart and brain broke out into that simple ballad; and the moral loses nothing by being translated. Be good to them. Then we have a picture in which the peasant children run to greet their father on his return home. What genial welcome beams from their happy faces! Heaven bless them with a happy Christmas!

Hark! hark! hark! the bells have ceased, the sledge is upturned in the snow—CHRISTMAS IS HERE!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and, far and wide,
The shining snow spreads o'er the plain;
The fairy Frost has deftly dried
Her crystal mosses on the pane;
From grey church towers the Virgin Chimes
O'er hill and dale their sweetness pour,
And children sing their carol rhymes
Alike at Hall and Cottage door.

The eaves are hung with icy spars,
Snow-wreaths fantastic forms assume;
The moon-shines bright, and golden stars
In heaven's great garden burst to bloom.
The mansion wide its portals throws,
As in the merry days of yore;
And Welcome sits amid the snows
Alike at Hall and Cottage door.

The light that streams through lordly panes,
And makes the painted windows burn,
Is answer'd back from lowly lanes,
Where children hail their sire's return.
The wild bells ring with Christmas mirth,
And tell their tale of holy lore,—
Glory on High, good-will on Earth,—
Alike at Hall and Cottage door.

Ay! this the key-note Christmas gives
To cheer us through the twelvemonth long,
And tune the burden of our lives
To echo back the angel's song.
Oh! may we join that glorious band
When, earthly joys and struggles o'er,
Dwellers in Hall and Cot shall stand
On equal terms at Heaven's door,

C. B.





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E. Tulzpatrick



HOME AT LAST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THERE never was a more dreary day, in the dreariest winters, than that which set in the midst of a huge snow-drift, over the little town of Kilshane, on a Christmas Eve, forty years ago. As our readers may be looking out for the place in which we lay the scene of this "owre true tale," it may be as well to tell them, without further preface, that Kilshane is not the name by which the Post Office authorities know the locality of which we write, and from whose familiar archives of tradition we draw our story. But, nevertheless, Kilshane is name enough to our memory for the humble capital of an Irish mountain district, situate in the bosom of a pleasant valley, sheltered on the four quarters by great hills, which rise above like giant guardians who sentinel its repose. Once in the year it had its fair, when the streets were crowded with the big-boned, large-horned and fine-skinned cattle, known amongst the dealers as cows of the "real ould native breed," which have become superseded almost completely since by the more shapely, less serviceable, and unhealthy stock come of Devon pastures and Hereford sweeps. Once in the year there gathered within its precincts, to the imminent

danger of every body, and the great profit of their owners, mountain raheries, and unbroke clibs, interspersed with worn-out garrans, whose great recommendation, at the instance of their strange-looking grooms—if grooms they can be called who never groomed

the brutes—seemed to be the desperate agility with which they used their hind legs, and flung them out at anything and every body, of which a probability existed that they might reach. There never was an Irish fair without its pigs, and so once in the year, wherever the porcine crew crowded from, there were more pigs in the streets of Kilshane than, we believe, could be assembled in the streets of any other town in Ireland. None of the fair-goers seemed to be without an individual of the swinish multitude as an accompaniment, and some enjoyed the luxury of a dozen. This "once in the year" was always a great day in that little mountain mart, for of all the days in the year it fell upon Christmas Eve. Every body came down from the declivity of the hills around, for many a mile, to purchase or to sell, and prepare for the festival of the morrow, in honour of the Babe of Bethlehem. The poorest peasant, gaunt and worn with ill-requited toil, and lengthened days of hunger, had pinched himself for weeks before to buy that one candle which he enjoyed in all the year, and whose light should burn that night of nights in the midst of his children; he came thither to buy with the poor taper the provisions of an humble feast, to cheer his meagre board, and do fitting reverence to the day of the Heaven-descended. The more comfortable farmer journeyed there also, and chaffed, and joked, and bought and sold through the entire day, to go home in the dusk, not the most sober man in the world, as he sate upon his well-laden truck-car, bringing to the good woman at home store of meat and meal, spirits and spices, not forgetting the new-fangled but fascinating package of tea. Besides these regular drifts of humanity, there were irregular ones too, blown to Kilshane by all the erratic winds of impulse, profit, or promise, upon the yearly occasion. Beggars, particularly shrill in voice, and remarkably pious of sentiment; nondescript individuals, forming maimed portions of humanity, very lame, very blind, and very ragged; some who enjoyed a loss of legs, some who enjoyed a loss of arms, and throve

in a remarkable manner on their deficiency; those crowded in what little room was unoccupied by cows and horses, pigs and dealers—and prayed or imprecated, slandered or sneered, with the greatest ease, as it pleased them.

So went the day of the fair always, and so it fared in Kilshane after its accustomed manner, on the day our story opens. But with the fall of the night the snow lay in dirty heaps in the straggling street, where the cattle had trampled it into mud. The thoroughfares were empty of all the crowds that occupied them during the day, except the occasional passers-by, who journeyed homeward with their marketing. The little shops were filled with customers for their wares, and the taverns were crowded with those who had sold or bought in the fair of the day—dealers, farmers, and the usual etceteras attendant upon those occasions, on such folk. Here there was noise and bustle, loud generosity or garrulous quarrelsomeness, as around the rude bar the frieze-coated crowd clustered, in the mist which arose from the steaming punch before them, or the fog of tobacco smoke which filled the atmosphere with its dense clouds, in which those individuals breathed, somehow without being asphyxiated.

In one of those—the Kilshane Arms—as the name was inscribed on a creaky sign which swung from above the door, a larger crowd was assembled than in any of the rest. Behind the counter a buxom, good-humoured-looking woman, attended to the many calls made upon her by the uncouth waiters who came to the bar from time to time, and gave their orders, as they were bidden by the guests in various parts of the house. Filling measures, keeping count, and receiving money, was giving the lively hostess enough to do, when a group of five or six persons entered from the street, amongst whom was a girl of twenty-four or twenty-five years old, modest in aspect, large eyed, and well featured, but whose face was marked with a paleness as of much care. Her dress was neat, but worn, and she seemed to shun observation from the persons amongst whom she found herself, on entering the house, by clinging closer to an old man, whose coarse resemblance to her fair young face, indicated the relationship of a parent. She whispered in his ear, when he immediately went over to the woman in the bar.

"Mrs. Keogh," said he; "is there anywhere I could bring Mary until I make a settlement wid Tom Corkran here?"

The hostess stopped for a moment in the full flow of her occupation, and looked at the interrogator.

"Why then, Misther Donovan," said she, "you and yours must have any place in the house yez want."

"Jemmy," she called to a thick-set man, "mind the customers here, 'till I go wid Misther Donovan down to the kitchen; it's the quietest spot in the 'Arms' to-night."

"Ah, then, Mary Donovan," said she to the girl we have before noticed, "bud you're welkin. I wondher you wouldn't spake. In throth, achora, I'm glad an' I'm sorry to see you, for sake of the poor mother that's gone. Cum down to the kitchen; I know you'd rather be there than among all the crowd wid their noise, and their talk; it's myself that's sick of them."

With those words she brought the party, leading Mary by the hand herself, down a passage which led backwards to the kitchen.

"Now, Misther Donovan," said she, as they entered that apartment, "yez will have no one to molest yez here, and can settle whatever yez have to settle in peace an' quietness."

"Beg your pardin, sir," she continued to a man who sat at the fire, with a hat drawn over his eyes, of a shape now known as a "Jerry," but then totally unusual in that remote district; "beg your pardin, sur, bud this young woman is cowld, and th' evenin's sharp, an' if its plazin' to you to further over a little more, there'll be room, an' to spare, for all parties."

"I'm obleeged to ye; that'll do, now," she continued, as the stranger hastily drew himself more towards the side of the hearth, where a huge fire of turf blazed, sending out a welcome glow. "Now, Misther Donovan, what'll you an' your friends take? I'm goin' to get a cup of tay for myself and poor Mary, the cráthur, an' you'll take sumthin' in the manetime."

"Oh, the hard stuff for us, Missis Keogh," said one of the men.

"In throth, Phil Corkran," she replied, "you're bould enough to answer for yourself, I'll go bail; but it's Misther Donovan I'm askin', and not you. The best in my house he'll have at his command, for he's a dacent man and was a comfortable man too."

"That's as much Missis Keogh," replied the man addressed as

Phil Corkran, "as to say that I'm a comfortable man, bud not a dacent man. Well, it's all right, av coorse, but Misther Donovan is to thrathe me now, whether you'll do it or not."

"Give us some sperits, Missis Keogh," said Donovan, glancing deprecatingly at the kindly hostess; "id's Christmas Eve, ma'am, an' we're all good enough according to our wakeness, if we only remember the blessin' that fell upon the earth many a hunder years ago, to tache us humility. Phil is a bit sharp; but there's worse nor him."

"Id's good to hear you, Misther Donovan, sayin' that," she answered; "it's Christian like to the man who dhrove your little stock to this day's fair, for your Novimber rint, bud I'm not bound to think the better av him fur all that. Natty," said she to the little boy, "go up to your father an' bring down a bottle av sperits and some tay. Hurry, like a good child."

Natty soon returned with the required articles, and while the good woman of the Kilshane Arms busies herself in getting ready the tea for her guest, and whilst the men are making their settlement, we will take a retrospect of the events which gathered those individuals in the kitchen of the humble hostel of the valley village.

Seven years before the Christmas Eve to which we refer there was no more comfortable farmer than Ulick Donovan in all the district within ten miles of Kilshane. He held a couple of hundred acres of land, the best in the neighbourhood, and it lay within a short half-mile of the little town. His kith and kin had dwelt for many a hundred years before him in the pleasant farm-house, whose white-washed walls gleamed a short way up the slope of one of the hills which surrounded the valley, and which was built at the extremity of his holding next the mountain. By that alternation of events peculiar to the history of Ireland alone amidst European nations, he, the rightful heir of the soil, had found himself the tenant of it at the hands of the owner at law. However, those territorial lords had rendered the change of fortune of the Donovan family less bitter than it might have been. Through three or four generations they had permitted them to hold some hundreds of acres at a very moderate rent, and at last, when the relaxation of the laws against certain forms of religious profession had permitted such a step, they gave to the representative of that family a long lease of his land, at a low valuation. By reason of this encouragement Ulick Donovan, the grandson of the lessee, was a thriving man when he began the world. His neighbours looked up to him both from his good native blood and his independence, and the world went well with him up to that period. He had married a very amiable girl, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, with whom he got only the wealth of a cheerful temper, a good heart, and a thrifty hand. One child, a daughter, had blessed their union, and through her came the first sorrow on Ulick Donovan's home. Beside him, there resided on a farm bordering his own a well-to-do man, named Connell Carroll. He was a widower, and had an only son. Charley Carroll was a reckless, hearty boy, whose exuberance of life involved him in perpetual scrapes. His father died suddenly before he had reached the years of manhood, and Ulick Donovan, with a kindly feeling, aided the young man with his advice and assistance. The more he knew him the greater interest he felt in his welfare. Thus, Charley Carroll was a frequent guest at Donovan's house; and as Mary Donovan grew towards womanhood, the old story came to be repeated—Charley Carroll and Mary Donovan were lovers. Everybody in the parish knew it, and everybody in the parish talked of it. Wiseacres shook their heads at the notion of wild Charley Carroll and gentle Mary Donovan being ever husband and wife; and Charley was as wild with great, manly excitement of existence, as ever Irishman had been before. The joyous recklessness of the young man at last brought him into trouble. It was a time of great political excitement. Informers had their golden opportunity, and they did not neglect its use. They founded secret societies, and deluded young men into their meshes. They told them some specious tale about a union of Irishmen extending over the country in solemn league for her redemption. Every ardent spirit rushed into the wild hope there held out to tempt it. The first man initiated was Charley Carroll. There was danger in it, there was risk in it; and danger and risk were his delight. He neglected his farm, and he spent his money in aiding an organisation which was only the terrible shamale, where the informer was yet to make his blood-stained profits. When his money was gone, and the bloodhound had taken all from his victim, the villain who deceived him with false light

of patriotism, made his way to the authorities, and at its nightly council the illegal society was surrounded by a police force. Every member was taken except Charley Carroll. A blow from his arm levelled the man who approached to seize him, and with a bound he was away through the darkness of the night.

Charley was never seen again; but Mary Donovan knew somehow that he was gone to America. The girl drooped and sickened; fever developed itself in her illness. Her mother paid her every care and attention that fondness could give, or zeal bestow; and saw it all repaid in the restoration to health of her darling. But the overstrained maternal love had left Mary Donovan's mother susceptible to the disease whose ordeal she had endured herself. With her uprise from the bed of illness her mother was prostrated. The disease came to kill—and did kill her—leaving Ulick Donovan a widower, and his child motherless. With this visitation came a succession of misfortune. Donovan's cattle died; he had bad crops; and worse than all, his lease terminated and a portion of his land, the best, was taken from him, and given to Corkran, the "rent warner," and the rent of the remainder doubled. The once comfortable farmer saw his substance gradually decrease, notwithstanding all his exertions and industry, so from day to day things went from bad to worse, until at length an unfavourable season left Ulick Donovan unable to pay his current gale of rent. The landlord was an absentee; matters were managed by his agent, who was very much guided in his dealings with the tenantry by Tom Corkran, the "rent warner." Tom was not a good adviser to the agent, but a grasping man, who took every opportunity of increasing his own store at the cost of the tenant's ruin; but so skilfully did he manage, that he took the blame from his own, to lay it on his superior's shoulders. He lent money to the insolvent tenant, if he saw means in his hands to repay his own claim, and then Tom took a favourable opportunity to make the agent press for rent due, and got the stock of the tenant for about half its value. In this profitable system he was ably assisted by his nephew, Philip Corkran, an insolent bullying fellow, who levied a kind of black mail, in his own fashion. Phil enjoyed the life "of a fighting cock," to use his own expression. He was feted by the trembling serfs on the estate, upon all occasions, and they were remarkably frequent, when he chose to honour them with his company. Philip enjoyed the prospect too, of the probable reversion of the goods of his cunning and thrifty uncle, as that personage lived in a state of single blessedness. This worthy had begun to look with a favourable eye on Mary Donovan. The farm still held by her father, and in probable reversion to her, might have something to do with his admiration for the fair girl. She was satisfied to endure the unwelcome attentions which she received from Corkran, whilst plainly enough intimating in her reception of them that she should prefer their discontinuance; but Philip knew very well that his influence exercised a despotic ascendancy over the Donovans, and hoped to improve his position in the maiden's favour with time and opportunity. On the occasion on which we introduce the party at the "Kilshane Arms," old Tom Corkran had pursued his usual game of purchasing the farm stock of Ulick Donovan at a valuation, which exceeded by some few pounds the rent due by the ruined old man, and the party had entered the inn to arrange the matter finally.

Whilst we have been entering into the history of these personages, Mary Donovan has been taking the tea prepared for her by the hostess. The stranger has been sitting in the shadow of the chimney, looking with an enquiring gaze on the passage of events before him. Phil Corkran has been indulging in his potations rather freely with the men who accompanied him; and Ulick Donovan is looking through his spectacles into the account furnished him by old Tom Corkran, and comparing it with the amount of money before him on the table.

"In troth, Misther Donovan," said Mrs. Keogh, "this is a poor Christmas-eve enough for you, to be a-shure, you that knew what comfort and manes was on sich occasions, an' its sorry I am to see ye on the bizness ye've cum about here to day. Whin the last of a man's stock goes, he may go himself soon after. Musha thin, Tom Corkran, ye might lave him a cow to give him a sup o' milk."

"Ye see, Missis Keogh," said Tom, "I wud if I cud; but the agent is mortal hard on me, an' I took the cattle only to sarve Misther Donovan here, and to save the costs of a seizure, an' I must sell thim again, for I want the money badly meself."

"B'leeve me, Tom," she replied, "things o' this sort don't end

well. There isn't luck in them, except its bad luck. Misther Donovan, wan way or other, has been hunted into this strait, an' I tell you, whoevir is at the bottom av it won't thrive."

"I tell you what it is, Missis Keogh," interposed Phil Corkran, who had sat listening to the conversation, and emptying the glasses he had repeatedly filled, "this thing can all be settled comfortably. Here's Mary here," said he, "an' she has it all in her own power to make her father as aisy as ivir, if she only takes my advice."

Delivering himself of this peroration, Phil drew his chair over beside Mary Donovan, and sitting down, continued:

"An' d'ye know what that advice is, Mary? Jist only to get married, an' take meself to put the ring on yer finger."

Mary looked around her towards her father, as the drunken fellow addressed this speech to her, but she knew the difficulties which surrounded him commanded her civility to Phil, and she answered:

"I don't mean to lave my father, Misther Corkran, an' I don't think he'd let me if I was willing itself—which I am not."

"Aisy, now, Mary, its only coaxin' you want," said Corkran, attempting to put his arm around her waist. "Mind you I'm a better man than Charley Carroll, who, they do say, softened your heart wanst; cum now, Mary!"

"Charley Carroll," said she, pushing her chair away, "is dead an' gone, God rest him, an' the dead oughtn't to be meddled for the sorra of the livin'."

"Divil a hair I care," said he, "where he is, bud you're here, an' so am I, an' I make you a fair offer, an' bedad id's a good wan. Cum over here now."

He grasped her hand as he spoke, and tried to make her sit beside him. Mary struggled to free her fingers from his grasp in vain.

"Let me out, Phil Corkran!" she said, indignantly, "let me out; I want none of your freedoms."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the ruffian, "in throth it's on me knee you'll sit, an' you'll be kinder presently."

He pulled her forcibly over to him, when the stranger in the corner arose, took off his hat, divested himself of his over coat and neck-tie, and turning to the struggling girl, caught her around the waist with one arm, and dealt Corkran a blow of such force with the other, that he fell sprawling backwards across the chair on which he had intended to seat himself.

"Mary Donovan," said the stranger, "its many a year since I saw your face, but I didn't forget you, nor have you forgotten me. I came jist in time to-night to serve you, but little I thought that sorrow had such a gripe upon you and yours as from all I heard here I know it has."

"Oh Charley," said Mary, clinging hysterically to his neck, "why didn't you let us know where you were, an' we'd know where to find a friend."

"All in good time, Mary, I'll tell you my story; but sit down until I settle an old score with this blackguard," he said, pointing to Phil Corkran, who had risen to his feet and was glaring at his rival with an expression of ferocious cowardice.

"Cum away, Phil," said one of the men who had accompanied him; "cum away, man."

"I wont," roared Phil, "I'll knock the life out of that returned informer."

Phil shook his stick menacingly at Charley Carroll, for he was the stranger.

"Call me that name again," said Carroll, "and not all the law in the world will save ye from my hands."

"Cum Phil," said the man who had before interposed, linking his arm within that of the ruffian, and bringing him to the door.

"Go now," said Carroll, "or I'll make ye."

"I wont," roared Phil, as he went out shaking his stick, and in a violent exertion not to get back. "I wont," he shouted until the door closed behind him.

"And now, Tom Corkran," said Carroll, "what is the amount of your claim against Ulick Donovan?"

"A half year's rent," promptly answered Tom.

"Give me the agent's receipt for it," said Carroll, "and here it is," unfolding, as he spoke, a roll of notes. "Bring home your cattle, I'll satisfy this man's claim."

Old Donovan looked up in the stranger's face with an air of bewilderment, whilst Carroll laughed.

"Don't be ashamed to take a little return from wild Charley

Carroll for all the kindness you gave him" he said. "I went from Ireland a poor and hunted man. I stand upon her shores again, able to buy out the owner of Kilsbane if he'll only sell it; and, to tell you truly, I am expecting a letter from my solicitor that every inch of the old sod is mine, for I have been already in treaty with its beggared possessor. But hush, there is twelve o'clock, it is the Christmas morning—shake hands old friend! I wish you a merry Christmas and many happy returns of the season."

There is hardly any need for us to continue this episode of life amongst our peasantry. Charles Carroll had made a fortune in the war of liberation of the Spanish States of America; and he had come home to claim the hand and heart of the girl he loved, and to whom he had been true amidst all vicissitudes. When the Christmas Eve came round again, he was master of all the broad acres of the estate of Kilsbane. He had his home in the ancestral mansion which adorned it; and beside his hearth, its presiding genius, hovered his fair young wife. She had grown in beauty as she had grown in happiness. Endowed with native grace, she adorned the sphere to which she had been raised. Tried with poverty, she had not forgotten the poor; and never did the Christmas come on Kilsbane, in which all its tenants rejoiced so heartily before, as on the first occasion when wild Charley Carroll and gentle Mary Donovan presided in "the House," as it was called *par excellence*. In a hundred homes their happiness was prayed for on that night. From a thousand hearts arose the most fervent orisons which ever besought heaven's blessing on human heads, for they were orisons that broke from hearts filled with gratitude, respect, and affection. All the intermediate details we leave to your imagination, dear reader; but if Charley Carroll and Mary his wife did not live happy, that you and I may.

OUR CHRISTMAS HAMPER.



AM of domestic habits; a Bachelor of Hymen, and hope to be a Bachelor of Arts and of Medicine. I hope to take honours at T.C.D., my Alma proper; to become an active member of the Fire Brigade, and a benefactor to, and promoter of, the Animal Cruelty Prevention Society. I patronize the fine arts and musical societies, and possess a good voice, a fair complexion, a "pinched" income, a tolerable appetite, and that grand institution, a noble old mother. Mother is over sixty years of age, and reads without glasses; she rises daily at six o'clock, and has breakfast waiting on me by eight.

I think she works more than our servant Susan, as I never see her unemployed. She says that idleness would make her sick, so manages amongst other things to attend outdoors' morning devotion. Mother says that I have the "turn" of father. Father is dead nearly thirty years. Mother has seen better days, even in my memory; thanks Providence for all things, and is satisfied. She says that I am the "prop" of her old age. I am a poor support, for so far, but I told her lately "stays" might help both of us. I think she understood me, for, said she, "I will look to it." I do not think she did look to it, however.

Mother and I live in a very old city, and in what had been a very retired street. We took our house on account of its "quiet neighbourhood," but the railway terminus, and the new paving blocks,

have converted it into a rattling locality. I am obliged to study in a three-pair back, and with plugged ears. So much for improvements.

Down west mother has a sister—Aunt Margaret. She is old unmarried, and I think that she is a strong-minded woman. Mother thinks so too. Aunt Margaret is rich; she lives in a large old ivy-clad house, situate in a green plantation, and feeds calves, turkeys, and young lambs. I was at her house—"Derrybramble Manor" is the name of it—once upon a time. Aunt Margaret is no way like mother, unless that she, too, reads without glasses. Twice annually Aunt Margaret comes to town; not for the purpose of seeing mother and I, but to arrange with her banker and her broker. Last time she was in town, she told us that her shares in the railway companies were more than sufficient to qualify her as director for each, were ladies admissible. I proffered her my services, and said I would represent her if it would do, but she said I should "mount the hill of fame by means of my own ladder." I told Aunt Margaret that my difficulty lay in the procurement of the ladder, and that if I had the ladder and some one to hold it securely at bottom, I would mount the hill of fame or higher. Aunt Margaret replied that there was "something" in my observations worthy of consideration. Mother shook her head at me. So the subject dropped.

Aunt Margaret sends us three times annually, from Derrybramble Manor, a large hamper, heavy and full of her northern productions—rabbits, turkeys, eggs, and what not. Not so bad of Aunt Margaret; but it would be better for us if she would send even a smaller hamper more frequently. I told mother so, but she replied, "hush child!" I was right, however, in so far as our Christmas hamper was concerned, as shall be known presently, but I'll tell it in confidence and secrecy, for fear of Aunt Margaret coming to hear how the contents of the hampers used to be distributed.

For a number of years past, when Aunt Margaret used to forward a hamper, she wrote to mother, by that day's post, and enclosed a "catalogue of contents" of hamper. She sent the catalogue, she said, for fear of "pilferage." Last Christmas-time Aunt Margaret's letter and catalogue came to mother. The catalogue was long, very interesting, and elicited our fullest meed of praise to Aunt Margaret for her kind selections. The letter stated, that the hamper had been forwarded, and would be delivered by the railway company, likely ere the letter had arrived.

Now we would not, for the world, wish that Aunt Margaret should know, that out of all the hampers full, sent from Derrybramble Manor to us, mother kept for our own use so much only as would be sure to hold good and palatable, and made presents of the remaining portions to "struggling acquaintances." This mother had done for years upon years. So on this occasion, mother sent word to the struggling people, that the catalogue had come, and the hamper, when received, would be seen into. This proceeding was all very good, but our astonishment was indeed great at not receiving, on the following day, the hamper, nor did it come to hand on the Sunday which followed, although the vans were out on that sanctified day, as we took care to note. Mother said that the frost and the snow retarded quick delivery, an observation in which I fully concurred, so we expected that the hamper would surely come on Monday. We were disappointed, however; no hamper came to hand, up to long long after dusk, nor afterwards, to Christmas Eve!

It was after nine o'clock at night, and within a very few hours of the anniversary of that glorious day which gave joy to heaven, and hope to poor mortality; yet Aunt Margaret's hamper had not arrived! Mother was put about; she did not care for herself, she said, but her word was pledged. Servant Susan, did not like "tossication" on Christmas-day, she said, "railways were a pest, and she always thought so. They (the railways) should be tried for their lives." As for her, "she would sooner, by far, walk home to Derrybramble (her native locality), than give the railway company a shilling of her money,—in this determination she would live and die." I remembered that there would be a "late" train, and I determined to see if it were possible for us to have the hamper for the Christmas; so I put on my hat and cape, and went to the railway station. The train had just arrived,—the parcel-offices were open,—the goods stores were open, the clerks and porters were busy.

I was informed that the "vans" were then out—late as it was—and that they would be delivering on the following day, although it would be Christmas-day. Mother and I did expect the hamper

would be to hand early next day. Christmas morning came, but no hamper. I asked mother what was to be done, as I knew she did not purchase at the Christmas market, depending on the hamper from Derrybramble Manor. Mother said it would be "all right." I thought this her way, so did not feel contented. I again went to the railway station, where I found very many persons looking after their Christmas hampers and Christmas parcels. There were there old gentlemen, who used very energetic language to the clerks, considering it was Christmas-day, and young gentlemen, who said they were too much annoyed to speak; and ladies tapped with their parasols the desks and counters; and others scolded, and took off their gloves, and put them on again; and poor people who spoke of the hardship, and the disappointment, and the loss, as they depended on the coming things, and had "managed" accordingly. And we all said, or did, something; and the clerks said but little but wrote much, and they were literally "hampered" with packages, and with us. So we were told the vans were out, and that we should get out too. And the superintendent got annoyed, and said again that we should retire; and we did retire, under protest, and we were all put about; and some threatened "damages," and some said they would see to it; and some said their hampers were long, long overdue; and a wag—I think he was a wag—cried "foul play." And I went to mother and told her how matters stood, and she did not appear disappointed then, but said "Heaven help the poor!" and I said "amen," for I was very sorrowful.

I have not ascertained in what manner our "struggling friends" managed under the disappointment we caused them; but mother, I do know, managed as if no disappointment had occurred. She always got over difficulties; she is used to them, she says, and tries to be prepared accordingly. Our Christmas fowl, which we had for dinner, was very good (but mother says now that it was not as good as if the production of Derrybramble); the plum-pudding was delicious, and rich in fruit. I am fond of good fruit. Tom Bredin, my old class-fellow, and old Mr. Benjamin, our private tutor, dined and spent the evening with mother and I. Tom sang some original songs; I accompanied him with my voice and piano. Mr. Benjamin discoursed mother and the decanters; I think that he discoursed the contents of the decanters very fully and freely, for long before he left, his face got claret-coloured quite; his mouth and voice "thick," and altered in tone, his eyes in expression, and his gait quite irregular, as he got up to propose a "Happy Christmas and many of them," and health and felicity to my pupils. Mr. Henry Vincent Turgram and Mrs. Turgram (mother and I) and Mr. Bredin the "stellations of the age," the "totality of genius"; the modern Sylvia and her "two" sons. He was not very particular as to who were his pupils, or mother's offspring. Mr. Benjamin then wished to sing his latinized "Shipwrecked Sailor." Tom and I objected, on account of Mr. Benjamin's articulation, which was nearly indistinct, and on account of the time of night. After a little time Tom and Mr. Benjamin saw each other home.

Thus wore on, and nearly out, Christmas Day. Mother appeared happy, servant Susan was, I suppose, happy, for she had friends below stairs, and their laughter was very loud, and very frequent. I sat by the drawing-room fire, in our arm-chair, happy also—so happy as to fall fast asleep and to dream of railways, Aunt Margaret, Mr. Benjamin, and Derrybramble. I dreamed that mother, Aunt Margaret, and I, were preparing for servant Susan and our disappointed friends a magnificent dinner, and that some great guest was to be also at the dinner, and that Aunt Margaret only knew the name of this great guest, and that she would not divulge the name, (which name consequently remains a puzzle to posterity), and that my duty, specified to me by Aunt Margaret, was to "keep a clear and smokeless fire, and from a dent, which was placed in an angle of a large iron tray, that rested beneath revolving spits, to keep lubricated the fowl, and whole sides of oxen, which were placed on the spits, the ladle by which I was to lubricate consisting of a handle several feet in length, surmounted by a cup quite as large as half the sphere of a foot-ball. My duty was arduous and unremitting, particularly so on account of the "close eye" Aunt Margaret kept on me, and worst of all was, she would not listen to my protestations against the ungeniality of the occupation in which I was engaged, nor place me in a less humiliating, less tortuous, or less warm employment. Aunt Margaret herself was at a side table, making pastry, and rolling it out with a rolling pin—(work I considered very easy for Aunt Margaret after her years of experience),

and as she rolled out the pastry, she rolled me out her "mind" on hard work, the "hill of fame," and her paid-up capital in the three companies, and I plied the ladle vigorously, and kept the fire bright. At length Aunt Margaret finished the pastry, so came to me with the rolling-pin in her hand, and said, "Take this rolling-pin, it will form the first rung for your ladder to mount the hill of fame." She then tapped me on the back, and left me. Astonished and perplexed at my position, with the rolling-pin in one hand and the ladle in the other, with the contents on the spits, which smoked and hissed for lubrication, and with the fire, which was running down fast, I awoke, and found mother in the act of tapping me on the back and shoulders, and servant Susan laughing so heartily as to be scarcely able to ejaculate, "The Christmas hamper has come at last but the eggs are broken!"

PYRAMUS.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER V.



AMAICA LODGE is within a sixpenny ride of London. Therefore, when no engagement kept John Ashby in town on Saturday, it was his custom to repair thither in the afternoon, and to remain till Monday morning. He seldom left the Temple, however, without having entreated one or two of his intimate friends to keep him company there on the Sunday afternoon. He promised them an excellent glass of wine, and the run of his father's cigar-box. These were temptations to many of his associates, but particularly to Namby.

We will ring up the curtain upon the Lodge on a certain Saturday afternoon, when John Ashby was comfortably seated at the parental hearth; his carpet bag having been deposited very carefully in his bedroom by his sister Victoria, who always insisted upon performing this duty for him.

"So Mr. Faversham is well, Jack?" said Mr. Ashby.

"All right, now—the jellies did it—or the tracts. Which do you think, Araminta?" and Jack turned maliciously to the saint. The saint looked neither so pale nor so frigid as usual.

"If Mr. Faversham has not been altogether spoiled by bad society, he has possibly derived more benefit from a certain divine's advice, than you, with your mockery, dream of, Jack."

"No lectures, Araminta; I can wait till to-morrow morning," said Jack. "Faversham—I'll do him that justice—certainly read them all, and seemed to be very properly dull afterwards. By George, all men are dull while they are ill."

"That is true, John," continued the saint; "while they are ill, they are serious; make all kinds of professions; will read good writings; but directly they leave their rooms, they leave their religion; alas!"

"Very true," interposed the elder Ashby, venturing rather timidly to open an argument with his immaculate daughter; "but is it quite clear, my dear child, that this falling off is not owing to the habit of basing religious instruction upon a system of the purest selfishness?"

The saint looked horrified. She even rose from her recumbent position upon the sofa—an effort which proved the intensity of her excitement.

"Yes, my dear child, an organised selfishness. The sick are taught to pray—why? Because death may be at their elbows, waiting for his prey. What is the object of their prayers?—their own salvation? Why, when they get better, do they cease to be devout?—because the danger is no longer present. Death has lifted his lean fingers from their pillow, and walked on his way to another."

"Pure selfishness, by George!" exclaimed Jack, as he filled his wine glass.

"Well!" said Miss Ashby, with a tone of wonder. She was

waiting, staring with her cold eyes upon her father, evidently pausing to see how far he had proceeded on the road to perdition.

"Well, my dear, I have done. This has struck me very forcibly. I am convinced that there is a rotten selfishness which generally pervades the world. All that we do of good, we do, not for the love of the work, but because we hope to get cent for cent, of happiness out of the performance."

Jack generally made his appearance, on Sunday, when the family were at luncheon after their return from church. He would come down from his bedroom with a crumpled copy of yesterday's "Times" in his hand, followed by "Cheek"—his beloved terrier. Mr. Ashby invariably observed, on these occasions, that no young man had ever made his way in the world who had not risen early some time in his life. Jack invariably replied, that he intended to turn over a new leaf on the following morning. Then a walk occupied the family till dinner-time. Before sitting down to this important meal, how anxiously had Jack always stretched his neck over the garden gate, to look out for visitors "looming in the distance." When he had looked in vain for the outlines of some dear Temple friend, how sulkily did the young fellow sit down to dinner—in no way reconciled to the idea of an afternoon with his serious family. Alone, he was not a man there. He could not seize upon the decanter when he chose; his opinions went for nothing; his subjects of conversation were not those of his father. The jokes he had to tell were not jokes to the paternal ear:—the confidences he had to make could not, alas! be poured upon the paternal heart. No, he was a boy, and his father was a man! it seemed impossible to alter these relations. The exclamation of the old lady of ninety when she lost her promising daughter of seventy-two, ("I knew I should never rear that child!") appeared quite natural, and in no way ridiculous to him. He felt that, should his father live to complete his ninetieth year, he would remain liable to a box of the ear at sixty-five. Jack loved his father nevertheless—and felt that his weekly visits were matters of duty—of common gratitude; for his father had helped him out of many scrapes, and had always cleared the clouds from his prospects, when his own follies had darkened his way.

The Sunday which was the morrow of that evening on which the conversation on Faversham's recovery took place, was, however, one of Jack's bright Sundays. Both Namby and Faversham had promised to reach Jamaica Lodge before the dinner-hour. Faversham arrived very early; he opened the gate, as Amy was locking up the luncheon-sherry, before going out, in obedience to the maternal idea, that servants' virtue was not proof against a wine bottle.

"Here is Mr. Faversham!" shouted Victoria, opening the parlour door.

"That's all right," Jack replied emphatically. A load had evidently been taken off his mind.

Faversham was pleased to remark the evident pleasure with which he was received. Miss Ashby dropped her little lavender glove into his hand, then went up stairs to prepare for her walk; Ashby senior bade Victoria withdraw the sherry from the cupboard; and Mrs. Ashby proceeded to make elaborate inquiries into the extent and nature of his late illness. Of course Faversham made light of his sufferings (though he had borne them most impatiently), said many pretty things about the jellies, and offered his arm to Miss Ashby, as the party issued from Jamaica Lodge, for a walk.

It was a fine late autumn day. The damp odour of the fallen leaves gave a richness to the air; the hedges glowed with berries; the trees still bore their consumptive leaves, flushed with the hectic hues of death. The ground was crisp; and the wind was fresh. It was a day that gave elasticity to the step, and sent the blood racing through the veins. Miss Ashby was a good walker; Faversham hated walking. He spent untold sums in cabs; but he was too polite to be weary on this occasion. He tripped along with the young lady, a little nervously at first, but enlivening the way by pleasant gossip—the ice once broken. Miss Ashby even smiled occasionally, and became voluble, a positive chatterbox, when her companion made reference to passages in some of the good books she had sent him.

"You must not confound me with young men who laugh at these serious questions," Faversham said. "I am careless and foolish, but I respect the scruples of every person. I only wish I could see all the wrong other people seem to see in things which really and truly appear to me to be innocent."

"Self-examination every hour will do it," replied the little saint, looking up to Faversham, to see whether he was really in earnest. "You should be always thinking of good works."

"Possibly," replied the young gentleman, as he lopped the way-side nettles with his cane, "but the fact is, I want energy. I'm a creature of habit and impulse. I never hurt a fly in my life, that I can remember; on the other hand, I don't know that I ever did any positive good to anybody. I haven't the opportunity, I suppose; but pray, let us change the subject. I know you must have a very poor opinion of me, but I shall perhaps be worthier to talk to you some of these days, when I have pulled somebody out of the river, or dragged a child from a fire, or done something of that kind." This sentence was concluded petulantly.

Miss Ashby made no reply, but presently Faversham looked under the prettiest blue bonnet in the world, a bonnet worthy of Lucy Hocquet's shop window, and saw that his companion was very grave indeed. There was something that made him very nervous in the expression of Miss Ashby's eyes, when at this moment they met his; and at intervals he could not help snatching sly glances at the little saintly face, that never turned again full upon him during the remainder of that Autumn walk.

At dinner he sat near Victoria, who laughed and blushed when he took wine with her; who was sure he wanted all kinds of things that he did not want; who seemed to feel, in short, very uncomfortable that he treated her like a young lady. She was pleased to escape from the insignificance of childhood to the white chair of state of young ladyhood, but she was a little frightened at the dignity. She wondered whether that tiresome Jack was laughing in his sleeve, at her discomfiture. Faversham never noticed all this confusion; he never noticed anything. He took his wine, he ate his dinner, glancing, though he would not allow the fact, at the very serious young lady who sat opposite to him, and consumed a little pigeon specially prepared for her. She excused herself from the table before the dessert appeared, and presently Faversham saw her dragging Master Ashby along the garden path, on his way to prayers with her.

Mr. Namby made his appearance and his bow as the young lady with her refractory brother reached the garden gate. Was it possible to give a stiffer acknowledgment of a courtesy, than that Miss Ashby made to poor Namby? But the young fellow passed the stiffness without notice, and presently made his appearance in the dining-room, endeavouring in vain to suppress his laughter. Master Ashby had appealed to him, to decide whether it was not a shame to be dragged off to afternoon service without his pudding.

"The young rogue," said Mr. Ashby, "he will be a worldly fellow when he grows up." And having imbibed his first glass of port the father trust his hands deep into his pockets and looked very serious.

"Well, sir," piped Namby, tumbling at once against the prejudices of his host, "We have all grown up men of the world. You prefer your port to your pew on Sunday afternoon, and it is very natural I prefer my pipe to my free sitting, even in the morning, I own."

Namby filled his glass, and appeared satisfied entirely with his own way of settling the question.

To the horror of Jack, Namby had roused his father to an argument. The old gentleman having folded his habitual bandana across his knees, and filled his capacious hand with filberts (which rogues Victoria had cracked for him) proceeded to lay down the voluminous laws upon which he based his indulgence in port, and his absence from prayer.

"Mr. Namby," said the old gentleman, "there are no pews in my place of worship. We object to them; we have sittings."

"That will do, father," Jack interposed, kicking Namby vigorously at the same time under the table. And so the conversation on the subject terminated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIBERTY.—Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS OBSERVANCES.

"At Christmas be mery, and thanke God of all;
And feast thy pore neighbours, the great with the small;
Yea al the yere longe haue an eie to the pore,
And God shall send lucke to kepe open thy dore."

TASSER.



ALTHOUGH almost every subject of interest in connection with the historic and traditional associations of the festival of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour have been from time to time elaborately treated, we must confess that each return of the season carries with it so many pleasurable emotions, that, even at the risk of being considered prolix and tedious, we cannot refrain from noting a few of those time-honoured observances which have for many and many a generation tended to remind erring humanity of their Saviour's natal morn, and to inculcate that grandest and noblest of lessons which, in the words of one of the old Christmas Carols, teaches—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men,
Begin and never cease!"

The Saxons and other northern nations kept a festival at this time of the year in honour of Thor, in which they mingled feasting with sacrifices and religious rites. It was called Yule, or Jule, a term of which the derivation has caused much antiquarian discussion. Some consider it to mean "a festival," while others assert that Iol, or Iul, is a primitive word, conveying the idea of a wheel, and, therefore, applicable to the return of the sun. The name Yule still continues to be applied to the festival of Christmas in Scotland, and in parts of England, having been retained when Christianity put its broad-arrow on pagan goods and chattels. The "Saturnalia" of the Romans had apparently the same object as the Yule-tide, or feast of the northern nations. The Greeks, Persians, Chinese, Mexicans, etc., had all something similar. According to Brady's "Clavis Calendaria," the Christmas epoch was first introduced into chronology in the year 523, and was established in England by the Venerable Bede, but the observance of the feast in honour of the Nativity was of much earlier date. In the second century it was ordained, according to Telesphorus, that "in the holy night of the Nativity of our Lord and Saviour, they do celebrate publique Church services, and in them solemnly sing the Angell's Hymne." In the course of the fourth century a perfect holocaust of human victims was sacrificed at the very altar, by Dioclesian, the Tyrant, while engaged in commemorating the festival of our Divine Redeemer. They had assembled for that purpose in the temple at Nicomedia, in Bythynia, when the sanguinary ruler in question caused it to be enclosed and given to the flames, about twenty thousand persons perishing on the occasion.

The first ceremony, after decking the house with evergreens, not forgetting the mistletoe, with its pearly berries and osculatory charms—and won't the writer test them this Christmas!—is, or rather should be, to light the Christmas block, or yule log, a very ancient custom. This consists of a massive piece of wood—frequently the rugged root of a tree—grotesquely marked, and which should burn throughout the holidays, reserving a small piece to light the fire for the Christmas of the ensuing year.

The "Wassail Bowl" was a composition of ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted apples. The term Wassail, or Wassel, is generally derived from the salutation of Rowena, daughter of Hengist, King of the Saxons, to Vortigern, King of the Britons, in the early part of the fifth century, when she presented him with a cup of some favourite liquor, welcoming him with the words, "Louerd King, was-heil," to which he replied, as he had been instructed, "Drinc heile." From a very early period the term "wasseling" has been used for revelry and carouse. There were regular Wassail Songs, of which some specimens may be found in the Harleian MSS. Per-

haps one of the most amusing of these is the one commencing—

"Bryng vs home good ale, bryng vs home good ale;
And for our der lady-love, bryng vs home good ale."

Popular belief will have it that it is not man only that recognises the sanctity of Christmas morning; for the bees are heard to sing, and the draught oxen may be seen to kneel, in memory of the oxen at the holy manger. Howison, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," relates the circumstance of his meeting an Indian at midnight on Christmas Eve—

"That happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down!"

during a beautiful moonlight, cautiously creeping along, who beckoned him to silence in vain, and in answer to his inquiries said:—"Me watch to see the deer kneel; this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up!" When reading this touching incident we could not fail recalling a remark of poor Thomas Davis's, to the effect that the veriest Pagan who bends the knee to a stick or stone, has a notion—vague and indistinct as that notion may be—of a Deity far beyond it.

The boar's head was a celebrated dish at Christmas, and was ushered in with great pomp and ceremony. Holinshed relates that in the year 1170, Henry II., on the day when his son was crowned, served him at table himself, bringing up the boar's head, with trumpets before it, "according to the manner." Long after this the Boar's Head, with a lemon in its mouth, continued to be the first dish at Christmas in great houses, but brawn is now substituted for it in most cases. The latter is a dish of great antiquity, and may be found in most of the old bills of fare for coronation and other extensive feasts. Chaucer thus refers to it in his "Sompnoure's Tale":—

"Yeve us a bushel whete, or malt, or reye,
A Goddes kichel, or a trippe of chese,
Or elles what you list, we may not chese;
A Goddes halpenny, or a masse penny;
Or yeve us at your brawn, if ye have any."

From this it would appear to have been then an article of great rarity. Brawn, mustard, and malmsey, were directed for breakfast at Christmas during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Minceed, or mince-pies, are another dish of considerable antiquity, and are still in great request as an essential article in Christmas dinners. This savoury viand is said to have reference in the variety of its ingredients to the offering of the Wise Men. Amongst innumerable other items of Christmas folk-lore, it is said that in as many different houses as you eat mince-pies during Christmas, so many happy months will you have during the ensuing year.

Turkeys appear to form a portion of Christmas fare everywhere. In Spain it was customary for patients to send their medical attendants presents of these fowl, as well as capons. Gascoigne, writing in 1575, says:—

"And when the tenauntes come to paie their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish in Lent;
At Christmas a capon, at Michaelmas a goose;
And somewhat else at New Yere's tide, for feare their lease shal loose."

There is a custom in the south of Ireland, and, indeed, generally throughout the country, for the peasantry to carry about, on St. Stephen's Day, from house to house, a holly bush adorned with ribbons, having several wrens depending from it. The "Wren Boys," as they are termed, chaunt some verses, the burthen of which may be gleaned from the following lines of their song:—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze.
Although he is little, his family's great.
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat."

My box would speak if it had but a tongue,
And two or three shillings would do it no wrong,
Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy—sing holly,
A drop just to drink, it would drown melancholy."

And if you draw it of the best,
I hope in heaven your soul may rest ;
But if you draw it of the small,
It won't agree with the wren boys at all."

In the early ages minstrels and mimics were in great request at the Christmas festival. The term "Wait," was employed to designate a species of musician, who kept watch at night during certain times of the year, having a hautboy, or some similar instrument, on which he was to pipe watch, as it was called, and to make *bon gayle*—that is *bon guet*—at the different chamber doors. In the household of Edward III., we find mention among the minstrels of "Waytes," who had 12d. a day in time of war, but in time of peace only 20s. a year. In old times minstrels used to travel the country in search of bride-ale, Christmas dinners, fairs, etc., and whenever they could do so, gained access to the mansions of the nobility and gentry.

The practice of decorating churches with evergreens at Christmas is of very ancient date. From the most remote times branches of trees and flowers were employed in religious ceremonies as emblems of gladness. One of the earliest of the old Christmas carols, is of the time of Henry VI., and is called "A Song on the Ivy and the Holly." In many parts of Germany, and in Sicily, a large bough is set up in the principal room at Christmas time, the smaller branches of which are hung with little presents suitable to the different members of the household. The mistletoe, which forms an essential and prominent object in these decorations, was looked upon by our Pagan ancestors with a species of veneration; it is supposed to have been the sacred branch referred to by Virgil, in his description of the descent of Æneas to the lower regions.

If so, it is probable it was in use in the religious ceremonies of the Greeks and Romans. The Gothic nations attached extraordinary qualities to it, and it is said in the "Edda" to have been the cause of the death of the famous hero Balder. Frigga—from whom our word Friday—when she adjured all the other plants, with the animals, birds, metals, earth, fire, water, reptiles, diseases, and poison, not to do him any hurt, neglected to take any oath from the mistletoe, from a blow of a branch of which he was ultimately slain. It is well known that this plant was held sacred by the Druids and the Celtic nations. The former were accustomed to collect the mistletoe on the approach of the new year, with many mysterious ceremonies, such as cutting it with a golden sickle, and receiving it in a white cloth, the officiating Druids being also clad in white. Coles, in his "Art of Simpling" (1656) observes, that "if one hang mistletoe about the neck, the witches can have no power of him." Witchcraft, however, is by no means defunct in the present generation, for beneath the bunch of mistletoe suspended from the ceilings of pleasant drawing-rooms at Christmas-tide, the glances of bright eyes, and the nectar of ruby lips have enthralled the hearts—aye, and senses too, of many a liege subject of the realm.

The original application of the term "carol" would appear to have been to festive songs, and as these become most prevalent during Christmas, it has for a long time past designated those songs during

that feast. So popular did they become, that Wynkin de Worde, one of the earliest English printers, was induced to print a set of them in the year 1521, containing amongst others the celebrated "Boar's Head Carol," anciently sung upon the introduction of that dish on Christmas Day. In Shakespeare's time, carols were sung at night during Christmas about the streets, and made a pretext for collecting money. In Germany it was the custom for the young people of both sexes to go about from house to house on the three Thursday nights preceding the Nativity, knocking at the door, and singing Christmas carols, [and wishing a happy new year. In the grand Christmas kept up at court, and other places, the singing of carols invariably constituted part of the necessary ceremonies. Carols at this period were probably divided into two sorts; one of a more serious nature, sung in churches and through the streets, ushering in the Christmas morning, the other, of a more convivial character, was adapted to the season of feasting and carousing. Some of them were called "Wassel Songs," and may be traced back to the Anglo-Normans, who were very prone to conviviality, and encouraged everything that was likely to aid it.

There is no doubt that carol singing was of very ancient origin in France, and that the Christmas customs there had a common source with, and were in many respects similar to, our own. Perhaps one of the most familiar of these carols is that entitled "A Child this day is born," which commences thus:—

"A Child this day is born,
A Child of high renown,
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown.
Novels, Novels, Novels,
Novels sing all we may,
Because the King of all Kings
Was born this blessed day."

Well, Old Father Christmas has brought his sports again, and it is a meet time for everyone to see what there lies in his or her path for them to do, in order to make it a happy season for others. The retrospect of the past year will, doubtless, be a mournful one for many. But the Past returns not, and if those to whom the recollection of the interval that has elapsed since last merry bells ushered in Christmas morning, is a pleasant one, will but endeavour to assuage any feelings that do not harmonize with the holy and cheerful associations of the hoary Christmas-tide, for how many to whom it is now a melancholy blank may not the Future be presented in a hopeful and glowing guise? For ourselves, a voice unheard for many a day echoes in our ears; a soft hand rests confidently in ours, and thankfully acknowledging that that fickle dame Fortune has deigned to smile on our progress, we sincerely and cordially wish our readers, each and everyone,

A Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME. BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VI.

FAVERSHAM in the meantime was nearly asleep, but a considerate walnut shell from his faithful friend and sincere admirer, Jack, roused him before

Mr. Ashby noticed his somnolent guest, to take part in a discussion on the state of parties in the House of Commons, which ensued. Of course, the fate of the existing ministry was sealed on this occasion by Mr. Ashby; who foretold political disasters with the zest

of a modern patriot. He was for destroying the prestige of the nobility altogether. Commerce was the great fact of the present time. The history of the nineteenth century was a history of the cotton crops. He was for having the people in the people's house.

"Yes, let the working man be represented fairly," said Namby, falling in with the tendency of the conversation, by way of making himself agreeable, and although he was in the habit of cutting cruel jokes at the working man's expense.

"Eh! did I understand you, the working man?" said the owner of Jamaica Lodge. "No, sir, I mean the commercial man. The working man is too ignorant, sir; he would legalise all kinds of matters obnoxious to the true

interests of trade; he would try to dip his fingers in our pockets. No sir; the people who make this country great are the middle classes. They are the bone and sinew of the state. You young men have been caught up by a canting set of spongy-headed sentimentalists. I have had forty years' experience of the world, sir, and I tell you that the salvation of this empire is in the hands of the merchants of this empire."

As Mr. Ashby approached his peroration, Jack once more kicked his friend Namby to quiet him, and stop the conversation.

"Exactly so," said the young fellow; "my father is right."

Boquets of girls, in all kinds of dahlia colours, began to pass the gate about this time.

"Chapel is over!" said Mrs. Ashby in a quiet voice, as she rose from her seat, and was conducted to the drawing-room by the attentive Faversham.

Namby endeavoured to be agreeable to Miss Ashby, but his endeavours failed entirely. In the estimation of this young lady, he was a low young man. He had bad tastes, bad ideas, bad manners. She was astonished to hear that Mr. Faversham associated with him, but she supposed all young men were alike. Some could hide their defects, their real characters. When Namby, late in the evening, caught Faversham in earnest conversation with the saint; when, together, he saw them turning over the leaves of Gray's Elegy, illustrated by the Etching Club, and remarked the serious expression upon this young gentleman's face, he declared that Faversham was the greatest humbug he knew;

and wound up his opinion on the entire day by the expression that between the saint and Faversham "it was a decided case."

He opened this view of the matter as he walked home with "the



greatest humbug." Faversham repudiated such a verdict with singular vehemence. He had been polite; the conversation amused him. He wanted to come at her real opinions; to see how far she was sincere in her religious professions; to discover whether or not under the ice there was not a hot spring in which some human tenderness could warm itself.

"Now I'm convinced of it, my boy," exclaimed Namby. "When you begin to search for a fire, it is pretty certain that you want to warm your own fingers." Namby chuckled at his happy way of putting Faversham's image to the test.

"I tell you what it is, Namby," Faversham answered rather angrily; "you are so unused to ladies' society, that you mistake ordinary politeness for something deeper and more significant. When I tell you that I have no intention of bidding for the five icicles of Jack's sister, it ought to be enough."

"Well, my boy, we'll leave the young lady in her native frigidity. Only let me warn you against any kind of analysis. Don't be curious about the warm springs; be content to slide upon the ice. The springs are marked dangerous!"

"All right!" was Faversham's answer; and the two smoked vigorously, as they strode past the long places, rows, terraces, and crescents, which lay between Jamaica Lodge and the Temple. This way lay past the splendid mansion in which Namby senior dwelt. Namby touched his companion's arm as they approached it.

"See," he said, "the governor has got a party to-night. By George, what would the old gentleman say if I were to make my bow suddenly to his friends? Well, I suppose he couldn't turn me out before strangers, but how savage he'd be! His clerk, Highlow, would have a long speech to make to me when my next remittance was due, and I should have to depend upon those imaginary properties known as 'my own resources.'"

Faversham was not so light-hearted as his friend. He ventured to suggest that perhaps, after all, Namby senior had good cause for his want of friendship.

"You know, my boy," added Faversham, pressing the point very tenderly, "you have bored the old gentleman confoundedly; £20 for cigars was rather stiff; and he *did* pay it."

"Well, never mind, it will all turn up right some day, I suppose. Come along, or the Rainbow will be shut up. Twenty-five years hence I suppose you and I will be respectable, middle-aged gentlemen, dining together in a suburban mansion, and cursing the folly of our sons, who will be then in the act, according to us, of throwing away the best position two young men ever had. All young men throw away two or three positions, before they do anything. You might as well beat a kitten because it preferred playing about the carpet with a ball of cotton, to taking a quiet seat in the sun upon the garden wall near its grave parent, as to quarrel with youth because it wanders hither and thither, attracted by every new enjoyment; while middle-age takes its sixpenny ride, at nine o'clock every morning, to the Bank."

"There's something in that, my dear Namby," said Faversham, "and I am as fertile in excuses for folly as any fellow; but, I am persuaded, that it is harder business for the governors than we are inclined to think. A man is in a dangerous way who exerts his ingenuity to excuse his errors. Clifton was quite right when he said that he could understand that derangement of reason which should lead an intellectual man to support murder with a conclusive argument in its favour. Why, we find discontented fellows twist their reason to serve their passion—often. Hence the republicans who would rob on system, saying all men are equal, all have a right to an equal share of the world's advantages and enjoyments. Be persuaded of this, old fellow, we are in the wrong as well as our governors; and we can't try to twist ourselves into the right, when we play away our rent at whist, or spend it at Vauxhall, without damaging our moral constitutions. I could contrive a plausible argument in favour of debt, but I know, deuced well, that reality would confound the practice of it irrevocably by the touch of a sheriff's officer. But here's the Rainbow still open."

"And here's the appetite for a Welsh rabbit," said Namby, glad to dive down the long avenue to the tavern, and perhaps to escape the moralising tendencies of his companion.

Namby declared to some friends he found in one of the boxes, seriously engaged upon baked potatoes, that "he had been to chapel, and that the Reverend Mr. Faversham had preached a most edifying discourse."

I am not convinced that, as Faversham very silently discussed his rabbit, his thoughts did not wander, of course mechanically, all the way to Jamaica Lodge.

"Faversham, my boy, lend me five shillings," quoth Mr. Namby, as, early on the morrow after the evening spent at Jamaica Lodge, he discovered himself at his friend's bedside.

"Hanged if I think I've got as much," replied Mr. Faversham, turning in his bed, "but feel in my pocket, old fellow, and take what you find."

"All right—thanks. I want it for the Wretch. She has been talking to me about five children, and want of breakfast, and has just now pointedly connected this absence of refreshment with the length of my bill. Any bitter beer in 'the crib'?"

"Not a drop; but Jack will send for some," responded Mr. Faversham.

Mr. Namby hereupon directed his steps to the chamber of young Mr. Ashby, and having fairly roused this gentleman, repeated the question.

"Oh! these London hours!" was Mr. Ashby's first exclamation. "What's the use of going to the sea-side! This isn't the high-road to the woolsock, Namby. Hand us that bottle of soda water. Then, just have a pipe in the next room, while I wash, and I'll be with you in five minutes. There's a copy of your own burlesque on the sofa: read that."

"What have I done to deserve the punishment?" squeaked Namby. "But I confess I'm somewhat puts on my comic Hamlet. You should have heard how the audience took every point in the scene where Ophelia brings her action for breach of promise against Hamlet, 'commonly known as the Prince of Denmark!' Ha! ha! they didn't miss a joke. I knew the thing was safe then. I went with the manager, Bobbles, to have a tumbler. But he wouldn't advance a shilling. I've just time for one pipe, and the Wretch must have her five shillings. She's in a deuce of a temper this morning—boiled my eggs hard, hang her!"

Mr. Namby did sit down, did take a pipe, did read his own burlesque, to his own great enjoyment. Now he squeaked a repartee from it into Mr. Faversham's room; and now, that his friend might be equally favoured, he jerked a pun into the apartment of Mr. Ashby, who politely laughed.

Presently Mr. Ashby exhibited his round head, the damp hair flattened over it, through his door, saying—"By Jove! my head hissed in the water! How many 'goes' did we have?"

"Nothing to hurt a school girl," replied Mr. Namby, still thumbing the burlesque.

"Make the tea, dear child," Mr. Ashby affectionately said, as he withdrew his head to his room to arrange its hair, and go through that trying moment in the toilette of even the stoutest heart—the moment of parting.

Mr. Faversham was quite silent in his room. To him the toilette was a ceremony to be conducted in solemn silence. His roguish friends might describe the process as that of adding perfume to the violet, or of painting the lily, if they pleased; but he knew the value of a complete exterior. He confessed to a preference for clean shirts to those occasionally exhibited by friend Namby. He *did* like patent leathers and fancy studs. Yes, he used *cire* to his moustache, perhaps to darken its natural auburn. Namby might call it a blue and yellow moustache, if it amused him. Was he to be blamed if he conscientiously believes that a man who wore his cravat awry, saw morally awry? If he believed this, as he devoutly did believe it, was he not justified in adjusting his own kerchief with mathematical precision, *aye*, even by the aid of pins? Faversham, in short, was fond of personal adornment. He cared no more for the loose shooting-jacket and the easy wide-awake, than he cared for leafy lanes and gurgling brooks. His place was Regent-street, his tailor, Poole at the very least.

Namby lifted his little eyes from his burlesque, when his friend Faversham walked in embroidered slippers into the sitting-room, and smiled.

"I don't see anything irresistibly comic in a clean shirt," said Mr. Faversham a little petulantly.

Namby still smiled, but his attention was concentrated upon Faversham's slippers. "A girl?" asked Mr. Namby, meaning to inquire whether the poems had been worked by the object of Mr. Faversham's affections.

"My aunt," was the brief response.

"Where were you last night, old fellow?" Mr. Namby inquired, as he fashioned a spill from the back cover of his burlesque.

"At Mrs. Mellon's."

"Not at Jamaica Lodge?" was the suggestive interruption of Namby.

"At Mrs. Mellon's, I said," Faversham severely repeated, "and a very pleasant evening we had."

"Let you smoke?"

"No; but there was a girl there who sang splendidly."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Namby, as he rolled his first cloud over his friend's breakfast-table. "An evening is no evening to me without my pipe."

Enter Mr. John Ashby. Hair matted in two curls against crimson cheeks, crisp collar, blue handkerchief with large white spots, snuff-coloured suit, snuff gaiters over patent leather boots, crimson silk pocket-handkerchief in hand. The style of man is unmistakable.

"Mouth as dry a parrot's," is the gentleman's morning salutation.

"I give you up as a bad job, Jack," from Mr. Faversham, who was arranging his slices of buttered roll, and adjusting his plates and cup, and knife and fork, with that precision which marked everything he did.

"By the way, Faversham, I had a note for you from the Lodge. I don't know where I put it, but it will keep; it's only about some confounded blanket club; some nonsense from Saint Minnie."

And Mr. Ashby began to moisten his parrot mouth, and to look eagerly over two hissing kidneys, which he had just removed from within the fender.

Namby nudged Mr. Ashby gently, and winked towards Mr. Faversham; who was clearly attempting to conceal his face with the morning paper. But the paper was damp, and it fell back, and there was a crimson glow upon the handsome features behind it.

"Well, Jack Faversham," said Namby, coming to the relief of his friend, "it's infernally ill-mannered of you to keep a letter in your pocket."

Jack started to his feet, and went to his bedroom to search his coat pockets, although Faversham protested awkwardly enough, that "presently would do."

Mrs. Larrance appeared at the door. Some ladies were below, as wanted Mr. Faversham directly. Was breakfast done with? What hours young men did keep now-a-days, to be sure!

"The girls, by Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Faversham. "Tell them I'll be with them directly."

"I'll be off," shaking the tobacco ashes from his pipe. Somehow Namby felt awkward—he, the bold and cool one—in the presence of young ladies.

"I'm going with my sisters to the Grove," said Faversham, "It's a deuced bore; but I promised the governor."

"Wish you well through it. Good bye, my boy."

And Namby disappeared, as a rustling of silk, and musical titters were heard on the staircase.

"Well, Harry, we were determined to come up! Are you ready? Was that uncouth person we met on the staircase a friend of yours?" Here were Miss Faversham's three rapid introductory sentences. Ada simply crept to his side and kissed him.

"I've told you, Clara, that I don't approve of your presence in bachelor's chambers," was Faversham's stern reproach.

"Nonsense!" said Clara Faversham. "But you always had all kinds of stupid notions about you. Was that your servant who opened the door, or rather answered our ring, for these horrid places have no street-doors? What a dirty drab!"

"Come, Henry dear," Ada interposed, "be quick. We've hardly time to catch the train, and papa will be so vexed if he sends the ponies, and we're not there."

Here's the letter, my boy!" shouted Mr. Ashby, returning from his bed-room.

"My sisters, Ashby!" said Faversham. Miss Clara looked at poor Ashby's feet as she curtailed with a most dignified air. Ashby was awkward for a moment, but he speedily recovered his self-possession; and offered chairs to the ladies. There was a wicked malice in Faversham's mind when he asked his chum to entertain the lively girls, while he (Mr. F.) buckled his portmanteau.

It was not an easy matter to entertain Clara Faversham. No ordinary topics of conversation would suffice. A mocking spirit given

to say tart things; rapid retorts to her sly hits; a thorough knowledge of the world, and of the humbugs of society, were necessary. Throw out the threadbare weather, and she would tear it to tatters, and tell you to try a newer ground. Why not the last singer at the opera? she would suggest. Expert, indeed, was the tongue that could fence with hers. It was her delight to confuse; and poor John Ashby, with his limited intellectual resources, would have passed a very *mauvais quart d'heure*, while his chum was completing his travelling preparations, had not Mr. Clifton opportunely presented himself.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Faversham before," gravely and calmly suggested the new comer.

"Yes, at Mrs. Mellon's, I think," Ada interposed kindly, anticipating some confusing sally from her sister.

Clifton was a clever man. Miss Faversham would not easily confound him. Clifton based himself firmly upon his adopted principles of life. His scorn for its frivolities; his hatred of the shallow folk who tossed solemn questions about lightly, as a picnic party dabbles with hay, kept him calm under the fire of the most sarcastic beauty. Miss Faversham might flash those dark eyes of hers from those deeply fringed, oval embrasures under her marble forehead, at the fierce young democrat; but her artillery practice could not leave a trace upon the quiet, thoughtful face of Mr. Clifton. That quiet slow voice of his annoyed her, as it replied to the rapid rattle of her small shot.

"These chambers, of ours in this great cobweb we call the Temple, must seem dreary places to you." Clifton had opened the conversation.

"You men never seem to be so happy as when here."

"Except when they are in the presence of ladies," interposed poor young Ashby.

Miss Faversham looked with profound pity upon the Ashby platitude.

"Men have serious duties to perform; anxious studies to get through; and, here, in the midst of London they find profound quiet," Mr. Clifton very solemnly observed.

"Serious duties!" was the laughing retort, that bubbled from the ruby chalice made by the arching of Miss Faversham's lips. "You students of the present time mix a lobster salad with your mid night oil."

"Not all of us" protested Clifton, remaining earnest. "Opposite my rooms is a student whose walls are hidden by his books, who is up before the water-cress man, who lights his own fire when you can't see through his little window-panes for the frost, when many men about him are getting up—Ashby for instance—

"For shame, Mr. Ashby!" interposed Ada, colouring as she feels the boldness of her remark.

"—he has done a fair day's work. Why, he is editor of two papers, and a brilliant contributor to two or three more. A calm, sociable man, with a pleasant thing upon his lips always; not the least jovial guest at any board; self-possessed in the midst of his merriment; never drowning to-morrow's duties in to-night's cups. I reckon him a shining pebble in this whirling life-stream of ours.

"And who is this wonder, Mr. Clifton?" asked Clara, the sweet mocking-bird.

"Oh! a quiet-looking man enough. A handsome country gentleman you would take him to be, with no more care about him than has a squire who trots over his rich acres."

"An awkward bumpkin, who doesn't know what to do with his hands!"

"I assure you—Miss Faversham,"—Clifton was very grave, "my friend has the manners of a true gentleman."

"Of the old school, I should think—"

"Now Clara—smearing again" said Mr Faversham, as he joined the party from his bed-room, carrying the neatest conceivable portmanteau. "Glad to see you, Clifton, my boy. You'll come down?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Girls, I've asked Clifton to the Grove; and, by the way Clara, I've promised him that you will be a little less clever than usual."

"And that you will be, if possible, at once civil and intelligent, I suppose," retorted our mocking-bird. "We shall hardly know one another."

Weeks elapsed since chance dropped the plump white hand of Clara Faversham upon the palm of Robert Clifton. And the hand was withdrawn, and the two parted as two antagonistic natures might be supposed to part.

Clara went on her way, throwing sharp things at defenceless young men, and, it must be added, never shrinking from an encounter with even the most skilful word-fencer. She kept every man at a vast distance from her, by laughing her loudest at love, and love's doings. Many were tempted by those large and lustrous eyes, by those rose-bud lips, and those sunny sides of peaches that melted sweetly to a marble neck—to cast themselves upon the ground, and worship the "white mice" that peeped from under her skirt as she tripped about a room. Many drew back, cured of love very rapidly. The light you see in those eyes is sharp also if it be dazzling; find me tenderness in it if you can. Calm are these lights always; laughing wickedly now and then, if you will; but calm as the foreland lanterns in the fiercest storm. The most precious jewel a woman ever wears, that which makes her adorable; the brilliant that degrades the Koh-i-noor in comparison, to bottle-glass—have you seen it gather under her dark lashes? Of the first water are human tears; but Clara Faversham has no taste for this jewellery. She is a passionate reader of novels; but then I am afraid this is because she generally places herself in the advantageous position of heroine. She has a general sense, indeed, of being the heroine wherever she moves. You may conclude this from her manners. She holds that men were meant to be the slaves of women; and she will accept any attention you may pay her, as a slight instalment only of the attention due to her in her capacity of queen of the rooms, for she crowns herself at once queen of any room she enters. She disagrees with the world, petulantly and cleverly, on all social question. The lion of the day is her target; the fashion of the day is a contrast to her own taste, which she boldly carries out; and she has walked into her brother's chambers because other ladies would have waited below in the fly. Dost thou like the picture, Clifton?

Clifton could not possibly like it. His sympathy now was with the simplest natures. For him, the "home-spun kirtle" was the guise in which woman should be loved. Suburban gentilities, gig drives from the time of Thurtell to the present moment; social veneering of all descriptions, were matters which his soul abhorred. In the midst of these influences of activities; breathing artificial air—a monument of art where nature had done enough—was Miss Faversham, of the Grove. Clifton loved violets, Clara, violet powder.

He could not possibly admire the unabashed manner with which Clara Faversham lifted the letter from Jamaica Lodge, as the party were about to leave for the railway station; and, having examined it, held it up before her brother, defying him to tell her who was the writer? He could not fall in love with the boldness that met Faversham's rebuke; when this haughty gentleman icily told his sister that the note was from Miss Ashby, John Ashby's sister!

Yet he followed the girls and Faversham to the fly below; was persuaded to accompany his friend to the station; and felt—well, something like loneliness when the train had glided from the station.

"The girl was the most forward person he had ever seen," he exclaimed to Namby, when he met this gentleman, over his chop. It was strange that the ladylike Faversham—that amiable slave to the rules of society—should have such a sister. Had she been in a cavalry regiment? Had she been a leader of the Bloomer movement? Ashby opined that she was decidedly vulgar, and a bore to boot. Deuced clever perhaps, but utterly incomprehensible.

Clifton could not allow that the girl was stupid; because when she consented to speak at something less than express pace, she seemed to develop shrewd ideas—and ill-natured ideas enough they were. He was afraid that she had been tutored in the idea that she was a satirist. "And a satirist in petticoats," adds Mr. Clifton—"Ugh!"

Ada Faversham being introduced to the party lingering over chops, kidneys, and potatoes, (a party that has decidedly expressed its determination to follow up these dainties with just one "go" of arrack,) is just aside at once by Mr. John Ashby, (who is very bold now) as "a little fool."

Namby leans towards Mr. Clifton, while Ashby is loudly expostulating with the waiter, (as with knife and fork he holds a chop apart, in which he has cut an experimental gash, discovering its underdone condition)—leans towards Mr. Clifton, and asks:—

"Is it really a case between Faversham and Jack's sister?"

Mr. Clifton does not know. That letter looked queer; and the jellies were ominous signs. But he never interfered in these matters.

"She was born to be a pew-opener; to marry a sexton in her prime; and to spend her old age laying out bodies." This was Mr. Namby's opinion of Miss Ashby.

"How did you get on with the Wretch this morning," asked Mr. John Ashby, unconscious of the verdict lately passed upon his sister,—a verdict, be it observed, that this gentleman might have been persuaded to sign, with something like alacrity.

The Wretch had taken the two half-crowns only sulkily, according to Mr. Namby; and this gentleman had deduced from this sulkiness a new proof of the proverbial ingratitude of the lower orders. Had not he (Mr. Namby) positively risen two hours before his usual time; had he not put aside the second act of his burlesque on the sorrows of Werter (entitled the "Grievances of Simpson"); had he not lost an entire day (for a fellow once out never does anything); and all for the Wretch's convenience?

"Never mind the Wretch, though I don't agree with you, you know, Namby," said Mr. Clifton. "Waiter, three arracks; hot water, sugar."

"If my governor could see me now," was the placid observation of Mr. Ashby, as he dropped a bit of lemon-peel into his tumbler, and turned his emptied pewter arrack measure upon its side, that it might drain, and yield him yet a few drops more of the precious spirit, "shouldn't I have a lecture, that's all?"

Mr. Clifton, having requested Ashby to pass the water, seriously hinted that the sort of thing was very wrong; Mr. Namby looked dolefully forward to a morrow of head-ache and joke-making, as he lit his cigar.

The young fellows sat long in that low greasy room; where the pipes were fantastically arranged fan-shape: where the chimney ornament was the portrait of an old waiter with a solid curl upon either cheek, "who had served twenty-five years in this establishment;" where spittoons, or expectoratoons, as Mr. Namby slyly called them, filled with saw-dust, decorated the sanded floor; and where coarse, blue-nosed men noisily caroused, and betted "bobs" on the ages of actresses, or the riders of race-horses. Were the grease-spots upon the table attractive? Could they comfortably dwell upon the proportions of the spittoons? Was the square face of the waiter; were the tints thrown into the napkins upon that ever-active arm; were the matted curls upon the obsequious cheeks; was the ponderous watch-guard in purest chrome—something rich and rare to dwell upon? Jamaica Lodge has a velvet pile upon its drawing-room; a Turkey carpet in its parlour, for the grateful feet of its inmates. Unadulterated spirits (cost price, direct from the friendly distiller) and unexceptionable wines of choice vintages, lie cool and pleasant in its ample cellars. Supper appears upon faultless damask; fresh butter may be picked from silver, with an argent nautilus-shell; warm slippers are the constant care of gentle Victoria. Here are cigars which peers might covet; and meerschaums which have held rare tobaccos for the refreshment of the late Duke of Sussex. Here is a mother's kiss for a sweet good-night; above, a couch fragrant with country washing as a lavender bed washed with dew.

Yet John Ashby still turns his battered pewter arrack-measure side-ways upon the greasy table; rolls his kidney over with a bent steel fork; wrangles with a waiter; and sleeps amid cobwebs!

"Ah! me!" cries Mrs. Ashby. Mrs. Namby echoes the cry; and Mrs. Clifton re-echoes it.

Must it be so?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL.—There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good, that dies, and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea. Forgotten! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.

THE VAGARIES OF COMPOSITION.



REPEAT, I am modest enough to admit my mind is imperfectly, not to say unfortunately, constituted. This confession has no reference whatever to a mental malady or disorganization of brain; it points exclusively to what I am obliged, for a better name, to call "displacement of force." Now, to render this absolutely intelligible, it is necessary for me to turn to an illustration. Imprimis: I am not, normally speaking, destitute of ideas; to speak the bare truth, I am oftener a sufferer from an excess of

thought and an overflow of phraseology. My unhappiness consists chiefly in an inability to follow out the subject in hand until it is thoroughly and methodically exhausted. If you can imagine a discursively-inclined rifle bullet, instead of running along the line over which the impulse of the weapon projected it, shying off at right angles, and dancing around eccentric curves, in its flight to

the object it was intended to hit, you will have realised a fair conception of the difficulties with which the progress of my mind is beset. Occasionally I am engaged to write an article on a new ploughing machine, and I sit down to the task with the most conscientious intentions of getting straight at the plan, the utility, and the economy of the machine in question. A few minutes pass by, and I suddenly find myself in the middle of a picturesque green lane, in love with white-thorn and elder blossoms; or up to my chin in white linen at the opera, applauding Titiens, or delivering an exciting appeal, from a rural hustings, in behalf of my friend the Honourable Gustavus Nookes; or dining in a bar parlour, on tea and shrimps, at Greenwich—in point of fact, doing every thing besides getting at the work in hand. To correct myself with a long sigh, and a fresh dip in the ink, is the work of a moment, and I fall vigorously on the new ploughing-machine once more. Looking at the prospectus before me, I find that the writer has set down butterburs in the category of troublesome weeds! He cannot, surely, mean that. Let me see; I remember seeing a group of butterburs down at Olney Hall last March. The butterbur, now that I recall it, is a noble plant, growing to the height of five or six feet, with a cluster of blossoms, looking for all the world like a violet silk umbrella, at the top. Large fan-shaped, shiny green leaves project from the stem, around which they hang like Chinese penthouses. To catalogue such a plant as a weed is simply intolerable. By the way, speaking of weeds, I am afraid that our parterre and mathematical plot-loving civilisation, is neither grateful nor generous enough to those lonely denizens of our woods, and fields, and highways. What can be finer in January, when the snow is on the earth, and the Dutch tulips have gone to pot, than to find a spray of geranium robertianum flowering in the shade of a neglected hedgerow; or a bunch of deadnettle, from whose dome-covered seed-vessels the hungry chaffinch gathers daily provender in the inclement days of early spring, opening its exquisitely-moulded bells to the watery sunshine? Of cowslips I will not say much, as their worth and beauty, embalmed in the precious traditions of childhood, meet with kindly recognition from mature age; but I have a word to say on behalf of the two-flowered linnaea, which brightens dark spots in woody places with its white and pink stars; and for the ruthlessly-uprooted-whenever-it-is-found corn cockle, which loves to associate itself with blowing wheat and cuckoo flowers. For all weeds, wretched and despised as they are by the agricultural canons, I have a hearty sympathy, almost approaching reverence; and when I object to my butterbur being placed in the list of farm nuisances,

I may be understood to speak in the interest of the whole community. Weeds, on the whole—but what about the improved ploughing-machine? Here I have wandered down a whole page of weedy sentiment to the utter abandonment of the work in hand. Pahaw! what are corn-cockle, and cuckoo flowers, and butterbur to me, who have to do the scientific department of the *Weekly Delver*? I blush for my want of continuity, and proceed.

The farming public will readily appreciate the advantages of a machine, which for economy, facility of action, and area of execution, must distance every competitor. It has received the unqualified eulogies of Mr. Thompson Allan of Allan. Now, where have I heard that name? why is it that the mere mention of Allan arrests my pen, and drifts me off into etymological speculations? Ah, the mystery clears up; the word Allan suggested Edgar Allan Poe, who, as I happen to remember, has written an interesting but overstrained article on the philosophy of composition. I have read that essay, and though it may not help me to the reader's praise, I believe scarcely half of it. Consistent in its commencement, which reads frankly enough, it ends with an elaborate, artificial, and inconsistent conclusion. It is the first part of the essay which I credit; it is the last part which I reject. When Poe tells us that the unity of composition is obtained through the agglomeration of thousands of little mite ideas into one noble, neatly-rounded cheesecake, we feel that he tells truth, for then he chimes in with the experience of every man and woman who has thought, laboured, and written. But when he treats us to a description of the suspiciously exact processes by which he constructed that unique and wonderful poem, "The Raven," it is patent that the man has ceased to tell the truth, and that he is intent on making us believe that his genius was totally exempt from the eccentricities which usually accompany that gift; that the spicula that sparkled in it did not lie in efflorescent cross grains and knotty nebulae, but in a clear geometric distribution of parts, like a wall-paper pattern, or the figures on Indian tapestry. If Edgar Allan—gracious goodness, it cannot be that I have turned from the Improved Ploughing Machine to croak over Poe's Raven! Eh! Well, there's no help for it but to stick to the subject until the last finishing punch is administered. I shall never get along if I persist in flying off in congenial tangents in this manner. Go to!

Where did I leave off? Yes. Mr. Allan of Shrop House, who has used it for several months past, and who has kindly consented to allow persons to inspect it whilst in operation on his farm. We cannot close our eyes to the important strides which science, particularly agricultural science, is making daily towards the amelioration of humanity. It is only twenty-five years since—twenty five years? yes, about twenty five, that I travelled on a red-sided, black-roofed, time-battered stage-coach between Hastings and London. It was December weather, and nothing could be more cheerless and desponding than the appearance of the country through which we passed. On every side the fields were laid in plagues of furry snow; and the hedge-rows, by the road-sides, were feathered with ice and rime. Here and there, where an oak bole or stout holly-tree sheltered it, the virgin's bower shot up from the hedge level, to the height of eight or nine feet, tossing its downy tufts and cinnamon-coloured fronds about in the keen wind, that blew dead from the north-east. Occasionally we came across a dismal yew, rock-rooted and snow-drifted, in masses of white basalt, amongst whose crevices the red lichen cup shook its scarlet trumpets; and the blood-pleached helbena lurked liked blotches of crimson-toned wine. Merry it was to look in at the open doors of farm-houses, where apple-cheeked children moulded snowy balls in their tiny little palms, and catch a hurried glimpse of huge fires blazing upon brick hearths, and hurling volumes of blue smoke, delicate with the scent of green wood, up the oven-throated chimneys. Pleasanter it was to me, wrapped and muffled in shawls and wrappers, to be taken in the lap of an old lady, whom I never saw before, who sat inside in the coach with her back to the horses, who absorbed snuff from a black box, without the mediation of her fingers; who cried "rat it," when the wheels floundered over a road-boulder; who called me "deary;" and who, when we finally got to London, just twenty-five years ago.—The years again! Once more I have been riding my discursive hobby, this time as far as Hastings. Seriously this will never do. If my erratic fancies master me to this extent, I must give up the Improved Grubber for good. But I must not do that. To proceed.

Twenty-five years ago, the idea that such a beneficial agent could ever be devised, would have been received as a hopeless absurdity. Our cousins the Americans—just for a minute, or so, have you ever been at an American Gas Convention? In the year '43, happening to be at St. Louis, I attended a gas convention. The books having been opened, and the minutes of the last meeting read, a Mr. Wass "ordered" that "ours is emphatically, comparatively, undeniably, incontrovertibly, positively, superlatively, a great and glorious country. Greece wasn't a circumstance; Rome was nowhere (vide speaker's MS.) Venice couldn't hold a candle to us; while modern nations sink into the slough of public and private insignificance, under the red heels and glorious mocassins of this beloved Republic."

The next resolution was moved by Dr. Wright. The learned gentleman suggested "that ours is a great country. It is the corner stone of nations, the top of the hill, the head boy of the class, the head man of the heap, the last button on the coat; the crowning jewel of the diadem, the capital of the column, and the observed of all observers."

At this stage, the band played "Hail Columbia," and a Mr. Acres rose, amid loud plaudits from the gallery, to propose his resolution. It was a modest little effusion, and ran in this wise—"Resolved that ours is the best government on the carcase of the universe, and our country the most consummately stupendous. We have longer rivers, and more of them, and muddier and deeper, and they run faster, and go farther, and make more noise, and rise higher, and fall lower, and do more damage than any body else's rivers. Our country is bounded on the north and south by the poles, on the west by the setting sun, and on the east by eternity." Mr. Edward Acres—ah, the acres—ah, the Machine! Where am I? How shall I square accounts with the *Weekly Deliver*, if I am to get along in this fashion! Well, here's for a long pull, a brilliant pull, and a pull in a straight direction.

"It may be necessary to state that whilst other machines, to the faults of which the public at large appear to be blind—right, right she was, and now I remember it. You must know that I fell in love at a very early period in my life. I was twenty-two, to a day, before I fell really and hopelessly in love; and the affliction was scarcely mollified by the circumstance that my passion was reciprocated. My tears wet the paper as I write; for she is dead, and there is joy in deliverance. Her father—that is to say Margaret's paternal—was a nice man who shaved twice a-week, and sold lollipops in St. Patrick's Close. Beautiful Margaret! (she always wrote it Margaret, but never dotted her i's lest the close work should injure her pupils) I told her I was short-sighted, and she swore she loved me better for the weakness. When I visited her at home, I always found a chair placed for me at her right. She was indeed lovely, although I saw but her profile; and, though lovers seldom do things by halves, I was content with my portion. On one or two occasions I attempted to sit at her left side, but was rebuked so gently, and informed, withal, so mildly that my doing so would make her nervous, that I desisted. We loved, we vowed, we were married. Papa grew nasty towards the close of our courtship; and we were obliged to steal to church in a 'bus. 'Twas only a two-penny ride. There were no orange blossoms, no white lilac for us; no white favours, no faintings, no fits, no flatterings—all common-sense from the 'bus to the bussing. I observed during the ceremony that she managed to keep the right side of her face still towards me; and I attributed the peculiarity to the tender bashfulness evinced by every well-conducted young woman during such a trial. We came home; we stopped at the Dog and Dolphin; we tasted wine and broke biscuit together. Behind the landlady was a looking-glass; and chancing to lift my eyes to it, I saw for the first time the left side of my wife's face. Drums and explosions! what a discovery—she had a strawberry cheek, and was blind of the left eye! Dashing the cup of intoxication from my lips, I turned round and reproved her bitterly—I told her I had been insulted, deceived, outraged, humiliated; and what was her answer: "Pahaw"—(with a sneer which might have curled a metal plate) "Pahaw, you six days' poodle, why didn't you look before you leaped?" Woman," I exclaimed, "this——" Tantarara-ra-ra.

Oh, the grubber, the grubber; and here comes Houlihan, to talk me out of my remaining patience—to put an end to this day's work—to finish finality's self with his spongy gossip. I give up, I give up!

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.



[BRIAN BORUMHA.]



NLY twenty-seven years have elapsed since the "Dublin Penny Journal" was in existence, and yet it is with the greatest difficulty a perfect set of it can now be obtained. This fact is due to the circumstance that it would be impossible to find a more complete repertory of important facts relating to the history of Ireland, for its pages were enriched by contributions from the pens of a new school of Irish writers; men whose erudition and indefatigable industry afforded opportunity for throwing a ray of light upon the night-side of our history, and in disproving the erroneous theories of the school of antiquarians who preceded them. In the belief that a selection from their writings cannot fail to be acceptable to the readers of this serial, the proprietor has purchased the copyright of the "Dublin Penny Journal"—literary matter as well as illustrations—and our pages will, therefore, for the future be enriched from time to time with papers invaluable for their historic and general interest. A month has scarcely elapsed since a vault in Glasnevin Cemetery received the mortal remains of one of the most gifted of Irish antiquaries and philologists—John O'Donovan—and as a trifling tribute

to his memory, we make our first selection from the "Dublin Penny Journal" with a valuable contribution from his pen; an account of the Battle of Clontarf, translated chiefly from an ancient Irish MS. entitled *Cath Chluana Tarbh*, corrected, however, in many parts from the "Annals of Innisfallen and Ulster," especially in the list of the chieftains who fell in that remarkable contest. The account of the deaths of Brian and Morogh is translated literally from the original Irish, as given by Mr. Hardiman in his "Irish Minstrelsy." As the popular and generally-received accounts of an event of so great importance in Irish history, this translation will, doubtless, prove interesting to the Irish reader; but it must be confessed that in some of the details there appears even an excessive allowance of exaggeration.

"It is said that towards the end of Brian Borumha's reign Ireland flourished in all earthly blessings; and that, so strictly were the laws obeyed, that, as we are informed by Mac Liag, chief antiquary of Ireland in Brian's time, a lady might travel unattended from *Tonn Chliodhna* to *Tonn Tuailhe* (from one extremity of Ireland to the other) with a gold ring on the top of a wand, without being robbed or molested. No Danes were left in the kingdom, but such a number of artisans and merchants in Dublin, Waterford, Wex-

ford, Cork, and Limerick, as he knew could be easily mastered at any time, should they dare to rebel, and these he very wisely (as he thought) permitted to remain in those seaport towns for the purpose of encouraging trade and traffic, as they possessed many ships and were experienced sailors.

But such prosperity was of short continuance: Maelmordha, who usurped the crown of Leinster in 999, by the assistance of the Danes, being at an entertainment at Kincora, saw Morogh, Brian's eldest son at a game of chess, and advised his antagonist to a movement which lost Morogh the game; whereupon Morogh observed to him, with a sneer, that if he had given as good advice at the battle of *Glen-mama*, the Danes would not have received so great an overthrow.

To which Maelmordha replied: "My instructions the next times shall guide them to victory," and Morogh, with contempt, bade defiance. Maelmordha became enraged, retired to his bed-chamber, and did not appear at the banquet, but passed the night in restless anger, and ruminating his country's ruin. Early next morning, he set out for Leinster, without taking his leave of the monarch, or any of his household, to show that he was bent upon desperate revenge. The good monarch, on hearing of his departure, sent one of his servants after him to request his reconciliation with Morogh; the servant overtook him east of the Shannon, not far from Killaloe, and delivered his message from the monarch. Maelmordha, who all the while listened with indignation, as soon as the servant was done speaking, raised the rod of yew which he had in his hand, and with three furious blows thereof fractured the servant's skull, to make known to Brian how he rejected such reconciliation. He pursued his way on horseback to Leinster, where, the next day, he assembled his nobles, represented to them the insult he received at Kincora, and inflamed them to so great a degree that they renounced their allegiance to Brian, confederated with the Danes, and sent the monarch defiance.

Emissaries were sent to Denmark and Norway. The Danes of Normandy, Britain, and the Isles, joyfully entered into the confederacy, pleased at the prospect of once more gaining possessions in this land flowing with milk and honey.

The King of Denmark sent his two sons, *Carolus Kanutas* and *Andreas*, at the head of twelve thousand men, who landed safely in Dublin, and were kindly received and refreshed by Maelmordha. Troops now daily poured into the different parts of Leinster, from Sweden, Norway, Normandy, Britain, the Orkneys, and every other northern settlement. The king of Leinster was also indefatigable, not only in raising new levies, but in labouring to detach different princes from the interests of their country. Never were such efforts made by the Danes as upon this occasion; the best men were every where pitched upon for this service. Among others, Broder and Anrud, two Norwegian princes, landed at the head of one thousand choice troops, covered with coats of mail.

The King of Leinster, being now animated by the number of his auxiliaries, without longer delay bid defiance, by a herald, to the monarch Brian, and challenged him to fight at Moynelait, a spacious plain near Dublin, now called Clontarf.

Brian Borumha, with all possible speed, mustered the forces of Munster and Connaught, and marched directly to Clontarf, the place appointed, and there saw the enemy prepared to oppose him, viz.: sixteen thousand Danes, together with all the power of Leinster, under the command of their King, Maelmordha, the sole author of this battle. Then the power of Meath came in to aid their monarch Brian, under the conduct of Maelseachlain, their King, who, however, intended to betray Brian. For this purpose he sent to the King of Leinster to inform him, that Brian had dispatched his son, Donogh, at the head of a third part of the Eugenic forces to ravage Leinster, and that he himself, with his 1,000 Meathmen, would desert Brian on the day of battle. Accordingly, it was determined to attack Brian before Donogh could come up. He was then encamped on the plain near Dublin, with a smaller army than he otherwise should have had. His opponents formed themselves into three divisions; the first, consisting of 1,000 Northmen, covered with coats of mail from head to foot, and commanded by Carolus and Anrud, two Norwegian princes, and of the Danes of Dublin, under Dolat and Conmael. The second division consisted of Legenians, about 9,000 strong, commanded by their King, Maelmordha Mac Morogh, and under him by several minor princes, such as Mac Tuathal or Toole, of the Liffey territory, the prince of Hy-Falgay, (Ophaly,) together with a large body of the Danes. The third division was

formed of the Northmen, collected from the islands, from Scotland, etc. It was commanded by Loder, Earl of the Orkneys, and Broder, admiral of the fleet, which had brought the auxiliary Northmen to Ireland. Brian was not dismayed by this mighty force, and, depending on Providence and the bravery of his troops, prepared for battle, dividing his army likewise into three divisions; one to oppose the enemy's first division, under his son Morogh, who had along with him his son Torlogh, and a select body of the brave Dalcassians, besides four other sons of Brian—Teige, Donald, Connor, and Flan, and various chieftains, Donchuan, Lonargan, Cellocar, Fiongallach, and Jonrachtach, and the three chiefs of Teffia, etc., together with a body of men from Conmaicne-mara, a western part of Connaught, under Carnan, their chief. To this division Maelseachlain was ordered to join his followers. Over the division which was to fight the second of the enemy, Brian placed Kian and Donald, two princes of the Eugenic line, under whom were the forces of Desmond, and other parts of the south of Ireland, viz.: Mothla, son of Faelan, King of the Desies; Murtogh, son of Annchadha, Lord of Hy Liathian; Scanlan, son of Cathal, Chief of Eoganacht of Lough Lein; Cathal, the son of Donovan, Lord of Hy-Cairbre Eabha and Loingseach O'Dowling, Chief of Hy-Conall Gaura; the son of Beothach, King of Kerry-Luacra; Geibbionach, the son of Dubbaghan, Chief of Fermoy. To this division also belonged O'Carroll, and his troops of Ely O'Carroll, and it was joined by another O'Carroll, prince of Oriel, in Ulster, and Maguire, Prince of Fermanagh. The division opposed to the third of their antagonists, consisted chiefly of Connacians, commanded by Teige O'Conor, as Chief, under whom were Mulroney O'Heyne, Chief of Aidhne; Teige O'Kelly, King of Hy-maine; O'Flaherty, King of Muinter Murchadha; Connor O'Mulroney, Chief of Moylurg; Hugh Guineagh O'Doyle, and Fogartagh, the son of Donall, two Chiefs of Ely; Murtogh, the son of Core, Chief of Muscraige-Cuire; and Hugh, the son of Loughlin, Chief of Hy-Cuanach; Donall, the son of Dermot, Chief of Corca-Baisgin; Donogh, the son of Cathal, Chief of Muscraige Aedha; Ectigerna, the son of Donegan, King of Ara.

The Northmen who had arrived under Broder at Dublin on Palm Sunday, A.D. 1014, insisted on the battle being fought on Good Friday, which fell on the 23d of April, a day on which, by reason of its sanctity, Brian would have wished to avoid fighting. Yet he was determined to defend himself even on that day, and holding the crucifix in his left hand, and his sword in the right, rode with his son Morogh through the ranks, and addressed them as follows, as we read in the "Annals of Innisfallen," under the year 1014:

"Be not dismayed because that my son Donogh, with the third part of the Momonian forces is absent from you, for they are plundering Leinster and the Danish territories. Long have the men of Ireland groaned under the tyranny of these sea-faring pirates! the murderers of your kings and chieftains—plunderers of your fortresses!—profane destroyers of the churches and monasteries of God! who have trampled upon and committed to the flames the relics of His saints! (and, raising his voice,) may the Almighty God, through His great mercy, give you strength and courage this day, to put an end for ever to the Lochlunian tyranny in Ireland, and to revenge upon them their many perfidies, and their profanations of the sacred edifices dedicated to His worship, this day, on which JESUS CHRIST himself suffered death for your redemption." So saying (continue the "Annals"), "He showed them the symbol of the bloody sacrifice in his left hand, and his golden-hilted sword in his right, declaring that he was willing to lose his life in so just and honourable a cause." And he proceeded towards the centre to lead on his troops to action; but the chiefs of the army, with one voice, requested he would retire from the field of battle on account of his great age, and leave to his eldest son, Morogh, the chief command.

At sunrise in the morning the signal for battle was given, but at this very critical moment, Maelseachlain, finding an opportunity of being in some measure revenged of Brian, retired suddenly from the scene of action with his 1,000 Meathmen, and remained an inactive spectator during the whole time of the battle, without joining either side.

This defection certainly rendered the division of the monarch's army very unequal in numbers to that of the enemy's which they were appointed to engage with. But Morogh, with great presence of mind, cried out to his brave Dalcassians, "that this was the time to distinguish themselves, as they alone would have the unrivalled glory of cutting off that formidable body of the enemy."

And now, whilst the Dalcassians were closely engaged with battle-axe, sword, and dagger, the second division, under the command of the King of Connaught, hastened to engage the Danes of Leinster and their insular levies, whilst the troops of South Munster attacked Maelmordha and his degenerate Lagenians. Never was greater intrepidity, perseverance, or animosity displayed in any other battle than in this; as every thing depended on open force and courage. The situation of the ground admitted of no ambuscades, and none were used; they fought man to man, and breast to breast, and the victors in one rank fell victims in the next. The commanders on both sides performed prodigies of valour; Morogh, his son Torlogh, his brethren and kindred, flew from place to place, and every where left the sanguinary traces of their courage. The slaughter committed by Morogh excited the fury of Carolus and Conmael, two Danes of distinction; they attacked him in conjunction, and both fell by his sword. Sitric, the son of Loder, observed that Morogh and other chiefs retired from the battle more than twice, and after each return seemed to be possessed of double vigour. It was to quench their thirst, and cool their hands, swelled from the violent use of the sword and battle-axe, in an adjoining well, over which a guard of twelve men were placed; this the Danes soon destroyed.

On rejoining his troops the last time, Sitric, the son of Loder, with a body of Danes, was making a fresh attack on the Dalcassians, and him Morogh singled out, and with a blow of his battle-axe divided his body in two, through his armour. The other Irish commanders in like manner distinguished themselves, though their exploits are not so particularly narrated; and it would seem, from the number of prime quality that fell on both sides, that the chiefs every where attacked each other in single combat.

The issue of the day remained doubtful, until near four o'clock in the afternoon, and then it was that the Irish made so general an attack on the enemy, that its force was not to be resisted. Destitute of leaders, and consequently in disorder, the Danes gave way on every side. Morogh, at this time, through the violent exertion of his right arm, had both hand and arm so swelled and pained as to be unable to lift them up. In this condition he was attacked by Anrudh, the son of Ebhrich, but Morogh, closing in upon him, seized him with the left hand, shook him out of his coat of mail, and prostrating him, pierced him with his sword by leaning with his breast upon it, and pressing upon it with the weight of his body. In this dying situation of Anrudh, he nevertheless seized the *skeine* (*scimitar*) which hung by Morogh's side, and with it gives him at the same instant, a mortal wound! The Dane expired on the spot; but Morogh lived until next morning, when he made his confession and received the sacrament.

The confusion became general through the Danish army, and they fled on every side. Laidin, the servant of Brian, observing the confusion, feared that the imperial army was defeated. He hastily entered the tent of Brian, who was on his knees before a crucifix, and requested that he would immediately take a horse and fly. "No," says Brian; "it was to conquer or die I came here; but do you and my other attendants take my horse to Armagh, and communicate my will to the successor of St. Patrick—that I bequeath my soul to God, my body to Armagh, and my blessing to my son

Donogh; give 200 cows to Armagh, along with my body; and go directly to Swords of Columbkille, and order them to come for my body to-morrow, and conduct it to Duleek of St. Kieran, and let them convey it to Louth, whither let Maelmurry, the son of Eochy, Comharb of St Patrick, come with the family of Armagh, and convey it to their Cathedral."

"People are coming towards us," says the servant, "What sort of people are they?" says Brian, "Green, naked people," says the servant. "They are the Danes in armour," says Brian, and he rose from his pillow, seized his sword, and stood to await the approach of Broder and some of his followers; and he saw no part of him without armour except his eyes and his feet. Brian raised his hand and gave him a blow with which he cut off his left leg from the knee, and the right from the ankle, but Broder's axe met the head of Brian, and fractured it; Brian, however, with all the fury of a dying warrior, beheaded Broder, and killed the second Dane by whom he was attacked, and then gave up the ghost.

From the vast number of chiefs who fell we may form some idea of the carnage on both sides. On the monarch's side, besides him-

self, were slain Morogh with two of his brothers, and his grandson, Turlogh; his nephew Conang; the chiefs of Corca Baigsin, of Fermoy, of Coonagh, of Kerry-Luachra, of Eoganacht Locha Lein, of Hy-Conaill-Gabhra, of Hy-Neachach Mumhan, of the Desies, &c. fell in this battle; as did the Connaught princes O'Kelly of Hy-maine, O'Heyne and many others.

The Great Stewards of Leamhna (Lennox) and Mar, with other brave Albanian Scots, the descendants of Corc, King of Munster, died in the same cause.

On the side of the enemy there fell Maelmordha, the cause of all this blood, with the princes of Hy-Failge (Ophaly) of Magh-Liffe, and almost all the chiefs of Leinster, with 3000 of their bravest troops. Of the Danes, besides their principal officers, there fell 14,000 men. The 1000 men that wore coats of mail are said to have been all cut to pieces.

The Danes were routed and pursued to their ships, and as far as the gates of Dublin. The surviving foreigners took an eternal farewell of the

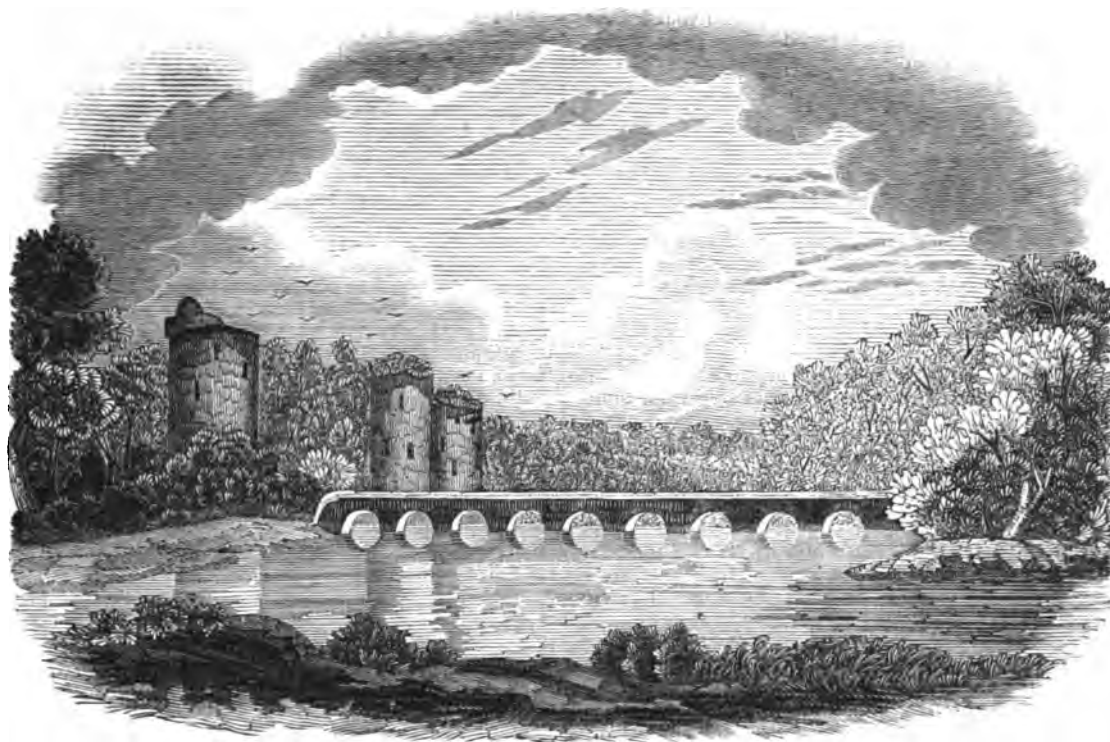
country; and the Irish Danes returned to Dublin.

The body of Brian, according to his will, was conveyed to Armagh. First the clergy of Swords, in solemn procession, brought it to their Abbey, from thence the next morning, the clergy of Damhliag; (Duleek) conducted it to the church of St. Kieran. Here the clergy of Louth (Loughmash) attended the corpse to their own monastery. The archbishop of Armagh with his suffragans and clergy, received the body at Louth, whence it was conveyed to their cathedral. For twelve days and nights it was watched by the clergy, during which time there was a continued scene of prayers and devotions; and then it was interred with great funeral pomp, at the north side of the altar of the great church. The body of Morogh, with the heads of Conang and Faélan, prince of the Desies, were deposited in the south aisle of that church; but his grandson Turlough, and most of the other chiefs, were interred at the monastery of Kilmainham."

How to LEARN.—Old sciences are unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.—*Swift*.



A DANISH CHIEF AFTER THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.



ADARE.



HERE is not, perhaps, in the entire province of Munster a village so beautifully situated as the ancient town of Adare, about nine miles from Limerick. Its lonely and unfrequented shades, and the remarkable and magnificent ruins of its castle, and once splendid religious edifices, raise in the mind of the occasional visitor many sublime and delightful emotions. From ancient records we find its name written "Ath-daar," which signifies the "Ford of Oaks." The remains of the Franciscan Abbey are elegantly picturesque; its mouldering walls being covered with a mantle of ivy. It was an extensive building in the old Gothic style of architecture, and is said to have been founded in the reign of Edward I., by John, Earl of Kildare. On the south side an Augustinian Abbey was founded, known by the name of the "Black Abbey," of which there still exist some very beautiful and romantic remains. The establishment called the "White Abbey" was founded by the Earl of Kildare, about the year 1271, to which was attached very large possessions. The entrance to this Abbey was by a low gate, on the west side, which is yet partially standing, and, with the

other ruins of the edifice, presents a gloomy yet fanciful picture.

The above engraving represents the bridge of Adare, over the river Maigue, and the castle of the Earls of Desmond, the ruins of which show it to have been a place of great strength. It was completely dismantled during the civil war of 1641.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XII.



OME in, Tony," said Quill, in reply to a knock at the office door of Barman, and as the boy entered, Quill, who affected to be busy, observed, "I saw you passing the window. Why, my young vagabond, you are nearly in as bad a position as myself," continued Quill; "you have got new clothes. Now, will you be good enough, my juvenile and respected friend, to inform me who developed the Saxony, and what became of your venerable garments, including your accommodating and ever-to-be-remembered white hat, of pious memory? You are 'slap up,' Tony; in fact, a casual observer would mistake you for a gentleman's son, preparing to go back to school after the Christmas holidays. Do you feel queer, Tony, and imagine that the people are looking at you; for if you don't, you must be an individual of more nerve than I happen to be?" added the voluble Quill, who turned himself round, and said, after eyeing his new cloth from head to foot, "What do you think of my new garments? I think they are of the right sort—there is no pretension about them. They cost me money, no doubt, but there is nothing like getting value and a good article—is there, Tony?"

The boy appeared to listen, but he, young as he was, felt a kind of contempt for Quill, as the vain and garrulous fool strutted about the office in his new finery, which he had purchased that morning ready made.

"The Black Doctor, Mr. Foster, and your master will be here soon," said Tony. "and I believe they have a great deal for you to do."

"I expected," said Quill (in whom transitory good fortune seemed to have developed a great deal of the patron) "to have heard that you would be one of the miserable victims of the fearful conflagration, at that famous and well-beloved hostelry going by the name, and rejoicing in the appellation of the 'Three Jolly Travellers.' As a matter of course you have imitated your betters, by putting on black for your deceased friend—none more worthy of respect and gratitude from you, Tony, than the ever-to-be lamented John Brunt."

Tony, who felt the satire of the lawyer's clerk, never answered him, but, sitting down on an old tin box, he waited patiently for the arrival of the Black Doctor.

A lengthened silence was broken by Quill, exclaiming,

"Every body is coming out in new clothes to-day. Here is Mr. Barman, solicitor at law, and Mr. Foster (gentleman) in span new black."

"This is a strange life of our lawyers; what ups and downs of life we do see," remarked Quill, as he mounted himself on his stool, and pretended to be making a pen with a knife that he kept for the special purpose of cutting tobacco.

"Was Dr. Bramble here?" asked Barman as he entered, accompanied by Foster.

"No sir," replied Quill, whose manner was most obsequious to his employer, "Tony Johnson has been here some time waiting for him."

"Come this way, Tony," said Foster, as Barman and he entered the inner office, and turning to Quill, he observed, "If Dr. Bramble comes, show him in at once."

Quill was by no means pleased at having been excluded from the conference, and he became most anxious to hear what was going on inside. For the effecting of this object he placed his ear against the keyhole, and was just in a position which he believed most favourable for his purpose, when the quick sense of hearing of Tony was attracted by the shuffling of Quill's feet at the door. The boy took an old file that had been allowed to rust from want of use, and cautiously approaching the place where the eaves-dropper was trying to catch every word that fell from Barman and Foster, he thrust the rusty point of the file through the keyhole, into the ear of Quill, who screamed with pain.

"What is that?" asked Barman, as he sprang from his chair, "what can have happened Quill?"

"Nothing," replied Tony, "I was only persuading him with the top of this old file, not to be listening to what you were saying."

"That was a good move of yours, Tony," said Bramble, "and I think it will teach Mr. Jonas Quill a lesson on the folly of hearing too much."

Bramble entered the inner office just as Barman had made up his mind to go and inflict immediate corporal punishment on his worthy clerk.

"We have a great deal to do, and a short time to do it in," said Bramble. "Gentlemen, excuse me, I have delayed you; but I had much to do. I feel that I am getting, day after day, into deeper difficulties and dangers, through which I cannot see my way. What want of rest, unheard of fatigue, all kinds of wildness and extravagance if you will, could not accomplish for years, a few days of mental torture and excitement have effected. Many have gained by my follies, but I have lost. Come gentlemen," continued he, "I have promised you to perjure myself; it may be a strange contradiction, but I would sooner do so than break faith with you. I will read the certificate which I have written, and which, I suppose, I must swear to; I will never permit it be said that I broke my word. This is the certificate of Mrs. Foster's death."

"I have attended Mrs. Laura Foster, throughout a long and painful illness, and, to my knowledge, she died from natural causes. (Signed) "BRUTUS BRAMBLE."

"Put in any date you like, Barman, to this document, it is in my handwriting."

Barman rose and opened the door. "Here Quill," said he, "embody that certificate in the draft of the affidavit."

The attorney closed the door, and the conference was resumed. Around the old mouldy table, in the back office of Jacob Barman, sat three desperate gamblers. Their hands were full of trumps, but it required great courage and address to play them; one mistake would be fatal, and each knew that he stood on the verge of a precipice.

"You are not in good spirits to-day doctor," remarked Barman, "but I suppose what Quill was telling me about the burning of

the 'Three Jolly Travellers' and old Brunt in the bargain, shocked you not a little, I must confess when I heard it first it alarmed me."

"And is it possible that the house where we were in the habit of meeting, has been destroyed by fire, and the fat old man that I used to see behind the counter is dead?" asked Foster.

"It is so," replied Bramble. "The 'Three Jolly Travellers' was more than it looked; much crime and dark deeds were done within it, and he who alone could tell all, met his fate in the flames which consumed it. No record now remains of the fearful scenes which were enacted within its unhallowed precincts, and before long, it will be a question to be determined by tradition, where the 'Three Jolly Travellers' stood. But I have other and more important business with you than to be moralizing over burned houses. I have sworn, and all but staked my life's welfare, to have vengeance on Abraham Isaacs, and that vengeance I will have at anything short of the sacrifice of my soul. He is in my power now, as never man was in the power of another. I will want your help to carry out my plans, and he who thwarts me in my purpose, I shall regard as my enemy. The Jew is as legitimately my prey; as the sparrow is that of the hawk, or the rat is of the terrier. You gave the Jew an assignment of your estate, Mr. Foster, some years since, and passed him a number of bills."

"I did," replied Foster, "and the Jew has been receiving the rent for a very long time."

"You would know that assignment, and the several bills if you saw them?" observed Bramble. "I merely ask you that question out of pure curiosity."

"Most assuredly I would," replied Foster, "as I have a good right to remember those things which enabled the exacting and terrible man we call 'the Jew' to deprive me of all I possessed in the world."

The Black Doctor took from his side pocket a large bundle, and opening it, he laid a parchment document on the table, and after unrolling it, said to Foster—

"Is that the assignment of which we were speaking just now? You look as if you had seen it before."

"In Heaven's name," asked Foster, "where did you come by this?" and as his anxious eye spread over it, he said; "why, it is the original, and has not been registered. This is a marvel. Who gave it you?"

"I have been given it in trust for vengeance," observed Bramble. "Do you know these?" enquired he, as, to the amazement of Foster, he laid before him bundles of promissory notes, which he had passed to Isaacs. "I will use them soon as I will also use this charming forgery of the amiable Abraham."

Bramble handed the Jew's forgery to Barman, and asked, "Don't you think that very clever. I would not part that out of its proper season not for a kingdom." Bramble, as he folded up the documents, and carefully replaced them in his pocket, remarked, "We understand one another. Not a word is to be breathed of what has occurred here to-day. This will affair once out of the way, and the Jew and I become better acquainted. Foster, I seek nothing at your hands; these documents shall be yours when they have done my work, aye, not my work, but a work, though perhaps to be accomplished not by the honestest means, still good and praiseworthy, no matter how accomplished."

Bramble, Foster, and Barman were employed up to a late period of the day perfecting the several affidavits necessary to obtain probate of the fictitious will of Mrs. Foster.

"I will have that will proved to-morrow," said Barman, "and the Jew must come with me to lodge it."

"Be a little liberal with him," observed Bramble. "He will require to make much profit to compensate him for what he will soon lose. It would be well, Barman, if you saw him this evening."

"I intend to do so," said the attorney, "as Isaacs is a man that must be closely watched. I know something, doctor, that the Jew was saying to me about you, and I believe if he had his way, he would not be anxious to prolong your life."

"I suppose not," replied Bramble, laughing, as he took Foster's arm and bid Barman good evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FIRE-SIDE REVERIE.



LD King Christmas is here again, but we care not. For the next six months we are certain of enjoying the solacing companionship of our old friend—the fire. What a bright, lively, gladsome, happy-looking creation it is! and how it flames, and flares, and frolics about the bars of our grate, as if from some very excess of glee at finding itself there again. Let us draw near, and enjoy its sociability—welcome it with uplifted hands and outstretched palms, affectionately and reverentially, in token of the fervent blessings that our hearts bestow upon it. No sooner do we begin to experience the depressing effects of the season, than the fire, like an old and honest friend, comes to dispel our despondency, and make such a bright and genial summer in-doors, that we are most amply compensated for the loss of our out-door sunshine. We boldly bid defiance to all external influences; even though it be that—

"The wind moans dull and drear;
Misty vapours cloud the plain;
Whilst December's leaflets sear,
Throb against the pane."

The same graphic pen that depicted this infliction, has taught us to counteract it, thus:—

"What, though now we can no more
On the skies of summer gaze;
Let the poker's aid restore
June's bright substitute—a 'blaze.'
Ply the poker; touch it lightly;
See! the fire is blazing brightly."

Aye, say we, so gloriously, that it warms us to the very heart's core, and enables us to create a world of felicity around us, by the extraordinary expansion of our sympathies. How delightfully it is associated with our retrospections of childhood, when with wondering eyes, we used to sit and gaze upon its mysterious brightness, and at last fell asleep, nestled, like a bird, in Aunt Jeannie's lap. We were very happy then, reader, and so were you. Never mind what has happened since; here's the fire to cheer us still; the same veritable essence of life and light, as beautiful to look at and as genial—more genial than ever. We can sit and think about it, and about ourselves, and all the happiness we have enjoyed with it. We say enjoyed with it, for we never could divest ourselves of the feeling of positive vitality and individuality belonging to it. You may smile; but the idea is a pleasant one, and quite as good as anything of too palpable a reality to be mistaken for the emanation of pure fancy.

You remember the old Christmas parties—the group of happy faces round the blazing hearth—the hissing, crackling, and flaming of the Yule log, and the noble, hearty, generous, and beneficent substantiality of the fire! Doubtless, you remember, also, how good-naturedly and how cleverly roasted your chesnuts were, and how, as soon as they were done, you had them thrown out at your feet, with a "phiz" and a "pop" that created a little suppressed screaming, and a great deal of loud laughter. How eagerly you snatched up the glowing treasure, regardless of burning your fingers, and intent only on the pleasure of dividing it with a certain little bright-eyed maiden, whom you used to imagine yourself very fond of. How delicately it was cooked, and how nicely the shell was split and cracked in various places, to afford you every facility in the feeling; how entirely your happiness depended on the fire then! next to your host it was worthy of all honour. There was no friend to be compared to it, either when you were at home or went out visiting.

Eh! what's that? a coal flown out of the fire, as if to remind us that we are flying from our subject; and so we are, for we find such a number of pleasant vistas tempting us at every turn, as we trace back our road of life from boyhood, that we cannot refrain from taking a step or two aside to get all the enjoyment we can out of our fire-side recollections. Books—ha! books—books and the fire—

exactly what we used to be very fond of, and so we are still, but the relish has diminished, the books have lost their freshness. Do you remember sitting by the fire reading "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels," or—we will go lower—the "Butterfly's Ball," and "Jack the Giant Killer?" How you went on revelling in a dream, toasting your knees, and sometimes burning the toes of your boots, so completely were you absorbed by the fire-side visions! And then when you had no books, how the fire supplied you with visions almost as good! Yes, there you sat, muttering to yourself, as we may fancy, and as we have no doubt you did, mentally, something after this fashion: "Well, that coal's uncommonly like a castle, and there's a little ugly old man looking out of the window—what can he possibly be looking at? Perhaps he is watching that flock of sheep, but why is he not with them? No, he's not watching the sheep; he looks too wicked to be employed to watch sheep. Ah! here's a couple of travellers (did not see them before, though) and they are going up to the castle; just come through that gap in the mountains—the old man is looking out for them—some captain of banditti! Now, as the travellers come near, he'll whistle to his men, and they'll be ready to rob and murder the travellers the moment they have passed through that archway, and then their bodies will be thrown into that great pit there, and then—why, the castle has fallen down, and the travellers are gone, and Pincher has stolen that last slice of bread and butter!" So much for juvenile day-dreams by the fire; but there were better dreams than that—dreams of love, a few years afterwards, when you and somebody used to sit for hours by the fire-side, and revel in the anticipation of possessing some pretty cottage, with its white walls gleaming in the sunshine, and a garden in front full of beautiful flowers, and a porch at the door clustered with honeysuckle or jessamine, looking down upon a magnificent valley dotted with villages, streaked with shining rivers, and shaded by towering hills, and woods that bounded your imaginary prospect. How happy you were to be! You would have plenty of money to live upon, to be sure you would! and you would go rambling about all day long, or sit by the fire if the weather was wet, and spend the day in reading or talking! And then what happy evenings you would have! with a host of kind friends around you, and a blaze of lights, songs, music, cards, and chess, besides some glorious revivals of blindman's buff, and good old country dances! All very delightful, truly, but, alas! we must change the picture, and conjure up the reminiscence of a fire-side reality that destroyed all this dreaming—a long morning scene, a mixture of reasoning, remonstrance, entreaty, and parental appeal against the step that, as you had fondly dreamed, was to produce the consummation of all this happiness—you were very young and had been acting very rashly. You saw your folly, but the discovery was opposed to your affections. It was a bitter and a painful truth; so much so that you refused at first to acknowledge it, and required time for consideration before you would give the promise required of you. You were left alone; you locked the door of the room, flung yourself into a chair; and there, by the very hearth where you had cherished dreams of love, you took upon yourself the meekness of a martyr, and resolved to bow obediently to the advice and wishes of those whose experience and affection demanded such a sacrifice. It was a trial and a triumph—and the end? What is the scene that the blaze of your fire illumines now?—a vivid picture of comfort and happiness!

But this is the genial Christmas-tide, and we have no right to let our fire-side reveries take a sombre hue. Let us stir the cheerful fire, and regard the reflex, so full of life and reality, which Sir Walter Scott has given us of Christmas, as kept in a baron's hall in the olden time.

"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
The damsel donn'd her kirtle shewn;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe."

Then open'd wide the baron's hall
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,
 And ceremony doff'd his pride.
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,
 That night might village partner choose;
 The lord, underogating, share
 The vulgar game of "post and pair."
 All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
 And general voice, the happy night,
 That to the cottage, as the crown,
 Brought tidings of salvation down!
 The fire with well-dried logs supplied,
 Went roaring up the chimney wide;
 The huge hall-table's oaken face,
 Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
 Bore then upon its massive board
 No mark to part the squire and lord.
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
 By old blue-coated serving man;
 Then the grim boar's-head frowned on high,
 Crested with bays and rosemary.
 Well can the green-garbed rauger tell,
 How, when, and where, the monster fell;
 What dogs before his death he tore,
 And all the baitings of the boar.
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls.
 There the huge sirloin reeked: hard by
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie."

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE LIME-LIGHT.

VER since the introduction of gas, men have been attempting to find some still more powerful light, as far surpassing that as it does any generally used means previously adopted. Many years ago an intense light was exhibited by lecturers to popular audiences, by turning on jets of hydrogen and oxygen upon a ball of lime, which was thus raised to a point of brilliant ignition.

This was the "Drummond Light," so called after Lieutenant Drummond, who invented it, and applied it practically in the triangulations of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland and Scotland, on some of the lofty stations, where it was of great importance in those operations to have certain determinate signals. From Holyhead to Ireland the light was visible sixty-four miles; and the same was the case from Ben Lomond to Knock Layd, a still greater distance—ninety-five miles; thus demonstrating the practical unlimitability of the lime-light for the most extended terrestrial purposes. But there must have been some difficulties in the management of such a pure and brilliant light to have prevented its coming into general use, for it is five-and-thirty years ago since Drummond gave us the knowledge of it. And there was a diffi-

culty. We do not mean in its costliness, for the procuring of oxygen was then a dear process; but there was a difficulty in keeping it, so to speak, a-light. Not that the lime *burnt away*, because it is not combustion which takes place at all. It is ignition or incandescence which gives the light, and this will take place as well in a vacuum as in the air; but the lime *crumbled* under the intense heat, and fell away in powder. Hence the Drummond light was laid aside by the public, but not by some individuals, who, from fancy or other motives, continued to try to remedy this one defect, and to render the light perfect and useful.

Mr. Renton and others who thus devoted their time and their intellect to this point have produced a steady and continuous lime-light by the use of clock-work, which constantly moves up to the point of the impingement of the jet of gases a fresh portion of the lime-wick; and for the more extended purposes of lighthouses and other such objects, where very strong, permanent, and distance-carrying light, is required, a combination of several lime-wicks and their attendant gas-jets is made use of, so that the volume of light

is powerfully increased, and all danger of extinction removed, for, if by any possibility one or two *should* become useless, which is not now likely, the others would continue to give off their powerful cones of rays with undiminished brilliancy.

Although the lime-light is something less *intense* than the electric, it has advantages over it. Nothing can make the electric light of uniform intensity. Every change of weather, every change of atmospheric conditions, influences the generation of electricity in the battery which supplies its force, and as the source itself is affected, so must be the river of light which flows with such intensity but in such a narrow thread from an almost mathematical point between the charcoal ends of the conducting wires. The electric light, too, is enormously costly, and requires constant attention. An attendant watches it all night long, and if it go out, oil lamps have to be supplied. It is, therefore, of importance to test a light which is now, by novel methods of producing the gases it requires at *cheap rates*, useable with greater economy than oil, and we believe even than coal-gas.

Another property of the lime-light which we have not yet seen noticed is its power of burning as well under water as in the air; all that is necessary is to cover the lime wicks with a bell glass, closed at the top, so as to prevent the actual contact of the water with the lime, and the apparatus can be lowered into water without in the least interfering with the brilliancy of the light. Air is not necessary for the burning of this light as it is for that of most others, the mixed gases containing within themselves the necessary elements both for burning and for the support of combustion; whilst the sole products of combustion being the vapour of water, this would condense and run down the sides of the glass. There would be no permanent gas to escape, and consequently the light might be lowered to the bottom of the clearest lake without the transparency of the superjacent water being in the least degree disturbed by the rising and breaking of air bubbles at the surface.

Not only are *colours* perfectly distinguishable by this light, but it has this advantage for domestic use, that it generates no bad odours, it *produces nothing*, or at most a few drops of moisture by the union of oxygen and hydrogen, for, as we have said, it is *ignition*, not combustion which takes place.

For large factories, workshops, and public assembly-rooms, where the gas-lights now add heat and annoying smells to the other inconveniences of such crowded places, the lime-light would be a vast improvement, and as it requires no air for its support, it has been properly suggested that it might well be adapted to coal-mines and other works where explosions now cause such calamitous losses to human life.

THE LILIES.

I WALKED amid the lilies, at the morn,
 And they were fair,
 With trembling chalice that banquetted
 On sun and air.
 In the cool depths of the green inland lake
 I saw them rise,
 Chilly and white as stars that break and break
 Thro' autumn skies.

At even tide, slow pacing, I returned,
 Ah! woe is me!
 Where were the bright inhabitants of morn,
 That welcomed me?
 What keel of summer skiff, red-beaked and slow,
 Had ridden o'er
 My white lake-garden, blotting out its lights,
 'Twixt shore and shore?

No answer and no answer. Lucid sprites,
 Where'er you be,
 The spring is flying backward o'er the hills,
 Be patient ye.
 I hear the wind-swirled trumpeters of March,
 On wave and plain,
 Be patient, spring is coming quick and ye
 Shall rise again.

A WOMAN OF MARK.



HE genius of American literature has its own peculiarities, wedded to the soil from which it has sprang, and bound up with the aspirations of the age and people. Drawing its elements from European schools, but with original stimulants to thought in new scenery, new society, and new duties, it has called forth a circle of thinkers to vindicate its aims, and these strangely stand up apart from the entire literature of the world. Emerson, with his old-world thoughts, spoken through the new materials of the west; Longfellow, with his spirit-music, drawn from the Elfin songs of Germany and the lyrical melody of Greece, charming with his Miltonic philosophy; and Nathaniel Hawthorne's, brimming over with the tone of European tradition; while working out the phases of a new land and people, all exhibit peculiar originalities, which separate them from the general body of European writers, and yet so strangely assimilate their productions with the tendencies of European minds, that their books are read almost in preference to our own, and have the most extensive influence of any, except native literature, on the character of national thought.

But America has produced several remarkable women, whose names stand equally apart with those of the opposite sex, just mentioned. For example, Mrs. Stowe, whose name has echoed at every fire-side; Mrs. Sigourney, whose poems are as well known here as those of our own Mrs. Hemans; and, to pass by many others, the subject of our present sketch, Margaret Fuller.

This notable woman was born on the 23d of May, 1810, at Cambridge Port, Massachusetts. Her father was a respectable lawyer of some scholastic acquirements, and her mother was "one of those fair and flower-like natures which sometimes spring up beside the most dusty highways of life," a true woman, full of affection, moral rectitude, and "bound by one law with the blue sky, the dew, and the frolic birds." Her infancy was remarkable for the quickness of her mind and her extraordinary love of books. Her father, ignorant of the laws of mental development, was filled with an ambition to see her mind prematurely perfect, and forced on her tasks far beyond the capacity and endurance of a child. She had none of the resources which usually form the life of childhood; neither dog, nor bird, nor flower; no companions, and nothing to love; and, under the harsh compulsion of her father, her mind soon became diseased, through too early and too laborious a course of study. She had headache, she wandered about the house in her sleep, and was a complete victim, in body and mind, of a mental cultivation begun too early, and pursued in a manner too severe.

The result of this was that her growth was stunted and her frame weakened, while her mind was rendered wonderfully acute, and her wit sharpened to a sarcastic perception. She was a wonderful child, or rather wonderful woman, at the age of thirteen; for she was so precocious both in her mental and physical development, that she passed for eighteen or twenty. Her conversational powers were at this time most extraordinary. She conversed with the students and professors of Harvard College, and baffled them by her keen criticisms and brilliant raillery. She had no natural childhood, and her womanhood was tainted with morbid tastes and tendencies.

Her school life was chequered with hysterical peculiarities, and she became famous as a quizz and a wit—a reputation by no means consonant with the studied propriety of boarding-school misses. But her studies at school were extraordinary. She soon mastered the common-place elements of polite learning; dashed into the remote corners of classical literature, became familiar with Aristotle, Helvetius, Milton, Racine, and the older British poets, and entered into the genius of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, in a manner worthy of a master of philosophy. Her correspondence at this time was esteemed; her letters were replete with learning, broad and clear-sighted criticism, and a high-toned speculation in religion and morals. During the ten years spent at Cambridge, from 1826, she exhibited great intensity of mental life. She was universally beloved, and had always around her a bevy of fair girls, in whom she awakened an intense interest, and whose confidence

she won by the nobleness of her womanly nature. In their evening meetings Margaret always drew around her a knot of listeners, whom she enchanted by her fine conversation, or excited to ecstasy by her brilliant wit. Her conversational talent was wonderful, and past the belief of any who had not heard her. Her personal appearance was far from prepossessing. She was short, somewhat corpulent, with features full of intellectual expression, but by no means beautiful, and rendered universally peculiar by a constant habit of shutting and opening her eyelids, while speaking in a somewhat nasal tone.

In the year 1833 she commenced the study of German, and at this time her mind acquired its full expansion, and she was in the prime of her intellectual endowments. Her letters and journals of this date are full of fine feeling and character—they brim with soul; and throughout all her observations on men and books, or her friendly exchanges of courtesy, a spirit of earnest piety runs underneath, and a benevolence of most womanly warmth and tenderness. In German she made rapid progress; she read Goethe, Tieck, Körner, Novalis, Richter, and Schiller, and soon commenced a series of criticisms in her journals and letters, which evinced a thorough mastery of the spirit of German literature.

While she evinced these noble traits, the fruits of early ill treatment showed themselves in certain diseased manifestations of mental powers. She believed in omens, talismans, and dreams; was particular as to birth-days, coincidences, and mottoes, and never wrote a letter to a friend without putting on a lucky ring or bracelet, in which a carbuncle was set, as a charm against evil influences; to flowers, too, she was partial, and selected the heliotrope as her own flower, because of some fancied similarity between its nature and her own.

Every year her friendships increased in number, and her great soul, like a magnetic centre, gathered to itself all others and similar sympathy. In the autumn of 1835 her father died; in 1836 she went to Boston, to teach Latin and French, in Dr. Alcott's school; in 1837 she accepted an engagement to conduct a school in Providence, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year. Her industry was amazing, and she grew more literary in her habits. She translated Eckerman's conversations with Goethe. In 1844 she commenced to write for the "New York Tribune," while she was at the same time engaged on her great work, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." It was the publication of this work which stamped her fame in the presence of the world. Hitherto her high talents had only evinced themselves in anonymous journalism, and in conversation with private friends; now she appeared before the world with a new idea, and asserted for once, and for the first time fairly, the false position of women in the scheme of modern civilization. She held the right of women to take part in the administration of public affairs, and to enjoy in every sense an equal share with man in the political and social affairs of the age and nations. Those who think such an idea wild and ridiculous must bear in mind that Margaret's mental powers were strongly cast, and she felt her right and capability for these things, and forcibly applied that consciousness to the tender sex universally.

At last she achieved what had been the chief wish of her lifetime—a voyage to England. She sailed from Boston on the 1st of August, 1846, and landed at Liverpool, on the 12th of the same month. After visiting Wordsworth, De Quincy, and other northern notorieties, she went up to London, and saw Thomas Carlyle, W. J. Fox, Joanna Baillie, the Howitts, and other literary celebrities. From London she went to Paris, where she made the acquaintance of Beranger, George Sand, and others, afterwards proceeding to Rome. There she was introduced to several English poets and artists staying there, and to a young Italian soldier of the Guard. This was the crowning hour of Margaret's life time. She had felt lonely in the world too long, and had said, in a letter to Beethoven, "Sometimes the moon seems mockingly to say that I shall not shine without I can find a sun;" and now the congenial nature appeared in the person of the young Italian. His name was Eugene Ossoli, Marquis of Ossoli, and descended of a long and noble ancestry of Italians. Ossoli and Margaret were married, but the marriage was kept secret for a considerable period. Into the events which in the year 1848 deluged the streets of the seven-hilled city with blood, it is not our province here to enter. Suffice it to say that Ossoli threw himself into the heart of the revolution, and that when tranquillity was restored Margaret and her husband turned their faces to the west.

There were three to make the voyage: Ossoli, Margaret, and their little boy, Angelo. When spring touched with gentle fingers the blossomy banks of the Arno, they bid farewell to the orange groves of Florence, and on the 17th of May, 1849, sailed for America. Nothing of great import occurred upon the voyage, until July 16th, when, in a head gale, the vessel struck on the beach of Long Island, off the American coast, and the first scene of a frightful tragedy opened. All was confusion and fear, and the ship evidenced early symptoms of becoming a complete wreck. In the most hopeless plight they consoled each other, and waited for help from the land. The boats were swamped, the fore-castle crushed in, the vessel going by the board, and though a life-boat was brought to the beach, no attempt was made to man her, or to push her off. At last, after twelve hours' communion face to face with death, several of the passengers and seamen were got off by the aid of rafts and ropes, and it came to Margaret's turn. She refused to be separated from her husband and child.

There were now only four seamen left on board, besides Margaret and her husband, child, and servant; she was sitting in her night-dress, as she had rushed out of the cabin on the first alarm, and the seamen were persuading her to try the planks. At that moment a huge sea swept them all into the boiling waters; three of the seamen escaped by swimming, and the fated three, besides the other sailor were all drowned. Margaret sank without a groan, and was seen no more; Ossoli and the maid Celeste caught for a moment at the rigging, but were immediately engulfed in the waters; while the infant, who had sunk with his mother, was washed ashore some time afterwards, and buried by a sailor among the sand-heaps. Such is sometimes the reward for a life of toil and travail. The cares and anxieties, the earnest labours and high aspirations of a life of forty years came to this end—a pitiless sea, a wreck on a sand-bar, an idle life-boat, and not one friend. Margaret's last prayer was fulfilled; they all went together, and the anguish was brief. Apart from the few books she has written, in moral worth, character, and heroism, it must be admitted that one of the most remarkable women of the present century, was Margaret Fuller, Marchioness of Ossoli.

GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE.

"And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one."

He was a little feeble child,
And full of care and pain,
But yet with blithesome heart he sang
His simple Christmas strain.
God bless us all, cried Tiny Tim,
God bless us, every one;
So, too, we pray, this holy day,
God bless us, every one.

They sat around their humble board
In Christmas mirth and glee;
In very truth, though low their lot,
A pleasant group to see.
And Tiny Tim's poor pallid face
With light and beauty shone,
As looking on them all, he cried,
God bless us, every one.

Another Christmas Day came round,
And Tiny Tim lay dead;
Yet as they deck'd his simple bier,
They scarce could think him fled.
Upon them still the little face
With kindly presence shone,
For still they seem'd to hear him pray,
God bless us, every one.

Though many a place be vacant now,
Though dim be many an eye,
Which erst the Christmas chimes might greet,
In gladness fitting by;
A golden light comes gleaming down
From dear ones who are gone,
As pray we now, with Tiny Tim,
God bless us, every one.

T. J. P.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER XI.

BRINGS THE CONSIDERATION OF THAT VERY SERIOUS SUBJECT, THE "DINNER GRIEVANCE," TO A CONCLUSION.



FIND myself, courteous reader, constrained to return still again to the subject of the "Dinner Grievance." I am quite conscious that I have dilated upon it at considerable length, but as I have already said, it is one of those subjects which so grow upon you, when once you have entered upon its consideration, that it becomes very difficult to know where to leave off—moreover, I must be allowed to say that, although I have treated of several matters which appeared to me to bring dinner parties in general fairly under the head of "Grievances," I have to add that there are also several other little circumstances which I could not, in justice either to my subject or my readers, pass over in silence. To the consideration of these, then, will I, with your kind permission, dear reader, devote this paper; and, in order not to tax your patience too severely, I promise you that this paper shall conclude the "Dinner Grievance," so far as I am concerned.

I flatter myself that I have, in the preceding paper, touched upon some of the most salient points connected with this grievance; and I have, without respect of persons, adverted to some of the principal circumstances which, equally on the part of the entertainer and the entertained, tend to convert the meetings which should of their nature be all cheerfulness and conviviality, either into egregious mistakes, or into regular bear-gardens. I now proceed without further preface to touch upon another of these points.

I have remarked more than once in the course of these pages that I am of a highly nervous temperament. This is my misfortune rather than my fault. I am quite sure that if I only looked to my own interests, and my prospects in life, I should very reasonably prefer to be endowed with a face of brass, for there is no doubt that parties of that complexion—"bragien," as the venerable Mrs. Gamp would name it—make their way much more easily, and with much greater profit to themselves through the world, than modest, retiring people like myself, who in our struggles to make head, go to the wall a great deal oftener than is either pleasant or profitable. For example: when I am out at an evening party, and am engaged in telling my story, in my own low voice, and timid, retiring manner, to a small circle of admiring friends, up comes Smith with his great red face, and his loud voice, which, without any disrespect to Smith, would, I must say, be quite appropriate to a bull of Bashan, and breaking into our circle, with his own peculiar roar, which drowns my poor voice in an instant, he carries all before him—"shuts me up," and extinguishes me as completely as if he placed a large diving-bell over my head; and all this, because Smith is "bragien" and I am not. I venture to say that my intellect is quite as acute and quite as highly cultivated, as that possessed by Smith. I remember very well, that when we were at school together at Dr. Searchall's Seminary for Young Gentlemen, he was not fit to hold a candle to me—at least, so the Doctor used to say, for, of course, I should never think of making any such assertion; although, I think I may venture to add, without being accused of vanity, that I remember very well that Smith was always the last fellow in the class, whilst my own place was at the other end of it. I have no reason for believing that the intellect of Smith has received any great development since the time he left school. And hence, I conclude, without presumption, I think, that I could tell as good a story as Smith, or hold my own with him any day in argument; and yet, as a matter of fact, I have no chance at all against him, and all because the article of "brass" seems to have entered very largely into his composition (of course I speak allegorically and metaphorically) whilst I have been made not of "sterner" but of "softer" stuff (if I may be allowed thus to paraphrase the expression without any disrespect to the great author of it). There is no use in life in my engaging with Smith; what chance has my intellect, or my argumentative powers, or my soft, quiet way of telling a pleasant story, against his noise and his "brass"—not the

least. He drowns me in an instant. He "shuts me up" in the fullest sense of the word, and leads away my prey—if I may be allowed to apply such a term to the inoffensive young men in tail coats and white ties, and the still more inoffensive young ladies who are listening to my story—from under my very nose. I feel that I am wandering again, but I have made these remarks to prove that if I am of a highly nervous temperament, it is not because I have selected that peculiar quality of mind for myself. It has been given to me without any reference to my own wishes or inclinations on the matter, and hence I say that if I am of a nervous temperament, and if it is a misfortune to be endowed with a temperament of this nature, I may labour under a misfortune, but I am free from any fault in the matter. Such being the state of the case, or to speak more correctly, such being the state of my mind, you will now, dear reader, I think, appreciate how I have suffered at various times from that absurd practice of "taking wine," which still prevails at some tables. I can safely say that the agonies I have endured on this point have been so great as completely to spoil my enjoyment, and interfere very materially with my digestion. There I am, a nervous young man, always bear that in mind, trying to eat my dinner in peace and quietness, and with as little observation as possible, when somebody, Smith for example, roars out from the other end of the table, "Mr. Incog, pleasure of a glass of wine." Immediately all eyes are turned in my direction, and I, as a necessary consequence, blush awfully, and begin to tremble all over. The probability is that there is no decanter of wine before me, and I have to trouble somebody else to get it for me, my own glass, mark you, most likely being full all the time, but this is a part of the absurdity of the whole proceeding. At length both my own glass and that of Jones being properly charged, we raise them in our hands, screw up our faces into the most solemn, but absurdly ridiculous expression which we can put upon them, bob our heads at one another like a couple of insane old mandarins, put the glass to our lips, and then, when all this time has been lost, and this ridiculous pantomime gone through, replace them on the table, our mutual friends looking on admiringly all the while. Now, I put it to any man of sense to tell me, whether he can conceive any proceeding to which a couple of rational human beings can be subjected, more absurd than this, or better calculated to fill modest young men of a highly nervous temperament like mine, with utter confusion and dismay. If any one can conceive a more absurd proceeding than this, his imagination is a good deal more lively than mine, for I confess that I cannot. I know that this (I don't like to say *absurd*, because so many decent people still retain it) custom is now exploded at many tables, and is fortunately becoming unfashionable, but I also know from my own sad experience, that it still holds strong sway in many other families, and now that I am on the subject of "dinner grievances," I shouldn't feel easy in my mind, I shouldn't have the proud consciousness of having done my duty, which is always such a pleasant reflection to a well-constituted mind, did I let the opportunity pass without having a parting shot at a custom which has given me so much annoyance as that of "taking wine."

I object to the practice of "taking wine" on three grounds. I object to it, firstly, on the ground of its absurdity; secondly, because I consider it a "sham," and thirdly, because it has subjected me, and I believe all persons of the same temperament as my own, to unheard of confusion, and indescribable annoyance.

I hold that this "taking wine" is absurd. Now suppose instead of Smith's accosting me with "pleasure of wine, Mr. Incog," I were to accost Smith with, "pleasure of a potato, Mr. Smith," and then instead of the process of taking wine, which I have just described, Smith and I were individually to stick our forks into a potato, then elevate said vegetable, and wave it gracefully in the air in the direction of one another, and finally, after applying the potato to our mouth, and just licking it with our tongue, were to restore it to our plate, would not every man of common sense protest against the whole proceeding as an utter absurdity? And yet I must confess, that such a proceeding does not appear to me one whit more absurd than the "taking of wine," with its grimaces and contortions, its bobbings and manipulations, its putting to shame of inoffensive and nervous young men.

And then the thing is such a "sham." That is what annoys me more than all the rest, and I am sure that it must have this same effect upon every other conscientious and right-minded member of

society. We must hate shams. It is a principle of our nature, and I, for one, have always striven to further its full development in myself, and to nourish within my soul a fervent hatred of all impositions and shams whatever, whether they come before me in the shape of my Lady Standoff, the Honourable Lucretia, or Mrs. Squeezer and her evening devotions; and I must say, and say emphatically, that I consider this taking of wine a sham. If it isn't a sham, what does it mean? will somebody please to tell me this? I am open to conviction. I only ask for information. I am not like Smith with his roaring voice and his bullying manner. I don't think that I could put any man down by noise and declamation, even if I tried, which I have no intention of doing; and hence I say I am open to conviction, and shall be proud to give in my adhesion to any one who can rationally and fairly show me that there is any meaning in this practice of taking wine. If it is to be taken as a compliment which you wish to pay your friend, the compliment should be taken to consist, if in anything, in drinking with him. Now, fortunately, the days are gone by when you were held to honour a man by drinking with him, and when the bonds of your friendship were supposed not to be fully cemented, until you had fallen under the table together. In those days, the good old times, as some—save the mark!—call them, the "taking of wine" was a reality, and there was some meaning in it. You challenged your friend, and your friend challenged you, and you both drank until you could drink no more from very repletion; and although this proceeding was about as near an approach to the perfection of beastliness as you can imagine rational creatures attaining, still, it was a real proceeding, and it meant something; viz. that you honoured your friend by making a beast of yourself for his sake. But the rules of politeness which fortunately hold sway now-a-days, don't allow you to degrade and animalize yourself in order to honour your friend. If you were to tumble under your friend's table now-a-days, the probability is, that your friend would, very properly, ring for his servants to transfer you from his dining-room to the pavement outside his door; or, if he were of a very forgiving character, with a more than usually tender feeling for the failings of a friend, he might send you home in a wheel-barrow with some clean straw. I confess that I should adopt the former mode of proceeding. Consequently, if you are dining with a large party, and you either challenge, or are challenged by some twenty or thirty people to "take wine," of course you can't do it. You would make a beast of yourself if you drank twenty or thirty glasses of wine, and the very people who invite you to "take wine" would be the first to have you trundled out into the street. Now, if you can't drink the wine, if you are not permitted to make an animal of yourself, even to honour your friend, it follows by order of good consequence, that you only pretend to take your wine, and you set down your glass without having tasted its contents; and, if a pretence of this kind be not "a sham," a sham of the very shallowest and most transparent nature, I hold that there is no such thing in creation; and I hold, moreover, that all shams are to be scouted, and driven out of society (although candour compels me to admit that I have no hope of attaining a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," for I am afraid that the shams are rather too large a family to admit of it) I say that this custom of "taking wine" ought to be sent to the right about in double quick time, along with the toping, duelling, and roystering habits of the period when it had its origin, and to which it properly belonged.

But the absurdity of the thing, and the patent fact of its being an arrant sham, are nothing in comparison with the confusion with which it overwhelms a young man, who like myself, has the misfortune, if indeed it be a misfortune, to be bashful. Instead of eating my dinner in peace and quietness, there I sit, trembling all over, lest any one should single me out and draw the attention of the whole company upon me, by what I regard as his unwelcome civility. It comes at last, in every variety of tone, from the bel-low of Smith to the soft whisper of Jenkins, who sends down his servant to beg "that he may have the pleasure" etc. etc., and I am kept at it the whole time that I ought naturally to be taking my victuals, and I may say that my dinner is interrupted by one continued succession of blushes, spasmodic smiles, and awkward inclinations of my body, to persons in different parts of the table. This, however, is a mere trifle compared to the ordeal of inviting others to take wine with me. It may cost me a few blushes, etc.; but I can manage to fill my glass, bob my head, and put the wine to my

lips, in answer to the challenge of my friend; but it is the asking others which upsets me completely. *I can't* do it. My natural infirmity won't allow me. *If* I could conquer it, I would, but I cannot; and yet, because I cannot, I am reputed an ill-bred young man, ignorant of the usages of society. Now, I will give a case in point. I have already informed you, dear reader, that I seldom dine out for reasons with which I have furnished you, but I do dine out, sometimes. Well, some little time ago, I was invited to take my place at the board of a certain gent, whom I happened to meet at the house of another friend. I accepted the invitation. The family was one whose acquaintance I was really anxious to cultivate, but my designs were completely frustrated by this custom of which I now treat. Upon sitting down to dinner, I found to my horror that this family still retained the custom of taking wine. The host, of course, begged to have the pleasure, etc., and this I managed to get over. According to the rules laid down in this case, I ought then to have begged the lady of the house to "allow me to have the pleasure," and I was really most anxious to do so, but I could not for my life screw my courage up to sticking point. I was fifty times just on the point of doing it, when at the critical moment, my heart failed me, and with a ghastly smile, I allowed the opportunity to pass by. I saw the dishes being gradually removed, and still my duty was undischarged. There I sat in an agony of nervousness, but it was all of no avail, and the dinner passed away, and I had not asked the lady of the house to take wine with me. And mark the consequences. I have never been invited to dine at that house since, and all because I did not discharge a duty which, I give my word of honour as a gentleman, I was morally unable to discharge. Now, isn't this too bad? sympathizing reader, isn't it too bad, and hasn't the time come for sweeping away this custom at one fell swoop? If there are any old people, relics of the last century, who are so attached to this custom that the peace of their latter days would be seriously endangered if they were not allowed to continue it, I would make an exception in their favour, and allow them to continue a habit, which I daresay comes natural enough to them; but it must be allowed to die out with them, and not be forced upon us who are averse to the imposition.

Such, dear reader, are my views on this whole question of the "Dinner Grievance." I trust that I have put them forward with all due diffidence and modesty, and without assuming any authority which I have no right to assume. I have not based my assertions upon mere speculations, but I have, in every instance, based them upon facts, and facts, I need not tell you, the intelligent readers of this journal, are stubborn things. Where my deductions from these facts (you must take my word for the facts,) are not legitimate, reject them by all means. Where they are legitimate, and you cannot logically deny them, admit them and their necessary consequences; and, although I say it, who should not say it, our dinner parties and other convivial meetings will be all the better for it. But, at all events, and whatever else we do, let us keep alive the sacred fire of hospitality.

"Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

Blest be that shade, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with ample plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests and pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good."

Poor Goldsmith, who in his time wrote many beautiful lines, never, in my estimation at least, wrote a more beautiful one than this—

"And learn the luxury of doing good."

I regret very much that the precarious and unsatisfactory state of my domestic relations with Mrs. Squeezer does not allow me to practise this virtue as much as I could wish, but I don't admire it the less, nor entertain a lower appreciation of it on this account. No. Let us be hospitable, and enjoy as much of one another as we can during our few short years of passage.

"But well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this."

The world is slipping through our fingers and gliding from under our feet; every day carries us nearer to that bourne whence no traveller returneth. Whilst we have the opportunity, then, let us live like true brothers; and let us never be more happy than when, in due time and season, and with all subordination to higher interests and holier duties, we gather our friends around our festive board, and look upon the pleasant sight, aye, the pleasantest this world can afford, which is presented by a circle of smiling and contented faces; when eye greets eye with sympathetic flash, and heart speaks to heart with an eloquence which all the rules of rhetoric could never teach it. It is to further the attainment of this happy end that I have ventured to point out in these papers some of the mistakes into which the best intentioned of us fall in these matters, in order, that by comparing our mutual experiences, and correcting our mistakes, we may render these festive meetings all that they ought to be; and, with many thanks to you, kind and courteous reader, for the patience with which you have followed me in my wanderings, and with a fervent hope that some, at least, of the hints thrown out in these papers may bring forth their fruit in due season, and tend to unite us still more and more, and make us a band of single-hearted, loving, hospitable men, walking hand in hand on our passage through the world, and ever ready with our aid for the brother who may be weak, and stand in need of our assistance, with a hearty grasp and a pleasant smile for all, and above all things, with as much of reality and as little of the artificial in all that we do and say, as is possible in this nineteenth century in which our lot is cast, I take my leave of, and write "Finis" to, the "Dinner Grievance."

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VII.

IT is very late autumn; so late, that every morning chilly people declare over the breakfast table that winter has "set in" at last. The faded, rotting, summer dresses of elm, and lime, and poplar, lie at their base, filling the air with a rich, vegetable charnel dampness. Swiftly the plough, almost hidden in the steam from the dappled team, turns the rich umber of the under earth to the sun. Grateful to the eye is the land ploughed yesterday; its shady side of the furrows, silvered with a light frost. Winter is treading on our heels undoubtedly. Sharp and impudent are the birds. Why, the starlings, in eager quest of worms, almost strike the heels of the ploughman, as they follow in his wake! Wonderfully sagacious is this. That they should know that the worms will show upon the fresh up-turned earth; and that he is up-turning it! The berries glow in heavy crimson masses upon the denuded hawthorns. "Aye, sir," says the farmer, "we shall have a sharp winter of it." There is a metallic ring in the reports of guns in the sharp, clear air. The black, deserted birds' nests, swinging in the bare arms of elm and chestnut, are pelted by the village boys, in very wantonness. Labourers are cursing the parish steam thrashing machine, (for parishes have now their thrashing machines for the use of neighbouring far-

mers, as they have their fire-engines.) Yeomen are trotting from the plough to the harrow, and from the harrow to the "mixing" cart, upon solid, frisky nags. Woodcock were seen in the orchard of "The Grove" yesterday; and, if Farmer Jeastman speaks the truth, (and why should we say "if?") a couple of wild geese flew over Mr. Faversham's chimney-pots, within easy shot, only an hour or two since.

"By Jove!" says Mr. Arthur Faversham, the younger brother of our friend, "they may be along the shore."

Mr. Arthur takes his gun. Henry Faversham and Mr. Clifton, who has kindly accepted his friend's invitation, and has been received with strict politeness by Papa Faversham, are smoking in a bed-chamber snugery, which Mr. Arthur has fitted up for himself and for brother Henry, whom he adores as a shining light on all occasions.

Mr. Arty is not a clever youth, but you shall travel swiftly for a week before you find a more companionable fellow. If you suggested to him that he was handsome, he would request you to have none of your hanged nonsense. Nor was he handsome, save that he had an open—a roguish face. It twisted, and lit up, and darkened, and was convulsed with laughter, or moved to tears, so rapidly and fitfully, that it never made the same impression upon you twice. You never examined it—(I cannot for the life of me tell at this moment whether Arty's eyes were blue or sea-green; I only know that I was always pleased to meet their genial light, and warm my sluggish spirits in their warmth.)

"We are going to have a crack at some wild geese—we are," quoth Mr. Arty Faversham, as he burst into his snugery, and took down his gun. Still addressing himself, as he examined his fowling-piece, he continued, whimsically, not choosing to notice his brother or his brother's



guest: "Just half a dozen geese, and a widgeon or so, will be about the thing. Not the slightest objection to a wildcock, or we'll say, a snipe—not the slightest. Could do with a snipe, with just a golden plover or two for lunch."

"What's up now, Arty?" asked Mr. Henry Faversham, without taking his eye from his book, or his pipe from his mouth.

"Reading and writing again!" answered Arty, glancing with humorous contempt at his brother and Mr Clifton, who was "knocking off" something. "I never saw such fellows!"

Clifton pitched his pen aside, and, jumping up, vowed that he would have a turn with the young dog.

"Young dog!" repeated Master Arty, measuring his brother's friend with those queer, laughing eyes of his. "Now, then, Methusalem! Have you brought your crutch with you?"

"None of your nonsense, Arty, or I shall have to thrash you," observed the lordly Mr. Henry.

"Dear me!" responded Mr Arty, throwing himself into a convenient posture for the threatened operation.

An east wind swept, keen as a razor, over the fields. Mr Arty stalked valiantly against it, getting over the furrows at a rapid rate, only to enjoy the pleasure of turning round to see his brother in thin boots, and generally attired as he would have been in Regent Street, scudding uneasily over the clods, and vowing that it was not the sort of thing to which he had been accustomed.

Clifton, his hands rammed into the pockets of his reefing-jacket, and his wide-awake drawn tightly over his eyes, pushed solidly and deliberately over the ground, and found freshness, and health, and spirits in the brisk air. Mr. Arty, his hair standing stiffly out from the sides of his head, under his cap, as he looked eagerly about him, then paused to listen, then motioned his companions to halt, then levelled his gun, then dropped it again—strongly resembled a terrier. His sense of sight and sound were sharp as lightning. He knew the whistle and the song of every bird about him; he was great on the daw-backed rooks; he was not to be misled from that sharp ringing with which golden plovers rise; he was almost even with the cunning of the crows, as he hid his gun behind his back, and crept stealthily forward. Now a storm-cock flew swiftly overhead, but it was too high for Arty's gun.

The party was nearing the sea. There was a saltiness in the wind, the trees were low, and bent inland, as though they would hug the soil for protection against the relentless ocean. Faversham passed the young fellows wheeling barrow-loads of glistening fish (rock-cod and whiting, chiefly) to the neighbouring villages. Farm-carts loaded with sea-weed, were on their way to various dung-hills. Down a steep, deep cutting through the chalk cliffs, went the young men to the sea, Clifton shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Arthur; Henry Faversham daintily picking his way in the rear.

The two foremost men had hardly turned out of the cutting upon the beach, when the sharp echoes of a gunshot startled the people round about. A minute afterwards, Mr. Arthur might be seen jumping from stone to stone, dashing through wet masses of deep-green and ragged sea-weed, to where the waves were gaily and noisily tumbling along the shore, edging it with a creamy foam. He returned presently with a gull; its ruffled feathers dashed with blood.

"Nasty work," said Mr. Henry Faversham.

"Is it?" responded Mr. Arthur, "I should like to see you bring a bird down at that height! You see—sick into his head," he added, exhibiting the marks of the shot. "By George, I wish I could come across a wild-geese or two!"

Mr. Arthur pushed forward, expressing his hope that beyond a headland that stood boldly out towards the sea, about half a mile distant, they might come up with a duck or two at any rate. Clifton followed briskly; Henry Faversham sauntered after them, and then, when they turned a corner of a rock, took the opportunity of retracing his steps homeward. He had letters to write—one letter that he wished to write alone.

Let the reader learn at once, that Mr. Henry Faversham was in a state of high nervous excitement, which he controlled before friends; but to which he must give vent occasionally—alone. Did the face of the pretty bigot, whitened by the moon, on that memorable night when Miss Ashby did him the honour to take his arm, and walk along Hastings parade with him, still shine before him—refusing to be chased away? If, when he called to mind the evenings he had spent at Jamaica Lodge, ruling neat little account-

books for the pious little female secretary, and when he felt the sweet breath of the holy little creature upon his cheek, as she stood, necessarily, close to him, to give him directions; if when his memory had completed this picture, a peculiar thrill passed over him—a thrill as indescribable as it is pleasant—was he in love? Why was that little note which Mr. John Ashby had given him, if he were not in love, always in his pocket? A less sentimental note could not flow from an inkstand. In it, he was simply, "Dear Mr. Faversham;" and he was asked if he knew anybody who could give employment to a discharged policeman, in whose wife and children (regular in their attendance at chapel,) Miss Ashby took a lively interest. He was not even asked why he had not been, of late, to Jamaica Lodge. Where could he find employment for a discharged policeman? Could a more ridiculous question be put by a young lady to a man in Faversham's position?

Still Faversham's business, which hastened his steps back to Mr. Arthur's snugery, was, to write in every direction. Would the man do as a waiter? Could he act as a city porter? Had he any objection to livery? A hundred questions must be addressed to Miss Ashby. Prosy work this, to an indolent man; yet, Mr. Faversham is arranging his papers with a vigour, and a swiftness, that we have not been accustomed to remark in his movements. To be sure, the correspondent is a lady, and the severest editor of the most rigid book of etiquette,—could not charge Mr. Faversham with a single forgetfulness of the laws written down, for the guidance of modern knights, in the chivalrous service of the fair sex. Still this manner, which we notice to day, is not active to the de liberate and easy gentleman of the Temple. That effort to hum a popular air, blithely, cannot deceive us who are behind the screen, peering, indecently it must be confessed, into the secrets of one who has always treated us with the most finished courtesy. The letters to friends, who may hear of a situation adapted to the capacities of an ex-policeman, are easily tossed off, and so should that to Miss Ashby be. Mr. Faversham is a most elegant letter-writer. He has always a pretty conceit at the point of his pen; and has been called "a dead hand at a compliment" by his chum. But those sweet antitheses of his are not flowing to-day. He is wasting time terribly, drawing caricatures upon his blotting paper.

Briefly,—the reader impatiently interposes—the man is in love.

Gently, fair reader, whose flashing eyes light my page; whose breath, sweet as thyme, perfumes my paper, Mr. Faversham is not in love. What! with Miss Ashby! This young lady has never given him the slightest encouragement. Her eye has never melted tenderly under his, her hand never lingered for one second in his, her lips have never betrayed a passing preference.

Miss Ashby may have won his regard, but she has never suggested to him that she is a woman; the lady is cold; has, we are inclined to think, a one-chambered heart. That waist, tender as it is, was not intended to be compressed by the rough arms of man. It is rigid, unyielding. That little head was never meant to fall out of the perpendicular, upon a lover's shoulder, and turn passionate lips to his.

Still Faversham bites the feather of his pen, and dwells upon every word of his letter to saint Minnie. There is a glow in his heart, as he directs his note to the Saint,—a glow, at once peculiar and embarrassing. Tut! tut! that impatient reader with the flashing eyes interposes, this time "really angry" to see all this beating about the bush: the man is in love, or will be.

Will be,—granted, but at this present writing there is hope for Mr. Henry. Mr. Henry is not the man to fall in love, like a school-girl. He is too sentimental to trip at once into the snare. His eye has always been upon it; he has watched every man-trap with his glasses; he has weighed every sigh; he has examined, critically, every roguish eye. Your bouncing, red-faced country bumpkins are the prizes caught easily in the man-traps. The first flash of the first eye makes them quiver in every limb. The first sigh brings their heart into their throat; the first pressure of a hand provokes an awkward, but sincere, declaration. Bumpkin, if his acreage be good, is accepted, and is afterwards "whipped into shape." His elegant young bride tells him that his taste is "horrid;" quizzes his provincialisms; turns him over to her brother's tailor, and in a few months, changes him from a bluff, hearty, country squire, into a stiff imitation of a May Fair gentleman. Is he happy? Surely he must be. His bride traces her ancestors into a far-off Norman fog, and reminds him that she refused an earl's eldest son.

But Henry Faversham was no country bumpkin, with fat acreage, to be snared by the ungloving of a hand. He admired chiefly, in Miss Ashby, that rigid conscientiousness to which she was a slave. She had never been within the walls of a theatre; she had never been upon a race-course, she had never held a hand at whist, she had never rattled dominoes, or even (one would have thought this was harmless enough) moved a bishop upon a chess-board. In a wicked moment (for all flesh is weak) she had certainly enjoyed a few passes with battle-dore and shuttle-cock, but after five minutes she had reflected that life was too short, to give any of it to the idle amusement of sending a shuttle-cock into the air. And so she had returned, a penitent sinner, to the intricacies of her blanket club accounts. From hot artificial ball-rooms, from clouds of blue and pink tarletans, from the sight of artificial flowers upon heads as artificial; the elegant mockery, the hollow refinement, the feigned modesty and underhand rivalries of my lady's rout; from the crowded staircases of Kensington gentility, where Mrs. Kensington gives an annual party (to pay off, in one reckoning, the score of her obligations to people who have invited her), from these regulated shows, in which there is neither hospitality, nor friendship, nor intellectual rubbing of mind against mind, to the extreme quiet and the honest welcome of Jamacia Lodge, is a refreshing step. Henry Faversham was amused enough at Kensington; delighted when the judge's lady sent him one of her broad cards, bidding him be of her next party. He was not insensible to the applause which greeted his waltzing; nor to the flattery which rewarded his elegant exertions at forfeits. But every man has a nature of his own, that he hides from the world. The noble impulses of the painted clown who knocks his knees and lolls his tongue for the pleasure of school-children (pompated and provided with sweetmeats in the boxes), shall never reach the youngest nor the eldest of these children. Behind that red and white paint is a sorrowful face, that has lately hung over a dying wife. Cruel clown, who cuts a man's head off, and sits and grins upon the trunk; has an orphan in the spare home, whom may be he has vowed to protect in memory of his dead friend—(the pantaloons of last year.)

It is hard to believe it, but Mo, the bum-bailiff, the touch of whose finger ices the debtor's heart, actually jumped into the river one day, and clutched a boy from his yawning grave; possibly giving life, hereby, to a future prisoner, Sir Cynic may add. But no, no, no; let us hold that there is a touch of redeeming good—some secret kindness, in the worst of us, as there are accidental lights in the gloomiest, the deepest caverns. Sad, that the world perversely stares at the darkness, and passes the diamond points of light. Sad, but not strange. For how deep is the mystery that, to the wife who has lived her half century with her John Anderson, remains, the seal untouched, in honest Anderson. Anderson is an open-hearted man; but he has his inner sanctuary, as we all have, the threshold of which neither parent nor mistress shall pass. We would fain hope that our best, our most solemn, self is there; and it is a comfort to us to believe so. And we laugh at the world that judges us, and the pompous big-wigs who elaborate our characters.

Our elegant waltzer, successful as a light and happy sneerer, was especially careful to conceal his inner self. This self would not do for society. He cased himself in a habited armour of indifference, which secured for him the reputation of a well-bred man. His saunter into a room was a study. He walked leisurely, supporting the stare of everybody, to his hostess; was just as cordial with M^{rs} Cummins as with Lord Falchion; asked ladies to dance, and received their intimation that their list was full, with equal grace; and he threw in a happy hit here and there, as though good things were hardly worth dropping. This was Henry Faversham, Esq., as he wished the world to see him; nor could he understand how any man could live in the world without feeling himself perfect in the *bienséances*.

But call me Henry Faversham to mind, far away from the scented saloons of West End, London. The scene shall be a rich slope of grass, decked with yew and willow, with rose and myrtle, with white recording stones near every footstep. Henry Faversham has lost a friend, and is now in the wake of his remains, borne on hired shoulders, to the grave. The solemn voice of the clergyman rises upon the summer air, the sun shines upon uncovered pates, and near the head of the cold, shadowy grave, stands our young friend, his face buried in his hat—of little avail the hat. The boy's heart is

bursting. Never handsomer than when, red with honest weeping, you looked kindly, passionately into your dead friend's last home, before the sunlight was shut out from it, have we seen you, calm and gentlemanly friend of ours, and of our set.

And it doth appear to us, that hence we have looked to the very threshold at any rate, if not beyond it, of your inner self—that inner self of which you are ashamed, and that we are able to estimate justly your perplexity *in re* Miss Ashby. How you have sat at the window of your brother's snuggery this long time, short pipe in mouth, puffing smoke at the flies, and mumbling to yourself. You cannot help it, you *do* admire the little saint in her russet. You are horrified when you picture to yourself that quaint little straw bonnet, bound by one band of brown ribbon, bobbing at your side along Piccadilly. But—but—relieved by the appearance of the party returning from Mr. Arthur's wild expedition (which has been joined by the Misses Faversham), you would most decidedly prefer the straw bonnet and brown ribbon, to the flaunting colours (caricatures you know of the last *Follet*) carried by Clara.

Clara has accepted the arm of Mr. Clifton. He is very serious; she is laughing, making herself very clever, I have no doubt. Mr. Henry mutters; angry to see a sister of his "going in for a display" in the company of his own particular friend. Clifton hates display, is not fond of the Pivert, Jane Clarke, Hoby-and-Stults world. There is a high, if mocking spirit in Clifton, to which Faversham looks up, and by the side of which he appears to himself a driveller and a coxcomb. That is, when Faversham is with Clifton, and under his influence. But let Faversham have one of Lady Trumpet's broad cards before him, let him be shaving in those dingy chambers of his, preparing himself to obey Lady Trumpet's summons, and he is sad to think how his stern and careless friend puts the fashionable world aside, and hugs himself in his rough and almost brutal independence.

Clifton, coming along the gravel walk with chattering Clara, is an unpleasant picture to the lady's brother. She is so light and daring. She is so fond of asserting the most untenable doctrines. She delights so hugely in putting a serious man at a disadvantage. She will appear, in short, to Clifton, a volatile, surface-skimming girl of the world, without heart or veneration.

Why is Clifton not talking rather to sweet Ada? To Ada, who is sportive as a kitten—but tender, modest, and womanly. Who might blush, and stammer, and say she "didn't know" to a thousand not profound questions; but in whose low, murmuring, rippling voice there is a vibration that trembles from the ear to the heart. Why, again, let Mr. Faversham be asked, are his thoughts for the Peckham saint, and not for the laughing little sinner, her sister?

"Two of 'em—golden plovers both!" shouts Mr. Arty, who cares not whether Clifton talks to Ada, or to Clara, or to both, as he throws the birds on Mr. Henry's desk, and proceeds, as he whistles a favourite air, to examine his gun.

"Some people can't tell a plover from a hedge-sparrow," says Master Arty to himself, as he tries the triggers. The sneer is intended, of course, for Clifton, who is at the door of the room.

"Take those birds off my desk, young chaw-bacon," from Henry Faversham.

"Dear me!" And Master Arty removes them with humorous care, and blows all over the desk, and wipes it with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Were you afraid of your boots, Henry?" asks Clara.

"Henry had letters to write, hadn't you, dear?" volunteers gentle Ada, creeping quietly to his side.

"I've had a delightful walk, Faversham," declares Mr. Clifton. We thought he glanced at Clara as he spoke. She was examining the link of her new bracelet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENCE.—Science is too lofty for measurement by the yard of utility; too inestimable for expression by a money standard. These grovelling ideas of the objects of science, which constantly jar it in its intercourse with the world, ought to find no response in the breast of any devotee who would draw inspiration from its shrine.

HAPPINESS.—False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

TO SPRING.

FROM the grey wicket of the morn,
Under the shadow-braided skies,
With violet twilights in thine eyes,
Thou walkest across the fresh, green corn.

I see thy pathway in the dark,
Thy sweet feet print the fields with light,
With primroses and snow-drops white,
And silver on the larch tree's bark.

I know thy coming. Underneath
The black and leafless lattices,
There comes the moan of blowing trees,
The wallflower's faint ascetic breath.

I know thy coming—for the air
Blows soft upon the sleeted pane,
And drips the eaves with amber rain,
And scatters odours everywhere.

Far down, amid the shallows dank
Of the cold freshets, mallow-blooms
Are broadening in the willow glooms,
And cowslips flame on byre and bank.

O peace, O rest! Thou wintry jar
Of piping nights and mornings cold,
With fogs upon the sunless wold,
And thunders in the west afar;

Leave us a while, that we may rise,
With bright hands on the happy latch,
That we may go abroad and catch
The season's passion from the eyes

Of fringed daisies that espy
The sun's return, before the furze
Turns golden; or the swallow stirs
His dusk wing in our faithless sky.

On many a sandy river shore,
And emerald lawn, the chestnut stands,
And shines along the pasture lands,
The gleam of blossomed sycamore.

And in the hours of sunshine brief,
But barred with shadows every one,
On gables looking to the sun,
The honeysuckle gathers leaf.

Blessed be thou, sweet time of spring,
And not alone that thou dost come,
Thy white arms piled with freshened bloom,
And songs that make the woodland ring.

No more amid the myrrhs and palms,
Of highest heaven, dost thou repose,
And feel upon thy crownless brows
The light of ever-crimson calms.


Thine aim is higher. Thou art the type
Of resurrection—of the Spring
That yet shall wake the sleeping thing,
When God is pleased, and time is ripe.

VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart.

MY AUNT AND I.

I.

I DESCRIBE HER PERSONALLY



N introducing my venerable and respected aunt to the notice of the public of these kingdoms, it may be expected that I shall inform my readers who she is, and what are her special claims to my attentions, This duty which I have adopted as a labour of love. I hasten to discharge. My aunt is a middle-aged lady, and by some misfortune, for which she at least cannot be held accountable, was christened Maryanne. This circumstance, light as it may seem to persons incapable of appreciating the aesthetics of euphony, has proved to her a constant source of irritation. She protests (my aunt never asserts anything) that the name is decidedly vulgar, and that one of the chief reasons which prevented her marrying was the dread of having the frightful surname engraved on the laps of the wedding envelopes. The sister of my father, long deceased, the middle-aged lady has invariably manifested the heartiest liking for the writer of these pages. She has dug him out of debt more than once, and although she has repeatedly protested against a repetition of the operation, the said writer believes that, if Tom got into debt to-morrow Tom would be disinterred. I am very attentive to my aunt—I am her only relative. Although she is far from being a strong minded female, she has her own idiosyncracies, her own canons of taste and judgment—above all, she is remarkable for an adherence to truth, very rare in this shuffling, equivocating world. When she fell sick down at Whitegate, the family residence, three months ago, a paragraph deploring that calamity appeared in the "Whitegate Chronicle." It expressed the heartiest sympathy with the amiable and accomplished invalid, and ended by hoping she might be speedily convalescent. "Madam," I said to her, "the Chronicle has inserted a very pleasing notice of your illness." "It did—I wrote it myself," was her brief answer. "Madam," I often venture to say, "time, which plays havoc with the fairest complexions, only improves yours." "I can't say it does," replies the lady, "as I haven't seen it this long time. Slab and rouge, sir, slab and rouge." Occasionally she volunteers a remark which may stand unsurpassed for candour and ingenuousness. "Sir," she will say, "at my time of life ladies generally give over all notions of matrimony, but I flatter myself I haven't yet come to that. Did you ever see a neater figure with a girl of eighteen, Sir?" "Beautiful teeth, ma'am—perfection of symmetry—the result of extreme care," observed Dr. Leech, one day, as he was examining her tongue. "Doctor," quoth my aunt, "they take care of themselves—£10 the set, sir—suction satisfactory." One morning we were chatting over the events of a ball which we had attended the previous evening. A lady who was present said timidly, "I wonder, madam, who had the best feet in the room?" "I protest I had," replied my aunt, and she raised her dress about three inches to confirm the statement.

In matters of dress she is rather peculiar. There are but three breadths in her swellest dresses, brocades and satins as they be: she is broader at the waist than at the ankles, so that the drapery torso bears a suspicious resemblance to a baggy umbrella. Her collars are broad and deeply mitred, and might with propriety be consigned to the museum of a Flanders lace factory. In the matter of bonnets she still adheres to the railway tunnel pattern, which occasioned an irreverent fellow to remark that it required the assistance of a telescope to make out her face. For gloves she has a strong and lingering attachment, invariably wearing the one pair until the thumb seam rips and her finger tips work through. But it is in the scarf article that she shines as the cynosure of our locality. On going out, she throws a mauve-coloured slip of silk across her shoulders, and having adjusted it there, with considerable trouble, crosses the ends, and secures them with pins. This is the finishing touch of an elaborate toilet, and when it is accomplished we sally forth. On reaching the hall she stands on the mat until I have unlatched the door, and on those occasions I have frequently caught her studying her face in a bit of looking-glass neatly and secretly framed in the bottom of her reticule. She insists on taking my right arm, and frequently congratulates me on the delightful

fact that she wears "no abominations," like "other young persons" whom she knows. I take the allusion to refer to a little friend of mine in Sandymount, who, with the greater part of her dear, inconsistent sex—God bless them!—will have their own way in what most concerns them.

My aunt, I should have said, is a great sight-seer. When the international fight between the immortal Heenan and the immortal Sayers was about to come off, she inquired seriously if ladies would be permitted to be present? and threw in a suggestion to the effect, that woman was the most natural as well as the best qualified of nurses. When I cautiously remonstrated with her on the impropriety of a lady attending such a proceeding, she quietly asked, "Don't women ever fight, sir?" We have been over Dublin a dozen times—are acquainted with half the barrel organs, and could furnish the addresses of two dozen noted confectioners. Our connection with the latter is the source of much humiliation to myself personally. "Sir," my aunt will say, "I require some light refreshment—come in." Walking up to the counter, she will ask, "Have you got any nice jam tarts to-day?"

"We have, ma'am."

"Ah, let me see. I do detest acids—I love something hot. Pray, oblige us with half a dozen gingerbread and two glasses of water." The viands are furnished, we pay our penny, and depart. Sight-seeing, I repeat, is a passion with my aunt. She will hear Grisi, she will hear Mario, she will see the pantomimes and the educated pig; she will see the Fishamble Dancing National Assembly Rooms, the reviews in the Park, the latest eminent *carte de visite*, the newest description of gas-burner, the last swallow, and the first brocoli. She has been to more than one execution in the provinces, her comment on one of those melancholy exhibitions being, "That Mr.—a—a—Catch is a very ungentlemanly-looking person." When Turner told her of the Cork hangman who used to whisper the unhappy culprit, when tying him up, "Howld up your head, and long life to yez!" the old lady rose, went to her portfolio, and wrote out the story under the head of "Entertaining Anecdotes." Only one thing puzzles her beyond measure, and that is the telegraph. If it carries messages, she doesn't see why it shouldn't "take" parcels as well; and when I strive to convince her that the communication between the ends of the lines is conducted by a spark, she shakes her head gravely, and observes, "That young spark lives very fast, sir." It was her luck to see the first Napoleon, in Paris, during the last days of his career, and she gloried in it. With all the statues, plaster-of-Paris and marble, of the First Consul, she is thoroughly dissatisfied. "Sir," she will say, pointing to the well-known picture in which the Emperor is represented standing with folded arms and gazing into the sea distance, "the man that daubed that was a looby. When I saw Napoleon, he hadn't his arms folded and his left leg stuck out in that preposterous fashion. On the contrary, sir, he was taking snuff out of his waistcoat pocket, and a great slobberer he was, with all his grandeur." That my aunt is too strictly guided by the canons of what Fichte terms positive common sense, is a misfortune for me as well as for her. For instance, we are eternally at issue on astronomical topics. She refuses to believe that when one half the world is dark the other is bright, for, as she asks, somewhat peevishly, "Who ever saw both at the same time?" To tell her that the sun is ninety millions of miles from the earth is but to provoke the inquiry, "Was there ever a tape made that could measure it?" And when the comet paid us that unexpected visit, the other day, she gave me a second glass of punch after dinner, that I might drink "More confusion to the humbug astronomers." On reading for her John Keats' apostrophic to the moon, in "Endymion," she demanded to know what all that trash was about, for she had looked at the moon through a telescope (one peep-a-penny), and protested she was pock-marked. "Poets, indeed," she continued, "why, I bought a ballad for a ha'penny, the other night, in Great George's-street, and I protest it was the best thing that ever was printed."

At dinner, my aunt tucks her napkin under her chin and turns down her glass, placing her bread below it, until I invite her to take wine with me. To carve a leg of mutton other than haunch-wise would be to rile her awfully. She eats mock-turtle with a teaspoon and chops down her ices on the point of a butter-knife. Besides she insists on everyone present sitting to table at tea, and has a notion that toast should be buttered before it is placed on the server. She likes fowls curried and spatchcocked, and makes

a famous sauce of chillies and chutney that might scarify the palate of an elephant. At ten o'clock she will rise from the table, and exclaim—"I protest I had no idea of the hour, gentlemen—where are your hats?—ladies, fetch your shawls and bonnets, this dissipation is ruinous to young persons." And when the company have left, my aunt will sit down, and then—oh, then. Some other time.

Such is an outline of my aunt, a lady with whom I have had several adventures, descriptions of which may add their weak merit to the stronger features of this journal. I shall next proceed to tell you how I and my venerable relative fared in a search for "nice furnished lodgings."

II.

WE LOOK FOR "GENTEEL APARTMENTS."

I HAVE said that my aunt kept her own house; I may add that she also kept her own plate and linen, with the addition of a daddylong-legged work-table, and a stuffed poodle with one glass eye. She was proud of all, but her invincible spirit was no match for her vanity. Once you got her "monkey" properly up, she was capable of any spite, any sacrifice; ready for any humiliation. The happy reader who shall properly appreciate those facts, will have no difficulty in understanding how it was that on Mr. Crib, her landlord, complaining one morning of the unswept state of the street-flags, the old lady flared up, and gave him what she styled "warning of quittance" on the spot. Mr. Crib, I must say, made the amplest apologies, but my aunt was not to be mollified, and he departed a bit less buoyant than he came. I was a moody and not indifferent witness of the little tableau; and for once in my life had sufficient wisdom to hold my tongue. From the rapid manner in which my aunt drove her needles through her sampler, and various nervous twitchings which enlivened the region of her mouth, I guessed that she was working up her feelings to some terrible pitch of resolution. I was right. Looking at me over the gold rims of her spectacles for a moment, she said—"Sir! we shall go into furnished lodgings. I can no longer tolerate a position which exposes me to the insults of those low landlords. Sir, get your hat, and fetch my scarf and bonnet."

When I returned with the apparel I found the old lady examining her teeth in the cheval glass, and carefully smoothing back, with her wetted fingers, a few hairs which had dropped in a distracted manner over her forehead. Without turning round she shook out the folds of her drab dress at both sides, and asked:

"Did you ever tell a lie, sir?"

I pleaded guilty to that weakness.

"I don't tell lies myself," said my aunt, shuffling her scarf across her shoulders, "for, generally speaking, one finds them inconvenient. But," (and here she put three or four pins in her mouth), "I do so love a neat falsehood. A lie, to be a lie, should be a lie. If you're sixty, for instance, there's no harm in saying you're but thirty-nine; that may pass, unless one could get a hold of your old clothes or your love-letters; but to assert at twenty-seven (critical age that for unmarried females), that you're just turned your twenty-first year, is highly immoral, sir, mean, sir, spiteful, sir, and I hate it. To tell a good lie, as it ought to be told, you require a character for truth, though, perhaps, you never earned it; lots of brass and a cheerful conscience. Your uncle William was a most superb liar, and, I own, I liked him the better for it, and he got on the better for it, and now that he's dead, I don't think he's much the worse for it. Whenever you hear people, sir, declare they abhor falsehood, keep your hand on your watch-pocket, and if your handkerchief is not over cheap, 'tis well to have an eye to it. For a lie, little or much, sir, and I protest 'tis a toss up between the best of us. To day we shall look up lodgings, and I have every reason to think we shall meet with the clumsiest crew of liars in existence. As I said before, I don't tell lies, so you must spare nothing with those people. Spare, sir, nothing!"

It is needless to say that I listened to this profoundly suggestive lesson with becoming attention and docility, and I may further add that when my aunt had imparted the last touch to her toilet, which consisted of a smart slap administered to the crown of her bonnet, that that article ought repose more easily on her head, I announced myself charmed with her morality, and ready for the excursion.

To appreciate the deplorable, decaying state of that once aristocratic portion of Dublin, which lies north and west of the Customs House, one needs traverse it in search of furnished lodgings. What with

splendidly-built houses, "cottiered," as the technical phrase goes, until the hall is the property of a half-dozen distinct families, where the doors and windows rot from positive want of painting and washing; where the knocker is an abolished institution, and the bells don't ring; where the inhabitants turn the areas into laundries, and set the coal-hole to single lodgers; where the windows are never cleaned and the flags are never swept, and the policeman never examines the door fastenings, and the milkman never cries milk, and the gas cocks are turned off till the light burns blue,—a more disheartening spectacle was never offered to the contemplation of a sensitive dreamer. I do not pretend to explain my aunt's peculiarities of taste and temper; I do not profess to have fathomed her reasons for selecting the above locality for her future residence. Confining myself to the simple fact, thither we went. It was a clear day, roofed in with a bit of piebald sky, and freshened with an easterly wind, when we sallied forth. Crossing Carlisle Bridge we turned to the left, and with our eyes on the Hope of our customerless Custom House, turned off at a right angle, into the intricate net work of streets which may be described as lying in an angle formed by the river and Sackville-street. With some difficulty we got into Horticultural-street, a noble thoroughfare; and here the ruinous symptoms I have alluded to were unfortunately too visible. Every fourth house or so, displayed in its windows the little card, bearing the words "Furnished Apartments." We passed several places, before meeting with anything which came up to my aunt's notions of respectability. The "real downright" lodging-house, is an institution, whose functions are obvious at a glance. In the fanlight you are sure to find a bust of somebody, detached from its nose, with a piece of cobweb extending from the said somebody's eye to the nearest projection of plaster or woodwork. The door, in the majority of cases, presents all the symptoms of smallpox in a chronic state of eruption. It is mottled and scratched, and cross-barred, and thick with vermicular punchings, which extend all over the panels, from the lintel to the footboard. The parlour curtain is a spy of itself. The prevailing colour of that piece of drapery is a dusty brown: and the texture is a sort of book-muslin, intersected with a variety of raised stripe. Through it I have seen people at dinner, I have seen people court-ing, I have seen boys stealing lump sugar, and girls trying on turned bonnets, and old men brushing venerable hats with the assistance of their coat-sleeve. Looking up a bit higher, you will find the drawing-room windows, almost obscured by dingy draperies that were once red or yellow, but so covered with fluff and dust, that the original tint has subsided into a genteel neutral. The fringes, (and this is no small puzzle to my aunt and me,) seem to preserve their brilliancy, long after the curtain themselves had faded. The cotton twist may roll off the spools, and the hanging tassels look a bit seedy, but the fringe remains. Where there are balconies, you may find a dissipated flower-box, one end bulged out, or a row of flower pots with chapped lips, and washy complexions, all in a row, like Lady Mary's oyster shells, and of all heights and thicknesses. Mignonette is thickly distributed through those botanic collections; sweet-william, when the season favours its growth; or it is possible that a tulip bulb may be earthed there, and having sent up a few sprouts to report on the state of the locality, die rather than be identified with such villainous associates. The kitchen window, by the way, is well worthy of observation. The panes are generally foul from rime and accumulated water-drip, which clings like sea-ooze to the sashes, and sticks like flat stalactites to the glass. As for the water-butts, in which the leaden bobs hang dejectedly like muddlers in empty tumblers, it is ten to one that three of the four hoops have given way, and trundled themselves into the most inconvenient corner, where they stand like the penitential ghosts of a certain defunct folly. At those windows my aunt and I have seen, between whites, white, old-fashioned faces peeping over the fluffy blinds, as if to ascertain the state of the weather through the railings; or a sketch of an attenuated dog sitting on a scorched iron holder, and apparently speculating on the arrival of a new lodger. Through those windows also, we have heard more than once sounds suspiciously like the creaking of an ill-greased mangle, which, in combination with certain bowls of starch and blue-bags, scattered inside, leave no doubt as to the pursuits of the occupants.

It would be unfair to infer from this description that all the

lodging-houses in Horticultural-street are *en suite*. They are not. Amongst them may be found situated a score of cheerful, chirruping residences, with bright-windows and bright-blinds, and shiny knockers and responsive bell-handles—residences that almost ask you to step up and see them. It may be necessary to state that it was amongst those my aunt and I prosecuted our "researches;" but I, by way of a little variety, insisted on visiting their neighbours, and seeing what was to be seen, as the exhibition was gratis. After some hesitation, my aunt, who is open to any experiment that promises to increase her "knowledge of the world," consented, and we gave seven taps at a grandly-mildewed door, framed in with elaborate Ionic pillars and mouldings. At least five minutes elapsed before anyone answered, and we were ready to give up in despair, when a shuffling sound in the hall arrested our departure. An old woman, who had been evidently up the kitchen flue in quest of tooth-powder for the previous half-hour, opened the door; and as my aunt stepped in, she hooked her toes in a dilapidated mat, and nearly fell to the ground. The venerable custodian was all apologies.

"Dickens take ye, for an ould mat," she said, "and, sure 'tisn't out of pride the misses ud buy a new one. I axes yer pardon, my lady, and I hopes yer not hurted."

"Ma'am," cried my aunt, "can the lady of the house be seen?" and saying this she turned round with a hauteur which was saved from being superb only by the limpness of her skirts.

The custodian replied by rushing to the top of the kitchen-stairs, and shouting, "Are you there, ma'am?—are you there?—Quality lookin' for rooms, ma'am. Hurry on wid yez."

A pair of slippers clacked up the stairs to the tune of Lillibulero, a head emerged over the landing, and the lady of the house confronted us with her sweetest smile. A middle-aged person was the lady of the house: her hair, scrupulously brushed back from her forehead, shaved to heighten it, was of a deep, rich black, but, when she stood between us and the light, it emitted a purple hue that spoke volumes in favour of Fred Lewis's "Marvellous Hair-Dye." She had a pale, mustard complexion, that terminated at a pair of small, red ears, and the upper edge of a check apron hurriedly thrown over her neck. I observed that her chin, apprehensive, perhaps, of being lost, had presented its owner with a duplicate of itself in high relief, and my aunt observed that her finger-nails were enriched with a deposit of gritty dough. Of her dress, it must be said, it was neat and simple; and she wore three pocket-handkerchiefs (white lozenges on a red background) knotted at the corners, and tied around her waist as an apology for an apron.

"Want to see the apartments, ma'am? This way, ma'am," and she led the way to the drawing-room.

I saw at a single glance that the place would not answer, and I determined to observe my aunt's morality in order to get out of it. The front drawing-room was a three-sided apartment, an arrangement necessarily resulting from the gable of the house being built skew-wise. The curtains were so heavy and mouldy that scarcely any light penetrated into the room, what did scarcely enable us to make out a couple of ugly silhouettes hung above the mantel-shelf; when the fire-irons had been used was a matter of speculation, for they were clogged with rust, and seriously ignorant of chamois and bath-brick. To the right of the apartment stood an ancient piano, which endeavoured to maintain its equilibrium on three legs and a music stool. The silk shade was badly fretted in more places than one; and some former literary lodger had contrived to cut his initials, "P. F." on the key-board. As for the keys themselves, most were down-hearted, and forgot to rise when touched. The entire furniture of the apartment was chastely clothed in blue chintz, which did not stand washing, and various fractures in which revealed substratic glimpses of faded crimson, bits of curled hair, and morsels of rotten mahogany. On the walls I observed a species of paper on which a covey of plump pheasants were enjoying themselves in what appeared to be the suburbs of a drunken vineyard. Vines were mingled with peaches, peaches with vases, and vases with architraves, that appeared to spring out of nothing, and find rest on the same. There was a cabinet, too, loaded with geological specimens, obviously abstracted from the nearest road depôt, as the collection comprised only two varieties of minerals, viz.—quartz and sandstone. About the pictures, it would not be fair to say much, as they were all family portraits; but it struck my aunt

that they might have had their faces washed something cleaner ; and that the oldest of the lot must have been very vulgar to enter a drawing-room with his hands in his breeches pockets.

"And here's the bedroom, ma'am. Very lofty, ma'am, and such air ! I had a gentleman with me for three years in this room, and he was at last obliged to leave me on account of it."

"Beg your pardon, madam," quoth my aunt, "what did you say he left for?"

"The air, ma'am, the air. He was an author—one that writes for the newspapers and them things ; and the air, ma'am, gave him too much appetite."

"And you believed him?" asked my aunt, abstractedly.

"Oh, dear, yes, ma'am. Always believe decent, respectable persons."

"Humbug," said the old lady. "If you do, I protest you're a fool. Is this the bedroom?"

The apartment into which we were ushered was a square, high enclosure, in the centre of which stood a bed, gorgeously draped in the conventional figured calico. The clothes, which were turned down within a few inches of the foot, displayed a nice bit of snowy dimity, and the pillows and bolsters were unexceptionably white and wholesome. It was a pretty room on the whole, but I knew it would never suit, so I said :

"These are really nice cheerful rooms. What are your terms?"

"Fifteen shillings a week, sir, finding your own coal and candles."

"Well," I replied, "we shant object to that. You can let us have a portion of the kitchen and another bed-room?"

"Dear, yes, sir."

"Then," I said, "this lady and I may consider things settled, and we shall fetch the children this evening."

The lady of the house glared, the lady of the house opened her eyes, and merely said, "Children, sir!"

"Children!" I replied, "yes. Is that anything extraordinary?"

"No, sir, nothing wonderful ; but I'm sorry you didn't mention them sooner, as we are quiet people which hates noise. Kids wouldn't answer me, sir."

"Indeed," said my aunt, puckering her eyebrows, "so children wouldn't answer you, ma'am. I protest I love them. Come Augustus," she continued, taking my arm, "I saw a label in the next window, we shall enquire there."

"Beware of them, ma'am, beware of them," exclaimed the lady of the house. "There was a Mr. Tottle lodged there for a week, and they robbed him. They brings him up his bill one day, and he says, opening his eyes as big as twe saucers,

"What's this?" says he; "cheese, 6d. My goodness, Mrs. Cruschet," says he, "had I cheese for breakfast?"

"No, sir," says she.

"Had I cheese for dinner, Mrs. Cruschet?" he says.

"No, sir," says she again.

"Then, ma'am," says he, "had I cheese for tea?"

"No sir," says she, "you hadn't cheese any time, but barrin that, are you forgetful," she says, "that there's mice in the house, traps to be set, and wittles to be purtected?"

"Beware of Mrs. Cruschet, ma'am, and don't believe her if she took her book oath on it. I never borrowed a copper saucepan from her, and" (we had reached the lowest of the street steps), "her first husband isn't dead yet."

TO MY SISTER.

DEAREST, thou'rt very fair ; most delicate
Hues of the Heavens do sleep within thine eyes,
And in thine hair a golden arrow lies,
And on thy happy steps two suitors wait.
Beware, beware ! Dear, favour show not him
Whose mind perceiveth but thy loveliness,
And leaves thy better part to doubtful guess.
Beware, beware ! The richest star grows dim
And wanes in season. Bleared eyes and lips
Are common heritage ; thy steps shall fail,
The strawberries forsake thy finger tips,
And the warm cheek, I kiss, be sick and pale.
If he love not thy soul, his suit disdain,
Too soon no other beauty shall remain.

CARRICKFERGUS.

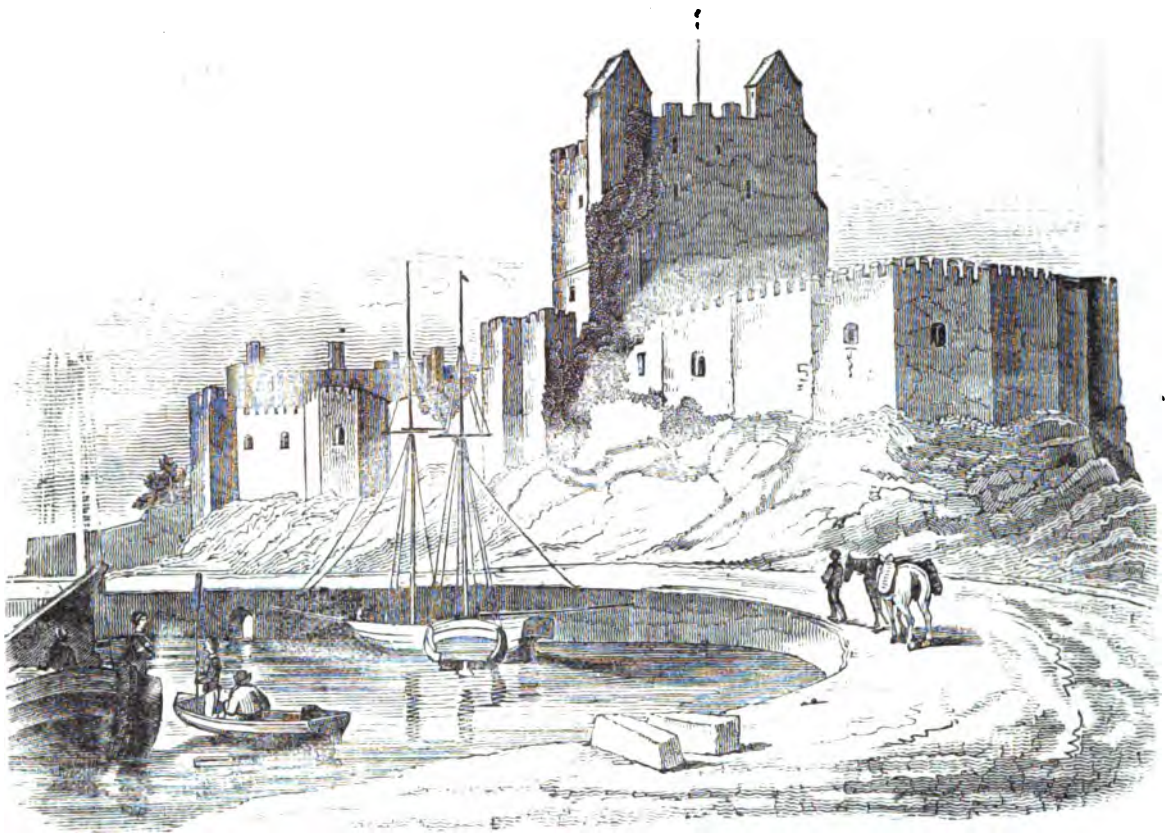
PLACED on a rock, and in a convenient position for commanding the best harbour on the north-east coast of Ireland, it is a very natural supposition that this place should have been early selected as the site of a fortress, which is said to have been a stronghold of the Dalaradians, and distinguished by the name of *Carraig-jeargusa*, or the rock of Fergus, after a king of that name, who was drowned near the place.

John de Courcy, having received from Henry II. a grant of all the land he might conquer in Ulster, set out from Dublin with a small band of seven hundred followers to secure his prize. Observing the convenient position of the strong fort, he erected here, according to the Norman practice, a castle, which, with subsequent additions, now remains, and may justly be considered as one of the noblest fortresses of the time now existing in Ireland.

De Courcy having fallen into disgrace with the succeeding English monarchs, his castles and possessions fell into the hands of the De Lacy family, who becoming oppressive and tyrannous, were in their turn ejected by King John—fled to France—were restored—again became obnoxious to the English monarch, and the Lord Justice Mortimer being sent against them, they fled a second time, and passing over into Scotland, invited Edward Bruce, the brother of the famous Robert Bruce, to invade their country, and become their king.

In May, 1315, Lord Edward Bruce, having obtained the consent of the Scotch parliament, embarked six thousand men at Ayr, and accompanied by the De Lacys and many nobles of the Scotch nation, landed at Oldfleet. Numbers of the Irish chiefs flocked to his standard ; and having in a battle totally routed the Earl of Ulster, and slain and taken prisoners various of the Anglo-Norman nobles, he laid siege to Carrickfergus. During the progress of the siege, he had well nigh been discomfited by the courage and desperation of the garrison. Thomas, Lord Mandeville, who commanded, made a sally upon the Scotch army, who were apprehending no danger, their only guard being sixty men, under Neill Fleming, a man of great courage and address. He perceiving that the Scotch army would be surprised and probably routed, despatched a messenger to inform Bruce of his danger, and then, with his sixty men, threw himself in the way of the advancing English, crying out, "Now, of a truth, they will see how we can die for our lord!" His first onset checked the progress of the enemy, but receiving a mortal wound, he and his little party were cut to pieces. Mandeville, dividing his troops, endeavoured to surround the Scotch army ; but was met in person by Bruce, who, with his guards, was hurrying forward. In front of Bruce's party was one Gilbert Harper, a man famed in the Scotch army for valour and strength, and he knowing Mandeville by the richness of his armour, rushed on him, and felled him to the ground with his battle-axe, and then Bruce despatched him with a knife. The loss of the English commander so disheartened the soldiers that they fled back towards the castle ; but those who remained in the garrison, seeing the Scots close behind, drew up the draw-bridge, leaving their comrades to the mercy of enemies.

In the year 1503, Con O'Neill, chief of south or upper Clonduboy, whose castle was that of Castlereagh, was confined here, on account of the following affair. Having about Christmas, 1602, a "grand debauch" at Castlereagh, with his "brothers, friends, and followers," he sent his servants to Belfast for more wine. They, in returning, quarrelled with some English soldiers, near the Knock Church, and they lost the wine. Con was, doubtless, not a little vexed ; and having learned from them that their number exceeded the English soldiers, he swore by "his father, and souls of his ancestors," that they should never be servants of his until they had beaten the "*budlagh Sassenagh soldiers*." This threat roused their courage—they returned, attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed in the affray. Con was soon after seized as an abettor, and confined for some time. But, though he was permitted, after a time, to walk out through the town, attended by a soldier, Con did not relish his limited liberty. But one Thomas Montgomery, the master of a barque which traded to Carrickfergus, with meal for the garrison, being employed by his relative, Hugh Montgomery, to

*Carrickfergus Castle.*

effect Con's escape, and letters having been conveyed to the prisoner advising him that measures were planning, he made love to Annas Dobbin, the daughter of the provost-marshal, and marrying her, she (and small blame to her) got O'Neill conveyed on board her husband's vessel, and set sail for Ayrshire. Con was afterwards pardoned by James the First, but in the meantime he had been simple enough to make over the greater part of his estate of Clandeboy to the cunning Hugh Montgomery, who procured a new patent, and entered on the possession.

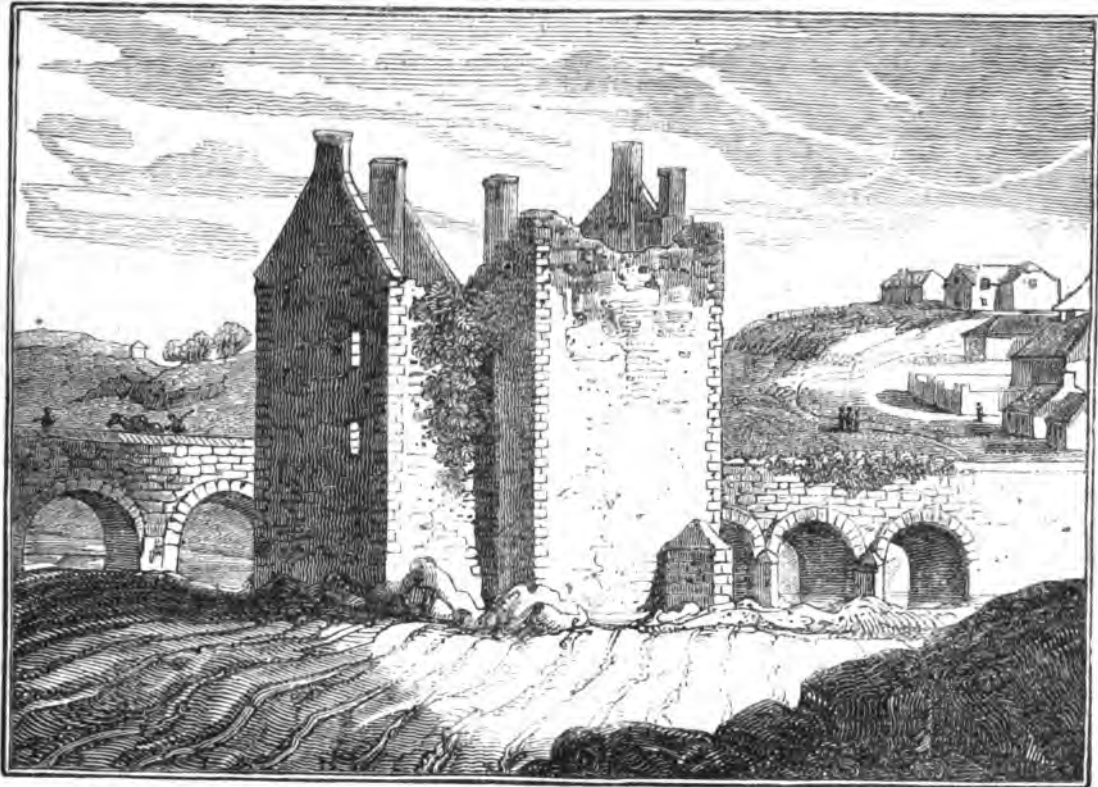
During the wars of 1641, and following years, Carrickfergus became an object of interest to the contending parties, being alternately in the keeping of the Scotch, English, and Irish.

The year 1760 is memorable as being the year in which the French, under the command of Commodore Thourot, landed in Carrickfergus, and attacked the town. Though the castle was in a most dilapidated state, a breach being in the wall next the sea fifty feet wide, no cannon mounted, and the garrison few in number, yet Colonel Jennings, encouraged by the mayor and other inhabitants, bravely met the invaders, and when driven back by the superior strength of their assailants, they

*in the inner ward.*

retreated into the castle, and repulsed the French, even though they forced the upper gate. But all the ammunition being expended, a parley was beaten, and the garrison capitulated on honourable terms. During the attack a very singular circumstance occurred. When the French were advancing up High-street, and engaged with the English, a little child ran out playfully into the street between the contending parties. The French officer, to his honour be it recorded, observing the danger in which the little boy was, took him up in his arms, ran with him to a house, which proved to be his father's, the sheriff, and having left him safe, returned to the engagement. This really brave and humane man was killed at Carrickfergus Castle gate.

The French kept possession of Carrickfergus for some time; but the alarm having been carried all over the country, and troops gathering fast to attack them, they were constrained to embark on board their vessels and set sail; and two days afterwards were attacked off the Isle of Man by an English squadron, when Commodore Thourot was killed, and the French ships captured.



CARRIGADROHID CASTLE.

THE Castle of Carrigadrohid is situated within three miles of Macroom, to the east, in the county of Cork, and province of Munster. It is built on a steep rock which rises in the middle of the river Lee, and its erection is attributed to one of the M'Carthy family; but this is disputed, and some affirm that it was built by the O'Learys, who held possession of it for a long time: others say it was built to please Lady O'Carroll, who was married to one of the M'Carthys, and who selected this beautiful and romantic spot for her residence. However, judging from the ruins, the castle seems to be of comparatively modern structure, by its square and gabled turrets; yet we cannot but admire the taste of the lady who pitched upon the wild rock of Carrigadrohid for the site of a castle. It commands the passage of the bridge over the Lee; and this castle and bridge were taken and retaken by the contending parties during the wars of 1641. It was then a noted pass.

The Lee, or Ley, river extends from Macroom to Cork, a distance of twenty miles, and runs through a great part of the county of Cork, by Macroom, Crookstown, Carrigadrohid, and Cork.

The Lee is supposed to be the *Luvius* of Ptolemy, and rises in that highly wild and romantic spot called the Lough Gougane Barra, which is deemed one of the greatest curiosities in the country. Gougane Barra, or the hermitage of St. Barra, or Finbar, is traditionally allowed to have been the hermitage of that Saint, before he founded the Cathedral of Cork.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

FOLLOWED by Tony, the Black Doctor and Foster proceeded to the house where Mrs. Foster was staying, and as they went their way they arranged the plan for Foster and his wife going out of town that night.

"I know a place in a remote part of the county of Wicklow," said Bramble, "where you and Mrs. Foster can reside, and never fear detection. You must be there before daybreak to-morrow, and a letter which I will give you, will insure for Mrs. Foster care and every attention."

Fully an hour before midnight Mr. and Mrs. Foster were seated in a comfortable room in a charming cottage, far removed from the reach of their enemies.

The interview between Barman and the Jew was of short duration; the latter promised to be ready at any time to go to the court, to lodge the will, and to give every facility to the money being drawn, that lay to the credit of him to whom Mrs. Foster had bequeathed it.

The Black Doctor and Tony put up at their usual lodgings, and retired early to rest.

It was evident that some great change had come over Bramble. He forsook all his old haunts, and his old associates, and there was an abstraction in his manner not easy to account for. He was fond of being left alone. What was the cause? He was up to his ears in love with Charlotte Stammers. He knew that his race and colour rendered a union with her he loved all but an impossibility, and he often tried but tried, in vain, to turn his

thoughts from ever dwelling on her; but her image haunted him by day and night, and often he wished he had never seen one who was the cause of so much anguish to him. His vanity, or perhaps his philosophy, would come to his aid, and he would say within himself, the antipathy against my race arises from prejudice, and if she loves me, love rises above all prejudice, and if she does not love me, what is she to me but a stranger. But love, thou art a mighty power, whether you are seen governing by a mild and gentle sway, or subduing the strongest or most potent to yourself. Ambition, fame, philosophy, are all mere straws when opposed to your triumphal progress, and, whether you lead to joy or to sorrow, all admit the might of your influence, and the indestructibility of your dominion. Bramble, the daring, the resolute, and thoughtless of consequences, became a child under your control. He loved with the intensity of his warm and impulsive nature, and everything in life assumed a very secondary place in his consideration when contrasted with the object he loved.

Bramble at one moment made up his mind to go to the house of Colonel Stammers, and openly avow his attachment to Charlotte. At another moment his courage would fail him, and at last he determined to make Tony his confidant, and entrust him with a letter to her who was valued by him more than everything else in the world.

He called Tony, and said to him—

"I have something of the greatest importance for you to transact for me; I will depend on your fidelity and long-tried friendship. You must give this letter to Miss Stammers, and to no one else—mind, into her own hand, and she must get it without any person but herself seeing it. Take it," continued Bramble; "on this brief letter depends my fate."

"I will deliver it safe," said the boy; "but what excuse am I to give for calling?"

"You are right," observed Bramble. "Say that I am not well, and that I sent you to ask how Mr. Stammers is going on."

In a short time Tony was off on his mission, and Bramble remained within doors in a state of the greatest suspense.

"In the letter which I have sent," soliloquised the Black Doctor, as he walked up and down, "I have candidly stated to her the love which I bear her. I have not concealed from her that I know there is a prejudice, and a strong one, against my race and colour, but I have expressed the hope that the ardent love which I feel for her would make me find favour in her heart. Am I not a man better than thousands who are courted and flattered—but they are white, and I am black."

Tony was received with the greatest kindness at Elm-place by the old Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Stammers.

"Where is Doctor Bramble?" asked Charlotte—"why did he not come to see my brother?" and before Tony could reply, Mrs. Stammers said that she hoped the Doctor was well.

Tony replied that Doctor Bramble was not well, and that he had sent him to inquire if Mr. Stammers was getting better.

"Come and see him, Tony," said Mrs. Stammers, and the two ladies conducted the boy to the room in which Bob Stammers was lying.

"You are welcome, Tony," observed the patient; "but where is my friend the Doctor? I expected to see him before this."

"He has not been very well to-day," replied Tony, "and he sent me to see you. He is not very sick, and I think he will be well to-morrow."

Tony was most anxious for an opportunity to deliver his message, but he perceived that he had no chance in the presence of Stammers of giving the letter to Charlotte without being perceived.

"I have had no breakfast to-day," said the knowing Tony, looking sharply at Miss Stammers; "perhaps you would be good enough to take me to where I can get some."

Stammers laughed heartily at the free and easy manner assumed by the boy, and said—"Go with Tony, Charlotte, and get him his breakfast."

Tony, when he got outside the door, slipped the Black Doctor's letter into the hand of Miss Stammers, saying,

"I will wait for an answer."

While Tony was discussing his breakfast, Charlotte Stammers retired to her room to read the letter which she had just received. She opened it, and when she ascertained its meaning, it fell from her hands on the floor.

"This is strange, most strange, that he should write thus to me, asking me to be his wife," said Charlotte. "Can he have lost his reason, or does he mean to insult me? I will reply to him as a woman should reply," said the beautiful girl, now looking more beautiful because of her excitement. "But stay," continued she, "I must not be unreasonable with the man who saved my brother's life. I will reply to this," said she (stooping, and lifting the letter from the floor) "and put an end to the Doctor's matrimonial ideas, as far as I am concerned. Charlotte Stammers to become the wife of a black man! what a notion? I owe him much, as do all belonging to me, but it would appear that I am expected to pay dearly for my part of the obligation."

She seated herself at a desk, and wrote the following letter—

"DEAR DOCTOR BRAMBLE—Tony handed me a letter addressed from you to me privately. In reply to that communication, I have only one word to say, and that is 'impossible.' Your own good sense will tell you, on reflection, that such a letter as that which you have sent me should not have been written."

"I acknowledge the many and deep obligations my family are under to you, and if you deem them of any value, you may always reckon on the deep gratitude and sincere friendship of,

"Yours most truly

CHARLOTTE STAMMERS.

"Elm Place, Tuesday."

She folded and sealed this letter, and gave it to Tony, who was anxiously waiting for it.

"I hope we will soon see you again," said Miss Stammers.

"I suppose you will see me every day from this out," said Tony, winking knowingly, and never dreaming that he was the bearer of the saddest news to the Black Doctor that he could hear.

Bramble met Tony at the door of his lodgings, and asked him in an excited manner if he had brought an answer to the letter.

"I have," said Tony, "and here it is," handing Bramble Miss Stammers' note.

"You are a brave fellow, Tony," said Bramble, as he ran to the window of his room to read that which he had said would decide his fate.

When he had read it he calmly folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"It must be a stupid thing for you, Tony," said the Black Doctor, "to be deprived of all kinds of amusement on my account. Go out for a few hours and enjoy yourself. I will remain within to-night."

Tony availed himself of the permission which he had received, and scampered off in search of fun or mischief.

Bramble became quite overpowered on reading Miss Stammers' note; he did not wish any person to perceive his emotion, and for that reason he desired to be alone.

When Tony left, the Black Doctor writhed in mental torture. In one moment all his dreams of happiness vanished, as did also his good resolves. Pride and grief sought for mastery, but at length the former prevailed.

"She did not know of my follies or my vices," said he; "and hers only knew me by acts of kindness and self-sacrifice. She spurns me because of my race, but if I had let her brother meet a felon's fate, the haughty Charlotte Stammers would not be above forming an alliance with one even more despised than him they call the Black Doctor. But this kind of thing is unworthy of me; I will strive and forget her; she must be to me as if I had never seen her, and from this hour I will discard her from my thoughts."

This was a brave resolve, Bramble, but during your sojourn in life Charlotte Stammers will haunt you like the memory of a melody, or the remembrance of a happy dream.

The Jew was punctual in keeping his appointment with Barman, and both proceeded to the dingy old court whence the will was lodged, and after the usual formalities were gone through, probate was granted.

"We will make immediate application to draw the money out of the English courts," said Barman, addressing Isaacs, "I will not delay in handing you the thousand pounds which you advanced."

"It would be well if you considered this matter," observed the Jew, "or you will lose a great opportunity of putting money into your pocket. Foster owes me more than ever he can pay me, and why should we now give up that which fortune has placed in our power?"

"You had one escape from my vengeance before," said Barman, looking thunder,— "don't try my patience again, or you may not get off so well."

"It was for your own interest I was speaking," observed Isaacs, "can't we be friends and serve one another?"

"One word more on this subject, and I will let you know the kind of man Jacob Barman is. I would strongly recommend you to be most prudent in your dealings, with me and, indeed, in your conversations also."

The Jew remained silent until he arrived opposite his own door, when he hid the astute attorney "Good evening."

That night Barman forwarded to London the authority to draw the two thousand five hundred pounds lying to the credit of Foster, as legatee to his wife, out of the English equity courts.

When Tony returned to the lodging-house, he was surprised to hear that Bramble had retired to rest. The Black Doctor was stricken by that keenest of weapons, "love unreturned, unrequited."

Tony, in his ramblings, had met Joey Dix, the dog fancier, who made most anxious inquiries for Bramble and the gentleman who had broken his leg. Tony had seen several of his old acquaintances, and was not a little disappointed at having to go to bed without being able to tell Bramble all the news he had collected.

The morning was far advanced when Bramble left his room. He looked as if he had not slept, and there was an air of carelessness or weariness about him that clearly showed something of a serious nature had affected him. He sent for Tony, who soon made his appearance, and at once perceived the change which had come over the Black Doctor.

"Is there anything the matter with you?" asked the boy. "You are not looking like yourself to-day."

"I want you to call at Barman's office," said Bramble, evasively. "Tell him that I want to see him here at once, on particular business. Don't leave him till he comes with you."

"All right," said Tony; "but you have not told me how you are. I know that something is the matter with you, as you have not the same look you used to have when you were so full of fun and tricks at ———, the old house," continued the boy, seriously.

Bramble, who perceived the kindly solicitude of Tony, went towards him, with assumed frankness, and said, "You know, Tony, that for the past week I went through a great deal of hardship and excitement. I am not well, and want rest," continued the Black Doctor, musing.

The close-observing power of Tony was brought to bear on his patron, who appeared to be struggling with emotion, which he tried to conceal. But no acting or dissimulation could hide the heart-burnings that he felt.

How many truths in life are made known by persons imagining that their actions are not observed and truly translated even by those for whom nothing but contempt and bitter servitude had been reserved? Children, reputed fools, and all who take special note of trifles, are great observers, and for this reason:—they never think on anything else; and still, in trifles alone can the true features of character be observed, as the generality of men deal with them without the assistance of that great barrier—caution, ever in requisition when important questions are to be determined.

Bramble knew too much of the world not to know that he had been observed by Tony, and finding that further disguising the truth was useless, he said—

"I hope, Tony, that you will never have to feel the serpent bite of the detested monster, Ingratitude, as it is sure to wound you in the most vital place. I believe it is the most hideous form the Devil assumes; it is an accursed thing, so bad, so fiendish, that even the most abandoned ruffian, who is willing to plead guilty to every other charge that could be brought against him, stoutly maintains that he is innocent of the hellish crime of ingratitude. Still, the world is full of ingrates, and none are brought to justice, because there is no punishment known on earth commensurate with the transgressions. You know what I did for him that is called Bob Stammers, and for those of his kindred. I risked my life to save him and his from utter ruin; and, will you believe it, Tony, they who fawned upon me when they were in danger, who never lost an opportunity of telling me how deep they were in my debt, tittered and pointed at me when they thought that danger was removed, and even whispered abroad that it did not look well to have the "black man" so intimate at Elm-place?"

Tony looked with intense amazement at the Black Doctor, and was proceeding to speak, when Bramble interrupted him, and said:

"Yes, Tony, but they never knew that my colour was black when you and I were working and striving to save him from the gallows. But there was one in Elm-place whose heart I believed was true and good, and its sunshine beamed from her eyes upon my heart. She I thought could love him, no matter what his colour, that could accomplish manly and noble deeds, sacrifice self for others, and seek no reward but in his own esteem. Such I thought her, but such I did not find her. One more proud, more nobly born, and as beautiful, was wooed and won by one of my race. But surely, if all I have read be true, Othello did not serve the daughter of the Venetian patrician as I served Charlotte Stammers."

Tony, who did not understand one-half of the allusions of Bramble, still could glean sufficient to make him understand what was sought to be conveyed to him.

"She sent me a letter by you, Tony, and in that letter she offers me gratitude and friendship—the one another name for 'thankfulness for favours to come,' and the other 'a cloak for hypocrisy.' I have her brother still in my power, but out of the respect I once bore her and the love I had for her, he is safe—aye, as if he had never forged a bill or signed a post obit. But now, Tony, as I have spoken so much about ingratitude, I must tell you there is another crime which I hold to be nearly as bad—I mean not taking vengeance on your enemies when you have the power to do so. I have a long score to settle with Abraham Isaacs. I have sworn to settle it, and it must be done. Do you go to Barman at once, Tony, and do not breathe a word of what I was telling you to anyone. This life of inaction would never suit me, and perhaps my efforts to improve the worldly prospects of Mr. Isaacs will bring me back to my old health and spirits."

Tony, who relaxed into a kind of reverie during the time that Bramble was speaking, observed:

"Surely you don't mean to say that Mr. Stammers or his wife gave you any offence when you went to see them?"

"By no means," replied Bramble; "and Tony, like a good fellow, don't be long in bringing Barman here."

Tony reluctantly left the room, evidently displeased at not having got more information concerning the folk at Elm-place.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NELLIE PITTIE.

Blow warm wind from the spicy South,
Low airs of fragrant cinnamon,
Touch half the ripples of her mouth
Before that happy smile has gone;
Wild bird, on yonder lilac branch,
Ravish her ear with crystal ditties,
She sits and laughs below the sun,
My own dear girl—my Nellie Pittie!

One little curl, gold-tinct and rare,
Trails down the whiteness of her neck,
Across her forehead, smooth and fair,
The dim leaves scatter many a fleck;
Above her drifts the azure cloud,
Rolled seaward from the dusky cities,
Dear light, dear life, dear hope, dear love,
Smile on me, smile, sweet Nellie Pittie!

Ah! dare I touch that happy hand,
—White fingers, rosy-tipped and warm,
Or whisper in that little ear
One brief sweet word—hush, no alarm!
I deem it bliss to sit and sing
Whilst thou, rich love, inspirest the ditties,
Be mine to hope, be thine to yield,
In thy good time, sweet Nellie Pittie!

ANCIENT IRISH NECK ORNAMENTS.



OR artistic design and highly finished manipulation, the most remarkable personal decoration characteristic of the age known as the BRONZE PERIOD, is undoubtedly the torque, an ornament common to all the Celtic nations, the name being derived from the Celtic *torc*, a twisted collar, or more correctly, a twisted circular decoration of any kind. In design it was of the penannular, or open ring form, and as the term implies, was composed of twisted fillets or convoluted bars of gold, and rarely of silver, but sometimes from thick plates of the same metal, elaborately chased. The ends were in general rebated, and hooked backward, by which device it was fastened, or if the extremities were looped, as in some examples, they were probably secured with skeins of some coloured silk or woollen fabric. Such

ornaments are of the most remote antiquity, and like the Celtæ, to whom the construction of most of these which modern railway and agricultural enterprise restores to the light of day is traceable, and in whose manners and customs the pervading universality of the oriental element was effectively illustrated, are unmistakably of Eastern origin. The collar of gold with which Pharaoh invested Joseph, is rendered in the Septuagint by the word *στρεπτον* (*strepton*), turned or twisted, and was evidently a similar kind of decoration, as the monumental remains of Egypt prove that our present description of chains were then unknown, but that torques, or spirals of gold, were common. Exact counterparts of these are also of frequent occurrence on the bas-reliefs discovered in such profusion among the ruins of Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia. Moreover, in the narrative related by Herodotus, of the ambassadors sent by Cambyzes to the Ethiopians, there is a distinct notice of the gold collars which they wore, and which it would seem the African monarch considered insignificant compared with those of his own subjects. The Persian torques were probably made of Scythian gold; the Ethiopian of African. Sir Robert Ker Porter also alludes to these spiral collars as being represented on Persepolitan monuments amongst the most prominent gifts offered to Darius, whose exuberant wealth at last excited the cupidity of a Roman conqueror, and numbered his empire with the territorial appendages of the mistresses of the civilized world. The Assyrian warriors wore collars and ear-rings of a similar pattern, the most common being composed of gold wire, from which circumstance this kind of ornament was called "Pathil" or "Phatil," derived from a word signifying to twist. They were likewise worn by the Mesopotamians, and, as we learn from the Ninevite sculptures and the book of Genesis, by the people of other countries. Another species of Eastern neck ornament were the thin tires, or gorgets, of gold, now distinguished as "lunettes," from their form, and which have been erroneously regarded as head ornaments—an hypothesis which their tenuity of material renders altogether untenable. They are most probably the "round tires like the moon," mentioned by the prophet Isaiah as having been worn by the daughters of Zion—those damsels of the wanton eyes, and mincing gait, and tinkling feet—and this supposition is the more certain, since although he alludes to all other decorations that would be worn by females, he particularizes none specially designed for the neck.

Torques were distinctive badges of Gallic chivalry. The treasure wrested upon one occasion by the Romans, under Publius Cornelius, from the Boii, a nation of Celtic Gaul, famous for their opposition to the domination of their conquerors, included nearly fifteen hundred decorations of this kind. A fanciful story originated by

the annalist Quadrigarius to account for the title, and adopted by Livy as an historical truth, relates that in a single encounter between Titus Manlius and a Gaul, A.U. 393, the golden neck spiral of the latter became the *spolium opimum* of the victorious Roman, upon whom the Senate conferred the surname of Torquatus, which remained hereditary with his descendants until annulled by a decree of the Emperor Caligula. From its general recognition as essentially an honorary distinction of the Gauls, the torque has been introduced as encircling the neck of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus—the theme of some of the most noble and masterly stanzas in "Childe Harold"—the immortal statue of the Dying Gladiator—

"Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

This incomparable example of antique sculpture, "all nature, all feeling," was found in the year 1770 at Porto d'Anzo, the same locality where, in the sixteenth century, the Belvedere Apollo was discovered, and is preserved in the Musco Capitolino at Rome. Modern criticism, however, has shown it to have received an erroneous appellation. It is unquestionably a memento of the palmy days of Greek art, and therefore of a period long antecedent to the introduction of gladiatorial contests, and evidently formed one of a series of figures illustrating the irruption of the Gauls into Greece. When this statue was disinterred after the lapse of many centuries, the right arm and portions of both feet were mutilated, but were restored by Michael Angelo in a manner almost worthy of the original. The fresco decorations of a villa at Pompeii, depicting some incident in Grecian warfare, represents the forces opposed to them—most likely Gauls—as wearing similar ornaments. The Medes and Persians were remarkable, even amongst Asiatics, for their love of decorations of this class.

The torque was not generally worn by the Romans, and is seldom found in the ruins of their cities, being most familiar to them only as one of the spoils which adorned the procession of a triumphant general. They had, however, an order of knighthood, the members of which were called "Equites Torquati," in allusion to the golden badge of their rank, and it is a decoration of this kind, perhaps, to which Virgil refers in the fourth book of the "Æneid":—

"It pectore summo
Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri."

It is a matter of history, as may be gleaned from the pages of Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, and many others, that such was the abundance of gold among the Celtæ in their times, as well as in preceding ages—

"A date remounting far beyond the day
When Roman legions met the scythian cars"—

they wore the richest and most massive decorations of that metal, as torques, armillæ, bracelets, &c. and even had their armour and weapons inlaid, and the frontlets of their helmets lavishly encrusted with it. It is no marvel that the Romans should have deemed the conquest of those same Celtæ a task worthy of their most splendid aggressive efforts, when the pens of classic writers enable us to realize the character of the treasures which, in common with their independence, they defended so nobly.

Gold is mentioned by Strabo as having been one of the chief products of ancient Britain, where torques of that metal were generally worn. Dio Cassius notices one as adorning the person of Boadicea, the heroic Queen of the Iceni. Probably the most unique and interesting example hitherto found in England is that accidentally turned up in Sherwood Forest by a fox some years since, and at present in the possession of her Majesty the Queen. It is of simple, but tasteful form, composed of seven strands of gold, twisted together and looped at the extremities. In Wales, formerly so celebrated for its mines of the precious metals, this ornament was a common embellishment, and is everywhere alluded to in the bardic poems, as in the following translation from Aneurin, who wrote in the sixth century;—

"To Cathaeth's vale, in glittering row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Ev'ry warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honours deck," etc.

From a magnificent decoration of this kind Llewellyn, one of

the native princes, not many centuries since derived the agnomen, *aur Dorchag*—"Llewellyn of the Golden Torque." Llywarch Hên, a bardic prince who flourished in the sixth century, asserts that he had four and twenty sons, each of whom, in virtue of his rank, wore a massive golden torque. In Ireland the aggregate amount of the articles of manufactured gold found even within the present century is altogether unexampled in the records of treasure trove, most of them, moreover, being of exquisite and elaborate workmanship, particularly the torques, fibulæ, armillæ, &c. After the lapse of immeasurable years, accident or the cupidity of this matter-of-fact age, whetted by traditions of long-buried wealth, disinters them from their dark recesses, but little impaired by the ravages of time, while the very dust of their former possessors has become undistinguishable. The geographical source of all this treasure has been a fertile theme of antiquarian discussion. A portion of it may have been procured by foreign commerce, but it is probable that native gold was anciently found in the "Island of the Saints" in greater abundance than it has been in modern times. At any rate, the national annals furnish incontestible evidence of a people far advanced in metallurgic craft for the age to which these articles are referred, and from the sixth to the eleventh century, as Mr. Digby Wyatt—no partial critic—has admitted, the Irish were, in the practice of art, undoubtedly "in advance, both in mechanical execution and originality of design, of all Europe, and the Anglo-Saxon in particular." We find notices of artificers "very curious in the working of metals" at the most remote pre-historic period. In the year of the world 3070, a Milesian monarch instituted the "Order of the Golden Chain," a dignity second only to that of the sovereign, and the knights of which, like the Roman "Equites Torquati" of a later age, wore a *glas*, or chain of gold around their necks. In the course of the ensuing reign, the custom of wearing rings of the same metal, as the insignia of those who excelled in the arts and sciences, was first introduced. These decorations were known as *muntorcs*, when designed to encircle the neck, and *failghe*, when worn as armlets, or leg-bangles. A very celebrated collar was the one mentioned in the Irish annals, as the "Iodhain Morain," which was so termed from the Prime Minister or Chief Justice of King Feredach, (A.D. 96,) and was fabled to warn the wearer by its increased pressure, when about to pronounce an erroneous judgment. In the second century, (A.D. 122,) an Irish prince, the eldest son of the famous monarch Cathair More, "of the wine-red hand," was distinguished by the surname of "Failghe," or the hero of the Rings, and it was their successful "loot" of these ornaments that originated the epithet "exactors of rings," applied in the Norse metrical romances to the Vikings who harried Ireland from the ninth to the twelfth century, and were to her what the Huns and Vandals were to Italy. In one of the numerous engagements which took place towards the close of the tenth century, (A.D. 994,) between Malachi II. and the Danes of Dublin, the former successively defeated two of their most noted chiefs, Tomar and Carlus, in a hand-to-hand encounter, acquiring as trophies, the golden torque from the neck of one, and the sword of the other. This event is gracefully alluded to by Moore in one of the Irish Melodies.

"Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from the proud invader."

A ring weighing twenty ounces was presented to the Cathedral of Armagh by Brian Borumha, *circa* 1009. Tradition asserts that it was identical with one discovered in the course of the last century near the site of the Palace of Emania, and which was apparently a portion of a spherical ingot of gold twisted into an annular form, while part of the original bar, from which it was afterwards separated. The Museum of the Royal Irish Academy contains, *inter alia*, two torques which merit more than a cursory notice, as being not only the most unique and magnificent examples of this decoration in Europe, but as having been the nucleus of the entire Museum, to inaugurate which they were purchased in 1839, at the rate of £5 an ounce. They were discovered about the year 1810, in a mound in the immediate vicinity of certain obeliscal pillar stones that formerly stood upon the summit of the Hill of Tara, and are of the spiral or screw pattern, the design being simple, but the manipulation remarkably symmetrical and delicate. In both in-

stances the limb is formed of four equidistant radiations from a common centre, the spiral contour being subsequently given. The larger is five feet seven inches from one extremity to the other, a size which suggests the influence that it might have been worn across the breast, and weighs twenty-seven ounces and nine pennyweights. The other is of much less dimensions, and weighs but twelve ounces and six pennyweights. Alike the generality of Irish torques, or *Moinches*, they have two knobs or balls of gold at the extremities. So highly did many of the Irish princes and chiefs prize their torques, and so tenacious were they of them, that they frequently refused to resign them even with death, and they were accordingly placed with them in their sepulchre. From a chemical examination of the gold ornaments in this museum, it would appear that there is a greater amount of alloy in them than one would expect from seeing them invariably described as of "fine" or "virgin" gold, merely fused and fashioned into the required shapes. This error has its source in the colour of the metal as well as its extreme ductility, which permits some of these articles to be bent with the greatest ease and impunity. The gold in most of the Irish antiquities varies from nineteen to twenty-one carats fine, but many have been assayed of twenty-three, the alloy being produced, perhaps, from determinate quantities of the constituent metals.

It has been ascertained from travellers familiar with the interior of Africa, that twisted gold collars are commonly worn there by the native chiefs, similar in pattern to the torques found in Ireland, but of much less intricate and elaborate workmanship. There is nothing strange in this when we recollect that the Celts are radically identical with the Phœnician or Canaanite traders of antiquity, and that it was unquestionably the maritime successes of the Phœnicians of Tyre, who, according to Herodotus, circumnavigated the Cape of Good Hope, which suggested to the Senate of Carthage, more than five centuries before the Christian era, the despatch of an expedition under Hanno for the purpose of exploring the western coast of Lybia (Africa) beyond the pillars of Hercules (anciently called Calpe and Abyla, and now known as Gibraltar and Ceuta), founding colonies and extending the national commerce and power. Some of the incidents of this memorable voyage have been preserved in the narrative entitled the "Periplus of Hanno," "a fine piece of antiquity," as Montesquieu has designated it, and many of the customs prevailing among African nations at the present day, carry us wonderfully back to those times in the far past, they reveal so clearly and unmistakably types adopted by their Lybi-Phœnician ancestors.

The Royal Irish Academy, to which we have already adverted, is unrivalled throughout Europe for the extreme rarity, intrinsic value, and number of the examples of Celtic art preserved in its noble museum, a visit to which will afford to the earnest student of the annals of the past—not to the antiquary or the artist merely—a clearer insight into the civilization of Ireland at an epoch when there alone of all the world the Arts had a home, then he could obtain by years of laborious toil in his study. One would think that such an institution, and the only one, too, chartered for the preservation of the souvenirs of bygone national pomp, and power, and renown, with their manifold associations, should be untrammelled as regards financial action. Yet this is not the case, and we believe we are not in error when we state that nearly the entire contents of this treasure-house of the remains of all the beautiful in Celtic art have been garnered up by the individual exertions of a few members, and that the funds at the annual disposal of the Academy for the purchase of antiquities seldom exceed £100. This is not as it should be. There is, moreover, another circumstance which impairs the value of the Academy as an illustrated national history-book, if we may be permitted the expression. We allude to the unpatriotic apathy manifested throughout the country by the finders of manufactured gold as to its preservation, there being apparently a universal desire to consign it to the nearest crucible, instead of submitting it to the judgment of the Academy, which, if warranted by the ornamentation or rarity, would give more than the standard value of gold for it. They manage these matters better in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, in which countries laws have been specially enacted with respect to treasure trove, and rigidly enforced. There, whatever antique is discovered is regarded as the property of the crown, and invariably paid for by it *above* the intrinsic value, in other words, the finder receives a *douceur* for any inconvenience he may be at. In August, 1860, the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury issued in-

structions authorising rewards equivalent to the intrinsic worth of coins, gold or silver ornaments, and other relics of antiquity in England and Wales, to the finder of these articles, and making their detention or destruction a penal offence. It is certainly high time that a similar statute should be in force in Ireland, when we read of a magnificent gold fibula, unique on account of its dimensions, and the amount and character of its ornamentation, having been first attempted to be divided with a hand-saw, the ends then battered off and one of them made into a fernle for a "blackthorn," and the entire finally melted down; and of the finder of some fragments of gold ornaments, of a semi-lunar pattern, in ignorance of their true character, disposing of a portion of them with a lot of rubbish to an itinerant "gather-em-up," for tobacco, and proceeding to convert the remainder into "pig-rings," with a pair of scissors! Incredible as this relation may appear, its authenticity has, nevertheless, been vouched in a letter on treasure trove, published towards the close of 1859, from the pen of Surgeon William Robert Wilde—a gentleman without a peer for the enthusiastic devotion with which he has long pursued his task of elucidating the buried art and literary wealth of Ireland. As the Palladium of such treasures, around the most insignificant of which cling inseparably memories of the palmy days that are fled—

"Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"—

the Royal Irish Academy is deserving not merely of a State patronage and support commensurate with its historic utilitarianism, but likewise of a more cordial popular appreciation of, and co-operation with its labours and their results, than it has hitherto received from those for whose instruction it was mainly called into existence.*

IF YOU LOVE ME, SAY SO.

You praise the colour of my eyes,
You say my face is fair,
And that the raven's wing alone
Can match my waving hair.
And oft you linger by my side,
Pray, what can make you stay so?
Why can't you speak your mind at once?
Do, if you love me, say so!

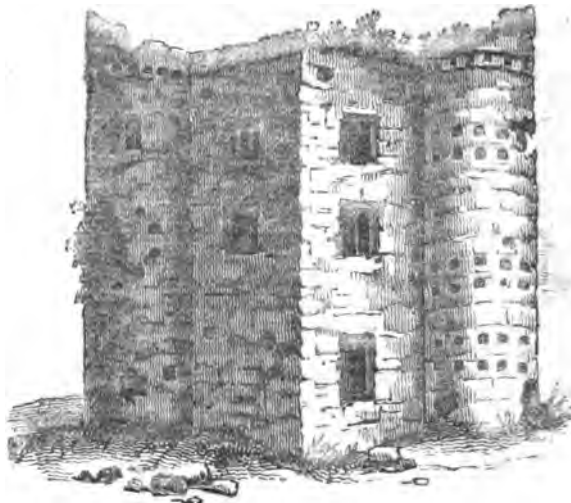
You say no music sounds to you
So sweet, so silvery clear,
As when my joyous laugh rings out
Upon your eager ear;
My voice is sweetest in the song,
And charmeth care away so;
There's magic in it, you declare,—
Yet if you love me, say so!

You often hold my hand in yours,
Your voice is soft and low;
And when you come, you stay and stay,
And still seem loth to go.
I wonder if you love me, Tom,
I wonder why you stay so;
Why can't you tell me what you mean?
Do, if you love me, say so!

I love you—love you dearly, Tom,
I often think with pride,
That soon the happy day will come
When I shall be your bride.
I know 'tis love that makes you come,
'Tis love that makes you stay so;
Love speaks in every act and look,—
Yet, O dear Tom! do say so! E. B. C.

* Since this paper was written the Treasury have sanctioned the expenditure of £100 a year by the Academy towards the recovery of antiquities. It is proposed to carry out this scheme through the instrumentality of the Constabulary; and although it has been facetiously observed that their proper function is rather to detect the occurrence of vice than of virtue, they will, without doubt, be the medium of securing for the Academy a great number of articles which would otherwise be lost to it.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.



I.—BURT CASTLE, COUNTY DONEGAL.

THE ruins of Burt Castle are situated on an eminence distinguished as the Castlehill, on the southern shore of Lough Swilly. It was a quadrangular structure, with circular towers at its alternate angles, and was evidently a place of some strength, as there are many embrasures for cannon, and the walls are from four to five feet in thickness, while the merlons of blue purbeck stone are perforated for musketry. You enter, by a ruined archway, what was once the great hall—once, perhaps, the scene of feudal splendour, garnished with the trophies of warfare or the chase, and resounding with the revelry of wine and wassail. The vaulted ceilings of this, and all other apartments immediately above it, have fallen in, rendering the chambers of the northern tower inaccessible, except by means of ladders. Turning to the left, you ascend by a spiral stone stair, at each window of which there is a circular room, lighted by a few embrasures, and vaulted with stone, for no wood has ever been used in any part of the building. From the top the prospect is uncommonly grand and expansive, extending over a space of not less than fifty miles by thirty-seven. Within the circuit of five miles from its base, stood the ruins of several religious edifices, besides another castle at Rathmeltoun, one at Drumbuoy, and one at Castleforward; but the castles at Inch and Ailagh, with Burt Castle, were border fortresses of "The O'Doherty," the strength of which availed more than the justice of the tenure, in preserving their patrimonial territories to the chieftains of that noble house. Of these, Ailagh, situated within three miles of Derry, was by far the most ancient and important. Burt Castle was most probably erected during the commotions that ensued during the vice-royalty of Kildare, in the reign of Henry VIII. A medallion of that date, with the armorial bearings of "The O'Doherty," and a coin dated from the accession of Edward VI., have been found in its vicinity. In the year 1818 we find the chieftain of Ennishowen affianced to the daughter of the grand northern dynasty, O'Neill, as a reward for his services during the invasion of Ireland by Edward Bruce. Again we find the name of O'Doherty in the list of those chieftains who perished in the battle of Knockore, in 1492. Thenceforward there is little mention of that family, till Sir John began, in the reign of Edward VI., to offer a resistance to the measures of the English government, as determined as it was unavailing; and dying, he bequeathed his estates and his misfortunes to his son and successor, Sir Cahir, who saw the impending ruin of his house, and vainly laboured to avert its fall. His estates were confiscated in

1608, and he went down, after a fearful and unequal contest, like a stately bark, foundering amid whirlpools and quicksands; and many a tear bewailed his doom, but not one hand recorded his expiring struggle. Of the particulars of his death there are many conflicting narratives.

A SWEETHEART'S GUESS.

He came close behind her, plaiting his fingers
Over her eyes, over her eyes.
"Guess who has caught thee, O dear little maiden,
Guess, guess, and be wise."
"Now, then, Allick, be quiet—oh! dear, oh! my eyelids."
"Have I hurt you, poor darling?" he tenderly said,
"But you know tian't Allick; come, guess till you're weary,
And guess in the shade."

"Let me go; O, 'tis William, his hands are so clumsy;
Clumsy and coarse, clumsy and coarse."
"Wrong, wrong, little queen of the yellowing harvest;
Guess, guess, till you're hoarse.
Come, I'll help you to ravel the sweet little secret,
I know twixt my fingers the light comes in slips;
There, there, what flavour, Nell, dear, are such kisses?"
And he twice kissed her lips.

"Ah, cruel one! take your long hands from my temples;
How should I know, how should I know?"
"Ah! sweet one," he cried, "by the darkest of magic,
Come, come, you are slow.
Who gathers in somebody's crows in the evening?
Who fetches her blossoms when Summer is dead?"
"Ah, I see it all now," exclaimed Nell, blushing deeply,
"Tis Ned, it is Ned!"

LITTLE LISETTE



DARKNESS reigned in the city of Paris, covering for a time, with the most dense of veils, these *rues* and *ruelles* which, a few hours previous, were the scenes of riot and of blood, and, even now, giving a promise of again being polluted by a repetition of like outrages on humanity. The dim light of the oil lamps threw a fickle glare on the broken flags beneath them, revealing to the eye of him who had courage to wander there, at that silent hour, the sleeping forms of men, both young and old, all of bold and martial bearing. Some in rough, others in gaudy dresses, one as a soldier, another in citizen's attire; still he would behold men whose appearance was clownish, while close by them lay sailors who appeared to have only lately given up their nautical life, and chosen in its place to act a part in the most sanguinary drama that the world was ever a witness of: there they lay in the open air; they were, however rude the instruments, all supplied with weapons of destruction.

In one of the most populous *rues* of the city, two people, the one a man in the prime of life, the other a young girl not more than ten years of age, were hurrying on, the elder evidently seeking some friend, for invariably, in answering the challenges, he would scan the features of the sentinels with an intensity which at once showed he sought some one. He seemed dispirited, and drew closer to him the little girl whose soft hand he held within his own, when—

"*Qui va la?*" demanded a sentinel.

"*Un ami,*" was the reply.

"Advance, friend," said the soldier, "and give the countersign."

The other advanced, still holding in his the soft hand of his little companion, till he came quite close to the soldier, whose face, revealed to him by the light of the guard-flambeau, he looked at for an instant, and then exclaimed:

"Henri! Henri! Do you not know me?"

"Oh! it is you, Jacques," replied Henri, the soldier. "I am so

glad to see you, my dear brother. Come in, come in; there is no one here but myself for this night. Who owns the child you have with you?"

"I have brought her here," replied Jacques, "to intrust her into your care, as I am going abroad."

Henri stirred up the fire, placed a chair, and then taking the little girl from the hand of Jacques, he lifted her up and placed her on the high seat. She threw aside her little cloak, and as she did so Henri looked at her sorrowfully for a moment, and then bending over, he kissed her kindly on the forehead. She was, indeed, a very beautiful child; her features were fine, her face, though slightly flushed after the walk she had taken, was transparently white; her eyes were large and full of expression, her hair was fair and clustering, and the hand which the soldier had just held in his was small and soft, with fingers thin and elegant in form.

Henri covered his eyes to hide the tears which suffused them, and little Lisette, perceiving he was affected, asked him, in a sweet, feeling voice:

"Ah, why do you weep? Did I displease you?"

"No, no," he hastily replied, "you could not do so; but both of you must be very hungry. I will see about supper, or I might say breakfast, for morning is coming fast."

Henri rushed out, and rousing one of the men who slept in the street under the roughly-constructed sheds of the shops, dispatched him in search of eatables to the cook-shop where he thought the proprietor was least lazy, and therefore not difficult to wake up. They very soon had an abundant repast, to which they did every justice; afterwards Henri went into the little pantry, where he prepared a little bed, as best he could, on a large old trunk, and rough military cloaks spread over it. When he had done this, he came back again, and all three sat round the fire, talking pleasantly, for some time.

"Henri," said Jacques, "I must tell you how I came across little Lisette, here. About two months ago I was going through the city, and seeing a house (out of which some soldiers were after dragging a man whom Lisette has since told me was her uncle, his name you will know by and by)—I entered it, and there found Lisette. I brought her to my house, and Madam Dubois, my landlady, took care of her. Early to-night I found that I was accused of treason, and to-morrow they have resolved to bring me before the tribunal. I have resolved to set out for America in a few hours, in order to frustrate their schemes; so I have brought little Lisette to confide her to your care, fearing to bring her with me, as if I were arrested some harm might happen to her. Here is a letter, in which I have written something I would like you to know."

Saying this, Jacques handed Henri a letter, and then continued:

"Good bye—good bye, dear brother; adieu, Lisette—you are as dear to me as my poor sister Claire!"

Then he raised little Lisette in his arms, and kissed her, their tears mingling together; embraced his brother in silence, and went away on his lonely journey. Henri sat down by the fire again, and for some time he was unconscious of the presence of any one; soon the little girl began to talk to him so affectionately and so like a child, that he could not but be pleased and happy again.

"Do tell me," asked little Lisette, "why did you weep when you looked at me first? I am so very inquisitive; but I should like to know."

"I will tell you," said Henri, and he spoke in a more mournful tone. "When you took off your little cloak, sitting here by the fire, I saw in you a likeness to my sister Claire."

"Then you have a sister?" said little Lisette, joyfully. "I am so glad of that. Oh! you really must bring me to see her."

"She is a long way off," said the soldier.

"Where?" asked little Lisette.

"In Heaven," said Henri. "In Heaven—and I am glad she is there, for they cannot annoy her more."

"And who could annoy her?" asked little Lisette.

"I will tell you," said Henri, speaking these words less firmly than former ones, and ever faltering in his voice when he spoke of his sister. "It is a sad tale, and one which may raise in your youthful heart a throb of sympathy for my poor sister Claire."

"My father and mother died about the same time, leaving three children to mourn their loss; Jacques and I were then fast growing into manhood, and well able, by diligent labour, to support ourselves and our dear sister Claire. Two years passed, and still we worked on gladly, sometimes without a franc in our purse or a loaf in the

cupboard, but we worked for her who was dear to us, and that made us happy. Ever since the death of our parents a dreadful change was coming over our sister—it made her not less fair or not less good—still it was coming on, and slowly dragging her away from this life. She had ever, even in our poorer days, been a kind friend to the poor and the sick, all of whom saw in her a sweet messenger of hope, ever visiting their humble abodes, bringing food and medicine to heal and refresh their enervated bodies, and Heavenly balms to cheer their sinking souls; now she was unable to perform these worthy actions, and the hovel of poverty ceased to be a witness of her commiseration and of her compassion. She had been this way for a long time, when a year of scarcity came, such as had not been felt for centuries before; Jacques and I found that, though we had harboured every soul coming into our possession, we were unable to pay the rent of our little cottage.

"Our landlord was the Duc de S——, who always resided in Paris, had made his brother agent over the property, who was a man very unlike the Duc, being of a penurious and mercenary disposition, easily bribed over to any one's interest, with a heart always obdurate to suffering or affliction. The day at last came, a cold winter's day it was; we could not pay the rent; we were ordered to leave our home, as the agent was going to make it the site for a residence for himself. We asked a few days, or even a day, in order to get Claire safely away, and also anything belonging to us which was in the house; both requests were refused, and the agent said:—'I will send down my men presently, and if you are not out of the house, I will not leave a stone of it standing.' Jacques and I rushed home, told Claire as gently as we could that the house was no longer ours; it shocked her so much to hear it, that we began to despair of getting her away at all. While we were thinking of what it was best to do, the agent and his men came; they burst open the doors, they hurled our furniture out; but I cannot describe the scene, it makes my blood boil to think of it, and it will ever remain indelibly painted on my mind. Claire was greatly frightened; she cried to us to bring her out of the house, we were rejoiced to do this, as we feared the men might harm her.

"Leaning on Jacques and me, she came slowly down the stairs and into the air, then we placed her sitting on a rustic stool before the door of the house, which we could no longer call home. Scarcely had we done so, when a vivid light flashed from every window; it was all in flames; the agent and his men were the incendiaries.

"Claire looked for a moment—only for a moment—at the awful spectacle, for although we still held her up, she was sightless and dead."

When Henri finished his sorrowful story, he told little Lisette to go into the adjoining room, where she might rest herself till morning came. Henri then sat by the fire, and taking out the letter, which his brother had given him, read as follows:

"My dear Henri—To-morrow I set out for America, as here my life is no longer safe, being (a kind friend informed me so) among the suspected enemies of the republic. I wish to consign to your care a young girl, little Lisette, whose father, though she is ignorant of the fact, was guillotined the day after I found her in the

city; and no one could deserve it better, for he had a hand in our sister's death; he was the cruel agent, the brother of the Duc de S——. Little Lisette knows not of her relationship with the Duc, but I discovered it all among some papers which I found in a house where I first saw her. Treat her well, and bring her to some school where she may be educated properly; be kind to her for poor Claire's sake. This is all I have time to write, so accept it, as we may not meet again, as a farewell from your living brother,

"JACQUES ———."

"I fear to give my name in full or where I write from, lest by accident it might be intercepted by anyone unfriendly to us.

"J.———."

Henri, after reading this, remained for some time thinking of his brother and little Lisette, till he fell fast asleep. The morning was far advanced when little Lisette awoke; she was astonished to hear loud voices laughing and talking, and Henri's name mentioned, but could not recognise his speaking among them. Having settled on her cloak, she unlocked the door and walked into the outer room, which was now, to her great astonishment, crowded with soldiers and officers.

A young lieutenant seeing little Lisette appeared frightened, took her kindly by the hand and said: "My fair little citizen, what treason have you been plotting against our good republic?"

"I!" replied the girl with astonishment, "I have plotted nothing. I was brought here last night by one who was very good to me, and intrusted by him to his brother's care, whose name was Henri. Where is Henri now?"

"Why," replied a sergeant to whom the lieutenant put Lisette's question, "he was the person who was on guard here last night; poor fool, there is very little use asking for him. When we came in this morning he was fast asleep, so the piquet took him off to be tried, and with him, too, by the by, some treasonable production, which none of us could understand; it was from his brother, and talked of nobles and such like, all ruffians, vile scum"—here the speaker spat into the fire, and then, seemingly relieved, continued—"He is now gone to be tried, and if you wish to be present, the lieutenant can send an orderly with you, who will conduct you to the place."

This the lieutenant did order, and in a few moments Lisette, accompanied by a young soldier, set out for where the court-martial was being held. After a short walk they arrived, and there they saw a detachment of soldiers in a line, and Henri standing at some distance before them, calmly awaiting his fate.

All was ready, the preliminary orders were given, the colonel was crying out the last fatal word, when a beautiful little child rushed from amidst the spectators, and spreading out her arms Henri received her in his, and pressed her for a moment affectionately to his heart; then came a roll of musketry, and the smoke which accompanied it quickly clearing away, disclosed to all the lifeless form of little Lisette in the embracing arms of the dead soldier.

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FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLEMN was the dinner hour at the Grove; for Thomas Hammersley Faversham, Esq., county magistrate, was at the head of the table. His con-



versation was stiff as his white neck-cloth—and with the folds of this voluminous cloth not even Beau Brummell could have found fault. Just as the Beau was wont, the cloth in proper folds, to draw it with delicate finger and thumb in a straight line round his chin, and then to dimple it symmetrically by gently dropping his under jaw—so did Mr. Magistrate Faversham, every afternoon of his stately life. He wore black trousers buttoned to the ankles, and a coat wondrously deep in the collar. He sported, if a person so solemn could “sport” anything, a flaxen wig, exquisitely oiled and scented. He was younger than the historical fops of the Regency, and his youth had yielded him the freshness to delight in the whims and millinery of this lively and heartless time. He had put on his Toryism with his first Hessians; and to this Toryism he would cling till he put that perfumed flaxen wig aside for the last time. He was, possibly, a very good old gentleman—at heart. He subscribed to buy garden allotments for labourers’ children; he

allowed strolling haymakers to lie in his barn occasionally; a man had once robbed him of three bushels of barley, and he had not prosecuted the miscreant. But these heroisms were crusted over with a hard and polished shell, that few could penetrate. The old gentleman was exquisitely polite to every body. In his glistening pumps, of evenings, his eyes sparkling through his wrinkles, lighted by the five glasses of port he systematically allowed himself after his dinner, how majestically he bowed little Ada (serious

as a parson now) into her accustomed seat opposite him, to be his opponent at chess. He made a false move occasionally, by the way, but Ada would sooner have cut her sweet tongue out than have hinted at the error. She lost nearly always; often when she might have won. The easy, self-sufficient Henry Faversham (whom a Kensington Gay Spanker of our acquaintance called the most charmingly vain man of her circle) was reserved—well it was so—why, in the paternal presence. He was a boy still, and he was never certain that he would not be suddenly sent into the nursery, by the awful being in the flaxen wig, to whom he owed his existence and his allowance. Clara, before her father, bit her unquiet lips, and was silent.

When Clifton was introduced to Faversham père, the young gentleman spoke to the owner of The Grove (to the astonishment of Mr Henry) without embarrassment. Faversham père was severe at the dinner table, about young men of the present time.

Clifton answered airily, agreeing in the main, with his host. The girls, who had been accustomed to hear the oracle speak, without daring

to give more than an occasional sign of approbation, were absolutely astonished when Mr. Clifton, in a firm tone, presently drew the Pater sharply up with a flat objection,



"The Radicals are not gentlemen—not gentlemen," said Mr. Faversham père, as he removed a crumb of bread from the fold of his neckcloth.

"I must beg leave, sir," said Clifton, turning boldly upon his host, "to differ with you most emphatically."

The old gentleman paused, some fish nicely adjusted upon his fork, and stared at his young guest. He had never been so startled in his life. His children also paused over their plates. But Clifton was roused, and he continued:

"It is the old story—old as feudalism. You will remember, sir, St. Simon says of Racine: 'There was nothing of the poet in his manners; he had the air of a well-bred and modest man, and at last, that of a good man.' It was astonishing to narrow-minded St. Simon to find a scribe who could comport himself like a gentleman; being like a gentleman to St. Simon, he was unlike a poet. In the same way—I mean nothing personal, sir, I can assure you—the old school of Tories, and indeed of Whigs, are astonished when they find, as they daily find, that there are eloquent advocates of the people's rights who never eat peas with their knife."

"Tut! tut! tut!" responds the oracular magistrate, now looking solemnly at Mr. Clifton. "You are, I should say, Mr. Clifton, about five-and-twenty; a young man, a very young man. Wait till you have lived in the world as long as I have. Tut! tut! tut! Rights of the people. Stuff, stuff!"

Here Clara nodded significantly to Mr. Clifton, while her venerable father was engaged upon the contents of his plate, satisfied in his own mind that he had thoroughly disposed of Mr. Clifton.

Before taking his after-dinner nap, under a honey-tinted bandanna, the magistrate condescended to recur to the subject, saying—"Rights of the people! Well, bless me! Educated men, too, talking this nonsense. Be very careful, my dear young friend—be very careful. Don't suffer a corduroy taint to get into your opinions; yes, corduroy taint—that's it." And, thoroughly satisfied that that was it, and most happily expressed into the bargain, the magistrate slept the sleep of an upright judge, and a judicious diner.

"The boys" (we are all boys, whiskers, wrinkles, and all, when we return to the parental nest, and fold ourselves answ in the warmth of its sweet feathers)—the boys crept out of the dining-room, leaving the flies alone to fret over the bandanna that protected the magisterial nose from their tantalizing probosces.

"Now for that delightful moment of the day—now for the first pipe after dinner," said Henry Faversham, throwing himself in an American rocking-chair in Master Arty's snuggery.

"You don't like the best place, Harry, I see," observed Master Arty, as he proceeded to strip a pipe-stand over the mantel-piece, of a dozen black, brown, and red pipes. Clifton, like a business man, took up the first, blew through it, and dipped his fingers at once into the tobacco-jar.

"How soft of you," suggested Master Arty, drolly, to Clifton, "to tackle the governor. Let me see," and Master Arty walked round Clifton, examining his face very closely—"yes, yes, your nose is all right. But I wouldn't have given two-pence for it an hour ago."

"Shut up, Arty," said Mr. Henry Faversham, to which Master Arty responded by a low, derisive whistle.

"But, I confess, Clifton, I go a long way with the governor," added Mr. Henry, as he blew his cloud. "I don't like your people—your masses, your general diffusion of everything everywhere; your cant about equal rights, and all that kind of Codger's Hall stuff, seasoned with tobacco, and strengthened by the juniper."

"Of course"—Mr. Clifton had a sneering tone—"your Jouvin gloves get into your head. You would have the whole world swept clean, for one reason—and that, to spare your patent leathers. You are not a strong thinker; you are not a man whose head keeps his sympathies right, my boy. Your convenience makes you a conservative; your fine taste has something heartless in it. You are perfectly at your ease in a drawing-room, because there your senses are gratified; but you would be even stupid in the company of an ingenious mechanic, because your pride would lift you far above him, and you would be endeavouring to let him see that you were upon a throne above him."

"Well, well," replied Henry Faversham, starting up, "you are ill at ease in a drawing-room, my boy. Same thing reversed—same thing reversed. Give me a light, Arty."

"Two," from Master Arty.

Clifton stuck to his point, because he was in earnest. Mr. Henry Faversham was only passing the time away, and showing his embroidered slippers, upon the sofa.

"It is not my point reversed. I am uneasy in your kind of world, because it supplies no enjoyment to me. I'm no dancer; I hate talk that has no soul in it. I detest your stock young ladies, with their regulated number of answers; who blush according to the Book of Etiquette, and are virtuous because in society it is—*de rigueur*. My boy, I've seen farmers' buxom lasses, with twice the sense and sound reading of your card-leaving—P.P.C.—thanks for kind enquiries—style of girls. And with all their grace, mind; and with homely, quiet virtues, that would make many houses in your Belgravia purer places than they are."

"Hang this discussion," here interposed Master Arty, who had just completed the transformation of a nut into a whistle, and was anxious to try it.

"I'll throw a pillow at your head, young two-pence," said Mr. Henry, "if you're not quiet."

Clifton was worked up, and was not to be put aside.

"Read, my boy, Godwin's Political Justice; dip into Mandeville's Fables of the Bees, try Hallam's Constitutional History, mark step by step, in Miss Martineau's clear and liberal page, the progress of the Reform Bill; don't be more afraid of Tom Paine than of Burke on the Revolution. Get something like a strong ground of opinion, and then look about you. Hang it, face the world like a man; look to your brother man opposite, and take him by the hand and say to him, naked we both came into the world. By what savage freak of fortune does it happen that you are all but naked now? that to your blue flesh the wind is not tempered; while I wear merino and fine cloth, and the softest leather; while the hearth is piled up for me, and the crackling embers sweeten and soften the wind to my grateful nostrils? It does a man good to ask himself these questions."

Clifton's pipe had been forgotten, while he was delivering these vehement words. Faversham still looked, but uneasily, at the worked-up pantries upon his slippers; but he felt that he must say something. Arty was looking at him, and he was not prepared to be beaten in argument before this young gentleman.

"But look here, Clifton, there must always be inequalities in society."

"By Jove, then, turn nigger-driver. There will always be inequalities, I believe; but if you've two penn'orth of heart in you, see how far they who have the worst of society's bad bargain can be helped along. Don't put your infernal Tory heel upon them."

There was a gentle rap at the door.

"Hang it, here are the girls," muttered Master Arty; then he growled—"Come in, at least I'll spouse so."

"You're polite, Master Arty," said Clara, tripping into the room. Clifton dropped his pipe, and offered his seat to the young lady, but neither Master Arty nor Mr. Henry ceased to smoke nor to lounge.

Miss Faversham swept into the chair, which she covered with her ample skirts; then begged Mr. Clifton to observe, that ladies never looked to their brothers for politeness.

"And a very good thing too," Master Arty observed. Master Arty hereupon blew the smoke from his mouth in rings.

"They were having such a jaw, Clara, when you came in; it only wanted you to complete it."

Clara turned to Mr. Clifton.

"Don't let me interrupt the conversation; and I pray, Mr. Clifton, go on with your pipe." Miss Clara was very gracious.

"Never mind it," said Mr. Henry, still surveying the pantries upon his slippers. "We were talking politics. Clifton is a radical, and I'm a conservative; we shall never agree."

"I don't know one from the other; except, as you know, that papa says, the radicals don't know who their grandfathers were. Is that the case, Mr. Clifton?"

Clara flirted a fan as she looked, not archly, but boldly and quizzically, into Clifton's face. When Clifton was in earnest, he was not complimentary, even to ladies.

"It is not the case, Miss Faversham, as a rule."

"Oh! drop it, drop it," interposed Mr. Henry Faversham.

"Well if nobody will talk, who will stroll about the garden? I'm sure the fresh air is better than this nasty place."

Mr. Clifton would have been a brute and a doit had he resisted this invitation.

There were pretty walks about the Grove, although they were damp and ragged now, and the birds sang seldom in them, and there was no odour of flowers to greet the lounge. Humid mounds of dead leaves lay against the box borders; dead branches had fallen here and there in the lounge's way. But the cheery Michaelmas daisy still turned its hundred bright eyes to the sky; and the laurel and the holly were crisp and green. A pale rose or two nodded in a sheltered spot; but these laggard flowers wanted freshness, and might as well not have been. The air was soft, but the wind was icy. It was that precise evening in autumn, when, for the first time, a healthy person feels that just a spoonful of fire would be grateful to the flesh, before bed time. Just the time, moreover, when a female arm must feel comfortable in that of a cavalier. Precisely the time when the walk may be brisk enough to wear away the embarrassment of tender avowals.

There are no tender avowals, we trust, hovering upon the lips of Clara Faversham and Mr. Clifton. There cannot be tender avowals to make between the serious young Radical, and the fashionable, the giddy, self-possessed flirt. Miss Faversham, naturally, has taken her companion's arm; and her well-gloved hand rests upon Mr. Clifton's coat-sleeve, quietly as Lucretia Borgia's marble hand reposes upon the blue velvet, in the oracular magistrate's study. There is a broad space between Miss Faversham and Mr. Clifton. His arm is bent out, her arm is stretched out, just to rest her hand within his elbow. It is not that agreeable contiguity, when the lady's hand falls through your arm, and hangs gracefully as a fuchsia bell; when the bosom just faintly touches your arm too; when if the face of the young lady were turned to you, you might look into it as into a fresh fruit-basket, and take the fruit that pleased you most, to your lips. There was fruit under Miss Faversham's broad hat, but it wanted the heat of the sun.

Clifton naturally turned the conversation towards the country—to trees, and flowers, and wreathes; but his companion declared that she hated the country.

"Hate the country!" Clifton exclaimed seriously, looking into Miss Faversham's face. There was a careless, whimsical sneer upon it.

"Yes; I hate the country. Wearing shoes fit for ploughboys; getting over stiles; breakfasting at eight in the morning; having to admire pigs, and scramble through straw yards; getting brown and catching freckles; being eaten up by midges; and altogether becoming red as a dairy maid."

Clifton drew his lips together, as Miss Faversham, seeing his displeasure, rattled on:

"Now, I cannot bear poor people."

Slyly Miss Faversham looked up into Clifton's face; but there was a malice in the slyness. Let there be malice, and slyness, and all uncharitableness expressed upon that young face,—it loathes not all its spell. Cold as it is; bold as those full dark eyes are, there is youth here, and there are the gently swelling lines so grateful to the eye. That those lips may say, "I cannot bear poor people;" and still, to the sight of a thoughtful man, be beautiful!

"You are joking, of course," Mr. Clifton suggests. He is anxious that she should withdraw her words.

"Oh, dear no! I'm tired of your philanthropists; the poor man's rights and the poor man's wrongs; whether he shall vote or not. I suppose I'm too dull to understand it all; but I don't believe in it. Lord Lubberton told me that it was only, I think he said, 'a gag,' and that the poor are much better treated here than in any other country. But let us change the subject; it makes my head ache." Miss Faversham plucked a leaf, and carelessly rubbed it. She had done with that subject: and was thoroughly enjoying the grave agitation into which she had thrown Mr. Clifton. A turn of the walk discovered Ada with a ruddy, a most oleaginous baby, whose lips lay in a deep valley between its mountainous cheeks, and whose nose was vainly struggling to show itself in profile.

Ada was crimson in the face; her hair was in disorder; and the oleaginous baby was tugging hard at her brooch.

"There!" said Miss Faversham. Then to Ada. "Ada, Ada, dear, you are such a figure. Why, where did you find that child?"

Clifton had approached the baby, and lifted one of its pulpy hands to his bearded chin; and the child had withdrawn it, laughing. Ada turned to him at once.

"Isn't it a fine boy, Mr. Clifton? Feel the weight of him—only ten months old." A minute more and the fat youngster would

have been in Mr. Clifton's arms; but Miss Clara burst into such a fit of laughter that the gentleman drew back, and vowed that he was afraid to touch babies, lest they should tumble to pieces.

"But where did you find the child?" Clara repeated.

"Dear me, you know it's Mrs. Larrance's baby."

Mrs. Larrance was a spare, solemn woman, who by her own exertions kept a house full of children. The little two-roomed cottage where she dwelt, was so stocked with little Larrances, indeed, that a facetious passer-by had wondered how the street door could be shut. At the Grove she found occasional employment in the humble capacity of charwoman. Ada was her great friend. The little Larrances wore dresses made from Ada's, the little Larrances jumped and chirruped when Ada lifted the latch of their cottage, for they knew that her pockets were not quite empty. Ada would stand in the middle of the dark little room, swarming with human and animal life; where the rabbits hopped among the children, and birds of all English kinds whistled and twittered from sorry green cages, unmindful of the dead unfledged birds that lay in heaps (to be sold to Farmer Ballaby, at one penny per dozen, to feed his ferrets). Dense fumes of boiling potatoes filled the air. Ada, holding her little hand aloft, would shout—

"Who's for Bonaparte's ribs, and who's for brandyballs?"

Whereupon the air would be rent with shrill cries of "Bonaparte's ribs" and "brandyballs;" and a forest of hands would encompass Miss Ada Faversham. Then she would proceed to poke ribs and balls into the wide mouths around her; then she would say good-bye to the baby (which she is holding all this time in her arms, before Mr. Clifton and his sister), and then she would skip, like a fawn, from the cottage.

Mr. Larrance, from his chimney-corner, would knock his wooden leg (for which leg he enjoyed a pension of one shilling per diem) upon the hearth, and grunt that Miss Ada was a sweet lady, and that the brats ought to be thankful to her.

Grant that we have wandered from the meeting in the garden, which first suggested Mrs. Larrance and hers to us, there is little or no harm done. No thread is broken; no silver chord has been sundered. For the tea-table, and subsequent whist with the awful magistrate, speedily claimed Mr. Clifton; and Miss Clara had not read the third volume of Edith Clutterbuck, or the Maid, the Wife, and the Mother; that novel which "an evening paper" confidently recommended to its readers.

It is difficult to decide whether Mr. Clifton enjoyed his evening, as the partner of his solemn host. About nine o'clock we heard mine host say in sepulchral tones to Mr. Clifton, leaning as far as his white neckcloth would allow him to lean across the table: "Do you call that whist, Mr. Clifton?"

The gentleman addressed turned red, and Master Arty, screened by a handkerchief, tittered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD SONGS.

OLD songs of earth, tinct with the hues of heaven,
And stained with mellow gloom;
Gray household melodies that ever breathe
Of morning-life and home;

Of smoking homesteads and of uplands dim,
Of orchard, croft, and wold;
Of lime woods budding in the green spring haze,
Or flushed with harvest gold,—

Come hither from that undiscovered land
That lieth—no man knows—
Within the inmost quiet of our souls,
The heaven of still repose.

THE TEACHING OF CHARACTER.—We pass for what we are. Character teaches us our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits breath every moment.—Emerson,

CHIPS AND SCRAPS FROM THE STUDIOS.



THE antiquity of painting, or, as a quaint writer of the sixteenth century describes it, "the art of showing events to the sight in some shape or another," must be considerable when we remember that Homer's account of the embroideries of Helen and Penelope, points out a very early epoch for coloured tapestry. If we take Virgil to be an authority on a subject which has given rise to so much grave dispute and profitless controversy, painting must have reached no mean degree of perfection in the age of his Dido, since the pious Æneas was able to discover his own portrait amongst the pictures—probably a primitive form of fresco—which enriched the magnificent temple of Juno at Carthage. According to Diodorus Siculus, the walls of Babylon were in many places encrusted with tiles painted with the forms of animals, and embellished round the edges with a highly conventional ornamentation. It is to be regretted that all modern research in this direction has failed to profit us much; and we know little more of Babylonian art than did our forefathers a century ago. The absence of all evidence respecting it is to be chiefly attributed to the perishable nature of the material—friable

terra-cotta, probably—employed by those forgotten artists. Semiramis, we are told, possessed a collection of pictures, mostly hunting pieces, but we are left in complete ignorance of their merit, and of the "vehicle" in which they were painted. The bare mention of them is, however, worth something, as it shows that along with the sterner and coarser qualities of her nature, the great woman had a gleam, faint as it may have been, of taste and refinement. As for the Egyptian theory of the origin of pictorial art, it is, like everything else which we have received from that strange land, "marvellous, mystical." It asserts that painting was known in the cities of the Nile six thousand years before it had penetrated into Greece, and in support of this statement are invoked the testimonies of the most ancient monuments of the country. Recent discoveries have shown that Egypt at a very early day must have been acquainted with the crude elements of painting; and the frescoes recently transferred from that country to the walls of the British Museum, prove that the people had an indigenous school of their own—a school which existed within itself, and received no inspiration second hand.

It is not generally known that the exquisite colour called Minium (said to be the finest possible red) was discovered long before the Christian era, by an Athenian youth, who believed, in the fervour of his alchemic speculations, that it formed the original and real base of gold. When goddesses were to be represented, the ancient painters always selected for their model either their own wives or some celebrated women. The glorious Magdalen of Le Brun, a picture whose sublime pathos and unequalled tenderness have made beholders weep, is a portrait of the celebrated La Vallière. A thousand instances in which the great masters have availed themselves of such questionable resources could be adduced, did space permit us.

Pliny, who appears to have been gifted with a superhuman facility for digesting marvels however monstrous, tells a story in testimony of the power of painting, which throws the Greek grape and veil legend into the shade. The Triumvir Lepidus, having been annoyed and disturbed during the night-time, in his camp, by the "whistling, hooping, and screaming of the nocturnal birds which infested it," was angry with the magistrate of a neighbouring town for recommending him so unfavourable an encampment. To appease the enraged soldier they presented him with a banner on which was painted a fiery dragon with such consummate skill that the noisy carrion "drew off in great fear and trepidation." Pliny recommends this expedient, "which," he says, "may prove of fair service on moonlight nights." A blunt German being asked by an old Roman how he liked a famous picture of an old shepherd leaning on his hook, replied—"Why, I would not take the original even as a slave." A coarser proof of the absence of artistic appreciation could with difficulty be pointed out. It is stated that Nero, corrupted as he was in heart and soul, cultivated a taste for painting, had a turn for drawing, and frequently amused himself with modelling in clay. Perhaps no one ever carried the caprices and whimsical peculiarities

of the artistic profession so far as Regnier, King of Naples. When his wife died, he had her portrait taken at two advanced stages of decomposition, the last so ghastly and loathsome as to fill the spectators with horror. He was finishing a portrait of a partridge when news reached him that his kingdom was lost and his nearest relatives fugitives; but before paying any attention to the calamity, he gave the last touches to the bird, and then broke out into lamentations.

In spite of the Iconoclastic tendencies of Islamism, Mahomet II., one of the most sanguinary and contemptible of despots, exhibited some taste for the fine arts. Gentil Bellini, a painter of great reputation, whose works still hold no mean position in the school to which he belonged, was invited by him to establish his residence near the palace. The painter acquiesced, and continued to enjoy the favours of his powerful patron until an occurrence took place which forced him to abandon the distinction. Having painted a decollation of John the Baptist, he showed it to Mahomet, who professed to find fault with the tissues of the neck; and to convince the artist of his error, sent for a Greek slave, whose head he struck off with one sweep of his scymetar. The artist bowed in acquiescence, and set sail next morning for the Adriatic. In strange contrast with the art-enthusiasm displayed by this royal critic, we turn to Christina of Sweden, who cared little for painting, and less for sculpture. Her father, Gustavus, bequeathed her from the spoils of unhappy Prague, several chests of paintings of inestimable value. These she offered to Sebastian Bourdon, a Huguenot artist, who had the generosity to tell her that she knew not the worth of the treasures she wished to bestow upon him. The queen took the hint, reserved the pictures to herself, and cut off the hands, feet, and faces to ornament prominent parts of her bed-chamber. Many of those precious fragments finally found their way to the cabinet of the Palais Royal. A great Duke of Russia, Vladimir, was converted to Christianity on beholding a picture representing the last day, with all its horrors. Terror-struck by the overwhelming misery of the damned souls, he fell back, averting his eyes from the painting.

"Where would you wish to be on that day," asked a Christian who was witness of his emotion.

"By the side of that venerable and amiable figure," replied the barbarian, pointing to the Almighty Judge.

"Embrace the laws of Christ, and you may be placed there."

The Duke consented, and his subjects followed his example. Many years after this notable occurrence, Lestocq, a French adventurer in Russia, by placing before the eyes of Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, two paintings, the one representing her in a convent, and Lestocq broken on the wheel; the other, Elizabeth, seated in magnificent robes on the imperial throne, inspired that princess with sufficient spirit to make a revolution and seize the crown. The latter, it may be observed, was her undoubted right. The use which Rienzi made of allegorical pictures, "to stimulate the sluggish Romans of his day in the struggle for their rights," is too well known to be dwelt on here. In the early ages of Christianity, it appears that a custom prevailed of inlaying the church floors with representations of saints and angels. Amongst the oddities of the school of Sienna, was that invented by Simon Memmi (who flourished in the beginning of the fourteenth century) of putting scrolls, explanatory of the subject, into the mouth of his figures. An instance of this ludicrous custom is still shown in the sacristy of St. Jude at Florence. It represents the devil almost expiring from the effects of a thrashing administered to him by some pious individual; in the mouth of the infernal personage is a scroll searing the words "*O non, posso piu.*" Oh! oh! It is all over with me! We may remark that Boccaccio imputes the rise of this ridiculous fashion to the advice given by Bufalmasco, a noted buffoon, to Le Bruno, a simple artist, who besought him to suggest some plan for rendering the expression of his figures intelligible to the spectators. Speaking of portraits of Satan, Aretino, a painter of Arezzo, lost his life through their agency. He had painted a picture of the Demon, exquisitely hideous and so realistic in its terrible lineaments, that he could not remove its impression from his mind. The impressions haunted his dreams: the lost spirit appeared before him, one night, and reproached the painter with having drawn him with such terrible fidelity. Aretino awoke in an agony of terror, and soon after fell into a fit which ended his life in less than three hours. Paulo Mazochi, in a work descriptive of the natural

elements, represented the sea by fishes, the earth by a mole, and fire by a salamander. He wished to paint a chameleon to represent air, but as he had no model of that animal, he contented himself from a similitude of sounds by introducing a camel which, extending his long neck, snuffs up the breezes. Ridiculous as this usage must seem, one finds it imitated to no small extent by the modern caricaturists. *Punch*, it was thought, employed it for the first time; but in an old number of the 'European Magazine,' a periodical which enjoyed at one time a high literary reputation, the same expedient is employed to explain the vagaries of a camp of undertaker's men, who are refreshing themselves in front of an ale house at Battersea, London. The few chips we have picked up in the ancient studios form but a small portion of the heap which remains to be selected. In another number we shall return to it.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

THE SPECTRUM DISCOVERIES.



DR. Miller's lecture during the sitting of the British Association at Manchester could hardly have failed to have been an excellent and entertaining one, from the importance which attaches to its subject—that remarkable line of investigation, the spectrum analysis—and the capability for brilliant displays of optical effects in its illustrations.

Dr. Miller said justly, that this subject had attracted as large a share of popular attention as any that could be mentioned. Like the telescope, it revealed to us intelligence of distant worlds; for not only did it tell us of changes in the glorious sun, but it revealed to us something of those distant solar orbs that stud, as twinkling stars, our firmament. Not only, like the telescope, did it reveal to us wonders from afar, but, like the microscope, too, it dealt with quantities so minute as to defy every other method of detection. He thought he should best discharge the duty which had devolved on him by endeavouring to give, in a brief manner, the successive steps by which this branch of investigation had been raised to such prominence. Like other great discoveries, it had not been the work of a single individual. It was

a work, he was proud to say, in which our own countrymen had taken prominent parts; and there were many members of the British Association then present who had laid the foundations of our present knowledge on this subject. Nothing was known of the constitution of the solar spectrum before Newton, who in 1701 produced, in his memorable work on Optics, the results of investigations of many previous years.

Newton, however, had not the same certain means of showing his experiments as we now possessed in the electric light, the brilliant coloured spectrum of which Dr. Miller showed on a white screen. This spectrum, it was seen, was composed of bands of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet colours, merging insensibly one into the other; but the solar spectrum, which, as far as colours were concerned, exactly resembled it, exhibited numbers of vertical dark bands, first discovered by Wollaston in 1801, but called after the German philosopher who subsequently carefully mapped them, and published his drawings of them,—Fraunhofer's lines. Wollaston, passing the sun's light through a narrow slit, found that it was not a continuous spectrum which was given, but that it was interrupted by a series of black bands at right angles to the length of the spectrum; but he did not pursue the investigation further, and it was twelve years after that Fraunhofer examined with a telescope the spectrum of a ray of light so passed, and carefully noted their position, which was found to be independent of the nature of the material used in constructing the prism. Fraunhofer not only interested himself about the spectrum of the sun, but he observed

also the spectra of the fixed stars, and detected in them lines not always in the same or coincident positions with those of the solar bands.

There exist four distinct sets of phenomena, namely lines which might be called,—1st, cosmical, such as those of the solar light and of the fixed stars; 2nd, lines produced by absorption, for the discovery of which we are indebted to Sir David Brewster; 3rd, the bright lines produced by coloured flames; and 4th, there were the lines produced by the electric spark taken between various conductors, the knowledge of which was given us by Professor Wheatstone. Wollaston and Fraunhofer had not gone further than to notice that the electric spark produced an interrupted spectrum; but Wheatstone was the first to detect in it the existence of bright lines, and to show their dependence upon the nature of the conductors employed.

Of the absorption lines, Brewster was the first to suggest a cause. He observed that when the sun passed through the highest part of the heavens, certain lines of the spectrum were not to be seen, but when setting or rising, its light traversed, nearly horizontally, a thickness of 200 miles of the earth's atmosphere at its greatest density, certain bands were developed in the spectrum, and this was due to the absorption of particular rays of light by the atmosphere. Then came Becquerel's discovery in 1842, when he ascertained that corresponding with Fraunhofer's dark lines, were a series of inactive spaces, both in the chemical and in the phosphorogenic spectrum, extending in the chemical spectrum, far beyond the more refrangible of the violet rays.

Stokes, in 1852, succeeding in rendering these lines apparent to the eye in the invisible portion of the spectrum, by his discovery that the fluorescent power of the spectrum was also interrupted by inactive spaces, the position of which corresponded exactly with the lines observed by Fraunhofer and by Becquerel. Another step was made by Brewster in 1833, whose experiments on the red vapours of nitrous acid showed that they had the remarkable property of absorbing certain parts of the sun's rays. This gas is of a brownish red colour, and if viewed by transparency, no interruption is perceptible, but, examined after the ray of light had been passed through a prism, a series of dark bands were rendered visible.

Peroxide of chlorine, the vapours of iodine or bromine, and as the lecturer had himself ascertained and published in 1845, those of perchloride of manganese, and several other coloured gases, produced characteristic absorptive bands in the spectrum.

Foucault's observation, in 1849, that the sun's rays when passed through the electric light gave black bands where the electric light showed bright ones in Kirchhoff's hands, led to that grand discovery—the special subject of Dr. Miller's lecture.

Then came spectra of the coloured flames. Sir David Brewster, in 1822, found that light of one colour might be produced by burning dilute spirits of wine. The same year Sir John Herschel made a series of observations on lights coloured by certain salts in combustion in their flames; but to Fox Talbot is due the credit of having turned these suggestions to account as a means of chemical analysis. The flames coloured by lithium and strontium, for example, were both equally of a red colour, so nearly alike in shade, that to the naked eye there was nothing to distinguish them; but through the prism a striking difference was apparent.

The spectra of the electric light had the first impulse given to their investigation by Wheatstone. In 1835 he showed at Dublin a map of various spectra from sparks taken between points of different metals. Each metal exhibited a spectrum crossed by characteristic bands, whether magnetic, voltaic, or common machine electricity was used. He further showed these phenomena were not due to the burning of the metals, by passing the sparks through a vessel exhausted of air, and through one filled with carbonic acid.

The investigations of Wheatstone, who was at that time engaged personally with the electric telegraph, excited so much interest as to induce the Academy of Sciences at Haarlem to offer a prize for further investigations; the treatise of Masson, who, between 1851 and 1855, had contributed some valuable papers on the subject, being the one approved. The spectra figured by Masson were much more complex than those originally mapped by Wheatstone for the same metals; and it was subsequently shown by Dr. Alter, an American observer, and still more clearly proved by Angstrom and Van Willigen, that the result of Masson were obtained by the superposition of two spectra, one due to the metal, the other due to

the ignition of the gaseous medium itself, owing to the very intense sources of electricity which he employed.

In illustration of this, Dr. Miller exhibited the spectrum of silver, obtained by igniting the metal by the voltaic current, and proceeded then to introduce the subject of spectra from gases, by passing the spark through a tube exhausted of all but an imponderable quantity in a highly rarified state.

THE VALUE OF AN ATOM.



WE all remember our lamented friend Hood's jest when he heard of the projected coinage of half-farthings. "I can't conceive their possible use," he said, "except as a payment for kicks—I'd kick you for half a farthing." In a similar irreverent fashion, although with far less reason, do the unlearned speak of atoms, and therefore it is that in our present paper we propose to endeavour to raise them in the scale of respectability, by showing, in a popular way, the very extraordinary and important part they play in the composition, decomposition, and transmutation of a vast variety of matters, with which, in common parlance, they are not supposed to be associated at all. "A mere scrap—an atom!" to the general apprehension means something so utterly ridiculous, as to be unworthy of appreciation; but to the man of science it wears a different aspect, and bears a different value. This, in an indirect way, it has done long before chemistry became an exact science, and, in truth, the exactness of the science may fairly be said to date from the time when its important value became first well understood.

It is worth while, however, for the better understanding of the value of an atom, to take a backward glance at the rise and progress of the science with which it is so intimately connected, in order that we may perceive how many obstacles lay in its way, and after how long a period of incubation it arrived at its present triumphant fame.

People who are only conversant with the wonders which modern chemistry has achieved, look upon the science as one of comparatively a latter-day growth. But it is not so; it can look back on its thousands of years, as well as astronomy or mathematics, although it originated in far more selfish instincts than either of them. Mammon and Moloch were deities just as much worshipped amongst the ancients as they are at the present day, when to become rich is to become virtuous, respectable, and celebrated, at a blow; we have our gigantic adepts who manage to transmute bad paper into hard cash, whilst the adepts of former days moved heaven and earth in order to discover the philosopher's stone, virgin earth, or magisterium, a single grain of which was to transmute billions of pounds of the baser metals into gold. This extraordinary mania must have been early implanted in the human heart, since we trace it back to Arabia, from whence the Egyptians were infected, and thence into the most celebrated European schools. Neither were they mere charlatans or empirics who pursued for centuries this seductive myth. Men renowned for wisdom and profoundly versed in the learning of the time, were the most anxious in its pursuit, and not a few amongst them fancied that they had arrived at the double consummation of turning baser metals into gold, and of conferring immortal youth on its possessor. "Send me these six lepers," says the confident Geber, "that I may cure them." The six lepers were silver, mercury, copper, iron, lead, and tin. Again he says, "there are means of producing and transmuting metals. These means consist of three sorts of medicines. Those of the first order are the raw materials or ores, as furnished by nature. Those of the second order are the substances of the first, after being refined and purified by chemical processes. By the further ennobling and fixing of those is produced the medicine of the third order. This is the great magisterium, the red tincture, the great elixir, the philosopher's stone."

Isaacus Hollandus begins by procuring his adamite or virgin earth. "When we have obtained this," he says, in a careless, off-hand sort of way, befitting a perfect adept, "the preparation of the

stone is only fit for women or child's play. From the *materies prima, cruda, or remota*, the philosopher obtains first the mercury of the adepts, which differs from ordinary quicksilver, and is the quintessence, the first condition of the creation or procreation of all metals. To this is added philosophical gold, and the mixture is left for a long time in an incubatory or brooding furnace, which must have the form of an egg. There is thus obtained a black substance, the raven's head, or *caput corvi*, which, after long exposure to heat, is converted into a white body. This is the white swan, *cygnus albus*. After this has been long and more fiercely heated, it becomes yellow, and finally bright red—and now the great work is consummate!" "First catch your fish," says the immortal Mrs. Glass. The "virgin earth" was to be the worker of the miracle; catch that and you might dress it as you pleased. But no trustworthy adept ever pretended to have discovered it, although hundreds of "gold-makers" did, and beguiled kings, princes, and other great ones of the earth, into believing them.

In the meanwhile, although this "splendid phantom" eluded philosophers, their labours in chase of it were by no means unproductive. The philosopher's stone remained a mystery; but during the many centuries in which its discovery was the alpha and omega of every philosopher's dream, the new science which we now call chemistry was slowly making its way. The story is a familiar one, of the farmer who bequeathed to his sons a treasure, which he had buried in a certain field on his farm, without saying which; after his death, they turned over and over again every foot of the soil, without finding what they sought; but the additional fertility recompensed them for the loss, as no doubt their wise father intended it should. So was it with the labours of the alchemist; they were the instruments destined by Providence to subserve a great end. They laid the foundation of the magnificent temple which science has since raised, and they deserve far more credit than they have gained, since whether we look to the meagre tools with which they wrought, or the wonderful effects produced by them, we cannot but be struck with the commanding genius of the men who did not so little but so much. Geber, for instance, grouped the metals as we group them; those which lost their lustre by exposure to fire were called the baser metals; those which were unchangeable were called noble. So we call them still. But once they began to theorize, they got out of their depths immediately. Swayed by the ever-prevalent notion of transmutation, the alchemist found that, during his researches, sulphur was expelled from certain ores, which, by expulsion, became brighter and purer. From thence he drew the deduction that a further subtraction of sulphur was the one thing needful to lead to the coveted end. By the further process of cupellation, he found that a certain quantity of silver was procurable from lead, and from the silver again a trace of gold. "A ha!" quoth he, "I have you at last!" But he failed, of course; leaving to us, however, his discovery of the art of purifying metals, and of separating one from another. So it is in many other things now familiar to us, but for the first knowledge of which we are indebted to him. Sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids, ammonia, the fixed alkalis, numberless compounds of metals, alcohol, ether, phosphorus, etc., for all these are we indebted to enthusiasts like Geber, Avicenna, Isaacus, Hollandus, Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and others, who sought a "stone," and found immortality instead.

The second step in advance made by chemistry may be dated from what is called the Phlogistic period. And here, again, the practice was sound, and the theory at fault. Phlogiston was a vast idea wrongly carried out. The Phlogisticians calcined metals, and found that they actually grew heavier by the process. This increase of weight was to them inscrutable, as they debited the metal with the positive loss of a principle, Phlogiston (so called from *phlegma*, I burn), which they looked upon as the cause of its levity, and never thought of crediting it with a positive gain from the air in which it was burned.

To Stahl and his disciples belong the credit of dissipating, in some measure, these erroneous views, but it was the masterly genius of our own Black which gave the death-blow to the Phlogiston theory, and substituted a better in its place. This was done in apparently a simple way; but every thing seems simple, when accurate deductions are drawn from principles radically right and clearly observed. He it was who showed that quick-lime exposed to the air increased in weight by the absorption of carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and that the increase of weight in the lime was exactly equal to the

weight of the absorbed gas, thus proving that the Phlogistic theory, which would have attributed the weight of the lime to its loss of one principle and not to the gain of another, must be clearly in the wrong. Lavoisier's experiments tended to the same result as those of Black; but with Black, Priestly, and Cavendish, began the true era—the third era—the era of the theory of COMBUSTION, the benefits of which we are reaping at this day. OXYGEN, discovered in 1774 by Priestly in England and Schule in Sweden, was, after all, the real transmuter which turned all it touched into gold, by showing us the extensive aid a true knowledge of it gave to us in multifarious operations and in hundreds of ways. At first, it was called empyreal air, dephlogisticated air; afterwards it was named oxygen, from the Greek words *oxus*, acid, and *gennao*, I give rise to—a title given it by Lavoisier, in his new nomenclature, although we now know that the title is a deceptive one, as there are many acids which do not contain oxygen at all. It is, however, the great supporter of combustion. In all ordinary cases of combustion, the action lies between the burning body and the air, and in the most general sense, a body in a state of combustion is one in the act of undergoing intense chemical action, during which oxygen plays the principal part. It is supported and nourished by it increasing in intensity by every fresh volume of oxygen it receives. Oxygen indeed plays a busy part in forwarding the prosperity of nations, and as the theory of combustion is intimately connected with it, we may fairly look upon the era of its discovery, as by far the greatest that had yet been made, in giving exactitude to a science which was rich in facts, the gatherings of centuries, and now only waited for the master mind to appear capable of linking them firmly together. Such a mind had Lavoisier. As Liebig observes of him:—"In the time of Lavoisier, all the substances and all the phenomena which he studied, were already known. He discovered no new body—no new property—no natural phenomenon previously unknown; but all the facts established by him were the necessary consequences of the labours of those who had preceded him. His merit—his immortal glory consisted in this—that he infused into the science a new spirit; but all the members of that body were already in existence, and rightly joined together."

Having now cleared the way for our atom, we are enabled to introduce it on the scene.

The atomic theory of Dalton assuredly may be ranked as the fourth great advance made by chemists to give certainty and perfectibility to the science, and has gone a long way in attaining its object, as we hope to show.

Dalton, like Lavoisier, discovered nothing absolutely new, but his theory infused a new spirit and gave a new direction to the discoveries of others, which enabled his successors to work with greater precision, and to form juster notions than it was possible for them to do before his labours commenced. The doctrine of the divisibility of matter was one of the problems of antiquity, in the discussion of which Epicurus and Lucretius took part, and although, even now, it is a vexed question as to how far it may extend, still the Daltonian theory has succeeded in giving to the chemical combination of atoms—as cognizable by our senses—a precision and importance which are of the greatest consequence to the chemist in his operations, and which forms a very curious study in itself. That matter is wonderfully divisible has been clearly proved. A grain of the iodide of potassium, dissolved in 480,000 grains of water, and mixed with a little starch, will, on adding some chlorine water, render the entire fluid blue. A single grain of ammoniacal hyposulphate of silver will render 32,000 grains of water intensely sweet. Gold or silver wire may be visible to the naked eye, although only the 864,000th part of an inch, and platinum wire was drawn by Wollaston, for astronomical purposes, so fine, that it may easily be proved not to have exceeded the 18,000th part of an inch in diameter; 890,000 of the red globules of the human blood are required to cover a superficial inch; and Professor Ehrenberg has shown, that in fluids, there are such vast numbers of living animals, that a single drop may contain 500,000,000, and yet that each of these creatures is furnished with organs of motion, &c. If this be so, what then must the size of their blood globules be?

The Atomic Theory supposes that the ultimate elements of bodies have a definite size and weight, and this proposition is capable of proof. Under a powerful microscope, the most minute particles of chalk, for instance, are found to be an aggregation of crystals, each as perfect as the finest specimen of calcareous spar. Pulverisation

may reduce the size of the mass, without in the slightest degree interfering with the crystalline structure of the chalk itself. And yet the atom so observed is not a simple atom at all, but a tolerably complex one, of which the component parts are three. Chalk is a carbonate of lime, which requires for its composition three ingredients: first calcine, second carbon, and third oxygen; the proportions of these, again, are one atom of lime and one atom of carbonic acid—carbonic acid being itself a compound composed of one atom of carbon and two of oxygen, and lime being likewise composed of one atom of calcine and one of oxygen. Each particle of chalk must contain these three ingredients, in the proportions we have given, or it will not be chalk at all. Here, then, we have an example of the wonderful divisibility of matter, and of the nature of what chemists call "a compound atom," at the same time. As we have mentioned carbonic acid in the above, we may give an instance in connexion with it, of the vast difference of properties produced by the addition or subtraction of even a single atom, unimportant as it seems. A single atom of carbon and a single atom of oxygen, forms carbonic oxide, which burns with a lambent blue flame, such as is occasionally visible on the tops of tall chimneys; whilst if to our single atom of carbon we add two of oxygen, we obtain carbonic acid, which extinguishes flame altogether, and is incombustible itself.

We have spoken of a compound atom, and showed by a familiar instance what it means. A simple atom is, of course, a different thing. At present, there are known to chemists, sixty-three elements, or simple substances, incapable of resolution into any thing simpler than themselves. Of these some are gaseous, such as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, &c.; some are metallic, as iron, gold, silver, mercury, tin, copper, platinum, &c.; some are metalloids, such as sulphur, phosphorus, iodine, &c.; and one is liquid, called bromine. But these simple substances are capable of the most wonderful combinations, and in their atomic proportions play the most extraordinary freaks. In fact it is here that our perception of the value of our atom really begins. Let us commence with atmospheric air. Its chief constituents are oxygen, nitrogen, and a small quantity of carbonic acid and of ammonia, and, besides these, were traces of combustible gases. In round numbers, it may be said to consist of four parts of nitrogen and one of oxygen (leaving out the rest as fractional); it is not a chemical compound, although its proportions are constant, but is a mere mechanical mixture of the elements, in order thereby to insure their more ready separation, and permit the oxygen to become available for its multifarious uses—those of combustion and respiration especially. But there are other mixtures of oxygen and nitrogen which are chemical compounds, and which show us vividly how decided a change in quality may result from a change in composition. One atom of nitrogen combined with one of oxygen, forms laughing gas; with two atoms it combines to form binoxide of nitrogen, a poisonous gas which cannot be breathed without loss of life; with three atoms it forms nitrous acid; with four hyponitric acid; and with five nitric acid, one of the most potent of our inorganic acids, capable of dissolving any of the metals but platinum or gold. We might, if we liked, rest the claims of our atom to distinct appreciation on these singular transformations alone. Here have we two elements, which, by an apparently simple change of proportions, becomes an air, stimulant gas, or the most dangerous of corrosive poisons, all by the addition of an atom or two. Can anything be more wonderful? Can any thing be more convincing of the power and wisdom of the Great Being, who out of such simple materials works such unlooked-for ends? And, we may add, can any thing be more convincing of the wonderful sagacity of genius and the perseverance of the human mind than such discoveries include?

There is another quality in our atom, which is a very extraordinary one. It appears to have its likes and dislikes—its loves and hates, just as we have. This is called its elective affinity, and is very curious in its results. There are, as every one knows, various kinds of attraction in matter. There is the attraction of gravitation, by which every particle attracts every other particle, and, as far as we know, acts at all distances; then there is cohesive attraction, which prevents bodies from falling to pieces; and, finally, there is purely chemical attraction, which is exerted only at minute distances, and entirely changes the nature of the bodies on which it acts. In plainer language, chemical affinity or attraction, means chemical force—that force which compels two bodies, having a natural attraction for each other, to unite, whether they will or no,

even though the identity of each be lost, and the resulting compound be altogether different from either of the original ingredients. A correct and minute knowledge of these forces and affinities is indispensable to the chemist, as without it he would, like the alchemist of old, be working in the dark; and equally necessary is it to the physician, since otherwise he might order compounds which would decompose each other, and by doing so produce an effect altogether different from what he expected.

Let us take carbonate of soda—the common “washing soda,” as it is called—as an illustration of what we mean, and of the singular power which our atom wields. One atom of the metal sodium and one atom of oxygen—the omnipotent oxygen—form caustic soda. This is our base. One atom of carbon and two of oxygen forms carbonic acid. This is our acid. We present them to each, and they combine at once on the most intimate terms, and in doing so form the new compound called carbonate of soda. Here then we have a caustic alkalic and a poisonous gas inviting in friendly communion to form a thing different from either. If I wish to turn this carbonate of soda into the milder bicarbonate, of which effervescent draughts are made, I add another atom of carbonic acid, and the thing is done.

Now, suppose I wish to change the carbonate of soda, so made, into chloride of sodium—our common table salt—I add to my atom of carbonate of soda an atom of muriatic or hydro-chloric acid (spirits of salts of the alchemists), and then I find that the metallic base, sodium, has a much greater liking (affinity) for it than it has for the carbonic acid, which it jilts incontinently, driving it off without ruth or pity, and joining fellowship with the muriatic instead, thereby forming the new compound of which we make such excellent use. On the other hand, carbonate of soda is manufactured on a large scale from common salt, but as the process is a complicated one, in which many chemical changes occur, it hardly admits of explanation in this paper, which is written for the unscientific alone.

THE ABBEY OF SLANE.

At what period the abbey of Slane was first founded is unknown. We are informed by Archdall, that an abbey of Canons Regular was founded at a very early age, on a hill adjoining the town of Slane, and was remarkable for being many years the residence of Dagobert, King of Austrasia, who, in 658, at the age of seven years, was taken by Grimoald, mayor of the palace, and, by his direction,

shorn a monk, rendered unfit to hold the reins of government, and banished into Ireland. He was received into this abbey, where he obtained an education proper for the enjoyment of a throne, and continued here during the space of twenty years, when he was recalled into France, and replaced in his government. The ruins of the abbey at present consist of a large chapel and a lofty tower at the west end; in the latter there is a handsome ramified window. It was frequently pillaged during the prevalence of the Ostman power in Ireland; but in the year 946 the Ostmen received a signal defeat in this town, in which their chieftain, Blacar, and sixteen hundred of his best troops fell. The English, with Mac Morrogh, King of Leinster, burnt and sacked the town, A.D. 1170. In the time of Hugo de Lacy, first Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Slane

was a considerable town, being one of the boroughs in his palatinate of Meath.

Under the protection of the baronial family of Fleming this ancient abbey experienced a renovation of prosperity. By Sir Christopher Fleming, Lord of Slane, and Elizabeth Stuckle, his wife, it was refounded, in 1512, for friars of the third order of St. Francis. The buildings were then restored, on an extensive scale, and some fresh endowments made. After the dissolution, this friary was granted to James, Lord Slane, at the annual rent of one penny, Irish money. The remains of the buildings add an interesting feature to the picturesque charms of this neighbourhood.





INCH ABBEY.



THE Abbey of Inch, of the original church of which the above illustration affords a good idea, was erected towards the latter part of the twelfth century on the island or peninsula of Inniscourcey, on the lough of Strangford, county Down, by Sir John de Courcey. Though at present a very dilapidated ruin, enough remains to show that it was originally an abbey of great importance and architectural beauty. It was in the usual form of a cross, and had a lofty belfry on the south side. Of the latter there are at present no remains, except of an arch on which it stood, which appears to have been of very elegant construction; and of the church itself there is little to be seen except the east end, or chancel, which has three noble latticed windows, upwards of twenty feet in height, in its east wall; and two windows of similar form, and nearly equal grandeur, in each of the side walls. The circumstances connected with the foundation of this monastery are characteristic of the spirit of the age. Sir John de Courcey, having, in his struggles for conquest with the native princes in this district, found it necessary to demolish a Benedictine abbey, called Erynagh, or

Carrig, which, from the strength of its position, had been converted into a garrison, and did him much mischief, he founded this Abbey of Inch in atonement for his sacrilege, and endowed it with all the lands of the extinguished house. The late Dr. O'Donovan, the most able and judicious Irish scholar and topographer which Ireland has produced for the last century, in his notes to the foundation charter of Newry, shows that the original name of this island now corruptly called *Inniscourcey*, was *Innisoumhsraigh*, pronounced *Inniscogery*.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER XIV.



ROBERT STAMMERS, although fast recovering from the effects of the injuries which he had sustained, was heartily sick of having to remain in bed so long. For the purpose of making the time pass over, or in other words, "to shorten the day," Mrs. Stammers was reading aloud a portion of a new novel, published four days before in London for "three half-guineas." It had arrived that morning in Dublin, and was regarded as a great treat by Mrs. Stammers, as the hero was "a lord." Charlotte was seated at a tambour frame, apparently most industrious. Mrs. Stammers had arrived at the point where Lord Pumkin rescues Lady Evelena Fitzclarence from drowning, when Stammers observed:

"If you love me, tell me who was the enterprising merchant that imported that rubbish. Unless you want to make me more miserable than I am, you will put by that book. Why, the leaves of it are scarcely dry yet. It is one of those things which are got up for watering-places, to make hypochondriacs more mad than they are already. You may not believe it, but I wrote two fashionable novels in my time; that is, I mean to say before you absorbed all my attentions," continued Stammers, laughing. "There is nothing easier than to write a fashionable novel; begin thus:—'He walked up and down the room in great agitation;' or 'Belgrave was poring over the Morning Post as he sat at breakfast, when his eye fell on a paragraph—he sprang from his chair, and said, 'Zounds! Fred Cavendish is caught at last!—ha, ha—he, he—and he laughed immoderately.' There is nothing easier than to get a publisher. Take

the manuscript to Oldby, and 'faith he'll prent it,' giving you some copies of the work for your trouble, and a promise of paying you if the publication should go a second edition. But somehow or another the publisher is very seldom indeed called on to make any pecuniary advances to the authors."

Mrs. Stammers, though a little piqued, had to laugh at her husband's satire on fashionable authorship.

"As you wont listen to the new novel, perhaps you will hear me play some of the new melodies," said Charlotte; "I will get a piano rolled in from the next room."

"Not at present," said Stammers. "I was just thinking what could we have done to Bramble that he does not come here. He must have taken offence at something. Tony said yesterday that he was ill; have you sent to inquire after him?"

When Charlotte heard the name of Bramble mentioned, her face became crimson, and her manner quite excited, as she threw a hurried glance at her sister-in-law, to whom she had shown Bramble's letter.

In reply to her husband Mrs. Stammers said that she had not sent to inquire how Doctor Bramble was, and added: "You know, Robert, that it is perhaps as well that we should not excite observation by bringing so singular a man too much about this house. The Berkeleys called to see me yesterday, and they laughingly inquired who was my sable *chaperon*. We can be very kind and civil to him, but we need not be too familiar."

Stammers looked the very picture of amazement while his wife was delivering herself of what she thought was a very able statement.

"Can I believe my ears, that you who only a few days since was ready to lay down your life for the man who saved me from worse than a hundred deaths, now speak of him as a person of whom the Berkeleys were asking, and one who should not be seen too much about this house? Tell me, both of you, on your peril, have you said or done anything to my true and noble-hearted friend that could give him offence, or in any way make him believe that anyone claiming kindred to me was ungrateful to him? Am I not to be consoled with, lying here a maimed prisoner, not having the power to go and see him, and ask him if I have wronged him?"

"Your sister and I have given Dr. Bramble no offence; on the contrary, we have received him with the greatest kindness."

"Feigning kindness, I suppose," observed Stammers, bitterly. "May I ask you, ma'am, was it the Berkeleys made the speech for you that I have just heard you deliver for the benefit of him who risked all for me?—who spurned wealth and power rather than betray me. I swear solemnly," continued Stammers, as he raised himself in his bed, "I would sooner go back again into all the perils through which he has brought me, than be the man who, for one moment, would permit him to believe that I am unmindful of the deep, deep obligations I am under to him;—the mere thought of the possibility of his having been offended here by those he saved from ruin and disgrace, is too much for me to bear."

"Robert," said Mrs. Stammers, "did it ever strike you that it would be well for us to remove as far as possible those things which will be for ever reminding us of the cause of the obligation. Dr. Bramble will find associates in his own circle. You will soon be in a position to reward him amply for any service which he has rendered you."

"I understand you, ma'am," replied Stammers. "Poor Bramble, what a worthless wretch you have served in me; but if I am to die in the attempt, I will see you this day."

"Surely you do not mean to leave your bed in your present state?" inquired Mrs. Stammers.

"I do," said he; "although I was not so profuse in the expressions of my gratitude as you have been. If he is not ill I know there is some cause which I cannot fathom that has kept him from coming here."

"Perhaps when you hear that he has proposed for your sister, you may be inclined to postpone your journey," observed Mrs. Stammers.

"Come here, Charlotte," said Stammers. "Did Dr. Bramble propose for you? and if so, was it verbally or by letter?"

The girl burst into tears as she simply said—"By letter."

"And, as a matter of course, you not only refused him, but insulted him. I see how it is. Ladies, leave the room, and send me my servant," continued Stammers, as he waved his hand to-

wards the door. His wife and sister sought to remonstrate, but they, perceiving his passion was becoming aroused, withdrew.

"Assist me to dress," said Stammers to his servant, "and send off for a hand-chair, and let it be at the door in half an hour."

Bramble was turning over the file of bills which were in the Jew's pocket-book when Barman and Tony entered.

"Welcome, Barman," said Bramble. "You perceive I was prepared for your coming. May I ask you, has Isaacs done his part in connection with the will? for if he has, it is high time for me, with your assistance, to renew hostilities against him. I will make a fair bargain with you. If you are not prepared to go on vigorously against this fiend, or if you are not steeled against having the remotest feeling of mercy or pity on him, you can withdraw from my plan, and I will get some one to do the work."

"I am ready and too glad to have the chance," replied Barman. "I will hunt Isaacs with you, if necessary, to the death, and here is my hand on it."

"That will do," said Bramble. "Here are all Foster's securities given to the Jew, and the assignment of his estate. These documents lay bare a system of wholesale plunder, perpetrated by the old wolf on that confiding fool, Foster. We must go at once to the Jew, and tell him that we want to release Foster's securities. As a matter of course he cannot produce them. I will want Wisp to come with us. Where is he to be found?"

"At my office; and if he is not there, Quill will be sure to make him out," replied Barman, when leaving the house in company with the Black Doctor and Tony.

On their way Barman called at his office, and, as he conjectured, he found Wisp involved in a warm discussion with Quill. Barman beckoned to the former to follow him. The bailiff buttoned his coat, and seizing the stout oak stick which he was in the habit of carrying, walked after the attorney, Bramble, and Tony.

"Do you wait here with this young gentleman while Mr. Barman and I go inside; we will call you when we want you," said Bramble.

The Black Doctor and the attorney entered Isaacs's shop together. The Jew was behind the counter, and when he saw Bramble he became deadly pale.

"Wont you walk into the parlour, gentlemen," said he, as he led the way. "I hope the arrangement about the will was in every way satisfactory, Mr. Barman. I suppose you will not get the money over before a week," continued he, as he stole occasional glances at Bramble, who appeared to be quite indifferent in his manner.

"We have come to relieve you of a very unprofitable client," observed the Black Doctor. "You know the person to whom I allude—I mean Mr. Frederick Foster. He has now fifteen hundred pounds to his credit, and a friend of his is willing to advance him any more money he may require to release any bond, mortgage, or assignment that you may have on his property. We have also called on you to furnish an account of the rents which you have received since Foster's property got into your hands."

"Very good, very good, gentlemen," said the Jew, with affected composure. "I am glad poor Mr. Foster is getting out of his difficulties."

"We want to see the securities which you hold," said Barman, "as they are not registered. We would not have troubled you had they been."

"I can't let you see them before to-morrow," said the Jew, "as I have not them by me; but if you come about this hour I will be sure to have them."

"We must see them now, or be directed to the person in whose custody they are," said Barman.

"It is entirely out of my power now to show them, or even tell you where they are," said the Jew, as he grasped a chair and seated himself upon it. "Mr. Foster and his wife have squandered all my hard earnings, and I have nothing for all I advanced them but a mortgage on one property and an assignment on another; and, gentlemen, you can't blame me for not keeping such valuable documents in a place like this, where robbers may come at any hour of the night."

"You trifled with me before now, Mr. Isaacs, in the case of Mr. Stammers's bill," said Bramble; "don't try it again. Any bills I have I keep more ready than you do. I suppose you saw this before," continued the speaker, as he held up the bill which the

Jew forged in Barman's office. "We will make one proposition to you, and you may or you may not agree to it. If the securities to which we have referred be not produced by this hour to-morrow, this forged bill shall be lodged in the proper quarter. I will now give you into custody of the sheriff's bailiff on a charge of forgery; but that arrest shall not be in force if you produce, to-morrow, what we require."

"You don't mean to ruin me?" asked Isaacs. "Have I not done everything for you that you required of me? For mercy's sake, don't be so cruel on me."

"Call Wisp, Barman," said Bramble, firmly and coldly.

A whistle from the attorney brought Wisp and Tony into the shop.

"Come here, bailiff," observed the Black Doctor; "that man is your prisoner on a charge of forgery. Don't let him out of your sight, but don't tell anybody that he is in custody till I see you to-morrow. This bailiff," continued Bramble, turning to the Jew, "will give you no annoyance. He will remain with you until we discharge him. You can, Mr. Isaacs, make this a mere formal arrest if you please—or a terrible reality. Come, Tony," said Bramble, as he retired from the shop with Barman, leaving the Jew, overcome with terror and amazement, in the keeping of Wisp.

"The Jew will give us a clear discharge of that mortgage and assignment to-morrow," said Barman. "I don't see how he can get out of it."

"Nor do I," replied Bramble, pondering as he went on his way to give some instructions to his friend's famous clerk, Jonas Quill.

The hand-chair or hand-chaise of the olden time was a primitive though a most convenient mode of locomotion, but it is now a thing of the past, that was superseded by the hack-car or cab, as the old stage-coach has been superseded by the railway train. The hand-chair is now a piece of antiquity, rarely, if ever, met with. At the period to which our story has reference it was a most favoured vehicle, when long lines of them were to be seen ranged in the streets in readiness to be brought into immediate requisition. They were shaped like sentry-boxes, covered with leather and studded with brass nails, and the windows in front and at either side of the door were generally furnished with muslin blinds, frilled like a medal boy's shirt on examination day. The hand-chair was borne along by means of two poles fastened by staples at each side of the conveyance. The hand-chair was borne along by what were called chairmen, a class now extinct, who had to give place to the modern Jarvey. They lived in the period when barbers were in such requisition, that ladies had often to sit up for two nights prior to a ball for fear of disturbing their hair. This course was found in many instances to be most necessary, as Figaro had generally so much work on hands on the approach of a great festive assemblage, that he and his assistants could never dress the hair of their many customers unless their patrons accommodated themselves to considerable inconvenience, such as sitting up in an easy chair for nights in succession, to prevent the powdered and crimped pyramids on their heads being tossed about and ruffled. But it must be remembered that the making of the toilet of a lady, sixty years ago, was a most formidable proceeding, involving much care and labour. The link or torch boy at night was generally in close attendance on the hand-chair, and in front of the old-fashioned houses at the present day are to be seen the places affixed to the railings leading to the door-ways for extinguishing the link, or holding it when lighted.

Stammers with much trouble succeeded in dressing, and was ready to proceed to the hand-chair which was waiting in the street when Mrs. Stammers and Charlotte entered.

The former observed addressing her husband. "Surely you do not mean to imperil your life by going out in your present feeble state. If you require it, I will go and see Dr. Bramble, and make any explanation you may think necessary—anything to prevent you leaving your room, I will do."

"Don't go out Bob," said Charlotte; "I will go myself, if you like, to Doctor Bramble, and convey to him any messages you have to send him."

"It is likely ladies, that Doctor Bramble would not be pleased at such kind and generous women, who had done so much to serve him, putting themselves to further inconvenience on his account," replied Stammers bitterly.

"I know Charlotte," continued he, "that you have received some sound admonition from Mrs. Stammers, as to the course you should adopt towards Doctor Bramble. I do not blame you for not encouraging the overtures he made to you, but it was quite competent for you to have rejected him as a suitor, and retained him as a friend, particularly when you remembered the overwhelming obligations we are under to him. You need not fear for my safety, as I will take care that I shall be moved with great caution."

With the assistance of two servants, Stammers was placed in the hand-chair, and in a few minutes after, the chairmen trotted off with their burden, to the office of Jacob Barman.

The warm friendship which Charlotte Stammers had expressed for Bramble was mistaken by him for affection and love, but in this he was mistaken, as Miss Stammers never dreamed of Bramble in any other light than a friend, until she received his letter. It required all the forbearance which she could command to suppress her sense of injured vanity when replying to it, particularly as the counsels of her sister-in-law had a tendency to make her feel that she had been all but insulted. But prior to writing her reply, she remembered the deep debt of thankfulness she owed to Bramble, and the kindlier nature of the woman prevailed. She did not love the Black Doctor, but still she felt a greater interest in him after he had written to her than she ever felt before, for this reason: no woman can be indifferent, however she may affect to be so, to the man she believes that sincerely loves her. Charlotte Stammers was unhappy; she did not know why, but the reason lay in the belief that she had to be unkind to the benefactor of her brother—to one who had acted nobly and generously, and who had given the best proof of true friendship—self-sacrifice. However, her vanity came to her assistance, when she thought of the presumption of a Negro offering her his hand, and of the ridicule which would attach to her if it was for a moment known by the Burkeleys and others of her acquaintance, that such a proposal had been made.

The hand-chair occupied by Stammers arrived at Barman's office as Quill and a friend were discussing some law points, and two quart measures of porter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY SISTERS.

AN urnful of ashes lying
Somewhere in daisied plains,
A rosemary plot on their bosoms,
And that is all that remains.
The winds come swirling and piping
O'er hill, over meadow, and wold,
But never, never they hear it,
Under the rosemary gold.

Happy were they in life's garden,
In the beautiful spring of youth,
One was like tender Rachel,
And one was like blue-eyed Ruth.
They caught the lights of the season,
The sun, and the rain, and the cold,
But never, never they reach them,
Under the rosemary gold.

When I pass by them at evening,
With the blinding road between,
The low grave mists out its odours,
Twixt the leaves of the green larch screen.
And there comes a panting and heaving,
I hear it far down in the mould,
As if their twin hearts were beating,
Under the rosemary gold.

The peace of our God be with them,
For though they were dear to me,
I know they are better and sweeter,
In the land that we may not see.
And whenever I faint on the highway,
And clouds all the heavens enfold,
Bright spirit voices breath comfort
Under the rosemary gold.

FELICIA HEMANS.



FEW of the great women of the world have woven for themselves a brighter wreath of immortal fame than Felicia Hemans. There are few names more universally known—there are none more universally admired. Christian piety, kindness of heart, undoubted genius, are the elements which compose the popularity of one who wrote much and wrote well, and never employed her pen but in an ennobling service. Mrs. Hemans's name will always be surrounded with a lustre, the brightest rays of which are as much of Heaven as of earth.

Felicia Dorothea Browne (afterwards Mrs. Hemans) was born on the 23rd of September, 1794, at Liverpool, where her father was engaged in mercantile pursuits. Her father was Irish; her mother was English. Felicia was the fourth child of a family of three sons and three daughters. Her father died before she was seven years old, and she was thus deprived of a portion of parental solicitude. To the nobleness of her mother, it seems, she was indebted for the instruction and example by which she acquired that refinement of intellect, and high tone, religious and moral, which distinguished her after-life and works. It is this

influence of the mother which peeps out as the most prominent fact in the history of nine-tenths of our great men and women.

Mrs. Hemans owed the form of her character and the direction of her aims to a mother's influence. Under that influence her mind quickly arrived at a tone of maturity and power; and, before she had reached her ninth year, she had written poetry worthy of preservation. The quickness of her mind was one of its striking features. She read much, and observed more; and it was astonishing how rapid her judgments were of men and things, respecting which, even as a child, she always manifested a lively interest. She could repeat pages of poetry from her favourite authors, after having read them but once over; and, such was her rapidity of conception, that she read and grasped the entire meaning of any author, when a bystander thought she was only carelessly turning over the pages of a book. The earliest of her definite traits was a love of Shakspeare, whose varied page, crowded with wit, pageantry, idealism, philosophy, and observation, became her choicest mental food at the age of six years. At this early period she began the study of the immortal Bard of Avon; and, for many years—until, indeed, the season of ripened womanhood—the works of the great poet were her chief delight. At the residence of her mother, at Grwyth, North Wales, she had a favourite haunt, where she retreated into a region of romance, and fed her young soul on the rich food which the universal teacher offered her. This secret retreat was a seat amongst the branches of an old apple-tree, where, revelling in the treasures which she had discovered in Shakspeare, the world of the ideal opened before her, and afforded a new current of heart-blood to her warm and sympathising nature. Much of her early poetry is founded on this passion for the great dramatist, and the following lines, written by her at eleven years of age, exhibit the tone which this admiration assumed in her mind.

SHAKSPEARE.

"I love to rove o'er history's page;
Recal the hero and the sage:
Revive the actions of the dead,
And memory of ages fled:
Yet, it yields me greater pleasure;
To read the poet's pleasing measure.
Led by Shakspeare—bard inspired!—
The bosom's energies are fired.
We learn to shed the generous tear
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier:
To love the merry moon-lit scene,
With fairy elves, in valleys green!

Doth some old nook,
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
Kiss on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossom white,
Shower o'er the turf; and the lone primrose knot,
And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,

And the bee's dreamy chime? O! gentle friend!
The world's cold breath—not Time's—this life
Of vernal gifts. Time hallows what he leaves,
And will for us endear spring memories to the end."

In 1808, Miss Browne published her first volume of poems, her age being then but fourteen years. This volume contains some pieces written as early as her ninth year, which, not worthy of popularity as poems, are, nevertheless, marvellous productions, if we consider the age at which they were produced. The book was reviewed harshly, and perhaps deservedly so, for however much we may admire its contents when we consider the youth of its writer, we cannot expect reviewers to make allowances of this kind; it being their duty to purge literature of all such premature writings, regarding only the dignity of letters, not the individual feelings of authors. Be that as it may, Miss Browne was so affected by one review of her volume, that she fell into ill health, and was confined to her bed for several days, in consequence of what she regarded as the cruelty of the act. There is little doubt, however, but that this severe censure, as in the case of Byron and others, who have profited by the strictures of the press, was of great advantage to Miss Browne, for, in her second volume, "The Domestic Affections," published in 1812, a higher tone of thought is manifest, and a wonderful march, as regards composition, on the quality of her first verses.

Other duties than those of authorship now began to surround her. She was wooed by Captain Hemans, and gave her hand to him in marriage, in the same year as her poems of the "Domestic Affections" were published, that is, at the age of eighteen. The union was not a happy one, and a separation followed soon after the birth of their fifth son. Captain Hemans then went to Italy, and never saw his wife again.

After the separation, Mrs. Hemans took up her residence with her mother, at Brounwyfda, near St. Asaph, North Wales. Here she lived in seclusion, and cultivated her poetic powers amidst the lovely scenery of Wales. She studied Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, and German; and in the latter language soon discovered an exhaustless fund of thought and inspiration in the wonderful books with which it was enriched. At this time the power of her memory was extraordinary, and on one occasion she learned (as a mere amusing experiment to test her powers) the entire of Bishop Heber's poem of "Europe," consisting of four hundred and twenty-four lines, in one hour and twenty minutes. In other respects her accomplishments were extraordinary. She was talented in drawing; had a remarkable taste in the appreciation of scenery and pictures; played the harp and piano with wonderful brilliancy, and sang with extraordinary sweetness. In fact, the refinement of feeling, and the intensity of thought which she expressed in her poetry, also found expression in the mere amusements with which she beguiled her time when not engaged in study. Music had a spell for her which transcended every other, and became a sort of fantasy on which her spirit fed, and found solace in the hours when domestic affliction surrounded her with a terrible darkness.

At twenty-five years of age she became acquainted with the Rev. Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, whose poems shadow forth many of the traits which, in the course of his intimacy, he imbibed from Mrs. Hemans. It was at his suggestion that her first dramatic work, the "Vespers of Palermo," was written. This tragedy was represented at Covent Garden Theatre in 1823. After this she wrote and published "The Siege of Valencia," the "Last Constantine," and other poems; and again, the "Lays of Many Lands," and the "Forest Sanctuary," making another volume, which met with great success. On the eleventh of January, 1827, her mother died, and long after this event, a melancholy tinged her verses, which showed how truly this loss had coloured her thoughts and life.

In the course of the year 1828, she left Wales, and went to reside at Wavertree, near Liverpool. She then visited Scotland, and formed a friendship with Sir Walter Scott. In 1830 she published her "Songs of the Affections," and immediately after this event visited William Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount, and then took up her residence at Dublin. She now began to feel the pinch of poverty, and with five sons dependent on her for support, experienced the anguish of a struggling mother. She soon began to feel the harsh lot of having to breast the world alone, when solitude and a still,

calm, meditative life were what her heart desired. In one of her letters she says: "The constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigencies of the boys' education, has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions—

"Pouring myself away,
As a wild bird amid the foliage turns
That which within him thrills, and beats, and burns,
Into a fleeting lay."

In the month of August, 1834, Mrs. Hemans took scarlet fever, and when imperfectly recovered, caught cold. Ague followed, and then dropsy, and she lingered on till May the 12th, 1835, when, after a long and quiet sleep, without sign or token of pain, her willing soul went upwards to its God.

She dictated her last poem in April, 1834; the last strain of the heart-weary singer, who was soon afterwards to hang her harp for ever on the willows, was entitled "A Sabbath Sonnet":

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimies proclaimed the hallowed day.
The halls from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed, vernal stream; / I m. y not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowest thankfulness."

Her end was as holy as her last song, and a fit closing to a life of piety, high virtue, and patient suffering. She had shown her nobility in her songs; she had evinced her womanly strength of character in her devotion to her children; and, as she owed much of her genius and womanly refinement to her mother, so she herself played nobly the mother's part, and so discharged in full integrity the highest mission of a woman. To poetry she through life devoted herself with an enthusiasm as pure as it was beautiful. Poetry was her passion—her life; she made it the object of her studies, she sought its materials in history and the arts, and she completed the culture which these afforded her by direct appeals to the teachings of nature. The serene beauty of the simple solitudes; the bird, the bee, the flower, were to her as so many syllables which the Great Creator had sprinkled on the earth, which, with the varied shades of human passion and emotion, it was her calling to weave into wonderful song—and her mission was accomplished well; her lyric poetry affords the finest variety of rich and warbling melodies, unsurpassed in the sweetness of its music, and scarcely ever equalled for the sincerity and holiness of its thoughts; while her dramatic works evince a deep acquaintance with the ways of the human heart, in a poetry as dignified in purpose as it is classical in tone, and powerful in execution.

About a year since a very chaste and handsome memorial window was erected, by subscription, to Mrs. Hemans in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, where her remains are interred.

Although that lovely lyric of Mrs. Heman's, the "Better Land," has been frequently quoted, we do not think we could better close this brief notice of the greatest of our female poets, than by quoting it in its integrity; its exquisite perfection as a lyric justifying us in preference to many others of her pieces which are less known:

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
'Not there, not there, my child!'

'Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where grantforests perfume the breeze,

And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of glorious things?
'Not there, not there, my child.'

'Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the river wanders o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearls gleam forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
'Not there, not there, my child.'

'Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!'

OVER A CUP OF TEA.



SA modern writer has observed, whether we regard the rapid strides that the tea plant is making towards establishing a substitute for the fermented and spirituous liquors in general use; whether we consider the social relations that are connected with it, the influence it has had, and still exercises, over the eastern possessions of Great Britain; the stimulus it has given to navigation, commercial intercourse, and even warfare, we must always be filled with wonder, admiration, and gratitude to Him that has bestowed so valuable and simple an herb upon us.

The tea plant is indigenous to China or Japan, and, though asserted by some botanists that the many varieties known to us are obtained from one plant—the "*Thea viridis*"—yet it is pretty certain now, that such is not always the case, although the Chinese themselves say that either black or green tea may be prepared from any tea plant, but that it is not always done. The tea districts of Assam, which are of great importance to India, are situated in the kingdom of Ava, which became a British possession in the year 1825.

The tea country or district of the Chinese empire, is divided into four parts. The green tea country is in the province of Keang-nan, at the north-west extremity of a range of hills dividing that province from Ché-keang, between thirty and thirty-one degrees of north latitude, near where the tea plant was first seen by the British embassy, on its return from Peking, on the southern bank of the Yang-tse-Keang. The black-tea district is in Fokien, between twenty-seven and twenty-eight degrees north latitude, and is situated on the south-eastern declivities of a ridge of mountains, dividing the province of Fokien from Keang-sy. The word tea is probably derived from the botanical term *thea*, which is of Chinese origin, the name for tea in China being *tcha*, *cha*, or *tha*.

According to the Linnæan system the general botanical characteristics of the plant are as follow, but each variety has its distinctive character. *Mondelphia Polyandria*; calyx of five sepals, the petals disposed in two or three rows cohering at the very base, down to which the stamens are almost unconnected; anthers roundish; capsules three-berried or three-seeded; the dissepiments are formed from the edges of the valves, being bent inwards. Beautiful evergreen shrubs, with shining laurel-like leaves, and largish, white, axillary stalked flowers somewhat like those of the wild rose of our hedges. "*T. Viridis*," or green tea; leaves elliptical, oblong, serrated, three times longer than broad, pale green, flowers of five sepals. This shrub has been cultivated in England since 1768, flowers in September and December, and is a native of both China and Japan. "*T. Bohea*," or Bohea tea, leaves elliptical, oblong, obtuse, crenated, twice as long as broad; dark green and coriaceous, with flowers of five sepals and five petals. It has been cultivated in green-houses since the year 1780. "*T. Cochinchinensis*," leaves lanceolate, flowers of

three, five sepals and five petals, solitary, terminal, and white; fruit three-lobed, usually one-seeded, opening at the apex. It is cultivated in green-houses, and is from seven to eight feet high. "T. Oleosa," or Oily Tea; leaves lanceolate; flowers white, of six sepals and six petals; is a shrub about eight feet high, and is cultivated in green-houses. We may remark, with regard to tea brands and their explication, that "Hyson" means, "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is early in the spring. Hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea-skins." Refuse of still coarser description, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea," is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pehoe," or "pecco," means "white hairs"—the down of tender leaves. "Powchong," "folded plant." "Souchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congou" is from a term signifying "labour," from the care required in its preparation. Even ridiculous as these terms appear to us, how equally absurd must the appellations which have originated with us; such as "imperial tea," "flower of tea," "flower of pekoe," "orange scented," etc., seem, when we reflect that the Chinese are not aware of such distinctions, though they distinguish two other kinds, besides the common tea, namely, the "Vovi" and "Soufflo," which are reserved for people of the first quality, and the sick.

The green tea plants are more hardy than the black; snow does not kill them. The shrub succeeds best when cultivated on the sides of mountains, where there is a small accumulation of vegetable soil. It delights to grow in valleys, at the foot of mountains, and upon the banks of rivers, where it enjoys a southern exposure to the sun, but it is capable of undergoing considerable changes of temperature, as it flourishes in the north of Pekin, as well as about Canton, but a mild, temperate climate, such as Nankin, is more suited to it.

The tea plant is raised from seeds, sown in November and December. The Chinese plant whole fields with it; the Japanese only plant the borders of fields, without regard to soil or situation. When the ground has been prepared, three or four, and frequently as many as seven or eight, seeds are dropped into each hole, which is about five inches deep and four feet apart from the others; the uncertainty of the vegetation of the seed, even in their own climate, rendering it necessary for the Chinese to sow so many seeds at once. After once sown no further trouble is necessary, beyond that of keeping the ground between each row free from weeds, and not allowing the shrubs to attain a greater height than will admit of the leaves being gathered conveniently. The soil best adapted for the plant is a micaceous sand, or a light stony ground.

The first crop of leaves is gathered about the third year after sowing, and when the plants are six or seven years old, they are removed, to make room for a fresh crop, as they are unfit for use. The gatherings take place from one to four times during the year, but much depends upon the age of the shrub. The usual periods are about the middle of April, the rest about midsummer, and the third during August or September.

The leaves obtained from the first gathering are the most delicate, as regards flavour, aroma, and colour, and are more fleshy; that is to say, they do not contain so much fibre, and moreover are less bitter. The second gathering affords a less valuable quality, the leaves having a dull green colour, and less aroma and flavour than the first crop. The third and last gathering are inferior in every respect, and the leaves have a dark green hue.

It will thus be seen that the quality of our tea is influenced considerably by age, climate, time of gathering, and soil; the plants that are most exposed and youngest producing the best and most valuable crops.

The Chinese exercise some little cunning even in gathering tea; for it so happens that some of the finest trees grow on the steep declivities of hills or mountains, which are exceedingly dangerous to ascend, and in some instances it is utterly impracticable to collect them. The natives irritate the monkeys which inhabit these cliffs, by throwing stones and other missiles at them, and the animals in return break off the branches, and pelt their assailants with them, and by this means the difficulty is overcome.

As soon as the leaves are gathered, they are thrown into wide, shallow baskets, and placed in the sunshine, current of air, or wind, for some time to dry them, which process should be effected as soon as possible after gathering.

The drying houses contain from five to ten or twenty small furnaces, three feet high, each having at the top a large, flat cast-iron pan. The furnaces are heated with charcoal, and each pan is calculated to hold only from a half to three-quarters of a pound of leaves during the process of drying. When the drying-pan has attained the required degree of heat, the leaves are placed in it, and commence crackling as soon as they touch the pan; they are then kept in a constant state of motion the whole time, by the operator shifting them with his bare hands, till the heat becomes too great to be endured easily, when they are quickly and dexterously swept off into baskets, and carried to the rolling table. This is a low bench covered with mats, on which the leaves are laid and rolled by the rollers, who, sitting round it, take a small quantity at a time in the palms of their hands, and roll in one direction, while others are fanning them, so that they may cool as speedily as possible, and retain their curl and aroma the longer. When thus rolled they are again put into the pan, but in larger quantities than the first time, and heated anew, though at a lower temperature, only just sufficient to dry without scorching the leaves. Sometimes, though not always, this process is repeated three or more times, previous to the leaves being stored, so that all the moisture may be got rid of, and a good curl established, for much depends upon these two, as regards the preservation and appearance of the tea.

When sufficiently and properly dried, the whole batch is placed upon another table and submitted to the pickers, who abstract all imperfectly dried or unsightly leaves, over-dried leaves, stems, etc., and then separating it into different kinds, it is packed or stored for use or exportation. After being stored for some months, it is taken out and dried again over a very gentle fire, and re-packed. All tea brought down to Canton, is re-dried and packed, previous to exportation.

Notwithstanding its extensive use in Europe, tea is of comparatively modern introduction. Soliman, an Arabian merchant, who visited China in the ninth century, mentions it as the usual drink of the people of that country, but we discover no mention of it from that time to the end of the sixteenth century. In 1660, tea is alluded to in an English act of Parliament, which lays a duty of eight-pence a gallon on all tea and chocolate. Old Samuel Pepys in his Diary mentions having sent for "a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I never drank before." Europe is indebted for its introduction to the Dutch East India Company, and from Amsterdam it was imported to London. The amount of tea imported to England in 1856—the last year for which we are able to find statistics—was 86,159,517 pounds. Well has Tate remarked of a gossip over a cup of tea:—

"When in discourse of Nature's mystic powers—
And noblest themes we pass the well-spent hours;
Whilst all around the Virtues—sacred band,
And listening Graces, pleased attendants stand.
Thus our tea conversations we employ,
Where, with delight, instructions we enjoy,
Quaffing, without the waste of time or wealth,
The sovereign drink of pleasure and of health."

THE GREEN COLOUR OF PLANTS.—The production of green colouring matter in the leaves of plants, under the influence of the electric light, is very curious. Plants grown in the dark are known to be colourless, and the greenness of the leaves is always attributed to the action of the sun's rays. It was interesting, therefore, to know if the green matter which young leaves develop so freely in the sunshine, would be produced equally under the influence of the strong light of electric lamps. Through the assistance of M. Allard, the head of the French Lighthouse Establishment, the desired means for the experiment was obtained. The electricity was produced by an electro-magnetic machine worked by a steam-engine, and the light obtained from coke-points. In a space perfectly dark, about a metre from the lamp, small flower-pots were placed, each containing four seeds. In a few days the shoots of the young plants were seen tipped with green at their summits. As the plants grew, their greenness became more and more evident, and they all turned towards the light. Like plants grown at the same time in the dark, for comparison, appeared completely yellow; and it was thus seen that the light emanating from electro-magnetic machines has the same influence as the solar light on the green colour of plants.

A TALE OF THE BORDER.



N the delightful, "good old times," when the citizens of the world enjoyed the generous privilege of cracking each other's crowns and cutting each other's throats with perfect impunity—so far as the law of the land was concerned—freebooting was among the most money-making professions of the day. At a certain period of those Arcadian times, a band of freebooters ranged that debateable ground which lies between the rivers Tyne and Tweed, and levied black mail, chiefly upon the fortunate inhabitants of Northumberland. This troop was commanded by a man whose wonderful and daring exploits in arms, and fertility of resources, had raised him to his present dignity of captain, and who was commonly known by the name of the Border King. Who the Border King was, or whence he came, was entirely unknown, even to the members of his own troop, for he never appeared in public without having his face covered with a mask of dark cloth. This imparted a mystery to his character which caused him to be regarded with awe and terror by all who beheld him, and in no small degree tended to bestow upon him that absolute command which he exercised over his lawless associates. For

days, and sometimes for weeks, the Border King would absent himself from his band, yet none dared to question his actions, nor to pry into his secrets. Suddenly and secretly he would disappear from amongst his companions in arms; and with equal suddenness and secrecy would he appear amongst them again. His re-appearance was invariably the signal for action, as he always returned with correct information as to where a fortress might be attacked with success, and booty obtained.

It was after one of these periods of absence, that, on a fine morning in June, the Border King presented himself in the camp of his followers, and gave orders for immediate preparation for a march of some twenty miles. In less than an hour the bandit troop was in "battle's magnificently stern array," with the Border King at its head. Some were mounted on horses and carried lances and sabres; others ran on foot with matchlocks slung over their backs, and short swords hanging at their sides. The Border King himself was mounted on a steed of great power and beauty, and caparisoned in the richest style of the time. The rider was dressed also with great splendour. On his head he wore a high conical hat, over his face the inseparable veil of black cloth, and around his neck the ruff which was worn in the days of James I. His body was protected by a cuirass which glittered in the light of the morning sun. A cloak of fine cloth was thrown over his shoulder, the folds of which fell gracefully on the flanks of his horse. His legs were encased in leather boots, and a sword was suspended from his side. Leaving the troop of lawless borderers on their march, we must precede them to the castle which was the object of their meditated attack.

Castle Hamilton was one of those princely piles which are at once a pride and a characteristic of England. Its battlements and turrets rose above the surrounding woods, and looked like grim sentinels keeping guard over the adjoining country. The possessor of this princely residence, at the time of which we speak, was Sir Reginald Hamilton, a knight-banneret, who had won much fame and wealth in camp and council, and who had, but a few months before the time our story opens, taken to wife one of the most beautiful and wealthy heiresses that England could boast. The only member of the family, besides Sir Reginald and his lady, who resided in the castle, was Archibald Hamilton, brother of Sir Reginald, and two years his junior.

Whilst the elder brother had been fighting the battle for love and glory in camp and field, Archibald had been pursuing studies of a very different kind, and was, at the time of which we write, accounted one of the most accomplished scholars in the kingdom. His brother said that his clerical acquirements had carried off his wits, for not only was Archibald a great linguist, mathematician, anatomist, geologist, etc., but he also appeared to believe in alchemy, and, upon more than one occasion, expressed an enthusiastic hope of being able, ultimately, to discover the philosopher's stone.

Archibald, like his brother, was of a gentle disposition and amiable manners. He was brave, too; his bravery, however, never

exhibiting itself in angry bursts, but in a calm and dignified manner which won him general respect. He was master of every weapon, and was especially adroit with the sword.

About eleven o'clock in the morning, when our story opens, Sir Reginald and his beautiful bride might be seen walking in the grounds of Castle Hamilton, some distance from the building. They were conversing playfully on those subjects which always make their way into the minds of lovers.

"But," the Lady Edith said, turning suddenly to her husband, "you recollect my sister Eleanor will be here to-day, and I am anxious that she and Archibald should meet. It is awkward his going away at this moment."

"Nobody could dissuade him, my love. Truly his botanical propensities are almost as preposterous as they are ridiculous. But they are so innocent that one cannot object to his indulging them. He promised me, however, to return to-morrow, and will therefore have full opportunity of enjoying Eleanor's society."

At this moment the sounds of horses' hoofs ringing on the pavement struck their ears, and Sir Reginald exclaimed:—

"By my troth! this must be she. She is much earlier than I expected, and, if my ears deceive me not, attended by a numerous court. Let us proceed to meet them."

Drawing the Lady Edith's arm within his own, he proceeded in the direction of the sounds of the approaching horses, which each moment became more and more distinct. As Sir Reginald and Edith emerged from a shrubbery into the main avenue leading to the castle, they came upon a body of visitors less welcome than those they expected to behold. The new-comers were about thirty in number, and all armed for strife. About ten yards in advance of this body rode our acquaintance, the Border King, who, on beholding Sir Reginald and his bride, reined up his steed so suddenly that the animal was forced back almost upon his haunches. At a wave of the captain's hand, too, the entire body of cavalry reined up in like manner.

Sir Reginald, advancing a few steps towards the leader of the party, and placing his hand upon his sword said—

"Who art thou, sir, and by what right dost thou intrude on my privacy?"

The person addressed made no reply, but raising to his lips a silver whistle, which hung suspended from his neck, he uttered a shrill note, and, as if by magic, twenty men, on foot, issued from the wood. Sir Reginald had merely time to draw his sword when he was pinioned and disarmed. The Lady Edith, on witnessing the attack made upon her lord, uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the sword.

"No violence," exclaimed the Border-King, in a deep, distinct voice. "Bind Sir Reginald, and bear him towards the Castle. I will take care of the lady."

"Villain!" cried Sir Reginald. "Monstrous, cowardly villain! By Heaven! you shall pay dear for this."

The Border King did not appear to take any notice of this; but springing lightly from his horse, he approached the fainting lady, whose head he raised with the utmost gentleness, and applied to her temples the water which had been brought by his directions from a neighbouring brook.

Meantime Sir Reginald was lifted in the arms of four sturdy fellows and borne rapidly away, notwithstanding all his struggles to break loose. When he was hidden from view, the Border King again raised his voice; addressing the troop that stood silently by, he said—

"We have not now time to attack the castle. The alarm is already given, and Sir Reginald's brother is no doubt by this time collecting the retainers, and organising a stubborn defence. As there is a body of royal troops in the vicinity, they would be down upon us before we could effect a capture. Here," he added throwing a weighty purse on the ground, "take that, to make up for your disappointment."

A cheer arose from the troop at the sight of the gold, which was instantly checked by the Border King.

"Silence!" he exclaimed; "Begone, at once; and meet me six days hence, at our home in the Cheviots."

Without a murmur, the order was obeyed. After picking up the money, this troop of desperate marauders turned, and quickly disappeared through the woods.

Directing his attention once again to the lady, the Border King

raised her gently in his arms, and bore her away as though she were a child. Entering an avenue in the wood, he proceeded at a rapid pace until he reached a small turretted building, which had been raised by Sir Reginald's father, to gratify a caprice of his lady, who spent much of her time in fitting it up with great splendour. Since the good lady's death, the little building had fallen into disuse, and now only served as a memorial of a generation that had just passed away. Leaving the Border King with his precious burden at the door of this building, we must beg our readers to return with us to Sir Reginald, who was determined to recover his bride, and awaited with impatience the slowly approaching night. At length the shadows began to lengthen into giants, and the western heavens were beaten into "flakes of fire." Near the castle a little brook ran, and as Sir Reginald crossed the bridge that spanned it, its waters played with the moonbeams which tipped with silver its thousand little waves. Perceiving a light flicker through the trees some distance from him, Sir Reginald concealed himself in a neighbouring plantation. He had scarcely taken this post when a man issued from the opposite wood, bearing in one hand a dark lantern, and in the other a basket. In a moment Sir Reginald recognized him; it was the Border King. His first impulse was to rush upon the wretch who had carried away his wife, but his better sense coming to his counsel, he checked himself, and determined to watch the motions of his enemy.

"I thought so," he muttered. "I thought the mysterious villain would remain here, thinking to throw me off my guard. Now, our Lady of Grace assist me to recover my Edith!"

Keeping in the shadow of the trees Sir Reginald followed, with cautious steps, the Border King, who proceeded at a rapid pace along the margin of the stream, in the direction of the turret where we left him this morning. On reaching the building the maulrauder set his lamp upon the ground, and placing his finger on one of the nails with which the door was studded, he pressed it for an instant, and the door flew open. Passing in at once he closed the entrance after him. Sir Reginald did not delay long to follow the example thus set him; and passing into the building in like manner, he found himself in a long vaulted passage, at the end of which he distinguished a light. Walking stealthily along in the direction of the light, he, in a few moments was in a position to observe a large room furnished in a style of luxury almost oriental.

There were two figures in the chamber, one that of a female seated at a table with her head buried in her hands over which the auburn tresses fell in rich profusion. On beholding her Sir Reginald started, and for a moment trembled violently; but recovering himself immediately, he set his teeth firmly, and remained an anxious spectator of the scene. The second figure was that of the Border King, who stood in a respectful attitude regarding the lady Edith, for the female was no other than she. The Border King had removed his mask, which he held in his hand, but his back being turned towards the door, Sir Reginald was unable to see his face. After some time the freebooter took from the basket which he carried some viands and wine, which he spread upon the table before Lady Edith. Then addressing her he said,—

"Lady, let me implore you to partake of some nourishment."

"Leave me," she replied, in a tone of deep anguish, "for Heaven's sake leave me."

"I will obey you, Edith," he answered, "and remember that I have never forced my society upon you when you desired my absence. I will leave you now for the night; but let me beseech of you to re-consider your reply to my prayer. My love is as pure as, and ten thousand times more lasting than that which Sir Reginald bears you. I will ever cherish you like my own life. Consent to fly with me, dear—dear Edith, and my whole life shall be devoted to the gratification of your every wish. The countless riches that I have spent years in collecting, by every means, shall win us a proud and honourable position in a foreign land, where you shall reign as an empress, and be worshipped as a goddess."

A deep groan from the person he addressed was his only reply.

"Edith," he proceeded, "have no fear from me, for I love you too sacredly ever to wrong you, even in thought; but it is well at the same time, you should learn that you can never quit this place save on the terms I propose. I leave you now, Edith, hoping you will have altered your resolution by the morrow. Good night, good night!"

Turning to depart the Border King faced Sir Reginald, who, on beholding him, gasped in an almost audible tone—

"Heaven and earth, my brother!"

And, indeed, the Border King was no other than Archibald Hamilton.

Quitting the chamber with a slow and stately step, the Border King almost brushed against Sir Reginald in passing. The latter remained quiet until he heard the steps of his brother die into an echo. Then advancing cautiously into the chamber, he laid his hand gently on the shoulder of his wife, who started at the touch; and, on raising her eyes to his, uttered a low shriek and sprang to his supporting arms.

Whispering words of comfort and encouragement Sir Reginald led her towards the door by which he had entered, and passing into the open air, he almost carried his beautiful bride towards his mansion. In about half an hour they reached Castle Hamilton, where they were welcomed with rapturous joy by their retainers.

The Border King was never seen or heard of again; and his name was never mentioned before strangers by either Sir Reginald or his lady. The band which he had with such ability commanded, being deprived of direction, was in a short time broken and utterly destroyed. Archibald Hamilton, had, it was hinted, entered the service of the King of France, in which he won, by his daring courage and politic wisdom, great honours. He never returned to England; and ended his life like a true soldier, upon the field of battle. Sir Reginald and Lady Edith Hamilton lived to rear a numerous and amiable family, to whom the father bequeathed his great wealth, and the mother her spotless virtue.

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SULL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER I.

IT is a very usual remark among those who pretend to be acquainted with the condition of Irish society, that it is a land more favourable to the stranger than to the native—that the foreign adventurer finds the various avenues to good fortune which it presents less encumbered and blocked up with difficulties and disappointments, than the indigent children of the soil; and this observation appears to be equally confirmed by experience, whether it is applied to the humble artizan who confines his hopes and prospects to the acquisition of the ordinary comforts of domestic life, or to the armed aggressor who comes to conquer and lay waste for conquest's sake alone. To endeavour, even by conjecture, to account satisfactorily for this—one of the very slightest among the anomalies of the country's polity—would lead to a disquisition on national dispositions and habits, and an inquiry into historical influences, into which we are not at present disposed to enter. The most obvious and usual cause as-



THE PALATINE'S COTTAGE DOOR.

signed, however, is the superior industry and perseverance of the naturalized inhabitant.

One class of persons in particular have verified the observation to its utmost extent. We allude to the descendants of those emigrants from the Palatinate of Germany, who were invited over into these countries by the liberal policy of the Whig ministry of 1708, a measure which afterwards gave such displeasure in England, and drew down so weighty a censure from the succeeding cabinet of 1710. History informs us, that at this period the indigence and misery which prevailed among the disappointed aliens was such, as to occasion a not ill-founded apprehension of a contagious distemper—no less than ninety of them being accustomed to take up their abode beneath a single roof, in some of the lowest neighbourhoods of the British metropolis.

In the sister isle, nevertheless, the exertions of the same race have been attended with incomparably better success. Unmingled and uninterested as the adventurers necessarily were with the politics and the factious prejudices of the people, and having no internal or external cause to divert them from the even course of steady and persevering industry, which their habits and inclinations suggested to them as the most likely to attain success, they were in every way prepared to take advantage of the encouragements held out to them by the landed proprietor. These

were, as they still continue to be, very considerable—and this circumstance, together with the difference of religion, of disposition, and of civil habits, laid the foundation of a deep and rooted hatred and jealousy, which the moral and political changes that have, since the first introduction of the aliens, taken place in the relations of the country, have contributed rather to increase and confirm than to alleviate. The Palatines, or *Palentins*, as they are more usually termed among their rustic neighbours, still continue to be favourites with the lords of the soil. The facility with which they obtained long leases, at a time when the great proportion of the peasantry of the country were mere cottiers to farmers, enabled them to turn their knowledge of husbandry to great account; and although their hopper-plough (which answered the double purpose of ploughing and sowing) has, I believe, generally gone out of use, their custom of producing crops in drills is still almost universally adopted. They are improving and industrious tenants—punctual, whether for the preservation of their independence, or the satisfaction of their consciences, in all their engagements—attentive, even to a degree of puritanical exactness, to their religious obligations—presenting, in the unremitting exertion which they employ in the acquisition of money, and the caution which they manifest in its distribution, a striking contrast to the people among whom they have become naturalized—(a contrast which, perhaps, as much as any other circumstance, tends to foster the contempt with which they are regarded by the latter)—precise in all that regards their domestic economy—addicted to neatness and to the appearance as well as the feeling of comfort in their houses, and imbued in heart and soul with a tincture of religious bigotry and national prejudice which enables them to return, with ample interest, the evil feelings and wishes of the low Catholic population of the country.

Assuming the above to be the general characteristics of the class we are describing, it may, perhaps, be added that there are many individual exceptions; but even where members of the caste are found to derogate from its usually respectable character, it is seldom, perhaps never, observed that they fall into what are looked upon as the peculiar or ruling vices of the more ancient inhabitants, and there remains as wide a distinction between the bad Palatine and the bad Irishman, as may be traced between the estimable and amiable of both classes. Like the scattered sons of Israel, the former are careful to prevent any amalgamation of interests or affections with their neighbours, and the circumstance of an inter-marriage is, to say the least of it, an exceedingly rare occurrence. People may be found to adduce this fact as one cause of the continued prosperity and happiness of the provident aliens—but a more satisfactory one may be found in the inducements held out to, and consequent success attending, their exertions. The Palatines, in short, are amongst those who “feed fat” upon the birth-right of their elder brethren, who are, by the peculiar policy of their governors, debarred the customary means of existence, and punished for endeavouring to devise new expedients for themselves.

Time, the great alchemist by which all incongruities are reconciled and all distinctions amalgamated, has not yet exercised its customary influence on the hereditary habits and external peculiarities of the people we are describing. They still retain, even in their manners and language, as well as in their character and disposition, indications which it would be impossible to misconceive, of their German origin. They are, for the most part, scattered thinly over the southern and western districts of the island—but instances are not wanted in which they form the most exclusive population of hamlets and small villages—and where this happens to be the case, the traces of their extraction are evident and decided to a very remarkable degree.

At the time when the events which we have selected as the material for the following tale took place—in the eighteenth century—the points of distinction were, as may be supposed, a great deal more striking; and the comparative novelty of their introduction into the country, rendered them more liable than at present to the resentment of the indignant peasantry of the island, although the dislike of the latter was not more deeply rooted than at present. There was, however, a distinction. It was then the hatred of injured and excited feelings which was cherished against the usurpers; it is now the hatred of prejudice, and of an almost excusable—at least, a very accountable envy.

We have, ourselves, found a little generalizing explanation so useful and agreeable as a preparation for the introduction of char-

acters and events in a work of this kind, that we are induced to calculate with confidence on the indulgence of our readers in devoting this short chapter to the same purpose.

A number of peasants were occupied in *trenching* a field of potatoes, in a fine soft summer evening, in the earlier portion of the last century, on the borders of one of the south-western counties of Ireland. Their work proceeded merrily—all being engaged, as is customary in Ireland, in relieving the tediousness of their monotonous labour by wild tales, and light and jocular conversation, which we shall take up at random.

“An’ so you tell me Segur is off, Mick?” said one to a young peasant who worked beside him.

“He never ‘ll see daylight again,” was the reply.

“An’ how coom that?”

“Simple enough—be killen of ‘m.”

“Who kilt him?”

“Oh then that’s more than I’ll tell you this time—one o’ the gang aistwards they say.”

“An’ why did they kill him?”

“Sorrow one o’ me knows—bekays he was alive, may be.”

“It’s little hurt it was done, an’ little matter who done it,” said a dark-looking man on another ridge; and biting his lip hard, while he struck his spade with great violence against a large *sod*, he added—“an the same look to the rest of his race, an’ that before long—the left-handed thieves—them Palentina!”

“You might as well be cursing, Davy.”

“D’ye hear the minister?”

“Oh, it isn’t from the heart that coom, any way; and them curses doesn’t be heard that falls from a body’s lip when they do be in a passion, and don’t main what they say.”

“It’s done a fi’penny bit with you, now, we have a fable from Jerry on the head of it,” was uttered half aside, a few paces from the last speaker—a fair-faced youth, who almost immediately verified the anticipation.

“I’ll tell ye a story, then, about that very thing, if ye like to hear it,” said the young fellow.

After a few jibes on the propensity of the story-telling genius, his companions proceeded with their work in silence, while Jerry cleared his voice and commenced as follows:—

“I wonder entirely,” says a learned doctor, that used to be *there* in old times—“I wonder entirely,” said he, and he going along the road—“what is the reason that the devil doesn’t come upon the earth in some borrowed shape or another, and so tempt people to sin; it would be so much easier to talk them into it than to draw them by means of their own thoughts. If the devil would hearken to me, I think I could put him in a way of getting a deal that’s voted to him, and that he knows nothing of.” And saying this he turned off to take a short cut across the fields, the road having a great round in that place.

Passing by a little fort that was in his way, he was met by a man who came out from among the trees and bid him a good morning. He was as handsome a man as could be—only the doctor remarked him for the smallest brogues, and of the queerest shape that could be imagined.

“Heaven and Saint Patrick be with you!” says the doctor.

“Hum!” says the strange man.

“And who are you that say ‘Hum!’ when I bid Heaven be with you?” says the doctor, looking down towards his heels, where he saw, just peeping out under the great riding-coat, something like the end of a hurly, curling, only very hairy.

“I am the devil,” says the strange man. (Lord between us and harm!)

“I was beginning to have a notion of the kind myself,” says the doctor, again eying the tail now very hard; but not at all put out of his way, being used to all sorts of wickedness himself from a creature up, having been once in his time a tithe proctor. “I thought no less; and it proves an old saying very true, for I was talking of you to myself just as you started up before me.”

“No good, I’ll be bail.”

“Believe it, then. No good in the world, only harm. I was wishing that you would employ me in collecting your dues—what’s yours by right only, and let us go halves in the profits.”

“It’s a match—give me the hand,” said the devil. “Let us go along the road together, and whatever you make out to be mine, I’ll have it surely.”

"Away they went, the holy pair, and they soon got out upon the high road again. As they were passing along by a cabin door, they saw an old woman standing with some oats in her apron, and she trying to entice some of her geese and goslings into her, from the middle of a pond where they were swimming about, only the rogue of a gander wouldn't let them do her bidding.

"Why then," says the old woman, "the Diconce take you for one gander; there's no *ho* at all with you."

"There!" says the doctor, nudging his neighbour, (Lord save us!) "did you hear that?"

"Ah! my honest friend," says the devil, "that gander is a fat bird, to be sure—but 'tis none o' mine still. That curse *didn't* come from the heart, though it was sinful enough to give me power over the woman."

"In a little time after, the blessed couple were met by a countryman with a little *slip* of a pig that he was driving to the fair, to make up the *deffence* o' the standing gale. He had a *suggan* (hay-rope) tied about one of the hind legs, and a good blackthorn switch in his hand, and he doing his best endeavours to entice him on, but he couldn't. The pig, as young pigs will do, darted now at this side, now at that, and would run every way but the right, one—until at last he made a start right between the legs of his driver, tumbled him clean in the mud, from which he rose, painted all sorts o' colours—and saw the pig *skelping* along the road home, in the height of good humour.

"Why then, the Diconce take, fetch, and carry every bone in your carcase, *crubes* and all! says the poor man, shaking himself, and turning into a meadow to roll himself in the grass, before he'd *jolly* the creature home again. "Have I all my morning's work to do over again—bad 'cess to it for a story!"

"There! there!" cries the doctor.

"Not so fast," cries the devil—"that was but a *slip* o' the tongue after all. The man that *curst* is mine, but not the thing he *curst*, for the heart was not concerned in it."

"Well! away they went; and, in passing by a potato-field, they saw a tithe-proctor *valuing* a pit o' the *cups*, and a man standing upon it, with a hammer in his hand, going to *cant* it off to some Palatins for the rent. There was a poor man standing at the road's side, with his arms leaning on the ditch, looking at the sale of his little property.

"There's ten barrels, all going for an old song, that I raised by the labour of these hands. May the Diconce fetch all the tithe-proctors in the land, and Heaven bless them that sent 'em to us, to take the little means he gave us out of our hands—"

"Well!" said the doctor, "now you have a proctor at any rate—that was a hearty curse I'm sure."

"At this, the devil put both his hands to his sides and burst out in a fit of laughing. "Send you sense! you foolish man," said he, "if the devil had nothing else to do but to carry away all the tithe-proctors that's votel to him in a summer's-day, he'd be soon compelled to look out for a new corner to *take up* in, for they'd have all hell to themselves in less than no time."

"Whew!" said the doctor, "if this be the way with you, I'm likely to make a great deal by my bargain. Get out o' my way, you lazy gaffer," said he (growing cross) to a little boy that was sitting on a stile where he wanted to pass.

"I'm no lazy gaffer, you great natural," said the lad, "and I'll not stir out of this, for you have no right to trespass on my mother's ground."

The doctor made no answer, only looked at him for a minute, and then *rix* his stick, and laid him on the ground quite easy.

"Oh, murder alive! you Turk, you killed my boy," cried the mother, who was sitting combing her wool at the cabin door. "Why then," said she, falling on her knees, and lifting up her *two* hands, "the mother's curse upon your head; and may the Diconce carry you this night, for drawing the blood of my child!"

"Come, my good man, come!" said the devil, seizing the doctor by the collar, "the favour o' your company down *below*. The mother's curse is on you."

"Oh! nonsense, nonsense! easy, easy, man!" said the doctor, "but—"

"Before he could well know what he was about, his friend whisked him up and about into the air, and warm was the corner he had for him before night, I'll be your bail."

"Well, Jerry, you bate cockfichtin' for them ould fables; but aisy, an' tell me who are those over the hill?"

The speaker pointed to three horsemen who had just turned from beneath the projection of a small hillock, through which the wild and broken highway had been cut, and who were pushing on with as much rapidity as their ill-conditioned horses could be prevailed upon to use. The better-mounted and better-looking of the two foremost wayfarers belonged to that numerous class of itinerant preachers, one of whom may at this day be always discerned in fine harvest weather, hovering about the Palatine villages, and may be recognised at the distance of half a mile, jogging it softly down hill on a well-fed, fat-hammed, rough-coated pony, an umbrella tightly folded and placed in rest upon the thigh, while the smooth and glazed oil cover of his hat flashes

—"back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light—"

at the same time throwing his perhaps too jovial rotundity of countenance into a becoming and devotional shade. The specimen of the order here presented differed but little from the generality of his brethren. He was a person of immense proportions, particularly as regarded the paunch, which was a region of unparalleled richness and extent, and showed to particular advantage as he sat on horseback, his position there causing it to project considerably farther in advance than was its natural wont when on foot. His pony was a sturdy little animal, but of stature so diminutive, that the feet of the rider might have materially assisted his progress along the road, were it not that the sack-like formation of the members caused them to describe an equilateral triangle, in order to afford space to the fat little beast between—an arrangement which made a clear course of nearly half the king's highway.

The horseman who rode beside him, and who, from his brick-red complexion, sloping forehead, and small eyes, supplied very sufficient evidence of his Palatine extraction, had the appearance of a wealthy farmer, considerably advanced in years, though not sufficiently so to abate or qualify, in the slightest degree, the expression of a countenance which was marked by the strongest and hardest lines which an habitual violence of character could produce, or to soften the fire of a small and piercing eye, which glanced from beneath its grizzled, sandy brow, with a spirit of strong inquiry and resolution.

The third traveller, who rode at a little distance behind, as if rather in the quality of servant than companion to the other two, we shall suffer to be described by the group of peasantry, who, in the indulgence of that idle curiosity which forms a shade on that dark side of the national character, left off their work as the strangers approached, and leaned forward on their spades, to bestow a gibe on the passing Palatines:—

"Mark the nose," said one, "was there ever the aigl' of it seen? It starts out betune the two eyes fair enough, only then it do be grown hether and thether, and every way as if it didn't know the way to the mouth, down."

"Like the gintlemin's boreens," said a second, "that they doesn't care how many turns they'll make, so as they coom out upon the high road at last."

"Taken a ramble about the countenance for sport, this fine even."

"An' the legs! You'd imagine the *calves* o' them got hungry, and went down about the ankles, seeing would there be a wisp o' hay in the brogues at all."

"Paddy Moran needn't ax a better bow to his fiddle at air a dance in the parish, any way."

"Heaven bless your work!" said the eldest of the travellers, in a strong German accent, not unmingled with a degree of the broad, drawing *patois* of the people he was addressing, as a turn in the road brought both parties within hail.

"An' you likewise!" was returned by a few voices, while some (such is the influence of wealth) conquered their contempt for the race of usurpers so far as to touch their hats.

"The village of Court-Mattress is fifteen long miles from you yet," said an elderly labourer, in answer to an inquiry made at him by the old Palatine. "Who can *them* be, now?" he continued, as, after a short consultation, the two strangers put spurs to their steeds, and quickened their pace from an equivocal kind of canter to a jolting, bone-breaking trot—"An' the sarvint after 'em, too! Gondoutha! It's easy for ye! But stir—stir, Jerry; what bizniz is it of

ours? an' Paddy Barret six *sads* a-head of uz, an' the master coming over the gap, see."

We will follow the travellers. The evening was bright, still, and sunny. The air was quiet, the sky cloudless, the calm so profound that the voices of some sportsmen on the distant hills were heard almost as plainly by the wayfarers as if they had been speaking in the adjacent fields, and the sound of the Race, though many miles distant from them, came with a faint, but deep and perceptible influence upon their hearing. It was already far into the season of ear and blossom, and the country side over which they rode presented a scene of beauty and abundance which, had they passed the same way in a few months after, would have formed a wonderful contrast to the general appearance of want and misery which, then as well as now, the great encouragement held out to exporters of provision occasioned in the winter season in Ireland. Here a wide plain covered with barley yet green in ear undulated like a summer lake, and there the potato spread its dark green covering over many an acre, one particle of the produce of which was doomed never, perhaps, to supply a day's sustenance to the wretch by whose labour they had been cultivated. On one hand, the sober wheat contrasted its grave and wealthy air with the light rustling of the oatfield that adjoined it; while further in the distance many a field of rape, already in blossom, showed like broad sheets of gold, inlaid, as if to impart additional splendour to the gigantic mosaic of nature.

After they had passed out of the hearing of the group of the peasants, the two foremost of the travellers resumed a conversation which appeared to have been only interrupted for the purpose of obtaining information as to the progress of their route.

"Indeed, Mr. Shine," said the old man, after he had compressed his lips and given vent to a heavy sigh—"the cause is more than I can tell you: that some change must have taken place, I am perfectly certain, and some unpleasant one, too; for poor Sarah was one of the most dutiful children that ever parent blessed. It is very true that I suspected something when she mentioned in one of her latest letters the appearance of that young ruffian about the village, and my heart burned within me when the poor deluded creature hinted the possibility of his becoming a reformed and graceful member. She might as well talk of the Evil One becoming a reformed and graceful member; for except what amendment the gallows will work in him, Dionysius will never be anything better than an ingrate and a profligate."

"He that can ingraft strange branches on the tree may surely at his pleasure revive the old and dissevered," said his companion. "But the common accidents of life may have caused an intermission in your correspondence without any failure of duty on the part of your child, whom I bless in my soul—remembering well her comeliness, and her docility on the occasion of my sojourning an evening at her aunt's, to whose care, I believe, you committed her, on leaving the land, some years past. How long since is the date of her last letter?"

"Five years."

"And how long have you been absent?"

The question appeared to excite some disagreeable associations in the mind of the old Palatine, and he paused for a considerable time, as if following up the train of melancholy recollections which it awakened, before he returned an answer. The details of the conversation which followed the interruption may be more briefly and conveniently given to the reader in our own words.

A sturdy-looking, black-haired, black-eyed little boy about nine or ten years of age, and clothed in a miserable shred of coarse frieze, was observed, at the blush of a fine summer dawn, trotting at full speed along a crooked and broken-up avenue, or *borheen*, leading to the farm-house of Isaac Segur, a comfortable Palatine landholder in the neighbourhood of the village which we have before mentioned. From the anxious and hesitating expression which was mingled with the natural boldness and darkness of his countenance, it would have appeared to a stranger that the child was conscious of possessing no apology or authority for the intrusion which he contemplated, and he cast cautious and wavering glances on all sides before he ventured to clamber over the stile which brought him on the neat green plot before the cottage door. The windows were still closed, and everything around bore the appearance of perfect repose, inasmuch that the adventurer paused, and remained seated on the stile for a few moments, with the air of one who has a purpose to accomplish, and sees a thousand terrors and

difficulties between him and its fruition. A light curling smoke from one of the chimneys at length caught his eye, and having once assured himself on the preparatory indication within, he bounded from the hedge upon the little lawn, disturbing by his sudden and fay-like descent the yet slumbering animals who composed the stock of the industrious and well-appointed proprietor of the place. A flock of geese, goslings, and ganders flew with outstretched necks and loud hisses of unwelcome from beneath the hedge, and then marshalled themselves in battle array between him and the house, the male bird marching like a field-officer, up and down the lines, and warning him, by most warlike cacklings, of the dangers of an assault. Some newly-shorn wethers bounded in dismay to the furthest limit of the area, and there huddled themselves together in a corner, as if in expectation of instant annihilation. A staggering bony calf threw up its hind legs, whiaked its tail, cut a few strange capers, and followed their example. The little fellow did not appear much daunted by the confusion he had occasioned, or the formidable host of enemies who seemed prepared to oppose his progress, and he was about to advance with great spirit; but his cheek grew pale, and his quick, jet-black eye began to assume a more expanded and watery appearance, when the deep thunder of a huge mastiff watch joined in terrific diapason with the cackling of the geese, the bleating of sheep, the quacking of ducks, the grunting of pigs, and the clatter of a hundred different species of domestic fowl. Nevertheless, the invader stood manfully to his ground, and stooped forward in the vain hope of making an effectual struggle with the excited animal, on whom his eyes were fixed, when one of the front windows was thrown open, and a friendly voice interrupted its onset in good time.

"Faust, down! down, ser! back here agen—back!"

The countermand was given by a female who leaned half-dressed out of the window, while the young stranger, flushing with renewed courage, advanced to the door of the cottage, the dog Faust following, and snuffing inquisitively about him as they proceeded.

"Well, an' who are you, my little fellow?"

The "little fellow" raised his hand to his brow, and plucked himself by the forelock (a black and shining curl), in token of courtesy, as he replied—

"Dinny Mac, thin."

"An' what brought you here, Dinny Mac, at this hour of the morning?"

"Wisha, I dun know."

"Where do you live—or who are you at all?"

"O then, I dun know, ma'am—only my mother, westwards married another husband about a month sence, and I couldn't stand her at all after for beating me without any reason; and the man she took to was as bad as her, and they both tuk an' turned me out o' doores 'istherday, without sayen a word, only bating me, the two of 'em, wit the broomstick till my back was broke intirely."

"And what do you mean to do with yourself now, Dinny Mac?"

"Wisha, I dun know."

"What is it you were coming here for?"

"Seeing would I get me buckisht agin the road."

By this time the cottage door was opened, and a stout-looking hale man made his appearance, accompanied by an exquisitely beautiful girl, whose clear rosy cheeks, long flaxen hair, and full, well-opened eyes, contrasted finely with the strongly-marked and darkly-shaded features of the adventurous "Dinny." The latter remained leaning against the rough-cast wall, and picking off the little protuberances with his fingers, while he cast from time to time a shy and irresolute side-glance towards the fair daughter of the farmer. The man contemplated the intruder for some time in silence, and appeared doubtful of the course which he should adopt, when it was decided by a movement of the child who stood by him. After gazing with a soft and expanded stare of wonder upon the dark boy, she slid cautiously towards him, and again renewing her gaze of admiration, while the other returned her glance with one of unusual fire and intensity; half in intimidation, half in good-will, the little girl protruded a pair of cherry lips, which were instantly honoured with a greeting that "came twanging off," by the unhesitating youth. The old Palatine's heart was struck in the soft place.

"Come, gaffer," said he, "since you have made yourself welcome with the young mistress, you'll have your breakfast at any rate. In with you, and behave yourself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPAN AS WE KNEW IT.



JAPAN, as we knew it some twenty-nine years ago, when the Dutch monopolised the export trade of the country, was a land more marvellous than *that moon* to which Mr. Edgar Poe's Dutch debtor paid so opportune a visit. No region of romance, no realm of fairy, furnished us with such extravagant fictions. The stories which Bruce related of the wild tribes of Abyssinia seemed like common-sense realities to the descriptions of a country where the men wore petticoats, and the women blackened their teeth; where people adopted white as a mourning colour, and everyone believed that the islands of Japan were formed from the froth of the original creative concrete. Time has reconciled us to many of those peculiarities; and though we are not yet sufficiently credulous to accept the gorilla on the almost unsupported testimony of a solitary explorer and a collection of skins and skeletons, we have learned to believe that other nations have an undoubted right to use their teeth, and mount their horses, and build their houses, just as it suits their taste and convenience. It was only in the beginning of the last season, that, amongst the old heap of information which turned up in Mr. Gladstone's budget, the public at large were told for

the first time, that the Japanese build houses and roof them with paper; that a gentleman of that clime wears a paper shirt, and carries a paper handkerchief in his pocket. Everyone was astonished; but there was the truth, ridiculous as it might seem to persons acquainted only with the conventionalities of European society. Within a very few years our knowledge of Japan, thanks to the industry of men of letters and the establishment of diplomatic relations with its jealous government, has increased at a rate which is being accelerated day after day. We know something of the internal economy of the people: and our geographical knowledge is no longer confined to a barren coast outline, and the positions of a few remarkable cities. A month ago, an eminent English consul gave us his experience of the country, in an elegant volume. Let us see what we knew of the Islands of Tea and Lacquer in 1829.

Japan consists of one great Island (Nippon), and the southern part of the peninsula of Sagaleen. This survey is altogether independent of the numerous islands, small and large, which are scattered around the main trunk of the empire. Stretching from the thirty-first to nearly the forty-sixth degree of north latitude, it comprehends almost every variety of climate and every species of production. The winters are very severe, even in the two latitudes; and this circumstance has furnished the basis of many a profitable discussion on the peculiarities of climate. Contrasting the relative temperature of the Japanese possessions with that of the countries of the western hemisphere, under the same degrees of latitude, the explorers of 1829 told us, that the difference was so enormous as to be almost incredible. Matamai lies in the forty-second degree of latitude, and is therefore on a parallel with Leghorn, Bilbao, and Toulon. It is notorious that the inhabitants of those places hardly know what frost is, and never see snow except on the cool tops of the highest mountains. In Matamai all those conditions of temperature are reversed. The ponds and lakes are frozen to the depth of several feet soon after winter sets in; from November till April, the snow, of which the annual fall is inconveniently abundant, lies in the valleys and on the plains, and the streets are as impassable as those of St. Petersburg. Some idea of the severity of the weather may be formed from the fact that the cold often registers fifteen degrees of Reaumur. Then comes summer, and whilst the western inhabitants of a corresponding latitude enjoy serene days and cloudless nights, our poor Japanese are drenched with rains, which descend in such vast quantities, that the scriptural description, "the flood gates of heaven were opened," threatens for the time being to be realized. The horizon is piled up with mountains of black cloud, violent winds blow constantly from the north-east, and a fog, only equalled in London, obscures the sun for days. Then again, the westerners have their oranges, lemons, figs, and grapes; but the poor Japanese must content themselves with apples, pears, and peaches, half ripe and wholly indigestible. Improbable as it must have seemed, we were told that in Jeddo, the seat of empire, situated in the thirty-

sixth degree of latitude, snow falls in the winter nights to the depth of a foot or more. By the way, this statement has long since received a fundamental correction, and the quantity of snow been reduced from a foot to an inch. Curiously enough, the snow melts every night, only to be renewed the day after; and this in a city under the same latitude as Malaga! Surely people were not wrong in asserting that the eastern was much ruder than the western climate. But Sagaleen has in reserve for us something still more wonderful. There the snow is thawed to the depth of a foot and a half in the summer, although its latitude almost corresponds with that of Lyons. Sailing off the Kurch island of Roschava (latitude forty-seven degrees), people met with immense fields of ice, although none is to be seen at that time of the year in the Gulf of Finland.

The national (or, perhaps, we should write in digenous) cosmogony of the Japanese is, to say the least, remarkable. Above all things they treat with contempt the theory which assigns to them a Chinese extraction, preferring to be derived from the Mantchou, who inhabit the eastern coasts of Tartary to the north of the Great Wall. They relate a tradition of a time when the entire surface of the earth was covered with water, in which condition it remained for innumerable ages, undergoing no change, as Tenko Sama (the ruler of heaven) was enraged, and would not cast an eye on it. When cycle upon cycle had lapsed away, Tenko's eldest son, Kami, obtained leave to put the world in order. To do this he procured a staff to fathom the depth of the incumbent mass, and having plunged it into the lifeless waters, found that they were shallowest in that spot where Japan is situated. Going down to the bottom of the sea, he heaved up a portion of the bed sufficient to form the island of Nippon, which he adorned with all the natural productions which still flourish there. Then dividing himself into two beings of different sexes, he peopled the new country. Stimulated by their brother's example, other sons of Tenko made islands in other parts of the world, peopling them in the same manner. Here the narrator digresses to tell us that, though Kami's brothers wrought with all possible will and energy, they lacked his skill and ingenuity, and consequently in their creation of land and occupant, failed to reach the same degree of perfection; for which reason the Japanese are superior to all other races of the world; and the lacquer, and chairs, and tables they make, and the houses they build, infinitely better than the lacquer, and chairs, and tables, and houses which come from the hands of all other artificers. The staff, by the way, still exists in the shape of an evergreen tree, in one of the loftiest mountains in the island of Nippon. The doctors are not quite agreed in their acceptance of this cosmogony, some holding that at the beginning of the world the first of seven celestial spirits arranged the chaos, or confused mass of land and sea; and from the end of the rod with which this function was performed, there fell a muddy froth, which condensed, and formed the islands of Japan.

As for the national religion, strictly speaking, it was distributed through four distinct systems. One comprised the adoration of immortal Spirits, or children of the Highest Being. Temples, vast and magnificent, we are told, are erected in their honour, and the worship is carried out on a scale of peculiar pomp. That Christianity was introduced into the country at a very early period, there is safe foundation for believing. The second religious system was borrowed from the Brahmins; and the facts connected with it evidence in an extraordinary manner the rapid diffusion of Christianity, soon after it was established, to the eastward of India. About the year A. D. 55 (as closely as can be ascertained from the Japanese chronology) Mimiti, Emperor of China, heard of an Indian sect, called Xaca. Curiosity induced him to send for one of its disciples, whom he interrogated respecting the doctrines, discipline, &c., of the sect; and the result gratified him so far that he sent ambassadors into India to acquire a perfect knowledge of the Xaca's tenets. When the ambassadors returned home in A. D. 62, they found the Xacas already established in Japan, under the imperial protection. The doctrines of the latter, although corrupted by transmission down through so many centuries, coincide so closely with those of the Christian faith, that it is impossible not to identify one with the other. According to them, there are future recompenses established for virtue, and punishments for vice. Good men are received after death into a place of happiness where all desires are fulfilled, whilst the wicked are imprisoned in a place of torment. Xaca is the Saviour of mankind; and He was born into the world of a woman, that man, whom he had seen err, might be redeemed

and attain to a happy resurrection. The God-head consists of three persons in unity—a coincidence in chronology and doctrine, which disposes of the infidel assertions that ascribe the origin of the gospel to the corrupted traditions of the East. It is also remarkable that the few Xacas yet remaining in Japan worship an image with three heads and forty hands—a symbol of the Trinity and of the universality of the divine operations. They believe that no matter what crimes a sinner may have committed, he may obtain salvation if he dies, invoking the forgiveness of the Deity. They believe also that God is invisible, that he had no beginning and will have no end; that his providence is unlimited, and that He ought to be revered as the inexhaustible source of all good.

The religious system of the followers of Confucius is not clearly defined. They themselves consider the sun as the highest divinity, the supreme dispenser of heat, and cold, and fruitfulness. Next to the sun in order of dignity are ranked the moon and stars. Divine honours are paid to all; but a special description of homage is reserved exclusively for the Great Light. Every constellation forms a distinct divinity in itself, and these divinities make peace and war, form alliances by marriage, seek to outwit and cajole one another; in fact, are liable to all the weaknesses of humanity, except that they are immortal, and capable of assuming any shape they like. This system enjoys the credit of having originated the religion of the fireworshippers. The lower Japanese are, for the most part, excessively superstitious, whilst those of higher rank and education are, generally speaking, infidels and atheists. There is, in reality, no state religion. Every one is at liberty to follow the dictates of his conscience; but if he becomes a Christian, it is at the risk of exposing his life and fortune to the severity with which the government visits the worst offenders. The Spiritual Emperor (Kin Rey was reigning in '29), is head of the old religious system. With him rests the bestowal of dignities and the conferring of the spiritual title *Kami*, which is an honourable designation ambitioned by the first men of the empire. He is invisible to all classes of the people except his own household and the officers of the temporal emperor, who are frequently dispatched to him. Once a year, on the occasion of a great festival, he appears in an open gallery of the palace, where only his feet are seen, whilst the people assemble in crowds below, and fill the air with pious acclamations. He always wears silk robes, the material being manufactured, from the first process to the last, by the hands of maidens set apart for that special purpose. He receives his meals daily in new vessels, which are broken directly he has used them; for nobody is thought worthy to take food out of the same dish and cup with him, and the consequence of doing so would be immediate death. Throughout his whole life he never touches the earth lest his feet should be defiled; and when moving from place to place he is borne aloft on the shoulders of his courtiers. His nails and beard are cut when he sleeps. Between certain hours of the day he is obliged to sit upon his throne with the crown upon his head in a state of immobility—that condition being thought beneficial to the peace and tranquillity of the empire; and should he move himself in the slightest degree so as to direct his face or shoulders towards any particular province, the people become alarmed and predict war, famine and pestilence, for the quarter thus indicated. When the "time of sitting" has ended, the emperor rises, and the crown is deposited on the cushions, in his stead. Polygamy is a national institution, and he is permitted to marry a dozen wives. He changes his dress every day, the clothes which he had worn the day previous being burned, as it is believed that anyone who should put them on would be seized immediately with a loathsome leprosy.

The Japanese character is highly eulogised by writers who have spent much time in inquiring into the habits and peculiarities of the people. They are active, industrious, temperate, inquisitive, and generous; capable of extraordinary enterprises; polite to extravagance, and universally educated in proportion to their opportunities of acquiring information. Those good qualities are unfortunately counterbalanced by their propensities to deceit, vindictiveness, and jealousy. All the riches of the empire are in the custody and under the control of the princes, who are extremely proud of their great wealth. Rank is hereditary as with ourselves; and no gentleman, however low his fortunes may have fallen, will compromise his ancestry by forming an alliance below his own caste. As a manufacturing people the Japanese are skilful cabinet-makers, and thoroughly acquainted with the making of all articles of do-

mestic economy. In the production of silk and woollen goods they are scarcely inferior to Europeans. Of astronomy they know little; indeed their knowledge of all the abstruse sciences is exceedingly limited. The empire never produced a great poet, painter, or sculptor; for, notwithstanding the high opinion which they entertain of their rhythmical compositions, everyone who knows the language agrees that they are barren and meagre; whilst their artistic efforts are below the notice of mediocrity. The alphabet is symbolical, or what stenographers call arbitrary; and their writing is made up in vertical lines like a sum in addition.

In 1829 we knew very little of the domestic life of the people. It was understood that the rooms in the best houses were generally embellished with a portrait of a favourite divinity; or hung with richly ornamented paper, inscribed with moral or philosophic sentences. On the surface is often sketched grotesque caricatures of Chinese mandarins, or with figures of birds and fishes. Behind the windows, on which are arranged flower-pots filled with odoriferous plants, or in their default, artificial flowers impregnated with the subtlest perfume, the occupant fixes a screen on which are sketched landscapes, in a peculiar vehicle, composed of gold dust and powdered lacquer. Perfuming pots of brass or silver, wrought in the shapes of lions, cranes, and dogs, swing in silk nets from the roof; whilst on every ledge, bracket and moulding of the apartment, are ranged gorgeous vases of porcelain and ornaments in *biscuit* and gold. Their love of decoration, indeed, is carried to excess. Their robes have curiously-wrought borders of the richest dye and tissues; even their paper shoes are gilded and spangled. At meals, although the attendants are numerous, not a word is spoken, communication being carried on by an admirably organised signalling system. The plates and dishes will be found ornamented with ribbons; and the beak and feet of the fowls covered with a singular description of gold-foil.

Charlevoix tells us that in his time—most accurate calculator!—Japan contained thirteen thousand cities, nearly all of which were flourishing and populous. They were totally devoid of walls; and the streets, which were extremely narrow, cut each other at right angles, and were flanked at each end by elaborately ornamented gates. An *otona*, or superintendent officer, whose functions appear to be similar to those of the British policeman, keeps guard over each thoroughfare; and, like his European brother, is obliged to conform to the orders of the magistrates. A register containing the names of the inhabitants of each street is kept by the *otona*, and he is obliged to furnish a faithful account of the births, deaths and marriages which take place in his particular district. In case of a dispute between two persons, he may suggest a compromise, but has no power to enforce his recommendations, nevertheless he can punish slight crimes with imprisonment. He is assisted in his duties by three petty constables.

Such is a summary of our knowledge of Japan in 1829; since then we have grown more incursive and inquisitive; and the result is that we should not be surprised to hear that Cambridge or Oxford contemplated the erection of a chair of Japanese *Belle lettres*. One of the least romantic consequences of the increase of knowledge is, that whilst it opens up new fields of thought and action, it tends to destroy or limit the domain of imagination. Japan, the land of the salamanders, of the beautiful Fusiyan shadows of fairy lakes and heavenly skies, has been stripped of much of its finery since the European poked his stick through its fragile screens, and saw what was going on inside them. Frozen to-day, in the breath of the Siberian wind, it blazes like a furnace when the south wind blows up from the Pacific; then come the rainy months, when the snake and scorpion leave their holes for a splash in the muddy streets, and the rats swarm in the thresholds. "Centipeles hide in your shoes," says a late writer, "or crawl up your wife's muslin dress as she sits in her drawing-room; and beetles bury themselves in your pockets, and serpents look in at your paper windows." Such was—such is Japan. The deeper we dive into the well of Truth the nearer we get to the mud.

POESY.—Poetry serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation.

BOOKS.—We should make the same use of a book that a bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

HOW THEY MANAGE SOME MATTERS IN BELGIUM.



AM in the quaint old city of Bruges. It is a pleasant place, and if the country around it was just a little more picturesque and a little less flat, I know few of the lesser cities of the continent which could be considered as a more desirable place of residence. To any one with any love for old times—for the history of the middle ages, and particularly of those old municipal commonwealths that were so jealous of their liberties, and too often so bitterly at feud with each other—Bruges, as well as the other cities of Flanders, furnishes an almost exhaustless mine to investigate. Its grand churches, its town-hall—which the worthy Flemings are restoring with all the slowness and deliberation which are supposed to be characteristic of their race—the hall, with its tall tower and musical chimes, the admirable Hospital of St. John of God—all are so many monuments which perforce take away the mind from the present, and lend it to a day long past. Here and there, as we walk through the streets, we come upon the statue of some worthy of the place whom S.P.Q.B.—*Senatus populusque Brugensis*—not *Romanus*—delighted thus to honour. In one quarter we are pointed out the house in which King Charles the Second of England lodged, in his out-at-elbows days, before the Restoration; and a little inquiry will satisfy us that his Majesty's example has been followed by a pretty large number of his Majesty's successors' subjects, who, being in like case with his Majesty, have followed the royal lead, and quietly settled down here, where a small income will go a much longer way than at home. The people whom we meet in the streets have hardly a foreign appearance; the men are strong-looking, well-built, and would easily pass for Englishmen or Irishmen. The women are more comely than continental women usually are, and, with their clean caps and long black cloth cloaks, remind us not a little of the peasant women of the south of Ireland. All men and women, have a substantial, well-to-do appearance, and if a traveller wishes to see a good sample of continental peasantry, let him repair to the market-place at Bruges, on Saturday, and walk leisurely through the crowd that is assembled there. Here is a perfect little town of booths erected, in which every imaginable article is exposed for sale; the brave Belgians are there in myriads, gathered in from the surrounding country, and dressed, the women, at least, in all sorts of quaint costumes. Some have the plain caps and long cloaks of which we have spoken. Others wear their caps bedizened all over with lace, which we believe—for being inexperienced we can speak with small confidence on the subject—is of priceless worth in female eyes. Some wear queer head-dresses, with things that look like horns standing up from them; others, again, have caps with lappets that fall down on the sides, in front like the long wigs of judges and queen's counsel upon gala days. Many, instead of cloth cloaks, wear cloaks of a similar form, but made of linen or calico, and light in colour; they are neither as graceful nor as comfortable looking as the others. Through all the crowd there prevails the most perfect good conduct, and through all there is kept up a loud buzz of Flemish talk, not pleasing in sound, I must say, to the uneducated ear. But, over all, from the lofty tower that looks down upon the square, peal forth the chimes, ringing out harmoniously the praises of "*La Vivandière*," or "*La Belle Flamande*," and whatever other fair ones inspired the Flemish musicians of old. Come away with me, reader, from the crowded market and let us seek the quiet rampart; there, undisturbed, we can better listen to the chimes wafted to us by the wind, and mellowed by the distance. We will walk along, looking down at the broad canal which comes up from Ostend and the sea, and passes on to Ghent. And now we come to a famous spot, the Minnewater, a broad lake-like pool which ran with blood in old times. For when the people of Bruges were digging a canal here, the men of Ghent came suddenly on them, attacked them, and slew great numbers of them. But now all is peaceful, and there is nothing that could make us imagine that such a tragedy had been enacted here.

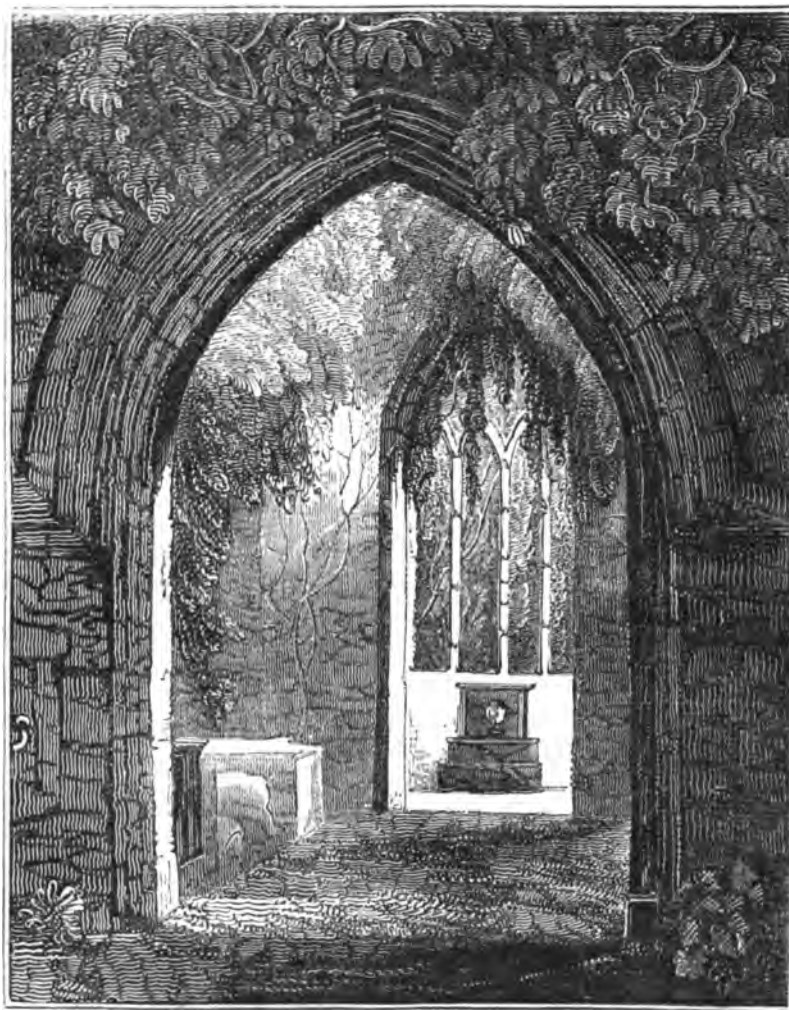
Utterly at a loss for occupation, I begin to think that I will study the lane behind my lodgings, and its inhabitants. Accordingly I turn my attention to my humble neighbours, and one morn-

ing I find that there is a considerable amount of excitement prevailing amongst them. The lace-making is going on as usual, but it is evident that the tongues of the ladies, who are sitting at their street doors, are going just as nimbly as their fingers. Little local committees assemble, and a vast deal of debating takes place, all in Flemish and, therefore, to me unintelligible. Many groups form themselves in particular, at which there stands a portly dame, the wife of an honest carpenter who lives in that house. She is idle, but apparently there is some great thought in her mind. She is the centre of attraction, and hundreds of questions are addressed to her by the gossips of the lane. The carpenter himself seems also, like his better half, to be neglecting his business, and appears to devote his energies to the two objects, of keeping his pipe lit, and of answering the innumerable inquiries of the various Jans and Piets who come up to him. There is something great, evidently, on the minds both of himself and of his dame, and the something is manifestly a matter of which neither of them is ashamed, but in which both take rather considerable pride. But the good old lady suddenly towards evening becomes energetic, and the great thoughts which she has been revolving in her mind, take the outward form of "welling" her house, as they call it here, that is, of getting a huge pail of water, dashing it about in all directions, and scrubbing as if the salvation of the entire city of Bruges depended on the cleanliness of her residence. She comes out with her pail, and she dashes the water against her door and windows, and she scrubs them. She goes in, and I can hear the splashing of the liquid element over the floors and stairs, and then I can discern the hissing sound of more scrubbing. Something of the same kind, though in a lesser degree, takes place in all the neighbouring houses. Then I see that some public festivity must be at hand, for men come and erect a little triumphal arch, with flowers and evergreens, at the entrance of the lane, and most of the houses are more or less decorated, but especially that of my friend the carpenter, which is plainly to be made to bear the foremost part in whatever rejoicing is going to take place. I stroll out, and as I pass through the market-place, I observe that preparations are being made for an exhibition of fireworks. I go on towards the railway station, and everywhere on my way I see that the worthy Brugeois are expecting something. At the station itself, there is a crowd assembled, two or three carriages are drawn up at its gates, and from all the signs abroad I conjecture that the arrival of at least a German grand duke, if not of some higher potentate, by a very early train, must be anticipated. I address one of the crowd in French with the view of finding out what it all means, but the person I have selected can speak nothing but Flemish. I try another and another, and at last my perseverance is rewarded. I confess I am not a little astonished, perhaps disappointed, as perhaps you will be, my reader, at learning what all the fuss is about. It is not that the king is coming, or the Duke of Brabant, or the King of Prussia, or the Queen of England, or, in fine, any of the illustrious personages whose names appear in the Gotha Almanac. Neither are the preparations made in honour of any individual, who, to the great benefit of the human race and his own immortal renown, has either by cotton-spinning or bill-discounting amassed a fortune which entitled him to that highest of modern titles, the name of *millionaire*. The whole matter is simply this. A young lad belonging to the city—a lad not of any very exalted extraction either—who has been studying art at the government school of design at Antwerp, has borne away the *prix de Rome*; in plain English, his proficiency in his studies has entitled him to a prize of 12,000 francs, about £420, which is given him to enable him to go and spend three years in the art-capital of the world. For this, to do honour to their young townsman, all Bruges is on foot. For this the crowd is assembled at the station to await his arrival, and receive him with acclamations. The carriages are waiting for him. I must say that my independent British blood boils at the notion of such honour being paid to any one under the rank of an earl. But the people here do not seem to think that they are doing too much. They are all excitement, and appear to be under the impression that the young gentleman's success really confers some substantial fame upon their city, and that they cannot do enough to testify their gratitude for what he has done for them. But this is not all. I am also made to understand the meaning of all that has been taking place in the wretched lane behind my lodgings. Will my readers believe me when I state that the triumphal arch, the scrubbing, and the general excitement in

that locality, all had reference to the fact that the carpenter's son had borne away the highest prize at the local school of design? I am meditating upon the folly of these wretched continental people, when a buzz arises among the crowd, the Antwerp train is arriving, and with it the hero of the day. Up comes the snorting engine with its load of carriages behind it, and out of one of them steps a young man, who is forthwith greeted with an enthusiastic welcome by every one present. He passes through the station, escorted by two or three priests, his old schoolmasters, as I am told; with them he gets into one of the carriages that were waiting, and followed by the other vehicles, and by as many of the crowd as could keep up with them, drives off to the town-hall, where is taking place the local distribution of prizes, in which, as I have heard, the carpenter's son is to have the principal part. I follow, but when I arrive at the town-hall, I find it impossible to effect an entrance there, every available spot of room being fully occupied. I return to my lodgings meditating on the superiority of our people at home, who never waste their enthusiasm upon a set of wretched daubers, and I begin, as evening falls, to get into that comfortable frame of mind which is produced by self-satisfaction. All this humbug is over, I think and the good Brugeois have by this returned to their senses. But when evening has fallen, matters become worse. The lane is all alive, and suddenly comes on my ears the noise of a band below. I look out, and see a sight the like of which I hope I shall never see again. The band, a good one too, is actually serenading the young artist, the carpenter's son, and the neighbours are all standing about, evidently proud of the honour done to their lane in the person of its denizen. I shut my window and go out to walk through the streets. As I proceed I hear the noise of another band; this time, as I hear, the serenade is in honour of the priests at whose school the young man who obtained the prize at Antwerp was educated. So that the people appear determined to heap honours, not merely on the successful man himself, but also on those who may, even remotely, have been the cause of his success. I try to fly from the sound of the music, and make my way to the Grande Place, but there worse awaits me. There is a large crowd gathered, there is more music, and in a short time the whole square is lighted up with the blaze of fireworks. Rockets, Bengal lights, Catherine wheels, squibs and crackers,—everything that is made of pasteboard and damp gunpowder are flying away, breaking into sparks, going off with loud reports, and turning night temporarily into day, to the intense delight of the

assembled crowd, who every now and then burst into loud applause, mingled with cheers for M. C. Bourgmestre, and for the two young lads, the heroes of the festivity. And all this is in honour of a carpenter's son, and of another youth of equally humble birth! all this is done for one lad who, to the knowledge of every one, lived in a poor house in a wretched lane, and another who equally, to the knowledge of every one, has been educated at a charity school. I am very sure that it will be long before any place either in England or in Ireland will go into such raptures upon such a subject. Only imagine any one of our large towns, Cork for instance, or Limerick, or Belfast, putting itself into holiday array, making its streets noisy with music, and bright with fireworks, because one of its children has achieved some such success as the prizes obtained

by these two young Belgians. Of course the thing could not be. Our people have far too much self-respect for such nonsense, and both Englishmen and Irishmen will always know how to reserve their enthusiasm for some more worthy objects than a couple of canvas-stainers. As to Bruges, I declare that the ordinarily quiet town does not regain its propriety and usual tranquillity until early in the morning, and at times I believed, from the uproar about me, that I must have been transported into some noisier land than West Flanders. But all things must cease at last. The last note of the music is played, the last spark of the last rocket dies out, leaving a blacker night behind it, the last enthusiastic admirer of the arts and their votaries goes home; I follow his example, and retire to rest. Reader, good night!



MUCROSS ABBEY.

THE Abbey of Irrelagh, or, as it usually called, Mucross, Lakes of Killarney, is, perhaps, more generally

visited and better known than any ecclesiastical ruin in Ireland. That a church was situated here from a very remote time appears from MSS. preserved in the library of Trinity College. Ware states that it was founded in 1440, by Donald, the son of Teige Mac Carthy, but there is much reason to doubt the authenticity of this account, as the "Annals of the Four Masters," under the year 1340, record the foundation of a monastery here. The Abbey, the interior of which, as seen through the entrance doorway, is illustrated above, consists of a nave and choir, separated by a belfry of small proportions, and only designed to hold a single bell. This belfry is pierced by a narrow gothic arching, which connects the nave and choir. On the south side of the nave there is a small transept, with which it is connected by a large archway.



KILSHARVAN.

THE civil, military, and ecclesiastical antiquities of Ireland have, for several years, presented a fruitful field of research and inquiry to many able writers, who have succeeded, after much toil, and considerable erudition, in dissipating to a certain extent, the mist of indifference and ignorance that has so long shrouded their history. Still, although much has been done, the subject is still so very plentiful, the harvest is not yet exhausted; and there are yet many of these remains, which, from their situation, add considerably to the picturesque and attractive appearance of the country, yet wholly unknown or disregarded.

It is true, nearly all the extensive monastic and baronial edifices in Ireland are already before the public; but there is another class of buildings that has been generally unnoticed; those small oratories which were built on spots already consecrated by the residence of an anchorite, or on the site of a decayed monastery or abbey; and not unfrequently owed their origin to the performance of a vow, or for the support of an ecclesiastic whose office it was to pray for the soul of the founder, whose tomb usually was within the walls.

The church of Kilsharvan is situated about a mile and a half east of Duleek, near the banks of the little river Nanny Water, county Louth, and appears to be of great antiquity. Of the portions of the walls that remain, the most prominent are the chancel arch, which is pointed and clothed with ivy, and a semicircular arch dividing the nave from the choir. In the south wall are two windows, square-headed and deeply recessed.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER IX.

"Jamaica Lodge.

MY DEAR MR. FAVERSHAM—You will, I am sure, be delighted to hear that Timothy Darling, the policeman, is now, through your great kindness, installed as porter to the "Wide World Life Assurance Company." He has his lodging, coals and candles, and £40 a year.

"He has desired me to thank you on his behalf, but your best reward, I am sure, will be the pleasure of knowing that you have been permitted to be the instrument of doing good.

"Mamma desires her kind regards, and bids me remind you that there is a little spot out of the gay world, called Jamaica Lodge.

"Very sincerely yours,

"ARAMINTA ASHBY.

"Tuesday evening.

"You once, if I am not mistaken, expressed a desire to hear an oration in the City Hall. There will be one delivered there on Monday next."

Mr. Henry Faversham, in elegant morning costume, a pipe in his mouth, (it was always there) and a cup of cold tea before him, rocked himself in his American chair, in Arty's sanctum, as he read Miss Ashby's letter. Was the style thereof so polished that it would bear three or four readings? Or was Mr. Faversham sympathising in the good fortune of Timothy Darling? There was interest to the sight of Mr. Faversham in the direction upon the envelope, aye in the post-mark. It was hardly necessary that Mrs. Ashby should desire her daughter to remind him

that Jamaica Lodge, to quote a Clapham platitude, "stood where it did." But the oration! Why was he reminded of that? Would Miss Ashby be there; and had she the hope of meeting him when the oration came off? The idea was too flattering to be put aside. Mr. Faversham nursed it therefore, as he smoked his pipe and sipped his cold tea.

The girl is not such an icicle after all. These serious young ladies, once in love, throw themselves head over ears into the business. Your demure reader of Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan drops the heavy family editions, and takes to a shilling's worth of highly-seasoned sentiment. She is very difficult to ignite, but once on fire, the flames gather over her head, and her friends should hasten to the rescue. The lips of Mr. Faversham puckered as these thoughts, stimulated by tobacco, swept through his brain. Decidedly, on reading the postscript for the fifth time, the reference to the oration was a broad hint. Delightful to have one's vanity so splendidly banquipped! The delight to Faversham was modified by his own sense of his superb manners; of his outward graces; of his great claims, in short, to feminine admiration. Naturally the girl admired him. He might have been certain that if he maintained a reserved position, the poor fascinated creature must advance.

The first transports of this magnificently vain conception over, Mr. Henry Faversham laid his pipe aside, and wrote to Jamaica Lodge. He was delighted to hear that the policeman was placed comfortably: it was indeed a privilege to be the humble means of helping Timothy Darling; he was obliged by Mrs. Ashby's kind message, which was, however, an unnecessary one; and he would unquestionably endeavour to find time to hear the oration. He rose proudly from his desk, proud as a mighty conqueror. His silent eloquence had vanquished a frigid girl, before whom hundreds of men would have trembled. She had actually made the first advances!

Pressing business bore Mr. Henry Faversham speedily to his chambers in London, in the company of Mr. Clifton. The parental oracle was delighted to see that his boy would not permit pleasure to interfere with business. A few highly sensible remarks on the value of punctuality and perseverance, on the unhealthiness of late hours, and on the necessity of being prudent in the choice of friends, dismissed Mr. Henry Faversham from the presence of the starched oracle, grave and reverent. Mr. Clifton was thanked for his visit, and a brilliant career was provided for him, if he would, as he no doubt would, abandon those rabid ideas with which vulgar fellows and bad fellows like Mr. Thomas Paine and Mr. Cobbett had unhappily inoculated the minds of the young men of the day. Clifton acknowledged the hospitality, and swallowed the advice, of his friend's governor.

Half an hour afterwards, shillings were being dropped into the hands of railway officials, winks were being exchanged with the guard, and there were inquiries about lucifer matches. The governor and his precepts were forgotten. Where should the evening be spent in town? Where would Namby be smoking? Where would Stackington be airing his last new coat?

Sad young dogs! The Grove goes honestly to bed at ten o'clock, while they are throwing themselves into a Hansom cab at London-bridge. Clara Faversham is wishing that somebody would invite her to London, as she shakes her solid flakes of hair over her ample glistening shoulders; and Ada, quite dull, dropping upon her knees, in a robe of angelic whiteness, hopes Henry has arrived safely at his chambers. The Oracle has said his prayers, polishing his heavy seals the while, and is disturbing the swallows in the ivy, with his sonorous nose. The wind is gently lifting the yellow leaves from the trees without; and the night is travelling quietly to meet the day.

Far on will the night have journeyed before the young fellows who left the Grove an hour or two since, speeding on their way to study, go to rest—feverish and fagged.

Mr. John Ashby was glad to welcome his chum back. Faversham was still sleeping heavily when Mr. Jack was panting and hissing in his sponge-bath. This gentleman had his tooth-brush in his hand, when his curiosity to learn something about the sleeper's trip, vanquished his resolution not to disturb him. Mr. Jack whistled; Mr. Jack moved the chairs noisily in the sitting-room. The sleeper grunted and moved in his bed.

"Wake, old boy?" shouted Mr. Jack at once, determined to be heard.

"Let a fellow have his sleep out."

"All right!" But Mr. Jack still whistled. He was impatient to hear and give news.

"Any letters?"

Jack was delighted to hear this question, and darted into Mr. Faversham's bed-room. Two young friends who are in the habit of meeting and dining together daily, who share the same knocker, and the same tobacco-jar, have much to report to each other when they have been parted during ten days. Jolly evenings have been passed; Harry has lost four pounds upon the billiard-table; Julius has been "screwed" at O'Rollikin's call party; a very pretty legacy has been left to that lucky dog Fanshawe, and wretched little Bill Harris is in the Bench. Jack had his quiver full of points to shoot at his chum. Namby had had another "row" with his governor; Mocatta had told another lie; Stackington was corresponding angrily with his father from the British debtors' sanctuary, opposite Folkestone; and Topley, the fool, had married!

"Married!" exclaimed Mr. Faversham. "But how did he manage it?"

"Didn't cost much. Wedding-breakfast, ale and sandwiches; honeymoon trip, a run to Gravesend and back; bridal chamber, College Place, or Street—I forget which—Camden Town."

"A lively beginning," said Mr. Faversham. "Has the girl any money?"

"Not a screw—not a brass farthing—not a button," was the emphatic answer.

"Poor devils!" Mr. Faversham was pleased to add, in his sympathising way, and the conversation wandered from the connubial prospects of the Topleys—to Jamaica Lodge—hither was the thread of conversation drawn, by the delicate touch of the gentleman who was interested in a certain lady of the establishment. Everybody was very well, according to Mr. Jack. Araminta was as serious as ever; and Ashby père had been asking after Mr. Faversham.

Would Miss Ashby be at the oration? The City Hall was a large place. If she were there, where would she be? Would her desire to catch every word draw her into the reserved seats; or would her humility land her among the common people? Over his first pipe o' mornings; as he drew his gown upon his shoulder, for the Hall dinner; while he brewed his toddy, and while he sorted his cards at the whist-table, Mr. Faversham asked himself these questions. Should he see that serious, cold, little face fixed upon the orator? Would those cool lips fall apart, as those dainty, pink ears were gathering in his brilliant periods?

What a miserable wretch is a man with one vehemently dominating idea in his head! He may seek friends, take violent exercise, indulge in narcotics, and still this fiendish idea dogs him. Once in an easy chair, in the corner of a carriage, or upon his pillow, and the idea stalks into his presence, tugs at his attention, and will not begone on any conditions. He has been rid of it while the blood was dancing through him, during a gallop or a hearty laugh; but the horse in the stable and the laughter sunk to stillness, and at once the idea twitches at his elbow. It vanishes while he is playing a losing hazard, but it plucks at him while he is chalking his cue. How he twists it about and tortures it! How he endeavours to believe in the morning that it is a pleasant idea; and how, at night, it lies heavily upon him, the nightmare of his waking moments. Suddenly he turns warmly upon it, and imperiously dismisses it; but it fades only to wait for his quiet moments, that it may sneak into his brain again. Give up the fight, and leave the tyrannical idea in possession, and, if you be a rich man, your relations will speedily introduce you to Dr. Conolly.

"Oh! very eloquent! There never was a larger subscription in the Hall, so Mr. Hoddinott told me. Never."

It was Sunday morning when it occurred to Mr. Ashby to ask his daughter whether she had been pleased with the oration in the City Hall.

Saint Araminta was refreshing herself with a crust of bread and a glass of sherry, after morning service. She looked pretty with her bonnet strings untied, and her black silk mantle lying loosely around her. Her serious white little face, with that demure little mouth slowly devouring a chip from the staff of life, was cold enough, however. Faversham must have been mad when he believed that the little marble hand, which we remark steadily conveying some sherry to the cold little mouth, had written him a serious letter, to hide a suggestion of a tender nature.

"I saw Mr. Faversham at the door, as I was coming out," said

Miss Araminta, still slowly munching her crust. She looked colder than ever.

"Did you speak?"

"No. I had almost passed before I saw him. I don't know whether he saw me." Frigid as water-drops from ice fell these words. "I don't think I shall go out, papa, before dinner. Victoria, take my bonnet and mantle," the saint added languidly.

Amy was giggling in the next room with her young brother, and was tarrying, when Mr. Ashby peremptorily called upon her to mind her sister's words.

"What Victoria can find to laugh at all day long I cannot imagine," said saint Araminta. She threw herself upon the sofa, and vowed that she was quite exhausted.

"Victoria," Mr. Ashby called, "fetch your sister her salts!"

"You walk like an elephant," the saint observed faintly, as her sister handed her the bottle.

"I cannot help being heavy, dear," was Victoria's simple and good-natured answer.

"Don't take the luncheon away," cried Mrs. Ashby to the servant, "I expect Mr. John and his friend here presently."

"What friend?" asked Mr. Ashby, as he drew his amber bandanna daintily round his Sunday hat.

"Why, Mr. Faversham to be sure!"

"How could you ask Mr. Faversham here, on a Sunday, of all days," cried, or whined the saint. "You know how dull he'll find it."

Mr. Faversham as those words were passing from Miss Ashby's lips, was lifting himself to the box seat of the omnibus, that was to bear him and his friend to Jamaica Lodge. Little, dim, vapoury shadows of dancing Cupids were playing about him, and he was whisking them energetically away, but there they were, wrisking under his hat, fluttering upon his hands, dallying with his hair. They might have their fun out, for, in a few hours it was his determination he would know who had sent them to plague him. Valiantly did he hold to his resolution, while the omnibus rolled past the places and terraces that lay between London and Jamaica Lodge. It was only when Mr. Jack Ashby was leading the way from the gate to the house, that it struck Mr. Faversham he was on a fool's errand. Pleased with this penetration at the last minute, he would watch and see whether the girl would give him a hint. Victoria warned his welcome with her beaming eyes, and Mrs. Ashby, in Sabbath colours and fragrance, declared heartily that she thought she was never going to see Mr. Faversham again. Miss Ashby rose from the sofa, and dropped her fingers into the gentleman's hand. She was sure she was very much obliged to Mr. Faversham for the interest he had taken in the case of Timothy Darling, the policeman. Mr. Faversham must really beg that Miss Ashby would not mention such a trifle. And then silence between the two.

Mr. Faversham took sherry with his host, and continued to keep his temper while he extricated himself from the bearish embraces of Master Walter, (whose mother declared, when he brushed Mr. Faversham's hat the wrong way, that "he had such spirits.") The dinner had been eaten, and Master Walter's voracious finger had been dipped into every dessert dish (not excepting that in which the preserved ginger lay), when the host, having exhausted the topics of the day, and deliberately stated his firm conviction that Messrs. Spatterby, Hodgson, and Spatterby would not pay one farthing more than four shillings and eightpence in the pound, suggested a cool bottle of claret upon the lawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEW PIGMENT.—Artists will be glad to learn that a new and important yellow pigment has just been introduced under the name of aureolin, which will be found to be a most valuable addendum to the palette. It is of a splendid yellow colour of rich and brilliant hue, and possesses the invaluable and long sought for combination of qualities—brilliancy, permanency, and transparency. Its tints are very pure in tone, the lighter ones being extremely delicate and clear. Aureolin mixes well with all other colours, forming with blues a magnificent range of brilliant greens; and by the side of ultramarine and madder-red, it completes a triad of brilliant, permanent, and transparent primitive colours. It is absolutely permanent, being equally unaffected by long continued exposure to the sun's rays, or to the action of the action of the impure gases which may contaminate the atmosphere.

A FEW NOTES ON PAPER.



IN prefacing a few notes anent the material on which we write, we may remark incidentally that the term "book" is derived from the ancients, who, when writing on the leaves of trees was superseded, so named the inner bark of the lime tree, which was their paper—"biblios," a book; thus we have the term Bible, *the Book*, the most eminent of all books. The term "leaves" comes from the fact of the leaves of trees having been used to write on—as the leaves of the talipot-tree are still used in the East—and the word "page" is derived from the Latin *pangio*, to write; all substances written on were called *pagina*, whether the substances were leaves, bark, or parchment; hence page; and lastly the word *paper* comes from the Egyptian word *papyrus*, a plant which grew on the banks of the Nile, to the height of ten or twelve feet, having a bulky stem with a bunch of loose silky filaments growing at the top, from which the first paper was made. The method of manufacture was curious. From the centre of the stem of the papyrus were cut long thin stripes, which, being laid at right angles on a smooth table, were moistened with Nile water, which was supposed to possess glutinous properties, and then pressed by and polished with smooth stones. Paper thus made is supposed to have been used as early as the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt, and there are yet many specimens extant. In the museum of Turin is a manuscript said to have been written two hundred years before the birth of Moses, and we have read somewhere of rolls of papyrus manuscript which contain the history of Sesostris, said to have been written during the life of that monarch. The *pens* used were made of the "calamus," a reed growing on the banks of the Nile, cut and fashioned somewhat in the way we cut and fashion quills, and the ink was probably a compound of soot and vegetable extracts. The papyrus plant is still used in Egypt for sails, fuel, cordage, and clothing.

From the use of papyrus, lead, brass, copper, and wood for the leaves of books, the step to parchment was easy and natural. But the discovery and first application of this substance is due to accident, as are many improvements in that and subsequent ages. The inhabitants of Pergamos were desirous of procuring a library equal to that of Alexandria, then the most celebrated in the world. For this purpose they sent to Egypt for a supply of papyrus, which supply one of the Ptolemies, who was clearly no free-trader, refused to afford, on the supposition that a second library was not required in the world! The inhabitants of Pergamos were in despair, till one bright genius among them proposed to apply the skins of sheep to the purpose of paper making; and the hint being quickly taken, parchment was the consequence. The method of preparing the skins has scarcely altered from that day to this. They are steeped in pits impregnated with lime, taken out and stretched on frames, scraped and rubbed to half their original thickness, dressed and smoothed with chalk and pumice stone, and afterwards dried in the sun and pressed fit for use.

The most ancient parchment books of which we have any knowledge, are the Hebrew manuscripts, rolled on cylinders; and next to them the Arabic and Persian, which were usually formed of several square leaves folded together like a tailor's pattern-book. Rolled books were called *volumnia*; hence the word volume.

While on this subject of parchment we may here note that its invention called into requisition a number of persons who were employed as writers for the public libraries. They were generally slaves, who wrote with pens made of the calamus reed, and a kind of ink similar to that now used by printers, but not quite so oily. In the seventh century the art of *illuminating* books had risen to be a regular profession, and about that time, too, quills were first used by the scribes. From the difficulty of reading ancient monuments and parchments, the modern science of palæography, or the art of deciphering, has arisen. Montfaucon, the author of the "*Palæographica Græca*," a work of immense utility to antiquarians, has been esteemed the most celebrated decipherer in Europe. By means of a process called, "Photo-lithography," recently introduced, faithful portraits of old records, for they are more than transcripts or

copies, have been, however, produced. The art has been long known, though not much used. In 1805 a patent was taken out for "an improved process for producing photographic pictures or designs on the surface of stone or metal, so that impressions may be taken therefrom by the process of lithographic printing." A lithographic stone was coated with a solution of gum, sugar, and bichromate of potash, and when the picture was printed on this, the action of light acted on the gum, and rendered it almost insoluble. The stone was then washed with a solution of soap, and by this and the washing away of the parts not affected by the light, a printed surface was formed. Still earlier, in 1840, methods were suggested for photolithographic printing, but it remained for Colonel Sir H. James, R.E., to adopt various modifications, with very successful results. He first obtains, by means of the camera, an ordinary photograph on wet collodion; this is printed by exposure on a sheet of sensitive paper, formed by washing over engravers' tracing paper with a solution of gum-arabic and bichromate of potash. The picture so taken is then laid face down on a metal plate very evenly covered with a greasy ink, and passed through a lithographic press. It is then placed in a flat porcelain dish of warm water, and gently brushed with a soft brush, the ink being thus removed where it overlies the soluble gum, while it is retained on the parts constituting the picture. This "print" is then transferred to a polished zinc plate, and the transfer gummed and brought up by being rubbed over with printing ink and olive oil. When the details appear clear and strong, the plate is etched with a weak solution of phosphoric acid in gum water, and it is then ready for printing in the ordinary manner of a lithographic stone or zinc plate.

The invention of paper, it is said, took place in China, not long after the Nativity of our Saviour. During more than seven centuries its use was confined to the Chinese, who, whilst every modern civilized nation had been advancing in wisdom and practical knowledge, have remained stationary. In the eighth century—when, in wealth, knowledge, commerce, and civilization, the Arabs were the greatest people on earth—the Chinese paper was brought to Mecca, whence its use was successively introduced into those countries that afterwards, in their career of conquest and colonization, fell under the dominion of the Arabs. About the beginning of the twelfth century, the Arabians transmitted the art of making paper from cotton to the Spaniards, and from them to the Italians, French, and Germans; and in 1588, one Spielman, a German jeweller, obtained permission from Queen Elizabeth to set up a manufactory at Dartford, in Kent; and from his mill came the first paper made in England. We may add that the paper of the Chinese was made of silk, while that of the Hindoos was a coarse, rough tissue, manufactured from the bark of trees.

Paper is manufactured from cotton and linen rags. They are brought in waggons to the mill, whence they are transferred to a large cylindrical frame, covered with wire cloths, called the dusting machine. Here, as the machine revolves, they are rapidly turned about to free them from dust and foreign substances; and this preliminary step over, they are taken to the sorting-room, where the white rags are separated from the coloured by women and children; and from them conveyed in small boxes and baskets to the rag-cutters.

The rag-cutter consists of a knife fixed in the centre of a board in a vertical position, over the surface of which every piece of material is passed—after having been carefully examined to free it from buttons, pins, etc.—and then thrown into a large box beside the worker. Beneath the cutter is a drawer, covered with a wire cloth, to receive the dust. From the cutter the rags pass under the inspection of the overlooker, whose duty it is to see that no foreign substance is allowed to be present, as if the least bit of any solid material be suffered to remain, it would be ground up with the rags, and diffused in minute particles over the surface of the paper.

These preparations completed, the rags are boiled in a strong alkaline ley; and after being sufficiently freed from impurities and colouring matter, they are subjected to the action of a revolving cylinder, whose sharp teeth, aided by the water, which is freely admitted, soon reduce the mass to a pulp, which is technically termed the "stuff." This is received through a valve in the bottom of the engine into a pipe which conveys it to the draining chest of the bleaching-house; where, by the aid of chloride of lime, the dirty rags are brought to a pure and perfect white. By the same process, also, coloured rags are entirely deprived of their colouring

matter. After being dried and pressed, and greatly diminished in bulk, the "stuff" is again subjected to the action of a washing machine, which reduces it to a material about half-way between rags and paper, called "half-stuff," which in its turn is taken to the beating-house, where it undergoes a further beating and tearing, which finally reduces it to a fibrous condition fitted for making into paper. It is then conveyed to the "vat-house," where at each vat two workmen are engaged in the actual process of forming it into sheets. In each vat is a revolving wheel, called the "cog," whose action prevents one part from becoming heavier than another. And now commences the real hand process. The "vat-man" is provided with two moulds, each of which is covered with a wide bottom like a sieve. Seizing the mould, he plunges it obliquely into the pulp, and raising it carefully to a level, so that the stuff may be equally distributed over the mould, he allows the water to drain through the interstices of the wires, applies the "deckle," or movable raised edging to the sides, which prevents the "pulp" from escaping from the mould, and hands the newly-made sheet of paper to the "coucher," whose duty it is to hold it a minute in his hands, and then deposit it on the face of a felt sheet, which takes the paper off the mould. The empty mould is then exchanged for the one charged with "pulp," and it is almost inconceivable with what swiftness and dexterity these operations are continued. When the wires are woven into a kind of cloth, the paper made is called *rove*, and when the wires are placed across the mould, the kind known as *laid* is produced. The water mark is made by the introduction of a device into the wire-work of the mould. The delicate note and letter paper, known as "cream-laid," is made on a mould having the wires all placed in one direction, at regular distances from each other.

The duty on paper, we need scarcely remind our readers, was repealed by Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 1st of October, 1861. This, however, is not the first memorable instance in which this tax upon knowledge was remitted. In the early part of the sixth century the Emperor Theodoric abolished the duty on papyrus, which contributed to the revenue of the Roman empire, and upon which fresh imposts had been laid by successive rulers until they became oppressive. Cassiodorus congratulated the whole world on the repeal of the impost on an article so essentially necessary to the human race, and the general use of which, as Pliny says, "polishes and immortalises man." We may add, that on the morning when the duties on paper were to cease in these kingdoms, a large flag was hoisted from the paper-mill buildings at Brechin, in Scotland, bearing the motto, "The Devil's awa' wi' the Excise-man!"

Various substances have been tried to supersede cotton in the manufacture of paper, but with no great success; and M. Schaffer, of whom it was said, that "the whole world assumed to him the character of one mass of latent material for paper," produced it from various incongruous products, such as the bark of the vine, cabbage stalks, straw, wood-shavings, hop-vine, and husks of Indian corn. The coarser kinds of paper are now made from old ropes and straw, while the very finest sorts are made from new linen and silk. Bank notes are made from new linen, with a small admixture of pod cotton; and tracing paper is manufactured from the bark of the poplar tree. Cotton and linen rags, however, have been found to be the best materials for the manufacture of paper. Amongst the multitude of materials which have been proposed as a substitute for them, perhaps wood has been suggested the greatest number of times. On more than one occasion the manufacture has been actually carried out, and we saw, some years ago, really good paper for printing purposes produced from deal shavings, by the patent of J. and C. Watt. It is now said that a French lady has succeeded in manufacturing excellent paper from wood, and at a price much lower than that made from rags. Her method consists chiefly in the use of a new kind of machinery for reducing the wood to fine fibres, which are afterwards treated with the alkalis and acids necessary to reduce them to pulp, and the composition is finally bleached by the action of chlorine. By means of a series of parallel vertical wheels, armed with fine points, which are caused to pass over the surface of the wood in the direction of its fibres, the surface of the wood is marked, and the outer layer is formed into a kind of net, without woof, composed of separate threads. This layer of fine threads is afterwards removed by means of a plane, which is passed across the wood, and the portion thus removed, which resembles lint or flax, is then treated with chlorine, etc. Specimens

have thus been made consisting of a mixture of 80 per cent. of wood-pulp, and 20 per cent. of rag-pulp, and sheets have been tried by printers, lithographers, and others, with very satisfactory results. It is the unanimous opinion of the engravers and lithographers who have used it, that paper made according to this method, from wood, and which costs only £16 per ton, is quite equal to the China paper, which costs £214 per ton. It is confidently expected that experiments upon a larger scale will confirm the results already obtained.

The most ingenious method of disintegrating the fibre of wood which we have yet heard of is a Yankee "notion." Wood is placed in a cannon, the mouth of which is plugged up. High pressure steam is then forced in through the touch-hole, and when the pressure rises to a sufficient degree, the plug, together with the wood is blown out, the latter being reduced to the appearance of wool by the expansive force of the steam, with which its pores have been filled whilst in the cannon !

WITHERED LEAVES.

SHE took the little cabinet
Beneath her hands, so warm and white,
That all the dark-grained rosewood gleamed
Under her palms, with tender light.
Up rose the curious, carven lid,
All ivoryed with twisted sheaves,
And from their crimson cell she took
A slender spray of faded leaves.

A moment, thro' the Summer room,
An air of faintest fragrance stole ;
The withered branch sent out and out
The secret odour of its soul,
Dead ! but how many memories
Clung nestling round the wasted bloom,
Old mornings in the wolds and meads—
Old evenings in the garden gloom.

Awhile she stood in trifling mood,
A dream of idling loveliness ;
Awhile she strove to guard her tears,
With ill-assumed forgetfulness.
Around the room the odour swooned,
Her heart at the old passion leapt ;
Upon her hands she leant her head,
And, bending o'er the casket, wept.

Love, great is thine inheritance
Within the heart, within the brain !
Thou rule'st the mysteries of life,
When stronger influences wane.
When years have settled on our brows,
And snowed them with unceasing strife,
The fountains of our secret tears
Obey thy call, and spring to life.

Leaves—mournful leaves—their tablets bore
A hopeless story of the past ;
Of bright affections changed to pain,
Of hopes by fickle faith o'rcast.
Yet, grief will consecrate its own,
And fold its idol day by day,
Tho' truth may whisper in her ear,
Its feet, for all, are potter's clay.

Back to their crimson cell they go
Poor relics, loved for evermore ;
A tranquil splendour folds her brows,
The hour of agony is o'er.
Oh ! if there be one living truth
Adorning life—surviving death—
The radiant passion-flower of life,
'Tis woman's deep, unswerving faith.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.



II.—RHEBAN CASTLE, COUNTY KILDARE.



HEBAN was, in the second century, one of the inland towns of Ireland. The castle stands on the western bank of the Al Berba, Birgus, or Barragh, (the boundary river,) now the river Barrow. It was built, or greatly enlarged, in the early part of the thirteenth century, by Richard de St. Michael, when this and Dunamase, an adjoining district, were erected into a barony. Rheban was found of consequence to the first English settlers, who repaired and strengthened the castle, as also the opposite one of Kilberry, both intended to protect a ford on the river. The name of this castle was anciently Raiba, or Righ-ban, that is, the habitation of the king ; and though now in ruins, some idea can be formed of its former grandeur. Its massive walls—its mullioned windows, with its imposing situation, show it to be a place designed to awe the surrounding country, and forcibly call to mind the days when the chivalrous De St. Michael held his court here in feudal splendour, and lorded it over the petty chieftains of the borders of the Pale.

The Richard de St. Michael in question founded a monastery in Athy, on the west (his own) side of the river for crouched friars, under the invocation of St. John. A burial ground and some remains still exist. There was another religious edifice erected by the families of Boesel and Hogan, at the east entrance of the town, and dedicated to St. Michael, which is erroneously stated to have been the one founded by De St. Michael, Lord of Rheban. A coincidence between the names of the supposed founder and the monastery, called as it is St. Michael's, may have led to the mistake.

In 1325, in the absence of the English settlers, Rheban, Dunamase, and all their dependencies, were taken by O'Moore.

In 1424, Thomas Fitzgerald, Lord of Offaly, and afterwards seventh Earl of Kildare, marrying Dorothea, daughter of Anthony O'Moore, received in dower the manors of Rheban and Woodstock.

In 1642, the Marquis of Ormond took Rheban from the rebels, after an obstinate resistance.

In 1648, it was taken by Owen Roe O'Neill, who was afterwards defeated by Lord Inchiquin, and compelled to surrender Rheban and Athy.

Near the castle was a very high conical mount, thought to have been a sepulchral mound, raised over some king or chieftain, and though artificial in a great degree, there was, nevertheless, advantage

taken of a natural height, as may be seen by the undisturbed beds of gravel that have been taken from it for road purposes.

Rheban is situated in the parish of Churchtown, and union of Athy, about two-and-a-half miles north-west of the latter.

THE BLACK DOCTOR.

CHAPTER X V.



HE hand-chair at the door at once attracted the attention of Jonas, who gave instructions to his companion to hide the pewter measure while he would go and ask the new-comer his business.

"Has Doctor Bramble been here to-day?" asked Stammers, as the elastic Quill bowed respectfully to the question.

"He has, sir," replied Quill, "and he will be back soon—I expect him every moment. Perhaps you will come in and wait for him?"

"No," said Stammers; "I will remain here until he comes; but as soon as he arrives tell him that Mr. Stammers wants to see him particularly."

The curiosity of Quill became at once excited, and he made every kind of excuse for the object of having an opportunity of seeing to his satisfaction a person of whom he had heard so much in connection with the forged bill passed to Abraham Isaacs.

Stammers was aroused from deep, and anything but agreeable reflections, by Quill, informing him that Dr. Bramble was inside.

"Tell him," replied Stammers, "that I am unable to leave this chair, and that I want to see him particularly."

In a few moments Bramble made his appearance, and said, "I have been informed, Mr. Stammers, that you required my presence;" as he placed his hands in his pockets, and bowed with affected politeness.

"Tell me, I conjure you," said Stammers, "what have I done to you. Not seeing you I left my bed to come in search of you, but I would rather a thousand times endanger my life, than run the slightest risk of losing your friendship."

"Did your sister tell you nothing relative to me?" inquired Bramble.

"She told me this morning, that you proposed for her, and that she wrote to you, declining your proposal."

"I want to ascertain," continued Stammers; "if there was anything contained in that letter, calculated to give you offence—she told me there was not."

"She spoke the truth," replied Bramble, "I acted wrong in having written to her, and I deserved the punishment which I have received. I have to regret that you found it necessary to leave your bed in your present state, on my account."

"Won't you give me your hand," said Stammers. "It will be harsh of you to refuse me your friendship, when you consider the weight of the obligations I am under to you, as well as when you remember our old and long-tried acquaintance."

"As you wish it, here is my hand, Stammers; and whenever you need the humble services of one so worthless as Brutus Bramble, you may reckon on them," observed the Black Doctor.

"With reference to the correspondence you have had with my sister I want to say a few words."

"Not a syllable to me," replied Bramble. "There is an end for ever to my thoughts on that matter; and unless you intend to give me pain, and inflict humiliation on me, you will never mention her name in my hearing."

"As you will it, it shall be so" replied Stammers, "but when am I to see you," continued he, "as I will be miserable unless I can see you at least once a day."

"I will write often to you, and when you are recovered, I can meet you as frequently as you please. I have not been well for some days, so you must excuse me, Mr. Stammers, for any bad temper which I have shown."

Stammers, who observed a great change in the manner and appearance of Bramble, felt very sad when taking leave of his friend, prior to returning to Elm Place.

When the Black Doctor returned to the office, Barman observed: "It was illegal, Bramble, to give Isaacs into custody, but after all if the fellow says a word, we can say that we only kept him safe to hand him over to the authorities."

"Have no fear on that point," observed Bramble, "the Jew is too knowing to make a mistake of that kind. Long and earnestly did I watch to have him in my power. I have him clutched now, and no human power shall save him from my vengeance. We must see him early to-morrow," continued the speaker, as he left the office, accompanied by Tony.

The Jew remained silent for a considerable time, while Wisp was calmly smoking his pipe. At length Isaacs said:

"I think your name is Mr. Wisp, and I want you to grant me a favour for which I will reward you. I want to go out into the city to get the papers your friends require. I will pledge my word I will be back with you soon. I will, upon my honour."

"Your honour will remain where you are for this night in my company, and the sooner you think of going to your bad the better, because I am as sleepy as ever a sworn bailiff could be," observed Wisp.

A ray of hope broke in on the Jew, who still affected to urge the bailiff to comply with his request, but Wisp was immovable.

"When this fellow is asleep," thought Isaacs, "I will make my escape, and I will put means to work to have deep revenge on Stammers, Bramble, Barman, Foster, and Company."

"After we have had some supper, Mr. Wisp, we will retire to rest," said the Jew, whose brain was busy with many plans for the regulation of his future movements.

"All right," replied Wisp, who with the cunning of his class observed that there was some deep motive at the bottom of the civility of the wily Isaacs. The bailiff determined to keep a close eye on his prisoner.

"I will give you some excellent wine which I have here," said the Jew, as he opened an oak press, and produced a musty-looking bottle. "Take some of this, it will do you much good. I will take some brandy."

The Jew filled out nearly a tumbler full of the wine and presented it to the bailiff.

A sudden thought flashed across the mind of Wisp, and he said, "Mr. Isaacs, do you drink this, and I will take the brandy."

"Very well," replied the Jew with assumed indifference, "give it to me."

He turned to the press and immediately Wisp heard the splash of liquid falling on timber. Isaacs turned round and holding up the empty tumbler observed, "That is fine wine, I feel so comfortable after it."

"I never could like wine while I could get spirits," said Wisp, who never took his eye off the arch fiend who was prepared for any desperate act, provided it would secure his liberty.

"I have been made a present of my life this time," thought Wisp; "if I had drank the old fellow's wine I think it would be the last drink I would take in this world. How many more escapes am I to have this night?"

"Come Mr. Isaacs, I will wait no longer, you must get to bed; I am tired," continued Wisp; "do you go before me."

The Jew ascended the stairs leading to his bedroom, followed by the bailiff. When they had arrived at the first landing Isaacs suddenly extinguished the light, and rushed up the creaking stairs for the purpose of making for the attic room, and from thence to get off by the roof.

The bailiff sprung after the fugitive, who had a great advantage from his knowledge of the place. It was pitch dark, but the creaking of the old stairs under the tread of the Jew told Wisp the way the despairing runaway was taking.

When the Jew had arrived at the top lobby he found to his dismay that the garret door was locked, but in a moment he made a desperate resolve. He drew aside and waited the approach of his pursuer, and on the bailiff reaching the top of the stairs he made a thrust at him with a dagger knife, and wounded him in the left shoulder.

Wisp shouted out "murder," and before Isaacs had time to repeat his blow, he was firmly grasped in the arms of the bailiff, who, with

all his strength dashed the Jew prostrate on the floor, and kicked him until he became all but senseless. Wisp kept his feet on the chest of the prostrate Jew while he was striking a light with the assistance of some tinder, and a flint and steel, which he always carried in his pocket. When he had succeeded in obtaining a light he literally threw the Jew down the stairs before him, and dragging him into the squalid bed-room in which the man of Israel used to repose, he threw the half-unconscious wretch on his bed, and proceeded to examine the window, which he found was strongly secured by iron bars.

As the hour approached when Bramble promised to call, Wisp proceeded to tell the Jew to get up. He knocked and called repeatedly, but getting no answer, he opened the door. The Jew was in the same position that he was in when the bailiff last saw him. His eyes were open, and looked exceedingly brilliant. Wisp called him again, and getting no reply, he seized him by the arm, and for the first time discovered that Abraham Isaacs was stone dead.

"I am glad you are come," said Wisp; "the Jew is dead up stairs in his bed; when the Black Doctor arrived, he first attempted to poison me, and after to murder me with a knife."

"Let us see him at once," said Bramble, as he went up stairs, followed by Barman and Wisp.

When the Black Doctor entered the Jew's room, he said:

"I smell almonds. Hydrocyanic acid settled Mr. Isaacs's accounts in this world—it was too good a fate for the wretch. Did you hear no noise?" continued Bramble, addressing Wisp.

"I did," replied the bailiff; "I heard the Jew give one scream, and when I went to see what was the matter, he was lying as you now see him."

"Here is the phial," said Bramble, as he took a small bottle from the right hand of the dead Jew. "I knew it was prussic acid that killed him. Don't allow any person to stir anything in this room until you inform the coroner of his death."

The numerous keys of Abraham Isaacs were soon put into requisition, and it was stated that Bramble, Barman, and Wisp reaped a golden harvest from the coffers of the Jew before the Black Doctor and Barman left for Equity-row, and Wisp to inform the coroner of his fate.

Amongst the treasures of the Jew—his ill-got gain—did the Black Doctor, Barman, and the bailiff rummage; and having amply repaid themselves for all the trouble Isaacs had given them, they retired from the house, leaving the corpse of the Jew in sole possession. There he lay, stiff and cold, with his glazed eyes staring on vacancy, hunted to his death by the deep and unrelenting vengeance of his pursuers.

The usual formality of an inquest having been gone through; the coroner having written down the verdict of the jury before a word of evidence was given, all that was mortal of Isaacs was ordered to be buried at some cross road; and, as the worthy deceased was stated to have committed self-murder, his property was confiscated to the crown.

Barman and Bramble rejoined Tony at Equity row, when the two former entered into close conversation.

"I have to thank you, Barman," said the Black Doctor, "for the part you have played in the transactions in which we have been lately engaged. I trust that you feel that I have acted fairly towards you in all my dealings, and, now that I am going to leave this country, perhaps for ever, I would like to hear from your own lips that you are satisfied with my conduct in the desperate game which we have brought to a sorrowful conclusion. We have made well, but you must take care of Quill and Wisp, as both have the Fosters in their power."

"In all things, Doctor, you have acted straightforwardly with me," replied Barman, "and I am not only satisfied but grateful to you. Now, may I ask, what induced you to come to the determination of leaving Ireland?"

"On that subject I would rather not be questioned," observed Bramble, who bade the attorney and Quill a cordial good bye, and accompanied by Tony, took his departure. That night the Black Doctor and the boy left by the mail packet for England.

The attorney lost no time in informing the Fosters of their good fortune, and they who had endured so much privation, and felt the bitterness of poverty, were now restored to affluence and comfort. The regret of Foster and his wife on hearing that Bramble and

Tony had gone without seeing them was deep and sincere, as was also that of Stammers, who was apprised by Quill of the circumstance, but "out of sight out of mind," as far as Bramble and Tony were concerned, was soon proved to be true;—they were seldom spoken of or even thought of save by the Fosters, who now resided at "Rosemary," one of the most delightful spots that could be selected amidst the mountain glens of Wicklow. Often in the tranquil evenings would the Fosters speak of the wanderers, and, with hearts full of gratitude, wish that Bramble and Tony were present to share the peace and comfort which they had restored.

Barman's office went through a thorough revolution. It was painted, cleaned, and proper furniture succeeded the rickety old desk and tumble down chairs and tables. Jacob Barman paid his licence to practice, which he had never done before, and a large brass plate on the door announced the fact that he was a solicitor. Wisp was retained in the office with Quill, and the latter became remarkable for the care he took of his personal appearance, and for the amount of money which he was wont to spend on shilling gloves and penny cigars. Business thrived at Equity Row, and Barman took a country house, and became even more aristocratic than other attorneys. The folk at Elam place lived as usual—the Berkeleys called to see them or they called to see the Berkeleys, and after some time it was whispered that Charlotte Stammers was to be married to a gentleman past sixty, who was very rich, and who called daily in new white kids, and a crimson and blue nose. This was Sir Pudding Plump, Bart., a great man at his club, who at length made up his mind to become a Benedict. But this, like the thousand and one rumours which gossip sets afloat, was erroneous.—Sir Pudding was a friend of Colonel Stammers', and his frequent visits at Elm place were for the purpose of negotiating a match between his nephew and Charlotte. This nephew was Walter Lindsay Plump, heir to the title and estates of his uncle—a dashing young fellow, with just as much brains as would qualify him to be a cornet of dragoons. He was accepted as the husband of Charlotte, who was duly married to him with all the formal solemnities of a fashionable wedding.

Time rolled on, carrying its burden of griefs and joys to their destinations, bringing hopes to some, and despair and death to others; but subduing all things in its silent though triumphal progress. A mighty victor, sparing neither age or sex, and dealing out impartial justice to all—bringing down the most exalted, and raising the most lowly; putting the parvenu above the aristocrat—sparing old age and infirmity, and smiting the beautiful, the strong, and vigorous. Time works wonders, but none so great as that of craving from the human heart, a lingering wish to revisit familiar scenes, where that portion of life was spent, no matter whether in pain or pleasure, that never can be recalled—that period which "even in sorrow is sweet."

The mail coach dashed along a dusty highway in the county of Wicklow, on a scorching day in the June of 1820, and drew up at a stage to change horses. While the steaming and jaded animals were being unharnessed from the conveyance, two persons alighted. They appeared to be in a very humble position in life, and bore about them the signs of travel and exposure to the weather, and to a hot sun. One seemed to be most feeble, as he had to avail himself of the assistance of his companion to descend from the place on the top of the coach which he had occupied. Notwithstanding that the day was very hot, his face was muffled up, and he appeared to be enduring great suffering.

"We will stop here, Tony," said he, "at least for a while, until we provide a car which will drive us over to Foster's."

It was the Black Doctor who spoke; how changed, what a miserable wreck of the once strong and fearless Brutus Bramble! There he stood, apparently dying, leaning on Tony, now a fine young man, who never left his patron in his long and weary wanderings.

"Very well," replied Tony, "we can easily get a car, but you require some rest."

"I will have it soon," replied Bramble,—"rest that will not be broken by the cares of this life, of which I am weary—most weary. How little changed this place appears since I saw it last, and how many happy days does it recal to my memory," observed the speaker, as he gazed on the glorious panorama spread out before him. "Is there anything in the world more beautiful," continued he, and he said musingly, "how true it is that in search of pleasure, we leave true joys behind us."

Physical suffering had entirely subdued the animal, and developed the man in Bramble. He was no longer the fiery, impulsive young man, but one, patient, reflective and humbled, and showing forth the light of his fine, intelligence, which vice and passion had clouded, when we last knew him.

A car having been obtained, Tony and Bramble proceeded on their way to "Rosemary." As they drove along, the poor invalid became quite altered, as the perfume-laden air breathed upon him, and a smile of tranquil peace was expressed on the face of him, in whose breast at one time the fiercest passions had unbridled sway.

After an hour's drive, the car stopped opposite the rustic gate leading to the lawn of "Rosemary." Two elegantly-dressed children in charge of a servant, were playing with a large dog, in the vicinity of the entrance.

"How like his mother that boy is, Tony," said Bramble, as he pointed to one of the children.

"Yes," replied Tony; "the very image of Mrs. Foster."

At a signal from Bramble the servant opened the gate, and in a few minutes the travellers were in front of the hall-door of Rosemary Cottage, around which the honeysuckle, clematis, and sweet-briar twined. It was a rustic *bijou*. It was thatched, and furnished with one of the most charmingly constructed porches. The windows were in perfect keeping with the character of the structure, and the extensive grounds which spread out around it were kept with exquisite care. A stream of the purest water, after meandering through the garden at the rear, found its way in front of the house to a fish-pond, after visiting which it took another excursion in the fields, and then ran hiding into deeply-wooded nooks, where it pretended to be angry with everything. It then would take another thought, and tumble head and heels over a number of moss-covered rocks, and after getting at the bottom, it would be off in search of another stream as eccentric as itself. Indeed, "Rosemary" was a delightful place, but its chief charm consisted in the splendid views which it commanded of mountain, wood, and water.

Before Tony could knock at the door, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who had been sitting in one of the front windows, recognised Tony. They simultaneously rushed to the door, and warmly embraced him.

"Welcome a thousand times," said the lady and her husband, in a breath; "come in; bring in your friend, Tony. I am so glad; Tony, I will die with joy," and a thousand such expressions were poured forth as Tony was turned round and round to be inspected.

"Laura, as I live, here is Dr. Bramble on the car," said Foster.

In one moment Tony was forgotten, and the lady was soon beside her husband, who was tenderly assisting poor Bramble to alight. Big tears rolled down the gentle woman's face, as she observed the change which had come over the deliverer of her husband and herself, and it was with much difficulty Foster could control his emotion, as he led the Black Doctor into the cottage, followed by Mrs. Foster and Tony.

It would be superfluous to say, that all that kind and gentle treatment could accomplish was done by Mrs. Foster for her benefactor, and she had the pleasure of seeing her patient, after a few

days, regain a little strength; but Bramble's days on earth were destined to be few. He walked occasionally about the grounds, and amused himself with the children, the eldest of whom was called after him; but his malady increased in virulence, and he gradually sank under it; and often in his short rambles with Tony he spoke with philosophic calmness of death, which he knew not to be far distant.

Towards the close of a fine autumn evening, Bramble, whose life was ebbing fast, addressed Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who with Tony were standing near his bed, and said:

"If the thanks of a dying man be of any use to you, you have my heart's sincerest thanks for all your kindness; but to show you that I am not yet done asking favours, Tony, my true and trusted friend in all my wayward journeyings through good and through evil fortune, must be your special charge. You owed me little; to him you owe everything; but with that dignity of true worth, he concealed his merits beneath his modesty. I leave him to you, as my only bequest;" and calling Tony, who was sobbing as if his heart would break, to come closer to him, he placed his favourite's hands in those of Mr. and Mrs. Foster, who were quite overcome with grief. The dying man continued, "Be as faithful to the Fosters as you have been to me, and you shall be deserving of all honour. I have now done, but to bid you an affectionate good-bye."

The effort he had made was too much for him, and he sank back exhausted on his pillow. His mind began to wander, and from time to time he would mention the names of Tony and Charlotte. Every moment his breathing grew less distinct, and as the sun was sinking behind the distant mountains, the spirit of Brutus Bramble tranquilly passed away.

The day but two after his death the remains of the Black Doctor were placed in the secluded spot which he himself had pointed out, in an adjacent church-yard, and over the grave Foster had erected a simple tomb, on which was inserted merely the name, age, and date of the death of his friend.

Our story has now drawn to its close; but perhaps it is necessary to say that Tony became one of the family circle as "Rosemary," and became a most respectable man, and when we heard last of him, he was no less than a grandfather. Old Nelly lived to an advanced age with the Fosters. Squint, who figured in the earlier part of our little narrative, it is said, is doing very well in the colonies. Joey Dix stole and sold dogs, and stole and sold them again, up to the period of his demise, a few years since. The Stammers forget or seem to forget all about forged bills, and even Robert Stammers Esq., D.L. is not much pleased when the name of the Black Doctor is mentioned.

And now, kind and gentle reader, good bye; our little story has arrived at that to which all things however great or however lowly must come—a conclusion. We have made an humble effort to sketch some people as we have found them; and if we have failed, we will not be much disappointed, as very few men, however gifted, can expect to give general satisfaction, if they prefer to draw on their experiences rather than on their imagination for facts.

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SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER II.

DINNY Mac went in as he was desired, but not, as the event proved, to make so brief a sojourn in the household as the proprietor intended. A succession of incidences not worth detailing prevented his departure that day, and the next, and the next after that, until habit, hospitality, and convenience combined to

establish him among the retainers of the domicile, in that equivocal office which in Irish rustic families, is designated by the word *gorsoon*. His duty for many years was to run on messages to the neighbouring hamlet—to fetch a daily pennyworth of tobacco for the old woman—to keep the pigs upon their good behaviour—drive home the cows at night—watch the gardens at seed time—and in short, “turn his hand,” and his feet, too, occasionally, to anything which it needed not the exertion of maturer limbs to accomplish. As far as attention to, and cheerfulness in the execution of every trust confided to him could go, it



THE VILLAGE BALL.

was impossible for Dinny—or Dionysius, as his new and more formal protectors called him—to give greater satisfaction to his patron than he did; but there was one evil occasioned by his presence in the house, which more than counterbalanced all his merits. The effect which his first appearance had produced on the infant daughter of the Palatine continued progressively on the increase, through the subsequent stages of childhood, girlhood, and youth; and at fifteen years of age the sensation with which she regarded the daring and dark-minded lad, might be found to resemble, in every particular, the mingled emotion of fear and admiration which he had occasioned her on the morning when accident first conducted him to her father's house. The real nature of the feeling continued precisely the same, but that time, long habit, unavoidable proximity of intercourse, and the gradual development of her own character as it approached the seriousness of womanhood, had strengthened and deepened the affection into a rooted and engrossing passion—a circumstance evidently unfortunate for the poor girl, and the more extraordinary as the progress of intimacy with, and consequent insight into the character and disposition of her father's dependant, was not calculated to add a well-founded esteem to the emotions which he had already excited in her mind. With this, however, we, as her historians, are not disposed to quarrel, for it is apparent that if love were not in the gentler

sex altogether an anomaly—if woman made her reason on all occasions the counterpoise to her affections, and never yielded her heart on any terms but those of convenience, the very foundation of all romance would be annihilated. Her father, however, who was no philosopher, and could by no possible train of reasoning bring himself to discover points of coincidence or suitability between two characters filling situations almost as distinct as those of menial and mistress, was overwhelmed with indignation and astonishment when the probability of so preposterous an attachment first broke upon him. A few words of fierce recrimination ended in an oath of eternal hatred and enmity between him and his protégé, and the latter was ejected from the dwelling where he had spent the greater portion of his life, with as little ceremony as was used in a similar predicament by the Baron of Thunderclonck.

Some confinement, a little reasoning, a great deal of menace, and a natural pliability of character, soon produced all the effect which her father could have wished on the affections of the imprudent Sarah Segur. The proud spirited beggar-boy never appeared in the neighbourhood after—and seemed even to have extended his ready hatred to the gentle and suffering cause of his dis-favour. 'Twas but a few weeks' peaking and pining—some dozen sighs—half dinners—tears—and one fit of hysterics, and Sarah Segur was again the bright-haired, blue-eyed, soft-cheeked ornament of her native village, and delight of her father's heart. What became of her first love, she neither asked nor seemed to care.

Two years after this transaction, a very strong inducement held out by a commercial relative in Germany, occasioned a total revolution in the affairs of the worthy farmer. Committing his farm to the care of a cousin, and his daughter to the guardianship and tutelage of an experienced female relative, he exchanged, during some years, the land of his birth for that of his ancestors, and found the advantage of the sacrifice he made of his domestic convenience, in a considerable increase of wealth. For some time, the accounts which he received from home were such as to leave him no ground to regret the step which he had taken, and he went on, hoarding money, and forming a thousand different schemes for its disbursement, when a letter from his daughter, informing him, though in the most guarded and cautious manner, of the re-appearance of the delinquent Dinny in the neighbourhood, and even at the cottage of the Palatine, startled and filled him with dismay and apprehension. She described him in the most touching manner, as presenting a picture of misery, of repentance, and abject poverty, which would make resentment not only inhuman but ridiculous, and ended by suggesting, in a very circuitous way, the possibility of an entire reformation in the young man, in case her father should give him another trial. The sagacious Palatine, however, judged that either the inexperience or the enthusiasm of the letter-writer had led her into error, so far as her prognostic was concerned; and he was, although much against his inclination, compelled to suspect that she had used more or less exaggeration in her account of the young rebel's mean submission. His estimate of Dinny's character was right, although it was very true that the latter had, as Sarah mentioned, made his appearance on the farm. Segur immediately answered the letter in a tone of violent and unabated indignation, and the subject was not again renewed. In a little time after, an account reached him that his kinsman had been struck with blindness, and that several losses in consequence had accrued to the property. This latter circumstance, however, which he was sufficiently provided against, gave him not a tithe of the uneasiness which was occasioned by the irregularity, and at length the infrequency of the letters which were transmitted to him from his family, and the conviction that some dreadful change had taken place, was soon confirmed by the total cessation of all communication whatever. Filled with a thousand alarms and uncertainties, he was now returning to ascertain the cause, whatever it might be, of the singular neglect which had pained him.

In the meantime it is necessary that we should glance at the fortunes of his young foe during the interval. He had contracted, soon after his expulsion from the Palatine's household, a close friendship with the sole offspring of his unkind mother's second marriage, who had been, for some years past, left with himself in a state of orphanage, under circumstances peculiarly calculated (if that alone had not been sufficient) to bind them to each other; in a league, too, much closer than that involved by the general claims of their relationship, which, according to the opinions of the class in which they

were brought up, are sufficient grounds for a *casus fœderis* of mutual offence and defence on all occasions. The brothers resided together in the cabin in which they had first seen the light—held their acre of potato-ground in common, lived together, worked together, fought together, and drank together. This very closeness of attachment, however, had unhappily the effect of involving them in a greater number of quarrels with their neighbours than that to which the hereditary privilege of an Irish peasant might be supposed fairly to entitle them. The secret of this tendency to disunion might be found in the fact that either of the friends was far more apt to resent an insult, real or imagined, offered to the other, than if he had received it in his own person; and the natural consequence was that before long, their hands, like those of Ishmael, were against every man's, and every man's hand against theirs. Still, however, there was no deep moral offence, of such a nature as could awaken the serious indignation of their neighbours, imputed to them, and their extraordinary fondness for fighting had only the effect of injuring themselves, and increasing the custom of the village apothecary.

Great therefore was the consternation which spread through the cottage circles, when one summer morning as the Macnamaras were leaving their humble cabin with their *slanes* on their shoulders, in order to proceed to their daily toil—a party of soldiers, with a magistrate at their head, intercepted their progress, and laying hands on the younger brother, arrested him in the name of the king for a midnight assault on the dwelling-house of the very man who was appointed the guardian of his property and his child, by the Palatine. It came like a thunder-stroke upon the mind of the elder brother, Dinny—as he was still called—he thought it impossible that the transaction could have taken place without his knowing it; he remonstrated violently, but the civil officer persisted in the course he was pursuing, and the sullen silence of the younger, joined to the paleness and conscious anxiety which overspread his features, operated with a more fearful influence upon the incredulity of the youth, than all the confident pertinacity of his accusers. The prisoner was led away and flung into the county gaol, after wringing the hand of his relative with a bitterness of feeling, which those only can imagine who part for the last time with a good friend, and leave him no legacy but shame and loneliness.

Neither has it fallen to the lot of many to know what the degree of that loneliness was in the instance of the elder Macnamara. Unacquainted with, from the manner of his education, as well as unfitted, from the nature of his disposition, for the exercise of any of those noble resources by which more cultivated minds are enabled to support themselves beneath the pressure of an unforeseen affliction, he abandoned himself without an effort at resistance, to the spirit of desolation which came upon him. He became spiritless and desponding, neglected his employments, forsook the wake, the dance, the fair, the hurling match, and the public-house, and awaited in helpless anxiety the issue of his brother's trial, stalking like one that is moped with sorrow, around the precincts of the prison, shunning the sight and converse of his old acquaintances, and pitied even by those whose heads bore frequent testimony to his promptitude and ready spirit in earlier and prouder days. Had the offence with which his brother was charged been merely an outrage, it would only have affected his fortunes, or his personal safety, and left some consolation to those who bore his name; but theft—sheep-stealing had been superadded, and disgrace was fixed upon his reputation; for, among the peasantry of Ireland, their proverbial honesty is not so much occasioned by their abhorrence of the positive injury which the contrary practice inflicts on their neighbour, as by their contempt for the indication which the latter affords of a low and mean spirit on the part of the perpetrator. Thus, for instance, on one occasion, when the elder brother overheard a neighbour "wondering that anybody wouldn't drop down with the shame, to be caught doing such a *mane* thing," and retorted on the hag, that she had herself had a son hanged for murder, she replied with infinite composure and satisfaction, "Oh, the heavens be praised that it wasn't a cow or a sheep he stole!"

The compassion entertained for the elder and unsuspected brother, was sufficient to procure him admission on the day of Macnamara's trial, within the precincts of the bar, and at the foot of the table appointed for the accommodation of evidence and of the crier, a bustling and important personage, whose duty it is in Irish courts to be as noisy as possible in procuring "silence"—to perform the part,

of mouthpiece to the clerk of the crown—marshal the spectators to their different places—thrust out the orangewomen—knock little boys on the head with a long white wand—and convey by means of a slit in the end of said wand, epistles from all quarters of the court. Under the patronage of this great man, poor young Macnamara was permitted to occupy one of the steps leading to the witness table, while his brother was called on before God and his country, to answer to a charge of life and death.

It is needless to enter into any detail either on the particulars of the case, or the feelings of the friends, according as every circumstance of corroboration was brought forward; until at length, the deep and deadly conviction of the guilt of the accused became stamped upon the mind of every spectator, and was manifested by the emphatic nod and compression of the lips, which passed in silence among the more intelligent of the listeners. Still, however, the eyes of the devoted wretch and his forlorn relative were fixed, in all but utter hopelessness, upon the door of the jury room; the stake at issue being too awfully great to permit them to yield up their reliance upon the hope which they knew to be unfounded, until circumstances should have forcibly torn it from them. That door at length was opened, and the doom of the prisoner was manifested in the solemn and reluctant manner of the foreman, as he tendered the written verdict to the clerk of the crown. The criminal cast a dreary glance around him, when called upon to plead against his sentence, but could not utter a word: and the judge had already proceeded far in his discourse to the prisoner, and was approaching the usual form of condemnation, when a figure, pale, wild, and haggard in gesture and appearance, appeared on the witness table. It was that of the elder Macnamara. He raised his hands imploringly toward the bench, while his frame shook and his features quivered with emotion.

"My lord!" he exclaimed, "stop talken to the boy, for 'twas I done the deed."

A universal murmur of astonishment passed through the court at this declaration. A whisper at the same time was circulated among the counsel, the import of which seemed to be confirmed by the half-crazy appearance and demeanour of the youth. The prisoner was appealed to.

"My lord," he replied with a mournful toss of the head, "I wouldn't have you *give in* to him—I won't say it was myself done it—but it wasn't he any way."

The young man was in consequence removed, as a person whose enthusiastic affection had affected his reason, and, as the legal phrase is, judgment and execution followed accordingly, in the person of the younger brother.

The original character of the elder Macnamara was now completely restored. He once more resumed all, and more than all, the ready violence and fierceness of demeanour for which he was formerly far more remarkable than his dead brother, and seemed to exist only in the hope of being one day enabled to avenge the blood of the latter, against his prosecutor, the guardian Segur, and the whole of his family, excepting perhaps the innocent object of his own early attentions. He now seemed to have abandoned every other care but that of gratifying this single passion. His cabin was forsaken, his garden left untilled, all his accustomed haunts appeared to be forgotten or deserted, and he might occasionally be observed gliding at nightfall, like a spectre, among the sally-groves and along the hedges in the neighbourhood of his enemy. The latter felt that he had deep cause to regret a transaction which rendered him obnoxious to a being so desperate and ill-conditioned as his persecutor. He was a weak, sickly man, of a nervous and almost feminine feebleness of mind and frame, and never dared venture out unaccompanied by some person of strength sufficient to protect him against any attempt which could be made on his life; and even with these precautions he found himself compelled to eat his bread amid all the terrors of insecurity. All the exertions and persuasions of his friends, his niece among the number (who calculated much on her own influence over the mind of the young man, if they could but find an opportunity of using,) were ineffectual in restoring calmness to his mind. His sleep was broken by frightful dreams, and the oath which his foe had taken in his own hearing, that he would have "blood for blood before the grass should wither on his brother's grave," sounded for ever in his ears. After many fruitless efforts, however, to obtain an opportunity of accomplishing his threats, young Macnamara suddenly disappeared from the neighbourhood,

and nothing more was seen or heard of him for several months. Better hopes began to break in upon the mind of the object of this hate, and he ventured, after some time spent in many vain endeavours to ascertain the position of his enemy, to resume his wonted occupations about the farm without fear of personal danger.

He was returning on a bright moonlight night from a water-mill in his own neighbourhood, where he had remained to a late hour, superintending the grinding of a considerable quantity of corn, and making the night jovial with the miller, in the excess of his delight at a piece of good news with which the latter had been entertaining him. This was no other than that one Dennis Macnamara had been tried and convicted at the assizes of Cork, for some felonious offence, and obtained a free passage in a king's ship bound for the new world. They had been quaffing to the favourable passage of the young emigrant, until Segur became

"Na that fou
But just a drappie in his ee,"

and solemnly protested, in a speech much more remarkable for the emphatic energy and needlessly vehement gesticulation with which it was delivered, than for its eloquence or sound sense, against taking another tumbler.

He had proceeded already a considerable distance on his way home. His health appeared to have been restored at a word. He trod the earth as if he were not of the earth, he threw his hat airily upon the side of his head, stepped on his toes, and with gay and expanding bosom chanted (in a manner which sounded to his own ears extremely loud, articulate, and musical, but which in those of an unprejudiced listener appeared remarkable for the irregularity of its cadences, the unreasonable vehemence of an occasional bar, and a general tendency in the pronunciation of the words to dispense altogether with the use of consonants)—chanted, we say—a recollected stanza of the famous national air:

"He that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do,
Lives as he ought to do,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

He was in the act of ascending a slight acclivity covered with furze bushes, through which the pathway winded, when a heavy panting, and a sound of footsteps in rapid pursuit, alarmed, and made him turn round. He beheld, in the clear moonlight, not more than three yards from the spot on which he stood, the figure of his enemy in the act of rushing upon him, while the pantings of his weariness were mingled with a horrible self-suppressed laugh of ecstatic expectation. The light shone full upon his countenance. It was wasted almost to the very skeleton, the eyes were distended and protruding to an unnatural degree, and the thin lips were dragged back by the ghastly smile, so as to expose the teeth, which were fast clenched, half in rage, half in triumph. The sight instantly and perfectly sobered poor Segur. Uttering a low cry of horror, he clasped his hands above his head, and fled down the hill with the speed of winged Fear itself, in the direction of the mill.

It lay at a considerable distance from the spot, and the poor, sickly wretch's heart sank within him when he recollected, even in the extremity of his affright, the reputation for agility as well as strength which the youth had obtained in his neighbourhood. But the latter was no longer the man he had been in those days. Famine, disease, and anguish of mind and frame had fastened upon him, and reduced his personal vigour nearly to the same level with that of his intended victim. Fear, moreover, is perhaps a fleetier passion than revenge, and Segur did not speedily lose the advantage which he had at the outset. His pursuer was so close upon his track that he sometimes felt his fingers upon his shoulders, but the slight touch operated with an electrical influence upon his frame, infusing new and sudden vigour into his limbs, and enabling him for a moment to place a wider distance than before between his enemy and himself. Lights were seen still burning in the windows of the mill as they approached, and the broad door stood invitingly open at the distance of a few hundred yards, while several figures passed to and fro in the interior, fully revealed in the strong light. Both now made a desperate effort—Segur, cheered by the prospect of succour—his pursuer, maddened by the apprehension of losing this

single opportunity of vengeance. Putting, therefore, to its extremest trial a frame into which a morsel of food had not entered for the last two days, he closed on the frightened Palatine just as he gained the doorway—fixed his fingers on his throat, and staggered with his prey into the centre of the mill-house. Half-suffocated by the pressure of his neck, the latter could only give vent to a low gurgling sound, and extend his arms for aid towards the astonished workmen. The desperate youth endeavoured to drag him towards that part of the room where the great machine was performing its rapid and gigantic evolutions—but his strength failed him—the struggles of his victim were sufficient to baffle his efforts until the workmen rescued him from the death-grasp—when extending his fingers in a feeble and delirious effort to renew the hold which he had been compelled to relinquish, he fell forward on the earthen floor in a state of utter exhaustion.

A few days after this adventure, while the young man was still confined to a sick bed in the neighbourhood, by the consequences of the dreadful exertions of body and mind which he had undergone; and while the object of his hate still continued half-bewildered by the recollection of the hair-breadth escape he had experienced, a fair ambassadress arrived on the part of the latter. It was a long time since the youth had seen Sally Segur, with her light straw hat tied simply under her small chin—her gentle soft eyes, and blooming healthful countenance—her light and neatly attired figure, so characteristic in all its details of cottage peace and comfort—and the sight affected him more deeply than he imagined anything could have done. It was not that his love for her was at any time of a deep or ardent nature—on the contrary, he had been suspected by some few individuals of being visionary enough to entertain such a sentiment towards a young person far his superior in rank and endowments, who had once condescended to honour him with her hand at a village merry-making, but he had regarded Sally with feelings of affection notwithstanding, and her appearance now, unexpected as it was, suddenly threw him back upon the memory of happier days, and overpowered him with the anguish of retrospection. It was long, too, since Sally had seen her old lover, but all that she had heard, and all that she could imagine, was insufficient to prepare her for the shocking alteration which he had undergone. She reached him her hand, and turning in dismay and agony from the wild and sepulchral stare which he fixed upon her, sunk with a burst of tears into a chair at the bed-side.

All that the eloquence of passion, and of virtuous enthusiasm, all that youth, beauty, and suppliant tears could do to move him from his purpose of revenge, was done by the affectionate girl. She bade him remember their former friendship—modestly urged her own sufferings and truth—and conjured him, for his sake and hers, to forget what was past, and wait patiently for a time of happiness that was sure to come. He heard her without argument or acquiescence, and suffered her to depart with the conviction that she had prevailed nothing.

Her visits were frequently renewed, as the convalescent began to improve in health and spirits. She had, unfortunately, at length, an opportunity of strengthening her plea by the intelligence that her uncle and guardian, whose nerves had been completely shattered by this last shock, had on that morning, when all the world arose to the enjoyment of light and mirth, awoke to the dreariness of an eternal night—he had been struck with blindness.

The news gave no pleasure to his enemy. He appeared even to regret a misfortune which had not proceeded from his own hand, and in the prosecution of what he considered his just revenge, but he could not altogether appear insensible to the anguish of the gentle mediator. He took refuge from her entreaties in counter solicitations—urged, as she had done, their ancient vows, and stipulated as a condition by which his amity, or rather his indifference, was to be purchased—that Sally should at once consent to have those vows accomplished, and accompany him to a distant part of the country. He met, as in all probability he had himself anticipated, a direct, though not an indignant refusal; but the young maiden did not deem it necessary to avoid his society, while she persevered in the observance of what she was taught to consider her duty.

Again the evil spirit appeared to have taken possession of the soul of the young man. Finding that he could not prevail on his love to sacrifice to him her obedience to her parent, whom she both loved and feared, with an intensity only inferior to that which she felt for the youth himself, he overwhelmed her with reproaches,

renewed his protestations of vengeance, and left her half dead with grief and fear. Several months rolled on, and nothing more was heard of him in the neighbourhood. Divers reports then got into circulation; it was asserted by some that he had joined the smugglers on the western coast—by others that he had enlisted under the banners of the successor of the notorious Redmond O'Hanlon (the Robin Hood of his time and country) and his mates—while a few were found to say that he had selected the more honourable and legitimate standard of his lawful sovereign. Nothing certain, however, was learned of his proceedings, and in some time further his name appeared to have been forgotten. Sally, in the meantime, had greater difficulty in reconciling herself to this his last desertion of her than to the former—for, in the unresisted intercourse which subsisted between them, the passion which she indulged had become more firmly rooted in her heart than ever.

It was an unfortunate circumstance for her, likewise, that her uncle's misfortune prevented him from exercising that rigid surveillance over her motions, which might be necessary to the prudent government of a young maiden of her rank, gifted with spirits so light and heedless, and feelings so deep and susceptible as hers. She contracted a greater number of intimacies among the girls of her own rank in the neighbourhood, than was in accordance with the injunctions of her rigid father—frequented their houses—parties—and festive assemblies—furnishing, on those occasions, when she happened to be detained from home for an unusual length of time, such excuses as were likely to satisfy her querulous old guardian.

Considerable agitation was produced in the adjacent village, by the appearance, one Sunday morning, of a placard, nailed against the trunk of an old elder tree in the chapel-yard, written in characters which the schoolmaster declared, with a countenance of deep and serious reproof, he could compare to nothing more intelligible than "the scratchen of a bantam-cock in a hape o' sand"—and stating that Mr. O'Flanagan, travelling dancing-master, would give lessons during the ensuing fortnight, at Davy Dogherty's barn, at the low rate of two skillens and a tester the week—(precisely what the village Dionysius aforesaid, as he himself declared in terms of high indignation, charged for a whole quarter's instruction in the rudiments of general learning; marvelling deeply in what consisted this superior importance of the heels above the head, unless it originated in people's conceit and vanity)—the said handbill moreover announcing that the week's lesson would be concluded by a ball—"tickets, including a tumbler o' punch, ten-pence—gentleman taking a ticket, allowed to trate a lady, &c., &c."—and concluding, as it has been maliciously, and we believe falsely asserted, with a request that "no gentleman would come without shoes and stockings."

The inhabitants of an Irish village must be reduced very low indeed, when a call, such as that just mentioned, is suffered to pass away unheeded and unanswered. The Albert of the bogs had many pupils—and before the evening of the "ball" arrived, he had disposed, on his own terms, of nearly twice as many tickets as the barn could hold.

Sally was ignorant of the village etiquette which presumed that no "lady" would appear among the belles of the evening, who had not been "trated" by a "gentleman"—otherwise, as she would have allowed no *chaperon*, she must have remained, much against her own inclination, in her own house. She hesitated not therefore to indulge the strong curiosity which she felt to witness the village festivity, and having provided herself with the master key of all public amusements, she stole away from her uncle's side, and joined a motherly female acquaintance, who was proceeding to the "dance-house," to ascertain the progress made during the preceding week by a hopeful, sleek-headed "boy of her own." They arrived, fortunately for Sally, as she thereby avoided the sneers and whispers of those more fortunate maidens, whose attractions had procured them the protection of cicisbeos, sometime before the ball opened, and while the greater portion of places were yet unoccupied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DETACHED THOUGHTS.—A helping word to one in trouble is like a switch on a railway track—but one inch between wreck and ruin and smooth, on-rolling prosperity.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.



III.—SELSKAR ABBEY, COUNTY WEXFORD.



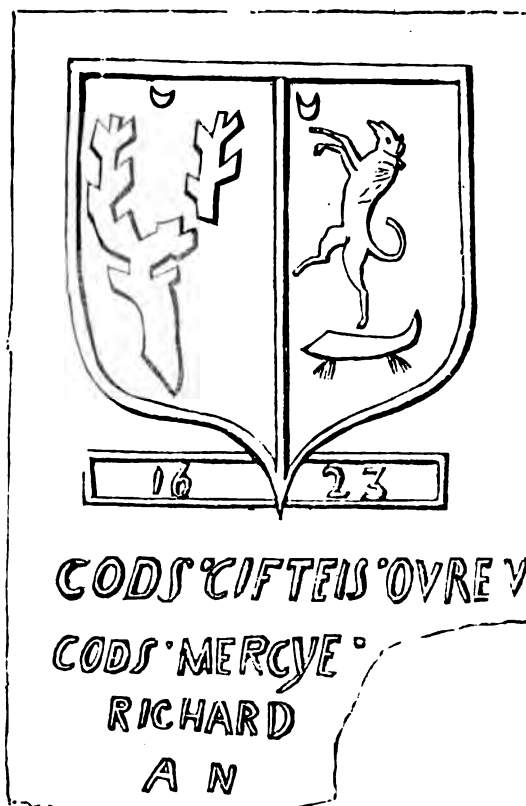
THE remains of the once celebrated priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, usually styled Selskar, are situated near the west gate of Wexford. It was founded about the year 1190, by the Roches, lords of Fermoy, though it was not an original foundation, but like most of the ecclesiastical buildings in this county, a re-erection on the site of an old church dedicated to the apostles in question. The first treaty ever signed in Ireland with the English was on this spot, in the year 1169, when the town of Wexford surrendered to Dermot M'Murrough and his allies.

This church, with six others, were demolished by order of Oliver Cromwell, when in possession of the town in 1649. The churches so destroyed were St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Bride's, St. John's, St. Peter's and St. Maud's, commonly called Maudlin Town. Not satisfied with leveling these various places of worship, together with the plate belonging to the priory of Selskar, he took possession of a very fine peal of bells, which he shipped for Chester, but which, being of a superior description, were removed a few years afterwards to Liverpool.



The engravings which precede convey a very correct idea of the ruins of the Abbey as they appeared some years since.

The annexed cut represents a sepulchral flag in the ruins, which covered the remains of Richard Stafford, of Wexford, and Anstace, his wife.



The Staffords were descended from John Stafford, a third son of a Buckinghamshire family, who acquired the estate of Ballymachrane, in the county of Wexford, about the reign of King Henry the Seventh; and from him descended the family of Ballyconnor; George Stafford, who built the castle and hall of Wexford; Richard Stafford, above-mentioned, who was descended from a second brother of Ballyconnor; and two other branches who possessed considerable property in Wexford in the reign of James I. and Charles I. The family of Sutton were also of very ancient residence and respectability in Wexford and the adjoining counties; they possessed Old Court, as well as Ballykerogmore, and were of the same original stock as the Suttons of Tipper, in Kildare. The arms on the stone are empaled, haron and femme.—1.—Argent, three staffs of oak, ragulee, two and one for Stafford. 2.—or, the lion rampant gules, treading on a lizard, vert, for Sutton.

WELDING STEEL COLD.—It is well known that lead may be welded in a cold state. If a leaden bullet be cut into two parts, and the bright surfaces be immediately pressed together before they have time to oxidise, a slightly twisting strain accompanying the pressure, the pieces will adhere together as firmly as before they were cut. Steel may be welded by a similar process. At some large mills seven runs of stones are driven from a drum on a vertical iron shaft, which is ten inches in diameter, and fifteen feet in length. This shaft is supported by two or three plates of steel, formed in circular discs, and revolving one upon another, so as to divide the motion of the shaft between them, and diminish the velocity of the rubbing surfaces. The plates, by their revolutions, of course become worn, so that their flat surfaces coincide throughout, these surfaces being perfectly bright. Now occasionally the great weight of the shaft presses out the lubricating material from between two of the plates, and when this occurs, the plates are welded together.

COAL.



N familiar language we may say, with a modern writer, coal is a product of covered-up vegetable matter, retaining its bitumen. When the bitumen drains away, or is driven off, be it by gravitation, solution, heat, or any other means, the solid carbon of the coal-bed from which it has been extracted remains undisturbed in its position in the earth. Anthracite is an example. Perhaps even, as the miners' driftway proceeds, this anthracite may be seen graduating into true bituminous coal—for true coal *must* be bituminous—at either end, and the whole may form one continuous stratum on the same horizon, unbroken from end to end. Still the part which has lost its bitumen is not the same as the parts in which it is retained. The fragments from the one burn differently from those of the other; their qualities and composition are not alike, and no one would say, under such circumstances, that anthracite and coal were the same thing. The pleader might argue that "anthracite is only coal which has lost its bitumen, and therefore it must be coal after all." Not so.

Change anything you will, and it is no longer the same. Pour sulphuric acid on chalk, the chalk does not go away, it remains where it was;

it has not moved, but it is changed. It may be converted into gypsum, but it is no longer chalk. So, when you have burned your coal in your fire, the undestroyed carbon remains. There is in it the fibrous, vegetable structure to be seen, but the cinder is not coal, for it has lost its bitumen and gases. So, if from a coal-bed the bitumen drains away and floats to the top, forming an overspread layer of pure, hard bitumen, that upper stratum of bitumen cannot be a coal-seam. Neither, if the bitumen, in draining away, permeated and saturated the porous shales on which the coal-seam rested, would the bituminous shale thus formed (burning freely, and full of gas) be a coal-bed, any more than if you saturated a brick with tar would that be coal.

As far as the meaning of the word COAL itself is concerned, it may be said that it originally expressed charred wood or charcoal. It was, however, to the Newcastle coal, under the term of sea-coal, that it was first applied to fossil fuel in a general commercial sense. In charters granted by King Henry III., in 1229, privilege is given to certain parties to dig coals in Newcastle, and seven years after (1306) sea-coal was in such extensive use in London, that the Parliament complained to the King of the pollution of the atmosphere by its noxious vapours.

But without going into the etymology of the word, or the history of coal, if the term *coal* be currently applied at the present day to any specific mineral substance, can we do better than to take, as identifying the substance meant, a mineral, from what is of all others the place for coals? Let us take a piece of true Newcastle coal as a type of what coal is. Undoubtedly everyone will say it is bituminous coal, so then we argue coal must be bituminous. The pleader may remind you that there is Welsh coal, which is anthracite; Devonshire coal, which is culm; and Bovey, or Brown coals, which are lignites. None of these are like Newcastle coal. Is anthracite *coal* because it comes from Wales? or culm *coal* because no other sort of fossil fuel is dug in Devonshire? As well would Irish peat be *coal* because it is plentifully burnt in Ireland. Calling minerals by wrong names does not constitute them what you call them. A shale would not be a slate because you called it so.

How, then, was coal formed? The lands on which the coal-plants grew have passed away; no human eye will see their like again—no human eye saw them, no human hand touched a leaf of those gigantic trees and ferns. No limner's art ever portrayed those dense forests, nor surveyor's pen mapped down the broad estates on which they rankly grew. But certainly as the rays of light tell us of burning metals in the sun, so will the segregation of the earthy particles into which their long and creeping roots penetrated, the bedding of the grains of sand and clay which ultimately covered them up, tell us the story of the ancient physical conditions under which lifeless trunks, and leaves, and boughs became converted into coal.

Low were those ancient lands, surrounded by broad, marshy swamps, bounded by shallow estuaries, up which the salt sea-water gently rose and fell; one can scarcely speak of tide, so smoothly between the stems and undergrowth of water-loving tree-rushes, and through the tangled jungle sluggishly it flowed. Into the muddy waters of estuary and lake, and on the oozy ground around, the leaves fell year by year, as autumnal chills unclothed the trees. And the trees, too, in the roll of time, rotted at their bases by the watery medium in which they grew, toppled over, and became immersed in the boggy soil, under a surface-coating of ferns and humbler plants, mixed with mosses; the rank herbage ever growing, rotting, and fermenting. Green and verdant at top, dark, black, heated, and distilling out from the decaying vegetable matter globules of bitumen below, to mingle with and penetrate the half-rotted, closely-matted mass of leaves and fibres, and of porous wood. Then this putrifying mass was covered up with mud, so that neither gas escaped nor bitumen floated away. Thus was the coal-seam formed. It was not open to the day until it had dried into turf or rotted into soil. But it was covered up at a certain stage of its elaboration, and so preserved for human use.

It may have completed in the earth the process of its conversion into coal, but it was originally the *débris* of a living vegetation buried under a covering of mud. The accumulation might have been long going on near the surface, new vegetable matter heaped up at top, new bitumen secreting below;—going on for ages before the mass was buried in. Covered in at last, stratum after stratum of mud and of sand are piled over it, the weight of the superincumbent materials press down the spongy fibrous upper part of the future coal-seam into the bituminous lower portion, the semi-fluid bitumen is squeezed upwards amongst the compressed fibres and forced into the pores of the wood, the thickness of the vegetable bed is reduced, and it becomes an almost solid mass of wood and vegetable fibre, impregnated with the bitumen distilled from itself. If it had parted with its gases and bitumen before it had been covered in, it might have become fossil peat. But coal, the product never would have been. Briefly, then, such was the origin of coal. This view of the matter excludes at once the anthracites from any right to the term of coal. Next, to dispose of the lignites. Lignites may or not at some future period—ages to come—be converted into coal. They are not coal yet; they are still ligneous. The woody structure is so well preserved in the brown coal of Switzerland and Germany, that in some places it is used for rafters, beams, and other building purposes. The stages of elaboration are not yet complete, which are requisite for the production of coal. It is the babe, not the man. Anthracite has lost its bitumen. It is the corpse. It might have been coal once, it is less now. Shale is the earth on which the corpse was laid. It may be saturated with its blood, but it is not the body.

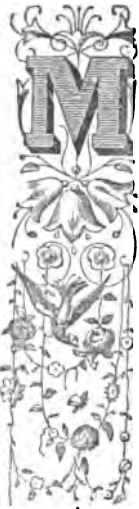
Cannel-coal means "candle" coal. When the workmen cut this mineral into long and narrow strips, and light them, they burn like candles—hence the term "candle," or, shortly, "cannel-coal." The affix "coal" does not absolutely mean that the substance is coal. It was added by miners, who called it coal, as they would any other black bituminous substance which they were in the habit of digging from the earth.

If, then, bitumen, whether pressed out of a coal-seam formed, or forming, or issuing from one by its lighter gravity, its liquidity, or from any other cause whatever, settles on the top of that coal-seam, and hardening there, forms a compact bed, can that bitumen correctly be termed coal? Assuredly not. But all this shows how careless and meaningless has been the use of the word. Why not call the "ozokerite," or mineral pitch obtained from the sandstones of the Edinburgh coal-measures, "Candle-coal." It is true it is in some localities soft, for the peasants of Moldavia employ it for greasing their cart-wheels; but the reason why the Scotch "ozokerite" and the "hatchettine," or mineral tallow, of South Wales have escaped the term would seem to be, because they are not as "black as coal."

The so-called "Boghead-coal," from Torbane Hill, Edinburgh, is a lustreless mineral, and apparently closely resembles some of the darker and more bituminous shale from Kimmeridge, in Dorsetshire, rings of which were used for money in ancient times, while the shale is now made to yield a richer revenue, in the shape of 9,050 cubic feet of gas per ton.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.



PLUCKER, of Bonn, to whom this branch of physical inquiry already owes so much, has discovered a new field of research in the action exercised by a magnet on an electric discharge induced through a gas in a highly rarefied state.

In a recent memoir, in Poggendorf's "Annalen," M. Plucker has drawn attention to a class of phenomena first described by Ruhmkorff and Du Moncel.

Taking the powerful inductive coil of the former giving off sparks more than a foot long, and bringing the two electrodes between the poles of an electro-magnet in the equatorial direction about half an inch away, on commencing the action the sparks are surrounded by a kind of aureola, which, under the magnetic action, spreads out into a beautiful thin disc, formed of arcs of concentric circles on the same side of the spark, and reaching to the electrodes, as in M. Leroux's experiment with incandescent platinum wire. In the beautiful experiments carried on by M. La Rive, the gaseous conductor revolves round the pole, as the metallic wire is made to do by Faraday, in gas not too highly rarefied. When the exhaustion is extreme, phenomena of a different order present themselves.

When the spark proceeds from the negative electrode, and the vacuum is as perfect as possible, a beautiful electric radiation takes place from the electrode in all directions. M. Plucker points out that this radiation does not obey the laws which regulate the ordinary currents, as under magnetic influence the several rays are all brought into the direction of the force exercised by the magnet, and that all the light is concentrated in this line. Where the force is rectilinear, an electric current following any of the primitive rays would revolve round the line of force without approaching it, in one direction or the other, according to the polarity of the magnet. But in these experiments of M. Plucker this polarity is no longer in question, as all the rays are brought into one direction, forming the curve of magnetic force, which is a neutral line relative to the electro-magnetic action, the magnet exercising no action on its elements. It is M. Plucker's opinion that a nascent current would necessarily take this direction. The phenomena presented by the light surrounding the positive electrode under the influence both of the magnet and the negative electrode, were shown to result from the action exercised on the nascent current, first by the magnet, and secondly by the attraction of the negative electrode.

These new ideas are strongly borne out by M. Ruhmkorff's experiments with an apparatus resembling the well-known "electrical egg." If a vacuum, as perfect as possible, be made in this, and the electric spark be passed through it, instead of the disc mentioned above, a magnificent vault of violet light is seen, formed by the magnetic curves passing by the non-insulated points of the electrode, towards which spreads out a quantity of feeble whitish light from the positive electrode. If now a small quantity of air be admitted, the beautiful violet vault disappears, to give place to a jet of fiery red, issuing from the positive electrode.

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Low, to the south, the brown woods lay,
And purpling fell across the west,
Where gloomed the heavy river's breast,
Under the waste of cloudy day.

The willows drooped along the brim,
And instant gusts that breathed showers,
Shivered the fiery blossomed flowers
That scattered all the water dim.

And bowed the opal chalices
Of the cold lilies in the mere,
And turned the willows white with fear,
And blanched the tangled poplar trees.

With narrow arch across the flood,
A gothic bridge shot up the ford;
Below, the frothing rapids roared,
And, in the surf, the brown wheel stood.

Heavy, heavier falls the day,
As twilight broods along the hills,
And pointed roofs of water mills
Are hooded in the gathered grey.

The leaves are blown in crimson whirls,
And strike the trunks with flatted palms;
And, in the intermittent calms,
The rain against the window hurls.

And, ghost-like, in the yellow west,
The church spires of the distant town,
Stand black and tall, and tremble down
The vespers of the bells of rest.

Toll out, toll out, the day is done,
Fold down another leaf of time,
The panes are damp with mist and rain,
The golden sand of light is run.

DUNBRODY ABBEY.



HIS ancient and venerable pile, anciently called Dunbrothy, situated at Port St. Mary, once a small town near the confluence of the rivers Barrow and Swire, (now Suir,) is a lasting monument of monastic greatness; but the pealing anthem and the swelling choir have died away in the distance, on the stream of time. Visiting this ancient pile, we will never forget the awe which the grandeur of its stupendous arches and gloomy cells imposed on us. The entrance is on the north side, and a winding staircase brings the visitor to the top of the northern wing, over whose broad wall he may walk in safety to the body of the building, which is ascended by stairs of cut stone, till he arrives at the turrets; some are bold enough to stand on their giddy heights, and some years ago, a gentleman, in attempting the feat, fell to the ground, and was killed on the spot.

Ware informs us that this Abbey was dependent on St. Mary's Abbey, at Dublin; Dugdale, on the other hand, calls it a cell to the Abbey of Bildeawas, in England. These opinions, though apparently opposite, are not without some share of truth, for Jungelin says it had a dependence on St. Mary's, and it also paid a certain yearly acknowledgment to the Abbey of Bildeawas, in token of its ancient dependence. Neither of these authors agree any better as to the time or circumstance of its foundation. It was founded, according to Ware's "Monastereologia," in the year 1182 A.D., by Hervæus de Montemarisco. Du Chesne makes the founder, De Montmorency, marshal to Henry II., and seneschal of the Earl of Pembroke's lands; he further says, that this founder became a monk himself in the said Abbey, and was buried there.

The "Monasticon" acquaints us that Hervæus de Montemarisco gave to the Abbey of Bildeawas the lands of Ardfeithin and Corsnorgop, with their dependencies, provided that they should build an Abbey at Dunbrothy, or St. Mary's Port, in Ireland, and for that purpose gave them the lands of Dunbrothy, on the further condition of their having a sanctuary in the Abbey for all malefactors that should fly thither, which Edward the Third confirmed. The charters in the "Monasticon" mention all these particulars; the Bishop of Ossory and a Bishop of Wexford signed the charter of foundation, whence, it may be concluded, that it passed in Ireland, and not in England; therefore Ware's opinion seems the more pro-

bable, did not those charters expressly make out, that the donation was made to the Abbey of Bildevas, in England, and not to that of St. Mary's, Dublin; Jungelin agrees in this foundation, which he dates 1171, A.D., or 1175. Another difficulty occurs by Flatberg asserting that the founder returning into England, became a monk in the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, at Canterbury, which Monks du

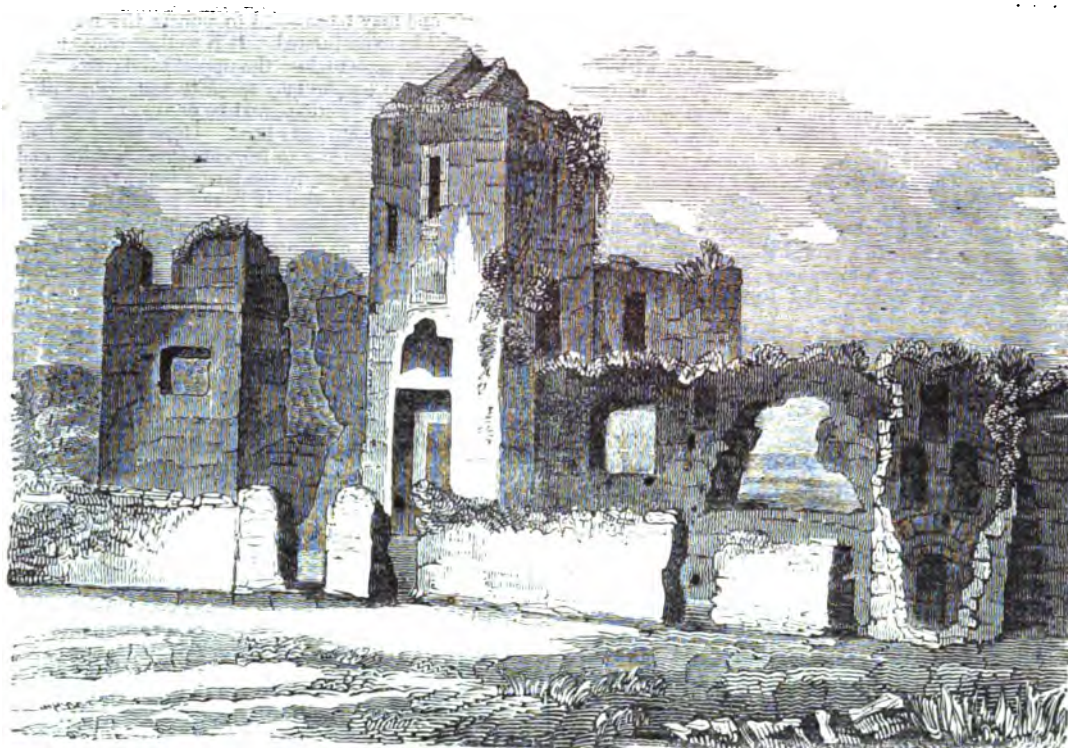
The ruins of Dunbrody are great, and have a grandeur which at first sight inspires reverential awe; to which the solitude of the place and its wilderness not a little contribute. The walls of the church are pretty entire, as is the chancel. In the church are three chapels, vaulted and groined. The great aisle is divided into three yards by a double row of arches, supported by square piers: the in-



Chene denies in his genealogy of the house of Montmorency.

The principal benefactors to this Abbey are, first, Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, and Walter, his nephew, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and after them, Harlemin, who, being a Bernardin monk, was made Bishop of Leighlin, built some part of the church, and was buried in it, A.D. 1217.

side of the arches have a moulding, which springs from beautiful consoles. The tower is rather low in proportion to the building, and is supported by a grand arch. The foundation of the cloisters only remains; they were spacious. The western window is of uncommon form, and the western door under it was magnificent, with filligree work cut in the stone.



LISCARROLL CASTLE.

THE town of Liscarroll is situated in a mountainous part of the county of Cork, and is a very inconsiderable, queer town. In it are the ruins of a very large and strong castle, built, as is generally supposed, by King John, though some attribute it to some of the Strongbowian adventurers.

In the latter end of the month of August, 1642, it was besieged by the Irish army, under Lord Mountgarret, consisting of seven thousand men; and on the second of September, after a siege of thirteen days, it surrendered. However, the very next day, the Earl of Inchiquin came to its relief, attacked the Irish army, and after a very severe contest defeated them, with the loss of fifteen hundred men. It was again taken in 1646, by Lord Castlehaven, with an army of five thousand men.

The Castle is an oblong square, two hundred and forty feet by one hundred and twenty, and was flanked by six great towers, two square and four round, and the walls were thirty feet high. The south entrance was defended by a strong fort, of which very little now remains, as may be seen by the above drawing, which represents the south side.

There are some subterranean passages near the castle, the entrances to which are now entirely filled up.

There was, about fifteen years ago, an extraordinary well, or rather hole, in the vicinity of this town, the depth of which was so great, that if a stone were let fall from the brink, it would not be heard to plunge into the water below for sixteen seconds afterwards. This was a local tradition, but we are not aware that it has ever been satisfactorily authenticated.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER X.

MISS ASHBY rose, very serious, followed by her mother, also very serious, followed also by Victoria and Walter, very jocular both. Is it upon this cold heart leading the way that Mr. Faversham would rest the comfort and the hope of this life? He follows the saintly figure with his eyes, and we tremble for him. Cupid's teeth chatter as he approaches her, and he sets out the feathers of his wings as doves set theirs, when the east wind blows.

The saint is presently seen walking alone to chapel. Plain straw bonnet; plain black mantle; sober brown silk dress. Faversham must be excused when he wonders what on earth his sisters, or the lively Brocklebantes, or the stately Cremdelacremes, would think of the sober little body. Thread gloves weareth she. Let not this page wander near Belgravia. *De grace*, good Mr. Westerton, take not a single copy; for we would not have it known to Lady Fluke or Countess Deuceace that our heroine is not of "the upper classes."

Jack has lit his black pipe and is puffing the smoke under the rose-buds, pleased to see the drunken flies fall from the moes upon the mould. Mr. Faversham is rocking himself, uneasily, we may be sure, in an American chair, while his host airs his extensive and confused reading. From learned dulness on the one primeval language to sixpenny books on flirts and ballet-dancers, Mr. Ashby is with you. He may confuse the author of the flirt with Dr. Mantill it is true, but he has attacked both. His head is as full of incongruous things, in short, as a clown's pocket. Mr. Faversham

respectfully listens. It is easy to agree. An occasional "just so" leaves the listener leisure to speculate on his own plans and troubles, to talk with his inner self, and ask this self what he means to do in that little love matter, or with that little bill. Mr. Faversham had much to say to his friend and counsellor, self. He must agree closely with this self. Here he had been at Jamaica Lodge, during five or six hours, and he was no nearer an explanation with Miss Ashby than he was yesterday. He might have offered to escort her to chapel. Ass that he was, he had let a good opportunity pass here. When Mr. Ashby proposed that the party should stroll to meet the good young lady on her way home, self declared emphatically to Mr. Faversham that *now* he must be a man.

And Mr. Faversham was man enough to offer Miss Ashby his arm, and walk before the rest of the party. Now he was alone, and his way was clear. Now, also, a cold shiver came upon him when he saw the unconcern of his companion. Now he felt that he had been a fool to go to the City Hall, and to wait in the passage there for the glance of Miss Ashby's eyes.

A plunge into a general conversation was the natural result of this embarrassment.

"I hear that Mr. Blank brought a very large sum of money," said Mr. Faversham. This subject was as good, he felt, as any other.

"Very large."

"He is very fluent."

"Because he is very earnest."

"I have heard more graceful speakers."

"He wishes to be truthful, not graceful."

It was time to shunt this topic from the main line.

"What was the text this evening?"

"Oh! I'm sure that cannot interest *you* much, Mr. Faversham."

Here was an opening; and Faversham availed himself of it.

"I am sorry to find, Miss Ashby, that you cannot believe I have serious moments; and that I *do* occasionally give a thought to religious matters."

Mr. Faversham looked very serious indeed.

"Occasionally! Is religion to be thought of occasionally?"

"Certainly not: most assuredly not. But, unfortunately, men, and especially young men, who are studying law, or medicine; who are artists or authors, are seldom drawn by a strong guiding hand to the church—or chapel—or meeting-house, where as children they went with mother or sister—full, as Sydney Smith says, of 'catchism or bread and butter.'"

"But people should be drawn by their own hearts." Miss Ashby was tapping her skirts thoughtfully with her parasol, as she said this, and was looking to the ground.

Faversham took the opportunity to examine her face. It was pale, and a little thoughtful in expression. He said to himself, here is a strong, devout soul, striving its utmost to be pure! The little saint had given him a home-thrust. Of course, a man's heart should lead him to worship.

"Nothing can be truer. But there are vagabond hearts."

Miss Ashby looked up quickly, and astonished, into her companion's face. What did he mean?

"Vagabond hearts! I mean hearts that are warm, and true; alive to the goodness of God; but that wander, sore and weary, always turning back in the right direction, but as constantly straying in the wrong. Led away from deep-rooted convictions, in an evening's talk with a clever sceptic. Tossed about by all kinds of sentimentalities. Now dazzled by St. Barnabas; now impressed by the quaker's drab."

"I cannot understand this weakness. God's holy words are written, and man's are not to set up in opposition to them. I could hear the most eminent, the brightest men talk, and yet be firm. Human lips cannot falsify Gospel truths."

"Men have not the strong faith of women," said Faversham. "They tilt at everything. There are intellectual autocrats who would delight in the proof that the Christian religion was a baseless dream. It is the life and soul of women to have faith. It is because they put their whole trust in us, that we are so proud to put the rugged shield of our arms about them."

"I thought that you were talking about religious faith," said Miss Ashby.

At the very moment when he was touching the frontiers of the subject upon which his thoughts were bent, he was rebuffed—from

the borders of his sweet, warm Italy, he was tossed into the centre of Lapland. But he started at once to his feet; took his stout staff of argument in his resolute hand, and turned his back with determination upon the north.

"But one may be suffered to pursue the natural train of one's thoughts," he expostulated. It is well, at once, even when courting a woman, not to lose the upper hand; to answer boldly anything weak the woman may speak to you. She will graciously give up her untenable positions, and be proud of the man who has shown her that he is the stronger head. Once proud of him, she is ready when it may please him to take her into his arms, and teach her to mould her waxen soul to the image that is his ideal.

"I meant to say that it is the peculiar faculty of women to trust, as it is the nature of man to analyse, and weigh, and doubt, till he can botanize, to use Wordsworth's illustration, upon his mother's grave. I have been too much among these botanists."

"So has John, I fear," Miss Ashby answered.

Jack Ashby! He, among the refiners of intellectual gold; he, among the self-appointed perfumers to the violet. Jack was never shaken, save by an overdose of brandy. Jack's ideas, religious and mundane, were never disturbed by the subtle analysts of creeds, nor by social philosophers of the topsy-turvy school; for, it is our belief, that Jack never had an idea worth disturbing—never, in that hard skull of his, had a cobweb worth the brandishing of a broom. Find us a better heart than Jack's; find us an emptier head than his.

"I believe it is a very bad thing for men to mix almost exclusively with men," said Faversham, working his way to the warm south; "for this reason, that they are apt to put everything into the crucible—to reduce it to powder, and to tease it with their testing paper."

"I don't understand you quite, Mr. Faversham."

Mr. Faversham felt strongly inclined to take the thread glove that was lying upon his arm, and press it to his lips; or to put his arms about a certain slender waist; or to fall on his knees, and say that what he meant was, he should be a good and steadfast man henceforth; a devout man; a regular sitter under—aye, even under Mr. Blank, if the five feet one of angelic purity before him would take him under her spotless wings, and hold him to her virgin heart for ever.

But a sense of the proprieties was very strong in Mr. Faversham—strong almost as his sense of the ludicrous. He remained erect and respectful. There was a light in his eye just then—as it turned to the young lady—a light that dazzled her. He had resolved to press her hand; and, instinctively, she withdrew it. His voice, softened almost to a whisper, was about to speak tenderer words than it had yet uttered, when Miss Ashby said, with the perfect hypocritical calmness of her sex—

"Papa is holding the gate open for us."

And she tripped into the garden of Jamaica Lodge. As she turned the corner of the house, Faversham, watching her, said to himself:

"A blush, as hot as June, comes flooding o'er
Her too proud paleness."

Is it only the sunset upon her cheek?

The young lady went direct to her room; and poor trembling Mr. Faversham returned to his American easy-chair, his cool claret, and his cigar. He had been bold—but not bold enough. Yet he was not certain that he had not managed matters for the best. He had laid siege quietly and scientifically; and in laying his plans he had become more strongly determined to enter the gates of the girl's heart, and dwell in the white marble citadel of her soul.

"Well, where shall we finish the evening?" Mr. Jack asked, on the way from Jamaica Lodge to the Temple.

"I shall go direct to bed." Mr. Faversham was serious—and not inclined to talk. But they had missed the last omnibus, and Mr. Jack was not inclined for a silent walk into the great city.

"You're down," Mr. Jack said, therefore, by way of probing his companion's solemnity.

"Not a bit of it; one can't be always standing upon one's head."

"We've had a precious dull evening of it."

"I didn't find it dull. The society of a good woman keeps a man from becoming a brute beast."

"Society!" Mr. Jack exclaimed; "why, my pious sister never showed after chapel time. Grumpy, I suppose, in her own room."

"I'm afraid you cannot understand your sister, Jack. Men are apt to sneer at women's wholesale trust in Bible and Prayer-book, in high church neckcloths and coal-scuttle bonnets."

"If this is going on," (Mr. Jack meant if his little brain was going to be taxed to understand something)—"I shall have a weed."

"Think," Mr. Faversham pursued, as he stood nose to nose with Mr. Jack, lighting his cigar from the burning tip of his companion's cheroot, "think what it costs a woman to close her 'Follet' for ever, and take to the snuff-brown silk, and the grey, great bonnet of a Quakeress. Consider her, my boy, without novel or piano, opera or Chiswick."

"It's her own look out," was Jack's profound answer. "I wonder Jane Clarke doesn't borrow my sister's bonnet for a pattern."

Mr. Faversham would not see Mr. Jack's sneer.

"You don't see, my dear Jack, all the earnestness there is in this kind of thing."

"Don't I?" said Mr. Jack, accompanying his words with a very knowing wink—a wink that appeared to say (winks leave so much to the imagination), 'I saw you this afternoon looking under sister's bonnet, drawing sister out, anxious to press sister's hand, and with almost the courage to do it, when father held the gate open, and the opportunity had gone.' Blunt, unreasoning creatures of the Mr. Jack class see much. It is well for the knowing and the profound, and diplomatic, that these Mr. Jacks are not able to turn their free observations to account.

"We men, (Mr. Faversham was pursuing his train of thought,) think we have accomplished a very great intellectual height, when we say we decline to believe this and that, and when we are able to draw to our help apt quotations from clever disbelievers."

"What's up?" was Mr. Jack's interruption.

"Be serious, you brute, Jack," said Mr. Faversham. "Hang it, let us get off the saw-dust sometimes. Don't let us narrow our minds to the foul circle of a public-house. By George, are we to forget that we have mothers and sisters, and sisters' friends, who would hate us if they could see us boozing at the 'Dolphin,' or pelting one another with oyster-shells in the small hours at Roule's? I say that when I have been among good, honest, cultivated women, I feel—well, then, I feel a coarse beast with my tavern habits and loose life."

"To-morrow, I begin a month's hard reading."

"Or the next day," Mr. Jack suggested.

Some men are familiarly addressed throughout their lives. Goldsmith was naturally nicknamed,—but he did not call Johnson "Sam" in return. I think it will be found that, as a rule, the man with a nickname has something specially good in him. He attracts men's hearts; they call him, by the nickname they give him, to their bosom. There is a vulgarity in nicknames, it may be; but we must have a truce sometimes with the world. It is the delight of us all to break away occasionally. We have lately seen that an empress enjoys mightily a ride in a hackney carriage.

Now Sam Topley was called Sam, and Sam only. People who met him for the first time, fell into the habit of calling him by his nickname before the evening was over, and were laughed at when they apologized for the accidental familiarity. It was held among his friends to be the height of comedy to call him Mr. Samuel Topley,—even Topley was ceremonious. Sam Topley was known—and only Sam Topley. It was decided to be mighty presuming on his part, when he sent marriage cards to certain strangely-wild acquaintances of his, with "Mr. S. Topley" upon them. Sam Topley was a man who was acquainted with everybody, save with those persons who might have furthered his view in life, if, indeed, he ever had any views. He was simply a hearty man; and would rub his hands over an onion and a crust, for dinner. He was also a careless man, and he contrived adroitly to exhibit his carelessness to the world, by wearing his hat upon the back of his head, and by shewing dogs-eared pockets. He heightened the picture, occasionally, by a lively whistle, or by a light spontaneous dance. When he had only a shilling left in the world (and this was not rare with him), he expressed as much to the company in which he found himself, by holding it in his eye, foppishly, as an eye-glass. At heart there was no better gentleman. Who was his father? and who was his mother? had he a sister? or had he a brother? were questions on which he never deigned to enlighten even his most intimate friends.

Nevertheless, Sam Topley was a gentleman, and gently born:—we will be security for this. A sad, reckless dog, he still showed the gentleman, through the pipes and beer. His courage was cool; he never said an unkind word—so far as we know—to a human creature. He frolicked and played his foolish practical jokes, but never with misfortune nor with the helpless. We saw him one day, when he could not have seen us, piloting a blind beggar across Fleet-street, at four o'clock in the afternoon. This was not heroic in Sam, but take it as the deed of a man whose heart is somewhere very near the right place.

Some people said that Sam was an artist; some that he had a strange, very little property of his own; some that money was left for him at a certain place, on a certain day by relations, who hoped never to see him again. Where did he live? He laughed and poked the man in the ribs who asked him the question. Namby found him, and conveyed him as an oddity to Clifton's chambers. It was not likely that serious Mr. Clifton would feel himself under a heavy obligation for the introduction. The new comer, however, speedily made his own welcome. Faversham used to stare and smile at him, as a most humorous beast. Namby got suggestions out of him for his burlesques. He became one of the friends of Faversham's set, whom this great gentleman would rather not meet west of Charing Cross, or before sun-down. Between Sam Topley and Namby, however, a strict and intimate friendship arose. The two young gentlemen were at war with their families (at least if Sam had a family); and they were free to meet the world after their own fashion. To the horror of Mr. Faversham they adopted wide-awakes, and declared that they should henceforth spend no part of their respective incomes in gloves. They delighted, did these young savages, in setting the usages of polite society at defiance. By degrees, therefore, they became, not estranged, but parted from their Temple friends. Sam mimicked the airs of Faversham with irresistible humour, and Namby became accustomed to imitate the ponderous sentences of Clifton. They called Stackington "Haw, haw," and hated him chiefly because he was audacious enough to be a peer's son.

Nothing had been heard in the Temple of this precious pair for some weeks, when, on a certain morning Mr. John Ashby found a letter upon his breakfast table, the envelope of which was enlivened with two silver doves.

"Who's turned off now?" said this gentleman, addressing himself. The seal broken, he fell back in his chair, and roared his laughter forth, till his face was purple.

"Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hopley!" Mr. Jack read the card again, and again and still he rolled and laughed in his chair. He propped the card against the wall upon the mantel-piece, took a distant view of it, and again laughed his loudest. In the course of the day, he and his friends agreed that Topley's marriage was the finest caper they had heard of for a long time.

Why poor Sam Topley should not take unto himself a wife after the fashion of other men; with bride-cake, favors, a best man and a honey-moon trip if only to Gravesend—it would not be easy to determine. But it pleased his patronizing friends of the Temple to resent this deference to the usages of society. It was suggested that he had been so long a social outlaw, and that he derived so much of the amusement he afforded his friends from this outlawry, that he would not be worth his salt as a decent member of society. Poor Sam Hopley! It is difficult for an amusing man to distinguish his friends from his enemies. That dull man, Pygled, is safe. Where he is tolerated, he may be sure that he is respected, and held in the warm chambers of his companions' hearts. But how shall Larfingass feel his footing? Even his bill discounter, whom he cannot pay, asks him to dinner. Lady Comeofo invites him to her dancing teas; and vows at the breakfast table, that he is a vastly entertaining wretch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE———Nature never made
A heart all marble; but in its fissures sows
The wild flower Love; from whose rich seeds spring forth
A world of mercies and sweet charities.

NUT BURNING.

THE hearth was swept, the fairy nuts
Within the glow were burning;
And, with a rod of scented heath,
John gaily kept them turning.
The ash was white,
The nuts grew bright,
Then reddened to a strawberry light;
"Oh, love," he cried, "sure, my heart's a feather,
Darling, who knows but we'll fly together?"

A rain drop plashed upon the fire,
And dimmed the right nut's splendour;
('Twas John's) he gazed in Margaret's face,
And his look grew sadly tender.
"You see, you see,
The rain caught me,
Now for a proof of constancy;
Oh, love, 'bide with me this cruel weather,
Darling, who knows but we'll fly together?"

Over the nut a damson hue—
A violet tint—grew slowly,
And Margaret sighed a mournful sigh,
And John looked melancholy.
"Oh, love, again
'Tis plain, 'tis plain,
The strawberry light breaks through the rain,
My heart, oh, sweet, will burst its tether,
If we fail to flame and to fly together!"

They burst, they flew from right to left,
Like a scattered orchard blossom,
Straight into John's lap bounded one—
One hid in somebody's bosom.
"Ah, sweet," cried John,
"The charm has shown
That I an' somebody else are one."
"Wait," she whispered, "till spring-tide weather;
By hand and word we shall fly together!"

THE THEATRE OF THE ANCIENTS.



SO much is now said and written about the theatre, that it will not be irrelevant to make some remarks on the theatrical representations of the ancients, seeing that in many respects they serve as models for our imitation.

We may premise that there are two words, the sense of which is generally misunderstood. We allude to the terms "song" and "dance." The former was used in speaking of declamations, as Strabo mentions. Homer, Horace, and others called the actor a singer (*cantor*), yet he did not sing but declaim. Thus, in Cicero, it is said of Lælia that she pronounced, with great ease and fluency, very frequent and strongly-marked accents; "so that," adds the relater, "when I hear Lælia speak, I thought I heard the pieces of Plautus or Nævius sung." These examples are numerous, and the same is the case with dancing. For Terpsichore's art is, according to Plato, the art which assists in the imitation of all the attitudes and motions of which men are capable. In fact, the word *saltatio* (dancing) did not come from *saltus*, a leap, but from *Salus*, an Arcadian, who first taught this art to the Romans. Dion Cassius re-

lates that that epicurean tyrant, Hellogabalus, danced not only when he saw dramatic pieces performed, while sitting in the imperial seat in the theatre, but also in walking, while giving audience, or even

when addressing his troops. Now this would be entirely absurd, if the word *saltatio* did not include gesticulation, or what we properly do not call dancing: hence this was also termed "*cheironomie*"—literally the law of the hands. According to Juvenal, the carver of the viands at the tables of the great, carved the meat *dancing*; he would certainly not have performed this office very well, if he had really attempted to dance. "*Orchesia*," therefore, properly comprehended action; hence Aristides Quintilianus, who wrote a book upon music, calls the celebrated actor, Roscius, an "*orchestes*"—a dancer, and they used to say, to *dance* a drama; that is, to perform it. The reason of this denomination probably is, that the mien and movements of the actor were as much regulated by measure, and certain rules, as the steps and pirouettes of a dancer. This explains that passage of Aristotle, where he says that the chorus *danced* in the most melancholy parts of the tragedy. Now the chorus consisted of a number of excellent actors, sometimes of venerable old men, sometimes of women or children, who answered the questions of the acting personages, and made the suitable attitudes, expressing in every look or motion the most lively interest; their joy, their sorrow, their fears, or their hopes, so that this must, in fact, have been a very moving spectacle. In a certain chorus of *Æschylus*, consisting of fifty furies, we find that such a general horror was spread among the spectators, that the chorus was reduced, by an ordinance, to fifteen. The highest species of "*saltationes*," were the pantomimes; this "*mute music*," as Cassiodorus calls it, where everything was represented merely by the posture, gesture, and action, according to a certain measure. The oldest performer of this kind was Telesia, the dancer of *Æschylus*, who danced the seven chiefs before Thebes, and knew how to mark properly the character and the deeds of these heroes. The Romans, in particular, carried this art to a very degree of perfection. The two most celebrated pantomimic actors among them were Pylades and Bathyllus, the first of whom was particularly happy in tragedy, and the latter in comedy. They represented at first only single scenes, then acts, and at last whole pieces. These pantomimic representations were called dances, and the performers themselves dancers (*saltatores*); they were, in fact, a kind of ballet, which word is derived from them, for they were also called, especially in Sicily, "*balliomoi*." The titles of some of them are preserved, from which we may pretty well infer their contents—for instance, the dances of the Cyclops, the dance of Hector, Ajax, etc. One of the most celebrated pupils of Pylades was Hylas, who once danced an ode, which ended with "*the Great Agamemnon*." To express this, Hylas stretched himself out, and stood on tip-toe; but this did not please his master, who informed him that he did it wrong, on which the audience desired that he would dance the ode himself. He did so, and when he came to the above passage, he stood still, in the attitude of a person in profound thought, because he conceived that nothing was more suitable to a great commander than to think. The same Hylas once danced *Edipus*, but with his eyes open; whereupon his master called out—"Thou seest." The Romans were so charmed with these pantomimes, that they often wept at them, and the applause given them was so extravagant, that it was ordained, under the reign of Tiberius, that no senator should visit the theatre of the pantomime performers, and no Roman knight should walk in the street with them. Caligula, however, abolished this ordinance by his example; for he was so extravagantly fond of the pantomimic actor, Lepidus Mnester, that he embraced him during the performance, and beat, with his own hand, whoever made the least noise! But the task of the pantomimist was very difficult, and Lucian requires of one who will distinguish himself in it, great knowledge of poetry, music, rhetoric, philosophy, and psychology—demands which the actors of the present day will doubtless think very absurd.

With respect to the proper theatrical representations, we may remark that with the ancients poetry and music were most intimately connected. In general the word music was taken in a more comprehensive acceptation, and Aristides Quintilianus, in his work upon it, declares it to be the art which proves the principles on which it proceeds, and teaches everything relative to the use which may be made of the voice, and at the same time shows how to perform with grace all the motions of which the body is capable. Augustine calls it expressly the art of graceful motion. Music, poetry, as well as everything that tends to form the person, were among the ancients essential parts of a good education; hence Quintilian says that without understanding music a person cannot

be a good philologist, much less a good orator. Can poems, he asks, of whatever kind they are, be composed without music? For one unacquainted with music was considered a barbarian. With respect to dramatic pieces the declamation was written in notes, and composed. The same marks were employed for this purpose as were used in indicating the accents. Before the piece itself began, some instruments, especially flutes, played a prelude, which were in admirable harmony with the subject. Cicero, therefore, observes that persons who understood music would immediately perceive from the first notes of the prelude performed by the instrument, whether "Antiope" or "Andromache" was to be acted. The instrument then continued to accompany the actor. Quintilian even says, that one of the most celebrated orators of his time had an instrumental performer behind him, who, from time to time, gave him the proper measure. Thus Cicero sometimes declaimed, and Roscius made the gesticulation. Among the Romans the declamation was often divided between two actors, one had to recite, the other to make the gesticulation. Livy and Valerius Maximus relate, that a celebrated actor, named Andronicus, performing in one of his favourite pieces, and having become hoarse by repeating several passages which were highly applauded, placed a slave before the musician, who recited the verses while he himself made the gesticulation. Lucian says, formerly the actor who recited also made the gesticulation; but because the action hindered him from breathing freely, and consequently injured the pronunciation, an assistant was given to the actor, who recited for him. But both had to observe a certain measure. Above the verses the attitude was marked in notes, which the actor (*histrion*) had to follow in exact time. We read in Cicero's paradoxes, that a comedian, when he made a motion out of time, was hissed, as much as an actor who committed a fault in the pronunciation.

With respect to the dress of the actors, it was as diversified as the characters of the persons represented. Every thing possible was done to dress in a becoming manner, the actor who appeared in the figure of a divinity or a hero; they, therefore, gave him the "cothurnus"—properly a Cretan shoe—which consisted of four cork soles laid upon each other, and was at least four fingers thick; but often, in proportion to the whole, of much more considerable thickness. The shape of the soles was originally four-cornered, though they were probably, at a later period, rounded off, according to the shape of the foot. On the other hand, they sought to make the figure of the actor more heroic by placing on his head, over the forehead of the mask, a raised piece running to a point like the Greek letter delta (Δ), which was covered with hair, and so formed into a peruke. Besides those high shoes and head-dress, all the other parts of the body were stuffed out in due proportion. Over the whole was thrown the long "talar," with the train, "symma," which covered the "cothurnus," so that the hero, thus dressed out, must, doubtless, have had an imposing appearance in the eyes of the spectators. Four ells, or eight feet, was the usual stature of heroes on the stage; hence, as Athenæus says, a tragic actor, who in the procession of Antiochus, carried the horn of Amalthea, measured four ells. The chief expression of an actor lies in the face; it may, therefore, be supposed that the ingenious Greeks paid particular attention to this in their theatrical representations. For this purpose they used masks, which were of the most various sizes and forms, according to the characters of the persons. Thus, the mask of Medea expressed ferocity, that of Niobe grief, that of Hercules pride and strength, etc. Fathers, for instance, who were to be sometimes cheerful, sometimes melancholy, had a mask of which one eyebrow was frowning, the other smooth, and they very dexterously contrived to show always the proper side. In the theatres of the present day we often see pieces in which the intrigue arises from the confounding of two persons, who in general are so unlike each other, that the spectator cannot conceive how a mistake can ever arise. In such pieces the masks on the ancient stage were admirable. The spectator was himself deceived, for he could not well distinguish two masks closely resembling each other, and therefore believes the more readily that the performers were deceived. Another advantage attending masks was, that female characters, which required too strong lungs for a woman to be able to fill such a vast theatre, could be very well performed by men. Upon one occasion it happened that the actor Polus, in the character of the "Electra" of Sophocles—in the scene where she comes upon the stage with an urn containing the ashes of Orestes—ap-

peared with an urn which really contained the dear remains of a child lately deceased; and, as he addressed the ashes, was so affected that the entire audience was penetrated with the most profound affliction. With respect, also, to the ideal excellence of tragedy, the masks had a great advantage, by removing the representation from the real and ordinary scenes of life to the higher regions of art. In comedy, especially, the masks must have produced the highest effect; for they were either true copies, or caricatures of the originals represented, whose stature, dress, etc., were most faithfully imitated. Something was indeed lost, namely: the expression of the passions in the countenance, and the sudden turning red or pale, which produces a great effect. This expression of the passions necessarily escaped most of the spectators, on account of the vast extent of the theatre; however, the actors knew how to remedy this defect, by expressing all the gradations of passion with their eyes. Cicero and Quintilian cannot sufficiently praise their art in this particular. Juvenal, speaking of Nero, says, the masks, the thyrsus, and the robe of Antigone, ought to be placed at the feet of the emperor's statues, as so many trophies of his great deeds. The emperor, therefore, it is evident, had played the part of Antigone in a tragedy. Seutonius relates of him, that when he acted the part of a goddess or heroine, he always wore a mask resembling the lady with whom he was at the time in love. Aulus Gellius commends the derivation which Cuius Bassus gave to the Latin word *persona*, a mask, deriving from the verb *personare*, to sound, since as the face and the entire head were inclosed in the mask, and the voice could therefore issue only out of a single very narrow opening, it follows that the voice, thus compressed, must produce louder and more distinct tones. We observe in the masks on stones, coins, etc. always a very large opening of the mouth. It is not improbable that the mouth of the masks was surrounded with metal, forming a kind of mouth-piece, to increase the sound. In later times, according to Pliny, they used thin pieces of a marble, which in sound resembled metal, and was therefore called *Chalkophōnos*, or metal sound. The ancients also used certain brazen vessels (*echaca*) on the stage, which served instead of an echo. They wore large brazen plates which were placed on the sides of the stage, having different tones, and being placed at equal distances. Pliny complains that these vessels and arches confused the voice of the players, while Cassiodorus, on the contrary, affirms that the voice of the players became so full and strong by their aid, that it could hardly be believed the tone was produced by human lungs.

A SPANISH WELL.

WHERE the cork-tree, fringed and dim,
Bloweth by the fountain's brin,
And the amber mosses fall,
Like gold gusts from the fretted wall;
Bubbles, in the winking shadows,
The quiet well amid the meadows.

And floweth down a little pool
Into the woodland darkness cool,
Apart the solemn cheanut trees—
Apart the brown-roofed villages—
Thro' April corn fields white with blossom,
Sun, clouds, and skies within its bosom.

All around, the dreamy upland shines
And glimmers thro' a world of vines;
And, in a star-like atmosphere,
The blue hills tremble near and near,
While the slim cork-trees' tangled shadows
Dial the sun along the meadows.

Thro' one white gorge—a chasm of blaze—
Floats the far town above the haze,
Seen vague and white. Across the plain
The blue air palpitates with rain;
And, scarcely blown, the water mallows
Flash phantom splendours thro' the shallows.

With dew-fall comes the muleteer,
Jangling his bells, and sitteth near
The bright-haired mosses. Down the wold
The wild fog gathers fold on fold,
And, slily, in the sun-crisped grasses,
The green grasshopper chirps and passes.

A ghost amid the lengthening glooms,
The village girl, at sunset, comes
With empty urn; light carols swell
Around the silence of the well—
Old-fashioned ditties, quaint and tender,
Touched here and there with antique splendour.

Then blooms the east; and roundly hewn,
Low, thro' the olives, looks the moon;
The sea-wind breathes across the west,
The drowsy world rolls into rest;
From the high folds the sheep-bells tinkle,
And the broad cork leaves dance and twinkle.

THE GRIEVANCE PAPERS.

CHAPTER XII.

RELATES THE TRAGIC END OF MRS. SQUEEZER'S OAT, AND THE COMPLETE AND FINAL SUSPENSION OF ALL RELATIONS BETWEEN THAT LADY AND THE WRITER OF THESE PAPERS.



THE crisis has come at last—more suddenly, indeed, than I had expected, but a crisis to which I have, nevertheless, been looking forward during the last three years, and for which I was not, therefore, altogether unprepared. However, it *has* come suddenly upon me, and consequently, writing as I am, under a state of considerable excitement, I hope that all due allowance will be made for any incoherence which may be evident in the construction of my sentences. My two portmanteaus, my three carpet bags, my hat-case, a large wooden box containing my books, and, in a word, all my household goods, my penates, are strewn around me in confusion as I write, whilst from the room under my own ascend the cries, the screams, and the groans of Mrs. Squeezer, who has been for the last six hours in a state of violent hysterics, requiring the constant aid and assistance of several aged ladies, her friends and confidants; and, to crown all, Mrs. Squeezer's cat lies cold and stiff, and crushed flat as a pancake, "foully done to death," Mrs. Squeezer indignantly asserts, by your very humble servant, Mr. Incog. Under this complication of events, are you at all surprised, dear reader, to hear that I

write these lines under considerable excitement of my nervous system; or, to learn that the crisis to which I have alluded is one of no less serious a nature than the complete and final suspension of all relations, to speak diplomatically, between Mrs. Squeezer and myself? I will now proceed to inform you, as coherently as my excitement will allow me, how this unexpected dénouement has come to pass.

Since the "Grievance Papers" began to appear in the pages of this journal, Mrs. Squeezer's mode of acting towards me underwent a very decided change; or, to put it more correctly, her manner, always sufficiently imperious and tyrannical, became perfectly unbearable. As to whether she suspected the authorship, of course I cannot speak with perfect certainty, and am not, therefore, in a position absolutely to affirm that the altered state of our relations was due to such suspicion. But, at all events, as to the fact there is no doubt or uncertainty whatever; and I shall now merely state the facts connected with this last and closing encounter between the redoubtable Mrs. Squeezer and myself.

As I have just said, for the last few weeks Mrs. Squeezer's conduct has become perfectly unbearable. She never was remarkable,

I must say, for her attention to my linen, which she undertook to "do for," as well as for myself; but whatever little attention was at any time lavished upon it, has, for the last few weeks, been altogether discontinued; and I venture to assert, and Mrs. Squeezer is at liberty to deny my assertion if she is able, that my dozen and a-half of shirts do not possess that number of buttons amongst them. My morning chop has been sent up either perfectly raw, or burnt to a cinder; and my polite and mild remonstrances have been met with violent invective, or angry declamation, interspersed with vindictive and sarcastic remarks having reference to conceited and stuck-up things for whom nothing is good enough, and who expect their betters to wear the skin off their feet in order to satisfy their sinful appetites, and their unwholesome cravings. My books have been more thumb'd—more extensive "black mail" has been levied on my tea, my brandy, and other little luxuries of this nature; my rooms have been left undusted for days together; and my boots are actually cracking and splitting in all directions from absolute dryness and want of nourishment to the leather in the shape of blacking; and to crown all, although I suppose, in reality, that there is nothing very remarkable in *that*, the depredations and the arrogant impudence of Mrs. Squeezer's cat, assumed proportions which were perfectly intolerable. I will give an example. I dare say that Mrs. Squeezer's cat was quite as cleanly in his habits as the generality of cats, and amongst the denunciations which I have hurled against him from time to time, I never said anything against him on this point; but, when I say that probably Mrs. Squeezer's cat was quite as cleanly in his habits as the generality of cats, it by no means follows that I assume that *any* cat is perfectly cleanly in every respect. Mrs. Squeezer accommodated a certain number of lodgers; her cat, I have every reason to believe, did the same; although, of course, of a different species, and by no means limited, as was the case with the lodgers of his mistress. When he has been stretched before the fire on my hearthrug, on the very few occasions on which I so far forgot myself as to invite Mrs. Squeezer to tea in my apartments, I have seen them, with my own eyes, gambolling about him in every variety of playfulness and agility; and hence, no wonder—for I confess that I am extremely sensitive on this point—if I were emphatically indignant when a few weeks ago I discovered that Mrs. Squeezer's cat had begun to show a much more decided partiality for the bed in my sleeping room, than was at all pleasant to the legitimate occupier of the said article. So surely as by any accident the door of my room happened to be left open, did the indentation on my pillow, or the disturbed state of my blankets, bear witness to the fact that my bed had been diverted from its legitimate use into a bed for Mrs. Squeezer's cat. Now, this was, I think all will agree, decidedly unpleasant, if not offensive. It wasn't in the nature of things that the foul animal should occupy my bed for any length of time without leaving some of his parasites behind him in my blankets; and being, as I have several times had occasion to remark in the course of these papers, of a highly sensitive temperament, I became almost afraid of returning to my couch like other reasonable and better-protected people. However, this wasn't the worst of it. I don't know, courteous reader, whether you have ever observed the nature of the animals in question (for obvious reasons I forbear speaking of them by their own proper name), but if you have, you will have discovered that they possess an extreme facility in changing their quarters when those in which they have taken up their abode are not to their liking. Now, I suppose the animals in question *don't* like me, for several times lately have my friends, with ill-concealed jocularity, cried out—"Hallo! Incog, what's this, old boy," at the same time pointing to the sleeve of my coat, where, sure enough, one of the agile creatures was perched, waiting, no doubt, for a favourable opportunity of transferring himself by a well-timed leap to some individual who might be more suited to his appetites. Now, such an incident, of course, covered me with blushes and confusion, and having appealed to Mrs. Squeezer with no more satisfactory result than an impudent declaration, that if I didn't take care to keep my door shut, *she* wasn't going to do it, I vowed vengeance against the beast, and at once entered upon a course of decided and energetic hostilities. The war was carried on somewhat in this wise. Upon returning to my apartments I crept quietly up stairs, having taken care to provide myself with a boot-jack, a good, heavy book, or some such offensive weapon. If my door were open, I judged that my enemy was there, and entering my room as quickly as pos-

sible, I strove to come upon him unawares. I never succeeded altogether in doing so, he was too sharp and too cunning to admit of the perfect success of such a manoeuvre, and the most that I could accomplish, was to get a good flying shot at him with my weapon as he sprung from his bed, and darted out of the room. I must confess that I broke a good many articles of crockery-ware, by this desultory system of warfare, neither can I say that I ever absolutely hit him, but several times I *nearly* did, and at all events, I am quite sure that I *frightened* him very considerably, for his manner, when he chanced to meet me on the stairs at other times, was a good deal cowed, and less arrogant than before. I need scarcely say that Mrs. Squeezer and I had several violent altercations on this subject, and that expressions much more forcible than complimentary, passed between us; but I didn't mind her; I was determined to banish that beast from my sleeping apartment.

Well, things went on in this way until yesterday. I had been invited to spend yesterday evening with some friends, and I intended to do so. During the afternoon I laid out my "things" on the bed, that they might be ready for me when I began to dress. Amongst the articles which I intended to wear was a shirt with a beautifully-wrought front, for which I have a particular liking. I may say that this article cost me a good deal of money, for I bought it to wear at a "conversazione" which the Lord Lieutenant was expected to attend (he didn't come after all), and I only wore it on very particular occasions. Well, I laid out my clothes, and the article in question on the top of all. Discovering that I needed some little article for my toilette, I went out to purchase it, and having met my dear friend Jenkins (the gent you may remember who circulated that unlucky story about my sour grapes), we sauntered up Sackville Street together, talking of our mutual friends, of course, and consequently it was some little time before I returned to my lodgings. When I did so, I proceeded at once to my room to dress, and what do you think, sympathising reader, was the first object which met my sight? I give you my word for it, that the foul beast had actually made a bed for himself on the identical shirt front I have just mentioned, and had coiled his carcass upon it the whole time I had been absent, to judge from the crumpled, soiled, and utterly unwearable appearance which it presented. To say that the sight raised my indignation to its highest pitch would be the very mildest form of expression which I could use. There was no sign of his presence, my shirt front of course excepted; but judging that he might be lurking somewhere, I armed myself with my heaviest Wellington boot, and peeped cautiously under my bed. There he was, and no mistake, and his savage green eyes glared at me from the furthest corner of the room, and the next question was how to dislodge him with comparative security to myself. I had such a conviction of the untamed ferocity of that animal, and his power of doing mischief, that I knew well enough that if the opportunity offered, or if he were driven to extremities, he would scratch my eyes out before I knew where I was; and as I have always considered eyes in general, I say nothing, of course, of particular cases, as considerable embellishments of a human face, I took care not heedlessly to expose myself to such a casualty. Hence, after having set my door wide open, I procured a long stick, and transferring the Wellington boot to my left hand, I took the stick in my right, and began to poke cautiously under the bed. After a good deal of "shoo," "shooting," and poking on my part, and after a good deal of spitting and swearing (I believe this is the proper word) on the part of my enemy, he suddenly darted out, and made for the door. I threw down my stick, grasped my weapon, to wit, the Wellington boot, in my right hand, and made after him. I arrived on the landing just in time to see him, tail erect and eyes glaring like two burning coals, darting down the stairs at full speed. I stood, took aim for a second, and then launched my weapon at his retreating form, with all the strength at my command. I only attempt to justify this act by the excitement under which I laboured, and any of my friends will testify, I know, to my gentleness and kindness to all dumb animals in general, but Mrs. Squeezer's cat provoked me *beyond* all endurance. Whether I hit him or not I can't say with certainty. I am rather inclined to believe that I missed him; and now, considering what has happened, I hope that I did. At all events, he gave a tremendous screech, and bolted down the back kitchen stairs, whilst the boot flew with all the force which I had expended on it right against the panels of Mrs. Squeezer's own private door. That amiable lady, it

would be quite superfluous to say, responded at once to the noisy summons thus conveyed, and throwing open her door before I could effect a retreat into the privacy of my own apartment, at once attacked me in terms of utmost virulence and animosity. I tried for a minute or two to stem the torrent of her invective, but finding myself utterly powerless, not able to get in a word, even sideways as they say, I took the only course open to me, viz, to retreat into my own room and bolt the door, leaving Mrs. Squeezer to let off her steam on the landing outside. My feelings were by this time, and after an encounter of such a nature as this, far too much excited to allow me to think of the evening party to which I had been invited, and so I gave up all idea of it. About eight o'clock I slunk out to the confectioner's round the corner, and got a cup of tea for myself, for I candidly own that I was, considering the state of the war between us, positively afraid to ring for that beverage at my own apartments. I would not, under existing circumstances, and after this last outrage on her cat, have faced Mrs. Squeezer for a trifling consideration. I dodged in again as quietly as I could, and made my way up to my own room, without having encountered Mrs. Squeezer on the staircase. Not having seen her, I cannot of course speak with certainty as to the state of my landlady, but judging from the groans which issued from her room up to a late hour of the night, I conclude that she, too, was labouring under very considerable excitement.

I retired to rest last night at my usual hour, and with a full determination of bringing matters to a crisis, and of bearing Mrs. Squeezer's tyranny no longer. Urged on by my natural disinclination to change, the timidity and nervousness of my nature, which Mrs. Squeezer had turned to such account in her own favour, and some kind of a fear that I might only jump out of the frying pan into the fire, I had patiently borne with Mrs. Squeezer for full three years, but I determined to bear with her no longer, and to give notice to quit, in real earnest, the very first thing in the morning. How little did I anticipate the course which events were to take, or the circumstances under which this notice was to be given by me, and accepted by Mrs. Squeezer.

I had barely completed my toilet this morning, and had not left my room, when I was suddenly startled by a succession of piercing screams, which I at once recognized as proceeding from Mrs. Squeezer. Thinking that some fearful calamity had fallen upon her, I at once hurried to her assistance, generously forgetting our encounter of the previous evening. I found my landlady in the hall, just inside the street door, wringing her hands with frantic violence, and giving utterance to such a succession of piercing shrieks as it has rarely been my lot to listen to. I was for a second or two quite at a loss to comprehend what it was all about, but my surmises were soon set at rest. Two or three days ago I attended a sale of pictures, and, in a moment of weakness, purchased a "real" Claude, of considerable size. This picture was put into a large packing-case, and only arrived at my lodgings yesterday. It was placed on one end in the hall, and the end of the packing-case being only very narrow, or, in other terms, the base being very disproportionate to the height of the article, the whole affair was naturally in a very "shaky" position, and very little force would be quite sufficient to throw it down on its side. On making my way down stairs, this packing-case immediately caught my eye. During the night something or other *had* thrown it off its end on to its side. It was lying quite flat on the floor of the hall, and from beneath it protruded, quite stiff and rigid, *the tail of Mrs. Squeezer's cat*. I put forth my strength, and lifting up the packing-case, we at once discovered the lifeless body to which that tail pertained, cold and dead, and crushed flat as a pancake. I took my ancient enemy by the tail, and raised him from the ground, holding him in a deprecating manner before the eyes of his mistress. Life had evidently been extinct some hours, and so I laid him down again, for he wasn't a pleasant object to look upon, much less to hold in one's hand. Mrs. Squeezer, however, didn't seem to think so, for, bending down, she took the dead body in her arms, then folded him up in her apron, and finally, after some ineffectual efforts to speak, as I concluded from her exertions, gave vent to her feelings in screams of such redoubled violence that several of the neighbours came rushing in, evidently expecting to find the house in flames, and Mrs. Squeezer's garments enveloped in the devouring element. As soon as she had thus secured an audience, the infuriated old creature, hugging her favourite to her breast the while, turned round on me, and attacked me with a fury which absolutely made me tremble. I

shrink from polluting these pages by writing on them the foul language with which she accused me, before the neighbours, of having murdered her darling Tom, her poor, dear, harmless, unoffending cat, the only comfort of her widowed days. I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the language in which Mrs. Squeezer couched these accusations was "Billingsgate" of the very lowest order; nay, I doubt whether there is a fishwife in all that classic region who is fit to hold a candle to Mrs. Squeezer in this respect. I give my word of honour that I had nothing whatever to do with the murder of Mrs. Squeezer's cat. I never saw him after he bolted down the kitchen stairs, after destroying my shirt, and I am as innocent of any direct participation in his death as the child unborn. The way in which he came by his end was, I suspect, in this wise. Prowling about during the night, and, perhaps, making a spring from the top of the first landing to the bottom, he probably came with the whole momentum of his carcass, (not a small one, as I have several times remarked,) against the packing-case, and, overturning it, thus brought destruction and death upon himself. This may have been the case or it may not. I cannot speak with certainty, but of this I am certain, that I had nothing to do with his death. Fancy, then, my feelings, when Mrs. Squeezer assailed me, before the assembled neighbours, with every kind of bad language, and accused me of murdering her cat, vowing at the same time vengeance of the direst kind against me. I strove to speak, but in vain. I might as well have striven to check the Mississippi in its course, as to check that woman's torrent of abuse. Deeming it due to my own character, and the assertion of my dignity before the neighbours, who were evidently seriously prejudiced against me by Mrs. Squeezer's denunciations and accusations, I faltered out a notice to leave my lodgings that day month. Mrs. Squeezer's face changed from burning red to livid white, as she laid the remains of her dear departed on the hall table, and turned on me anew. That day month, indeed, did I say—would I, if I pleased, repeat *that*—it was so very kind of me, (here there was an hysterical demonstration on the part of Mrs. S.) And did I think that she would let a bloodthirsty, sneaking, cowardly "feller" like me, sleep another night under *her* roof? Catch her at it. She had too much regard for her own throat ever to live under the same roof with me again. She had been more than a mother to me. No mother would have put up with half of what she had borne from me, with my junkettings, and my carousals, and my nasty, bad company. And this was the way I had repaid her, by destroying that poor innocent, because I knew that he was the only company that she had in her loneliness and her widowhood. Oh, yes, it was like me! why didn't I attack somebody who was my match, and not wreak my bloodthirstiness on a poor, lone widow, who had no one to stand up for her. That day month, indeed! Oh! poor dear Tom, my poor murdered darling, my poor innocent victim. There he is, the vile murderer! and he talks to me about this day month, indeed—(more hysterical demonstrations and violent screaming.) Would I get out of that, and pay her what I owed her, and take myself and my things away at once, or would a poor lone widow have to call upon her neighbours for protection against a murdering, slaying, swindling, cheating, lying,

cowardly "feller" like me. [Threatening demonstrations on the part of the neighbours.] Oh, yes! I might deny it as much as I liked, but *she* knew who did it, and if there was law to be had on me, she was the woman who would have it. She was the woman who would make me pay for that poor murdered innocent; and would I pay her what I owed her, and take myself off at once, for I shouldn't sleep another night under her roof, no, not if I were to cover my bed with golden guineas? Thank goodness, she hadn't come to *that*.

Finding reason and remonstrance equally unavailing, I have left Mrs. Squeezer and her cat in care of her sympathizing neighbours, who seem fully convinced that I am his murderer. My things are all packed, and, whilst I am waiting for a conveyance to carry me hence, I have bolted my door and penned these hurried lines. I don't see my future way quite clearly as yet, but, having suffered so much from Mrs. Squeezer, I feel strongly tempted to take a small house and start housekeeping on my own account. Should I determine upon this step, and should I meet with any trials or adventures worth relating in the carrying out of it, I will not fail to let you hear of them in due time. Meanwhile, I am afraid that the unexpected crisis in my relations with Mrs. Squeezer may somewhat interfere with the further development at present of the interesting subject of "Grievances," which, through your kind indulgence, courteous reader, I have thus far pursued. You may, perhaps, remember that I referred my own peculiar grievances to three heads, arising from the description which I gave of myself, as a single gentleman, of a certain age, with a literary turn of mind. The two latter of these heads I have not been able to touch as yet. I hope, however, in a very short time, to find myself sufficiently settled to be able to resume the consideration of the momentous question of "Grievances;" whilst I trust that the investigations which we have already made on this point have only been half as entertaining to you, dear reader, as they have been interesting to me. If such be the case, I am amply rewarded for any little trouble they may have cost me. But, as I hear the vehicle which is to convey me hence, I must bring this paper to a speedy close, merely delaying long enough to subscribe myself, dear and indulgent reader,

Your very faithful servant,

INCOG.

Two hours later, I just open this paper to inform you that I *have* done it. Mrs. Squeezer's parting benediction is still ringing in my ears, but, thank heaven, I have heard the last of her voice, and I feel like a free man at last. When I was leaving her house, her conduct became so excited and violent that I verily believe if the neighbours hadn't restrained her by absolute force, she would have committed an assault and battery upon me. However, I have done with her, and that is my consolation.

P.S.—A seedy-looking individual, who represents himself as an attorney, has looked into the hotel where I am temporarily sojourning, to give me legal notice that an action has been lodged against me by my late landlady, for having slayed, or caused to be slayed, a valuable cat, of purest Angola breed. Damages £25. So that, it seems as if I hadn't done with Mrs. Squeezer after all.

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SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER III.



MR. O'FLA-NAGAN received them, violin in hand, at the door of the barn, or assembly room (as it had the honour of filling that office this evening)—described a flourish with his bow in the air, and then lowered it smartly to the ground—drew his heels gracefully into the first position, turned out his toes like Sir Christopher Houghton in the "Critic," and completed the ceremony of reception with a bow which was evidently intended as a pattern for all the male spectators—lowering his head until the queue of his periwig (a fashionable article of dress which added materially to his importance in this region of shock heads) arose, and culminated to the zenith. He then marshalled the ladies to their seats on one of the forms which were ranged along the walls for the accommodation of the guests—and which was strewn with fresh rushes, in order to afford a "saft sate" for the gentle sex—while he proceeded to put the young pupil through his evolutions.

"A very fine boy, indeed,



THE INTERVIEW.

ma'am—if he had only a little polish. Now, sir, spring up off o' the ball o' your futt, an come down in the third position. Very good. Hold up your head, sir,—no fear your feet will run away from you while you watch them too close—keep in your tongue, sir,—there's a handle o' your tongue thrust out, as if that would be any use to you in the step. Now—one—two—three—very good," etc., etc., etc.

The company soon began to thicken, and in a little time complaints began to arise of the scantiness of room, which were ingeniously obviated by arranging a few forms in the open air—and preparing a second dancing area in the bright moonlight, the master of the ceremonies carefully dividing his time and attention between the guests within and those without, so that neither party might complain of a deficiency in this respect. The latter were accommodated with the violin of the dancing-master himself, while the company within received sufficient reason for dancing from a long and lean piper who had been hired for the evening as an assistant in the orchestral department.

The ball opened with a most tortuous dance called the Reel of Three—which, however scientific, did not fully satisfy the longings of the mercurial spectators, whose mettlesome heels were eager for livelier operations. For some time no occurrence took place to disturb the gravity and decorum which prevailed in the assembly, with the exception of an awkward blun-

der made by Sally, who during a pause in the music leaned back unwittingly on the piper's unexhausted bag, from which proceeded a squeal so mournful and so like the remonstrance of a living creature in pain, as convulsed the hearers with laughter, and covered our poor heroine with confusion. Soon after, while the floor was again clear, and the gentlemen were plying their fair ones with agreeable attentions in various parts of the room, the piper seeing Sally disengaged, and perhaps willing to show that he harboured no malice, danced up to her, throwing the drone up over his left shoulder, playing a rapid jig tune, and capering away with a pair of enormously long legs, looking—in his close cropped head, black worsted stockings, torn blue jacket, tight pantaloons, and red woollen cravat or comforter—more like the ideal of an evil genius than any thing human. When Sally cheerfully danced forward, amid the shouts of delight and approbation which broke from the assembly, her strange partner retired to the centre of the floor, where he continued to time his own music, now pounding the earth like a pavier's rammer, now flying from side to side, as if he trod on air, and anon remaining to grind the floor in one spot, throwing back his head, and moving it from one side to another with a certain ravished air. The guests gradually gathered around the dancers, following with eyes and mouth distended to ecstatic admiration the feet of the extraordinary piper, and unable to repress a cheering shout or rapture when, by a fresh wild bound, he seemed to recover all his former vigour as fast as it was exhausted. The contagion at length spread—the floor was covered with emulative groups, and the dancing-master's genteel reels and figures were all merged into the national and inspiring mairneen. Overpowered with fatigue, Sally at length permitted herself to be danced and played to her seat by the piper, who whispered in her ear as she turned to sit down—“There's one you know waiten for you in the sally-grove, Miss.”

The words were almost inaudible, but such as they were they made Sally start and look up suddenly. The speaker was already in his former place, playing on, and directing his attention to the dancers. She imagined either that her senses deceived her, or that the words were addressed to some other person.

The dancing and music proceeded with no less enthusiasm on the green plot without. Longing to breathe the cool night wind, after her exertions in the house, Sally walked to the door, and, leaning against the jamb, contemplated the motions of the dancers in the moonlight. While she remained in this position, the name of her old lover, Macnamara, pronounced by some one of a group of persons who occupied a seat near the door, caught her ear.

“And did you hear,” said one, “how Miss Byrne herself was gotten on?”

“She never 'll get over it,” replied a middle-aged woman. “I spoke to-day with James Mihil, their servant-boy, an' he toul't me himself that she was gettin worse and worse every day. It seems the match is broke off out an' out betune herself and Mr. Robert Kumba, a kind-hearted boy he is too, indeed, but not over and above knowing. She never was heard to screech or cry after her father's death, an' that's a sign, for the silent grief is always that that lies heavy on the heart an' breaks it.”

“I'd be sorry anything should happen her,” said one of the hearers, “she was a good sweet-tempered young lady, an' a nice dancer. Did you mind her the day she danced with Dinny Macnamara, that they say is listed since, at the May-pole?”

“I did,” replied a young man, who had just been danced out of his place, “an' if you'll b'lie' me, I didn't think so much of her. She trod so light, there wasn't hardly a blade o' the grass turned under her. Not so with Dinny I'll be bail. That was the boy for pounden! The place was if a pig had been rooten it after him.”

“They say Dinny Macnamara was taken with her himself after that, in spite of all that come and went between him and Sally Segur, the Palatine's daughter, over—”

A sudden “husht!” and a low murmur which passed among the group of gossips informed our heroine that her proximity was discovered, and she retired a little farther in, continuing to fix her eyes on the dancers without, where a new spectacle had caught her attention.

This was a young man much better dressed than the remainder of the company, who had not made his appearance in the interior of the house, and who seemed anxious to partake of the amusements that were going forward as freely as it was possible to do without

exposing himself, in any remarkable degree, to observation. In a short time, as he turned round and approached her, so that the glare of light from the open door fell on his features, her heart bounded at the sight of her lover, once more restored to health and bloom, and apparently enjoying a degree of affluence to which he had never at any time been accustomed.

“Is it you, Denny?” she asked, in a low whisper.

“Husht!” replied the man; “that is not my name now, Sally. I'm going to the little grove beyond, and do you follow me in a little time, for I want to speak to you.”

He disappeared, leaving the astonishment and curiosity of the girl excited in the highest degree. She did not hesitate to give him the meeting as he requested.

Soon after she had left the dance-house, the mirth of the evening became more uproarious than ever, until it seemed likely to terminate, as Irish festivities frequently do, in a general engagement of a serious nature. The symptoms began, as usual in vehement protestations of eternal friendship, after which a few blows were given in pure love, and gratefully returned with good interest, until, at length, their excited affections began to be demonstrated in a series of kicks and fistcuffs, which a stranger might mistake for indications of earnest resentment. The men hullooded and fought—the girls screamed and fled—the dancing-master himself interfering to keep the peace, received an unmerciful drubbing, which prevented him from renewing the exercise of his profession for some weeks, and the sounds of rage, wailing, and lamentation terminated an evening which had been devoted, by common consent, to purposes of mirth and harmony. A few were killed (that is, severely beaten), many wounded; but the list of “missing” on the next morning was found to be confined to Sally. She was seen no more in her native village.

We now feel it necessary to return to our travellers, whom we deserted, for the purpose of laying these details before the reader, in the first chapter.

After riding about two miles farther, on a narrow, broken road, leading through a tract of alternate crag and marsh, or bog—during the progress of which Segur gave his old companion, the only old acquaintance whom he had met since his return, the principal facts of the detail with which I have just furnished the reader—the travellers, made anxious by the first shades of evening, sought to obtain farther information as to the proximity of their destination. As they looked round them for some person from whom they might make the necessary inquiries, a stout, wild-haired wench jumped on the road from a stile leading to a little avenue, along which she had been running towards them, and dropping a short courtesy was about to pass on, when the Palatine put a switch before her, and made his question with as much civility as he could muster. She looked at him for a moment, then at his fat companion, then at the comically-shaped attendant, shook back her thick and greasy hair, so as to disclose a countenance that showed at least a week's abstinence from the luxury of an ablution, and curled her dark and hardened lip into an expression of the most forcible contempt, after which, without answering the question, she tucked up her stuff gown, so as to disclose an enormous unstocked ankle, and making a short run at the fence on the road-side, jumped, with considerable agility, on the top, where she waved her huge arm above her head, and shouted, at the top of a shrill *soprano* voice—“Hoo ee!—Shane, Dick, Davy, Ned, and Shamus, come in to the paxies—Hoo-ee!”

The men to whom this welcome exhortation was addressed, were at a quarter of a mile distant at least. Perceiving them depositing their spades in the furrows, the fair herald drew an enormous reeking cup [potato] from her own pinned-up stuff petticoat, and seating herself down on the fence, condescended to notice the individuals of the despicable race of *Palatins*, who stood waiting her leisure, half amused, half irritated:—

“How far are we from the village of Court Mattress, my good girl?”

Another pause ensued before the reply (as usual, a counter interrogation) could be elicited:—

“Tisn't aistwards from behind ye're comen?”

Segur explained.

“Why then, Court Mattress is twenty long mile from ye yit, every spade o' the road.”

The preacher, and the layman interchanged a glance of surprise and disappointment.

"Our journey is lengthening them as we lessen it, for we have travelled two miles since it was only fifteen."

"*Petere semper fugientem Italiam*," said a voice close behind them. Segur turned, and beheld a thin-faced lad, hatless and shoeless, a ragged coat, surmounting a still more patched and ragged under-costume, and a leather covered ink-bottle dangling by a strap from the only button he was master of. "*Tace, puella mea*, whilst I howl, you jade—why mislead the gentlemen?"

"A pretty fellow you are, indeed, to hope for any luck, an' you here directen the Palatina."

"Uncharitable being," said Mr. Shine, "the Samaritan inquired not the creed nor the country of him whose wounds he dressed by the wayside."

"Faix, I meant no harm," said the girl. "Av ye take the long and the safe road, ye'll find it's twenty good miles, every wattle of it; but to be sure, an' ye like to fall in with the highwaymen (the plunderers, that are murderers the country), ye may take the short cut across by Mark Spellacy's inn, on the common, an' ye'll shorten the way four miles."

"It's worth trying," said Segur.

"Who toul't you dat the highwaymen was out, now?" inquired the thin-faced lad, bending a sharp look on the girl.

"Who toul't me, inagh? Wasn't it themselves, with Suil Dhuv at their head, that shot Segur in the glyn, there isn't hardly a fortnight there sence."

The old Palatine bent forward on the neck of his horse, and repeated the name in a low and anxious whisper, as if to assure himself of the reality of what he heard.

"Iss, thin, Segur,—the Palentin, the blind man that was returned by the glyn from the pattern, and was shot through the head upon the haith, nobody knows for what, nor for why, only them that done it."

"It is no matter," said the old man, who had recovered his self-possession during the last speech—"I am well provided against such accidents, and I will take the short way. Switzer! ride close behind us—Mr. Shine, come, dash on, man—I'd like to know what we have to learn next."

"It is a tempting of Providence," muttered the reluctant Shine.

"Dere's enough o' de daylight before ye yet if ye stir," said the poor scholar. "Af ye'd want a guide across the common—" he concluded the sentence by a significant gesture, and shuffling of the feet, which was readily understood.

"We intend to ride hard, and you have no horse," said the Palatine.

"O, never let dat trouble your honour, dere's many a worse roadster than old Shank's mare." And throwing himself into an easy flinging trot, he dashed forward at a rate that showed he had some ground for his confidence. The three travellers followed at a brisk rate. Doctor Shine, whose condition showed that he had been accustomed to regular hours and comfortable living, did not at all approve of the sudden and seemingly hazardous resolution formed by his companion. They had been travelling together for more than eight hours, having fallen upon one another accidentally at the inn where the worthy self-constituted ecclesiastic stopped to breakfast. The double duties of lunch and dinner, neither of which this conscientious divine would have very willingly neglected, remained yet undischarged, and he felt exceedingly reluctant to prolong the season of abstinence if by any contrivance it could be terminated. No means of doing so, however, appeared likely to present themselves in the dreary tracts of soil over which they were now journeying; and the tone of feeling into which the last conversation had thrown his friend, was such as to make him altogether oblivious of his own, as well as of the doctor's necessities in this respect. All the sympathy of which he could confidently assure himself, was such as Abie Switzer, the queer-shaped servant of the Palatine, and their horses afforded. The perils, too, of another and darker nature which belonged to the route they were pursuing, and which became invested in the mind of the man of peace with gradually deepening hues of terror, in proportion as the shades of evening advanced—and the road, unguarded by ditch or dyke, began to assume a still more rugged and unfrequented appearance, as it wound among a series of black, craggy, and close set hillocks, covered only in a few places with the tufts of broom and brushwood—the dangers, we repeat, of every description, which now became more strikingly evident, afforded new grounds of reluctance

to the unadventurous Shine. Nevertheless he proceeded for a time in silence, judging that a proposal of delay originating in merely sensual or carnal motives, would come with an ill grace from a mortified professor of religion; and he even began to entertain thoughts of a martyr-like perseverance in the purpose laid down by his companion, when the plans of the whole party were counteracted by a resolution of the preacher's little pony.

They had now arrived at the head of an acclivity, from which a somewhat more extended tract of country was visible than had as yet been afforded them by the nature of the land which they had passed. Immediately before the door of a public-house, which formed the only dwelling within sight, the road divided and cast off on both sides of a steep and toilsome ascent (which we believe is one of the minor national evils that have lately been removed by the English benefaction of 1822). A few yards from this junction of the ways stood a ruined bridge, which made but "two paces and a stride" across the Ovaan, or the White River—a little stream so called, perhaps, from its waters being of an unusual blackness, owing to the boggy ground in which they have their source. The inn, which, as is customary, went by the name of its owner rather than its sign, was a low thatched house, with a withered branch and sign protruded over the doorway. One side of the latter presented to the view of the carman, returning with vehicle unburthened and groaning pocket from the nearest corn-market, a rosy-faced, well-vested, full-length portrait of the Patrou Saint of the kingdom, with crook in hand, and extended arms, gesticulating a significant welcome, made still more significant and irresistible by the following lines scrawled in white paint underneath:—

Pass You Est
or Pass you West,
pass Spellacy's Punch
And You'll Pass the Best.
Morgan's Entire.

The day-labourer, who with spade on shoulder, and forehead pale and moist from the forenoon's toil, descended the hill on the other side, had his admiration excited by a flaming battle scene, which was also explained underneath to represent—

[the Stormin of Dendermond by Mark Spellacy's! Good Beds.]

And if abundance of smoke and fire can be supposed to compensate for the absence of all other characteristics of a battle scene, the artist had been most successful in his representations of the horrors of war.

The comparatively comfortable air of this mountain hostelry soon arrested the acute and experienced eye of the preacher; and it appeared, too, as if his faithful pony shared his feelings, for as soon as the travellers arrived opposite the feeding-trough, which was placed before the doorway, the sturdy little animal, to the great delight of its master, pulled up, and remained stock still, with an air of determination in its eye which was sufficient to show that no inducement whatever, but the gratification of its desires, would be able to influence its movements. What those desires were the doctor readily perceived.

"The creature," said he, "has been accustomed to have its daily sustenance administered about this hour, and its bowels yearn for the usual allowance."

"Dere's good lodgen for man or beast at Mark Spellacy's," said the young man.

The Palatine urged their departure.

"We have temptations enough to struggle with," said Mr. Shine; "we pray to be delivered from them, and we ought consequently to seize every opportunity of avoiding them where there is no end to be gained by exposing ourselves to their influence. Mechanical modes are sometimes allowable in fitting the mind for successful resistance against the assaults of the Tempter."

"Manen," said the poor scholar, "that a good dinner will prepare and strengthen a man for the spiritual combat?"

"The Turks," continued Mr. Shine, not heeding the query, "shout from the top of a minaret; the steeple folk announce the word by clanking together a club and prodigious cylinder of metal; we who are of the wiser class conceive that the best possible mode of preserving a Christian-like evenness of temper, a saint-like indifference to the operation of events around us, is by using all such internal and external appliances as Heaven has furnished us with, for the purpose of preventing unprofitable irritation. And

that such as has been the object of allotting us a number of senses capable of receiving gratification is sufficiently evident; for, what were noses made for, except to smell, what mouths made for, except to eat?"

"Not a ha'p'orth," said Abie Switzer.

"Barren to drink now an' den," said the foot-traveller. "Soomthen dat way meself talks when I owe a man a grudge, an' see a fair vacancy for giving him a knock on de head. What were fists made for, except to strike? says I. I wish I could persuade de priest of it. May be your honour would try it wit him?"

"As for myself," said Abie, "I'm always most patient after dinner, or a good hot supper, an' I don't care who knows it."

"And for me," resumed the preacher, "I see nothing short of a visible tempting of Providence in rejecting a proffered consolation. Besides, the instinct of my animal decides against any further postponement of the customary reflection."

After pausing a moment, the old Palatine dismounted in silence, and led his horse to the door of the inn, in the manner of one who had been prevailed upon by a train of reflections in his own mind, rather than by the reasoning of the self-ordained divine. The most convincing argument, perhaps, which the latter employed might be indicated in the obstinacy of his pony. He did not enter the inn until he had seen the sturdy animal accommodated with a due portion of oats, which he tied in a bag about its head.

Some circumstances having taken place in the interior of the inn, a few hours before, with which it may be useful that the reader should be made acquainted; we will leave the travellers just at the point to which we have brought them at the close of the last chapter, for the purpose of introducing a new group of performers on the scene.

The kitchen, or principal apartment of the house, presented modes of accommodation by no means usual in a lonely abode of this class among the highlands of Erin. Although, from its deserted and solitary position, it had appeared impossible that the chance custom of passing strangers could constitute a very considerable portion of the landlord's revenue, and the distance at which it stood from anything deserving the appellation of the word "neighbourhood," seemed to form sufficient grounds for supposing that the permanent customers could not be very numerous either—the appearance, nevertheless, which the interior presented was not such as to estimate any lack of company. It was abundantly though plainly supplied with articles of furniture, such as *suggan* chairs, a table, settle-bed, wooden *dresser*, the shelves of which were well stocked with pewter dishes, plates, and wooden *piggins*, or drinking vessels. The rafters, well-seasoned by the influence of a settled cloud of smoke, were graced with sundry fitches, hams, and other departments of bacon, which were visible through the bluish mist, and from the many fresh indentures observable to the glance, gave the most direct negative that could be wished to the sneer of the apostate Goldsmith—or proved, at least, that this was not one of the "Irish houses where things are so-so." By the confused and rakish manner in which all the furniture, however, was tossed about—a chair lying prostrate in one corner—the table pushed awry, and strewn with drinking vessels, which appeared not to have been meddled with since they had fallen from the impotent and infirm grasp of the last toper—it would seem that the apartment had been made, a very short while before, the scene of a riotous merry-making. The fire yet lay mingled with the ashes into which it had been *raked* on the previous evening. A miserable half-burnt cat sat near the hearth, vainly employed in an endeavour to impart a degree of comeliness to her face by washing it with her feet, and sometimes casting a sleepy blinking stare on the dull embers before her. The shutters of the window being yet closed, admitted scarcely enough of the mid-day light to enable the drowsy inmates to distinguish the lateness of the hour. A female figure, slipshod and in undress, glided into the apartment from an inner and still darker room, and often stumbling against various articles of furniture which were scattered on the earthen floor, and opening the window-shutter, used a gesture of astonishment as the bright noon-tide glory rushed in upon and around her. Raising her hand quickly to her eyes to protect and shade them from the effect of the dazzling light, and retiring from the spot, she proceeded, in some appearance of haste and anxiety, to re-establish a degree of order in the house. The woman was of a slight and perhaps graceful figure, although her hard discoloured skin, and bony wasted arms forbade the conjecture that she could, under any circumstances, lay claim to the praise of

feminine loveliness—yet there was something both in her manner and her appearance which was calculated to attract the attention, if not to excite the interest, of the spectator. Her countenance was wasted and yellow—apparently rather from the influence of ill health than of age or toil. Her long, dry, light, coloured hair, dabbled in dust and ashes, and hanging neglected about her sunken cheeks, and over her thin sinewy neck, would have given her an air altogether hideous, if its effect were not met and contradicted, by the expression of a full, soft, clear eye, which, the instant that it met the observation of the spectator, engrossed all his attention, and altogether abstracted it from the remainder of her person. A soiled white muslin wrapper buttoned up in front, and a pair of brownish, ashy, light slippers, constituted nearly all the visible portion of her costume.

While she was occupied in regulating the furniture, and brushing off the coat of turf ashes with which every article was covered, with the wing of a goose, a man made his appearance at the same inner room from which she had entered, and stood for a few moments lazily stretching himself on the threshold. From the way in which his dress hung about him—his neckcloth turned awry—his coat covered with feathers and ashes, his knees unbuttoned, and his coarse gray woollen stockings "down gyved to his ankle"—it evidently appeared that he had retained the same habiliments during his nocturnal repose which he had worn on the previous day. The woman gazed at him for a moment with a slight emotion of that disgust which the "green and sober" look of the companion of an unlimited debauch is apt to excite in the mind of one not yet wholly inured by custom to the hideous and nauseating consequences of excess, when the gay and healthful morning light steals in upon the scene of revelry, and pours its rosy splendour over pale and yellow cheeks—dull, dim, and sleepless eyes—sickly and expiring lights, and all the disgusting details of a spectacle of prolonged indulgence. The individual here presented seemed to entertain a kind of unacknowledged sense of his own repulsive appearance, for he walked in a shuffling yawning, shambling way, to the darkest side of the apartment, while the woman continued her occupation, turning away her eyes from his person, as if unwilling to contemplate, under circumstances so unfavourable, an object in which her affections had an interest. From the portrait we have given of the man, it may appear improbable that this should be the case, but we omitted to state, that no portion of the distaste which his costume and bearing on this occasion were calculated to excite, extended themselves to his person and features. The latter were, in fact, remarkably striking, and, perhaps, beautiful. His hair, short, curling, and glossy, revealed, by its perfectly classical disposition, the shape of a finely-formed head, which it fitted with a Grecian exactness. His features, sharp and sudden in their expression, were rendered still more poignant and characteristic by the fire of a violent eye, of excellent darkness and brilliancy. His figure, rather low, though by no means stunted, was slight and muscular; and his limbs were set with that firmness and ease which renders the movement of a vigorous man a spectacle of so much delight and beauty, even in moments of the most arduous exertion.

"Ye had a noisy night of it last night, Mark."

"Iss."

"I couldn't get the child quiet the whole night long, for the noise."

"I heard him indeed."

A pause.

"Are they to be here again to-night Mark, darling?"

"Where else would you have 'em be?"

"And when are we to have peace and a quiet house? Or is the child to be brought up here in this way, and to be as bad—as—ourselves—in the end?"

A fierce look was the only answer which the man returned to this query, and both were again silent.

"What more of Mr. Kumba, Mark?" was the next question put by the woman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAN.—Man, "Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into time!" it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in that can have worth or continuance.

THE SEXTON OF SCHAKEMSWITZ.

A LEGEND NOT FROM THE GERMAN.



N the little town of Schakemswitz, which is not exactly on the Rhine, the crankiest, surliest, and least-good-for little man of all who abode therein, was Elp Verren the sexton. Not one ever got, in the memory of man, a civil answer to a civil question from the same Elp. When he waited at the church door for a wedding party, he was in his worst humour, and scowled at every body. When he had to dig a grave, he was as merry as a cricket. No body liked to meet Elp Verren the first thing in a morning; and a ghost would be as welcome the last thing at night. He never seemed to be on good terms with himself, and he was certainly on bad terms with every body else. He lived in a corner of the old tower of the ruined monastery in the church-yard, a vicious cat and a snarling cur enjoying the possession of the same chamber with him. Winter and summer, for years, Elp Verren had gone on thus, a dry and withered piece of humanity, and on the New Year's eve in whose last hours we introduce him to our readers, he was sitting with his dog and his cat, one on each side of him, at the fire in his chamber.

"Them bell-ringers," said Elp Verren, "will be pulling the jangling things just now, for it is near midnight, I know by the stars, as the Plough fronts my window. Wish the tower would fall right away down on them."

Elp snarled like his own little dog, and showed his teeth with as vicious a grin at the notion of the peal of bells coming down on the bell-ringers in their joy.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" laughed Elp, tickled strangely in his fancy, "ho, ho, ho, ho!" rang down the old tower into the vaults where the dead lay, out from the stony ruins, and back again in the echoes; "ho, ho, ho, ho!" rang on each side of Elp, and he looked at his dog, and he looked at his cat, to see were they repeating the strange cackination. But the cat began to wash her face in most cat-like manner, and the dog looked into the fire for his bare life.

"You didn't laugh?" said Elp, nervous for the first time in his existence, and committing the foolish act of questioning his canine and feline companions.

"You didn't laugh, did you?"

"Catch us at it," said the dog and cat together. "Ho, ho, ho, ho!" rang again down the vaults, out from the ruins, and into the chamber. "Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

"I have done wrong to have wished anybody ill," said Elp Verren, somewhat frightened.

"You've been going wrong a long time, Elp," said the dog and the cat together. "That little error isn't new to you; but catch us laughing all the time, you know!"

Again echoed the peals of disagreeable laughter down through the old tower, until they appeared to come back hoarsely from its very foundation, and resounded again through the dim chamber, until all the air shook with their vibration. Elp caught a strange desire to laugh too, and joined the hideous chorus. Suddenly he ceased, and the laughter around ceased as suddenly. Elp Verren looked about to see if he had any other companions beside his usual ones, and seeing none, he looked at his dog and cat, to detect them in their cackinations; but a more sober pair of domestic animals, to all appearance, never sat before a fire. The cat was purring and the dog was dozing, as cats and dogs of agreeable manner should do. The burning wood was flickering and flaring, and nothing met the old man's eyes to cause him any uneasiness. Still the uneasiness was in his thoughts, for Elp's conscience, like that of every other man, once awakened, was by no means easily put to rest.

"It is very strange," said Elp, "but I'd swear they had a mouth in the guffaw; and yet look at them now; no one would ever think a smile crossed that dog's countenance, or wrinkled the ugly lips of that tom cat; but I know what I'll do—I'll hang the dog and drown the cat the first thing to-morrow, if I live."

"He'll hang you," said the cat.

"He'll drown you," said the dog.

"Ho ho! ho ho!" the demoniac laughter rang out again, and went

its usual course out of the room into the vaults, and up again through the chamber.

"The first thing to-morrow if he lives," they continued together.

Now there is no one would feel happy to find a dog taking one side, and a cat joining in the other side of him. And Elp Verren thought of making a rush for the chamber door, and flying from such a place of unhallowed noises and speeches; but, when Elp endeavoured to rise, he found himself perfectly incapable to move a limb, and the laughter went its usual round of peals, as if there were forty clowns, and any number of pantomimes, in full operation before delighted audiences.

"What a fool Elp Verren is to think he will live till to-morrow," pursued the strange talkers.

"The hands of the clock are going to the last hour of the old year, and before the new begins, if there is no one who will pray for the safety of Elp Verren, we will do our duty, and make no mistake about it either!"

Elp heard the sentence thus uttered, and a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead, and fell in large drops down upon his hands clasped before him. The dog grew large as a lion beside him, and the cat seemed bigger than the biggest tiger. The sight did not at all alleviate the sexton's excited spirits, the more so as his chances of existence were limited to such a condition as that mentioned by his unpleasant companions.

"Ho, ho! Master Elp," said the pair, "ho, ho! You have kept no companions but us, for many a long year. Envy and Ill-will you called us, and you called us aright. We have been beside you at your hearth, we have been beside you at your going forth, we have been beside you at your coming home; step by step we walked with you wherever you went. Us you fed, and us you cherished of all things, and now we do the work of so fond a master unless you find a saving prayer before thirty minutes sweep away. But, of course, some one or other will pray for you. Won't they, Elp?"

Again those worthies repeated their laughter, for the notion of any one praying for Elp seemed too good a joke not to enjoy it. The laughter grew re-doubled, until there seemed a thousand voices joining in its fearful revelry; and not a spot in the room, not the breadth of a pin's point, seemed without a special laughter yelling out the horrid mirth which shook the echoes. As for Elp Verren, horrified and appalled, the dreadful satire conveyed in the words fell upon him like remorse. Elp never did a kindly act since he was a boy, and it was with a dread, despairing feeling, he recalled the reflection. He had rejoiced in his unkindness to his species, he had mocked at their pain, and scorned their sorrow. When woe or want fell upon his neighbours, Elp laughed grimly. When sickness or death made desolation amongst them, Elp rejoiced. When the aged and feeble asked him for charity, Elp spurned them with a curse. When the young and helpless besought his compassion, Elp drove them from him with a threat. On earth there was no one who would kneel for Elp Verren, and he had long ceased to ask a boon of heaven. The sexton thought his case over, and this was the point his thinking came to—he had no chance of a prayer to save him, and there were only thirty minutes to his existence remaining.

"Not thirty minutes, Elp," said the fiends behind him, replying to his thought, "not thirty minutes. You will find it considerably less. You have been thinking, Master Elp, you have been thinking, and we have been laughing, but never give it up so soon, twenty minutes are a long time; oh, dear, bless you, yes! Twenty minutes are yours yet. Why, all the people in Schakemswitz will be down on their knees for you, before the bell-ringers begin their noise. Everybody prays for such a good man as you, Elp, such a kind man, such a generous creature. We'll have our joke, you know, but there's not the slightest use in being frightened, you were never frightened; other people might, but you weren't."

It was a curious thing, Elp observed, for in all his horror he could not avoid observing, that although the pair of visible companions he had, spoke together, there was only one voice between them. The curiosity of the thing, though, was not pleasing. Elp Verren would have rather they had possessed a voice each.

"Droll rogue you are," they went on. "You have saved money, Elp—a good deal of money for your receipts, and some one will be praying for you when it is found out, but that won't take place by twelve to-night, nor twelve to-morrow night either. Some one may take courage to search when you're buried, for they know you're a close fellow. You'll be prayed for, no doubt you will."

One fact seemed to be clear to the terrified listener, that those conversational characters knew the weak points of his chances, and put them in an insinuating manner, which was anything but encouraging. Now, Elp had threatened a little child with the house of correction that very morning for asking him for a groschen, and imploring a blessing for him at the same time, and the little creature ran away crying. Elp watched him, and saw him go into a miserable tumble-down house, where his mother, a widow, had got leave to take shelter until the builder was prepared to knock it down and commence another; and Elp laughed when it occurred, to think how completely he had prevented him from begging by his harsh refusal. If the little child were near Elp now, he should have had thousands of groschen and welcome for a prayer—one breath of his lips—one sigh from his little heart. Elp had lost this chance clearly, and like many another in the same position, lamented it when too late. The board he had saved would have preserved his life, and soul, too, perhaps, in this strait twenty hundred times over, and there it lay inutilised, whilst death was approaching him. The gold which he had pinched himself to accumulate out of very spite, that anyone should enjoy the benefit, or the pleasure which might be obtained from its use, would soon be lying a prey to the most daring plunderer amongst the scamps of Schakemswitz. Elp Verren began to think what a fool he was to have hoarded the yellow dross for such a use; for the criminal who would curse him for his thrift would fling his thalers about in cafés and low gambling-houses, and places of debauchery, and add an imprecation on his head where it lay, to make its pain more woeful. Elp would have given every grain of the coveted metal for an opportunity to bestow upon the little hungry child whom he had frightened away in the morning one hearty meal; but he would have yielded up his existence for one whole day of life to dispose of the coins he had gathered so as to make one poor, miserable family, happy, for the rest of existence. He spoke—

"I will come back to you," said Elp, "in twenty minutes, if you let me go down to the widow Gedschen, and leave the money inside her door. I don't want to be saved from death, and I won't let myself be seen, lest she might pray for me. I only ask to face eternity with one good action on my memory. I only want to feel in my heart the joy of a kindly, human, and holy deed, and I will die as is decreed at your hands, then."

"Well, now, Elp, this really is ungrateful—wanting to leave us for the first occasion in our long connection," uttered the curious pair of the one voice, "besides you have the most strange notions of time ever we knew you to possess before. Why, a good five minutes are gone since you were becoming charitable, and virtuous, and disinterested, and you have just fifteen minutes longer to live, according to the big clock in the tower face. The thing can't be done Elp; we'd be happy to oblige you, but certainly not that far. O dear, not at all!" The clamour of the horrid laughter again greeted on his ear, and roused the echoes of the old place.

"Is there no mercy in ye," said Elp, "demons that ye are! Is there no mercy, that ye mock me thus in pain, agony, and fear, as I am but fifteen minutes for me to live, and I must face judgment. Minutes, that whirl by so fast, that to me it seems the least part of a second was longer when time was less precious than now."

"You never knew the value of time, Elp, or of opportunity either, when you held both as you willed. We are not accountable that we know the value of ours, and you may be sure that we will lose neither. But man, don't be nervous. You'll be saved by some of the prayers we expect to be offered up for such an affable benefactor every minute by the people lodged by your bounty—fed by your labour, and rendered happy by your toil through so many years. It will be all right yet, and you'll go down and order the bell-ringers a pleasant supper after their merry peal—if you're prayed for, you know. That's a very easy condition of safety for you. Why it's only a pleasant joke for you—that's all."

Elp bowed down his head on his hands, hopeless, and helpless, as he heard the horrid sounds once more which formed a chorus to every speech of the fiends beside him. The reality of his fate grew more intense, as the consciousness of the approach of midnight forced itself upon him, in the flight of each second, and the muscles of his frame contracted and relaxed in a species of convulsion, which might well seem to him the commencement of the death throes. He raised his head with an effort, and turned his glance toward the lancolated window of the chamber, and looked out. The last star of the seven of

the Plough just showed itself at the edge of the casement, gleaming brilliantly, ere it disappeared from the point of view in which Elp sat and beheld it. Strange shadowy shapes growing out of the darkness in which the subsiding blaze of the embers on the hearth left the room, seemed to approach and retire from him, and the one feeling of terror dominated the cowering man, until, fearful to look around him more, he bent down his head and attempted to pray. But the effort was vain, the words would not shape themselves to his lips, nor would his thought await the words. He could think of nothing but his appalling situation. His expressions became incoherent ravings of fear, his ideas became images of fear, any movements he made were contortions of fear, and the soul of the stricken being seemed possessed of nothing else.

"Pray away, Elp," said the voice again; "pray away, Elp, you have ten minutes for the work; and as it is a long time since you did anything that way, you'll be very fresh at it now. You haven't exactly been charitable; you haven't been very kindly or consoling, and ten minutes will give you no opportunity for doing much to prove that you would be if you could from henceforward; but ten minutes will give you a fine opportunity for showing your piety, and of course you'll do it well. You did everything well, Elp, you know!"

With a great effort the appalled sexton lifted his head and looked through the darkness. The fire was almost out. Two gigantic outlines raised themselves upon his right and on his left; and from the height to which they rose, the fiery glare of huge burning orbs looked down each side of him. The heart of Elp sunk within him; an ejaculation of mercy broke from his lips—a breath of prayer—and suddenly his spirit became calm, although not a hope of deliverance rose before him.

Clear, as though in the same apartment with himself, he beheld another scene. Beside a truckle bed stood a little child, whose face Elp recognised as that of the infant he had frightened from him with a curse in the morning. A pale woman whose countenance bore the impress of want, undressed the child and laid aside the wretched, but cleanly, clothing of the young creature. The lips of the child moved, and Elp heard his voice clear as though it were beside him.

"Joseph not hungry now!" he said. "The crust was good mother gave him."

"Yes, my child," murmured the pale woman.

"And when the New Year comes will some good man give us more bread, mother?" continued the infant, as if referring to a previous portion of the conversation.

"We shall not want, darling," she answered, bending over him; "all are fed from heaven, and it has not forgotten us."

"The bad man that frightens Joseph at the church gate will not be fed from heaven, will he, mother?"

"If he is not forgotten there, he will be provided for," replied the Widow Gedschen to her little son.

"I hate the bad, wicked man," said the child, passionately.

"Joseph was hungry and he frightened Joseph."

"I hate him!" he pursued.

"O, my child!" said the mother, as she fondled the fair flaxen head between her hands, "you must not hate those who wrong you. Little as you are, the teaching of the world must not blot out the light of love in which the world lives. Don't you know the lesson the good lady at the school taught you—bless them that hate, pray for them that curse you. Surely Joseph does not forget the good lady's lessons."

"No mother! I pray for the lady, but why should I pray for the bad man. He told me Joseph should go to prison, when Joseph asked him for bread. The bad man, Joseph, will not pray for."

For a moment the sexton felt free from the thought of his fate; but the last words of the child recalled it once more to his mind, and he shuddered and clasped his hands upon his eyes. When he removed them again he was in the darkness of his own chamber; beside him sat the two hideous watchers, and the horrid voice once more grated upon his ear.

"Well, Elp, so the praying won't do either. Well, well! it is a pity the world is so ungrateful, and that men will forget such generous creatures as you. Time is going though; five minutes are yours yet, and you may use them as you can."

"Five minutes!" ejaculated Elp. "Surely I have longer to live than five minutes!"

"Not a moment longer, Elp. Sorry for it, but it can't be helped. You had a pretty long cord, and you've run the full length of your tether. To convince you, look at the bell-ringers!"

Instantly Elp seemed to stand in the belfry, and, sure enough, there were the seven bell-ringers waiting for Hans Morritz, the blacksmith, to make up their company. They removed their coats, and stood in their shirt sleeves ready to catch the ropes. A knock sounded at the door.

"Here is Hans Morritz," they shouted, as one of their number ran down to open it. In a moment the brawny form and good-humoured countenance of Hans was before them.

"Just in time," he said, "two minutes to twelve. Wont we give them a rattling peal, and wish everybody a happy New Year out of the brazen throats of our instruments. To your ropes, my hearties, and at the last stroke of the clock be ready with a will, and altogether."

"Ring loud enough to waken old Elp Verren with a tone that wont be hushed at his ill-will," said another; "the cross old brute would silence us if he dare."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the bell-ringers. "Wont Elp swear a trifle?"

A sigh swept through the belfry as Elp felt himself recalled to his chamber to meet his death. One minute, in the full moonbeams, intervened on the clock ere the hand pointed to the hour of twelve, and before the ringers shook the first note out of the bells he should be dead!

"Do you give it up, Elp?" said the demon voice.

"Let me see again the chamber of the Widow Gedaschen," said Elp.

"Anything to oblige, you know."

Elp looked. The child was kneeling by the bedside now, and its lips moved in prayer. The widow lifted her eyes to heaven, and Elp Verren saw in the glance of confidence, which raised beyond the darkness of the night, and the darkness of her lot, the hope of that human heart which trusted in the midst of trial in Infinite mercy, love, and bounty. As he gazed the clock of the tower pealed out the first stroke of the twelve. The clangour of the second swelled upon the air and over the little town, to echo among the mountains far away, and startle the peasant from his sleep. The third pealed, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth fell like strokes of doom upon the ear of Elp. The mother and her child—the widow and the orphan—prayed still. Innocence and suffering knelt to God before the gaze of the agonizing sinner.

"Mercy!" he murmured—"is there no mercy for me?"

He heard the accents of the prayer in which they both joined. Around him there rose a clamour of horror which terrified him, but above which he heard the voice of the child making responses to the supplication of the mother. The words rose clearly to his ear as the clock told the eleventh stroke.

"All who are in temptation, trial, or danger," prayed the Widow Gedaschen.

"O Lord deliver them!" murmured the little child.

TWELVE!

Such a pull at a peal of bells never surely was made before. Everybody asleep in the town of Schakemswitz heard it, and every one that heard it sprang out of bed incontinently, or sprang up in it frightened. But there was no need for all those start-ling symptoms; after the first clang the bells fell into the modulation of their regular cadences of joy, and from lip to lip rang the wish which fell from all. "The New Year is ringing in a happy new year and many of them." In his chamber Elp Verren, too, heard the musical thundering from the tower—in his chamber he heard the hearty laughter of the bell-ringers, as they tugged and yielded to the great pulls of the ropes, which aroused all the wondrous harmony. With the rich, and full, and solemn melody, rung still in his ear the prayer of the little child, and the supplication of his mother. "All who are in trial, temptation, or danger, O Lord, deliver them."

Elp could not mistake it. He was living, breathing, listening to the bells as they told the story of the dawning year to sleeping and waking men. He had been in trial, in temptation to despair, in danger—and the prayer of the widow and the orphan, arose for such as he, for him surely as well as others. Ships might have been drifting on rocky shores, where the waves broke and fretted into spray above their treacherous crags—men might have stood above

precipices blind, and giddy, and fearful with that strange impulse of despair which hoveled them to spring under the yawning depths; human souls might have hovered over the great abyss, wheresin and sorrow, and pain would have swallowed them up, but not one of those were so near the snapping of the thread of fate as he, and he knew and felt it even as he thought. Higher and louder—wilder and more swelling rose upon the blast the music of the bells, and Elp Verren sank upon his knees to pray, and who shall say his prayer was not heard?

When it was over he looked around him, the fire was almost extinguished upon his hearth, and beside it ate his old domestic friends, the dog and cat. Elp sprang to his feet, and a yell from the dog and a squall from the cat attested the force of his pedal muscles. With a hearty laugh, such as never broke from him since boyhood, Elp Verren rushed down the winding stair across the corridor, and into the tower of the bells.

"A happy New Year," he shouted among the ringers.

"A happy New Year," cried Hans Morritz.

"A happy New Year," roared the ringers.

Elp hardly heard them. He rushed out, and down the street to the house of ruins, where dwelt the widow Gedaschen. There was no widow there, nor any living tenant. The winds came and the winds went. The shadows of the night dwelt there, and the echo of the bells swelled through the passages, but not a child knelt, not a woman prayed that night, nor for many a year, within its walls.

"I have dreamed it all," said Elp, "but the dream shall not be without its fruits."

It was as Elp said. Never after did the poor or sorrow-stricken implore Elp Verren in vain. Never after did the weak or youthful supplicate him without benefit, never did the woeful or wandering stand beside his door without experiencing the mercy which dwelt in the heart of the man who had received mercy. Through all the years which were his, there were none so filled with the work of Faith, of Hope, of Charity, and none, above all, to whom as Time swung round the bells swung out at midnight a greater blessing, than when they broke over the thoughts of the sexton of Schakemswitz announcing the birth of a new year.

W.

IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

THROUGH blinded street and garden space,

On tossing breadths of walnut bloom,

On leaf and lead, on stone and spout,

The black rain clatters in the gloom.

The dog howls from the river side,

The red cock crows on outpost farms,

And, far and wide, one ghostly cloud

Swathes earth and star in dripping arms.

Sit close to me, for I am faint,

And need thine whole companionship,

The human peace that lightly slides

From touches of the hand and lip.

Sit close to me, I sit deject,

Horizoned round with prison bars,

And only catch, through blotted dusk,

One little strip of waning stars.

Is it our neighbour's horse that smote

The stall floor with his restless hoof?

I fancied that I almost heard

The feet of Fate cross half the roof.

Hark, how the dark-ribbed wainscots groan,

And the doors clash in hall and stair,

And the wild lightning leaps and leaps

From branch to branch of walnuts bare.

Sit close to me, for I am sick,

And beaten down by smiting cark.

Alas! the wisdom of the day

Is baffled in the heart of dark;

Peace—something stirs athwart the air,

Yon cloud is blotched with saffron dyes,

The bird chirps on the window sill,

The morn, at last, is in the skies!

GREY ABBEY.

GREY ABBEY was situated in the vicinity of a small town of the same name in the county of Down, about ten miles from Belfast, and within a short distance of Strangford Lough. The ruins are of considerable extent, in good preservation, and finely situated for effect. The Abbey is thus quaintly described in an old work entitled the "Montgomery MSS.," published about thirty years ago:—"Neare and in view of Rosemount-house, are the walls of a large Abbey of curious work, (ruinated in Tireowen's rebellion); it is called in inquisitions and patents Abathium de fugo Dei; in Irish, Monestrelea; in English, Grey (or Hoare) Abbey, from the order of fryars who enjoyed it; and had, in ancient times, belonged thereunto, all its own parish, both in spiritualibus et temporalibus, conferred by De Courcy, at the inshanes of his wife, the king of the Isle of Man's daughter, as Cambden reports (if I remember aright) in the annales of that island. To this Abbey belonged also divers lands and tithes

of this fine tract of country is gathered from the "Great Inquisition of the county of Down."

"Con O'Neill, chief of South or Upper Clondeboy, whose castle was that of Castlereagh, having about Christmas, 1602, a 'grand debauch' at Castlereagh, with his brothers, friends, and followers, he sent his servants to Belfast for more wine; but, in returning, a quarrel took place between them and some English soldiers, near the Knock Church, and they lost their wine. Con, inquiring into this transaction, learned from themselves that their number exceeded that of the soldiers; on which he swore 'by his father, and the souls of his ancestors,' they should never be servants of his till they had beaten the 'baddagh Sassenagh soldiers.' On this threat they returned, armed, and attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed in the affray; and Con was soon after taken up as an abettor, and sent prisoner to Carrickfergus castle. The severity of his first confinement was soon mitigated by a permission to walk through the town during the day, attended by a soldier, who returned him to

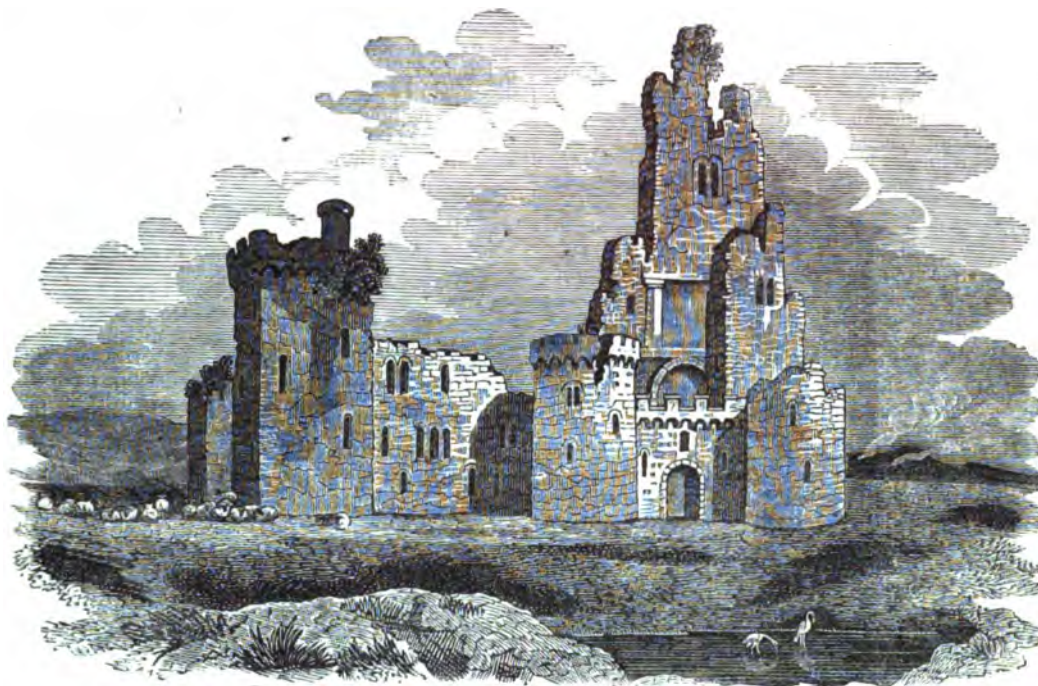


in the county of Antrim, viz., out of Ballymena.....Campion reports (p. 69.) that the said Abbey, Innes and Comer, were built A.D. 1198 and 1199; but in all my researches I could not find figures or any stones either of the Abbey or of the castles aforesaid, to denote the year when they were erected; and who views the walls and ruins of this monastery, will allow many years to the building of it. The church thereof was in part roofed, and slated, and re-edified, and a yeard thereunto walled about, and a competent stipend given for that by the first Lord Montgomery."

Of the parish of Grey Abbey, in the year 1634, an old writer says. that it contained "a double-roofed house, and a baron and fower flankers, with bakeing and brewing houses, stables, and other needful office houses; they are built after the forraigne and English manner, with outer and inner courts walled about, and surrounded with pleasant gardens, orchards, meadows, and pasture enclosures, under view of the said house, called Rosemount, from which the mannor taketh name."

The way in which the Montgomery family became possessed

the provost-marshal at night. He at length obtained his liberty in the following manner:—"Thomas Montgomery, master of a barque, which traded thither with meal for the garrison, was employed by Hugh Montgomery, his relation, to endeavour to effect Con's escape. Having got letters conveyed to Con, acquainting him of the steps about to be taken, he began by making love to Annas Dobbyn, daughter of the provost-marshal; and marrying her, through her effected Con's escape, who was conveyed on board Montgomery's vessel, and landed at Largs in Ayrshire. In 1605, Con obtained his pardon from James I. at the suit of the above Hugh Montgomery, and James Hamilton; but for their effecting his escape, and this service, he had previously made over most of his lands to them, of which they immediately obtained a new patent from the crown. In April, 1606, we find Con granting the lands of Ballyrosboye, in the Galliugh, between Castlereagh and Belfast, to a Thomas Montgomery, probably the above-mentioned Thomas, for his share in effecting his escape.



COURTSTOWN CASTLE.

THE ruins of Courtstown Castle present to the notice of the tourist the remains of one of the most splendid ancient baronial residences that ever existed in this country. They are situated within a few miles of Kilkenny, to whose noble castle alone they are said to have once yielded in magnificence.

Raymond le Gros, the founder of the powerful family of Grace, the lords for centuries of this castle, and a vast territory surrounding it, whose representative, even in the reign of Elizabeth, was designated as "*An Grassagh more Ballynacourty*," (the great Grace of Courtstown) is well known in Irish history as the bulwark of early English power, as the brother-in-law of Earl Strongbow, and as the first viceroy of Ireland.

Though we are unable to fix a precise date to the building of this castle of Tullaroan, or Courtstown, we may be allowed to conjecture that it was nearly coeval with Grace's castle, in Kilkenny, erected by William le Gras.

The ruins of this edifice evince considerable grandeur, as well as great strength. They exhibit the spirit of a powerful chieftain, and the taste of a feudal age. Courtstown Castle consisted of an outward ballium, or envelope, having a round tower at each angle, and also at each side of an embattled entrance to the south, which was further defended by a portcullis. Within this area, or outward court, comprehending about an acre of ground, stood the body of the castle, enclosing an inner court of an oblong form. A massive quadrangular tower, or keep, projected from the centre of the south front, directly opposite to the embattled entrance of the exterior area we have mentioned.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XI.

POOR Larfingass is unaware that his chum despises him; that the girls who flirt with him, because he is so very amusing, would sharply box his ears with their fans, should he whisper a word that made the most distant allusion to marriage. And so he dies alone; or he grows grey and foolish, and is sent away to get through his closing years on a shabby allowance. Look at his grave; there is not a willow twig to bind the sod round it! Pygled sleeps, under marble deftly carved; and his virtues are verbosely recorded in letters of shining gold.

Shall poor Sam Topley share the fate of unhappy Larfingass? Surely all these, his young friends, whom we have presented to the reader, will not desert him, when his song shall be over, and his laughter be cracked! But reader be sure that we shall tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, about them, when the time shall have come.

Sam Topley is now only just married; he is hardly clear of the church. But his friends have already conferred on his prospects. How does he propose to feed the flame of Hymen's somewhat costly torch? When writing love-letters has he had due regard to the part the butcher plays in married life? His friends kindly peer into the distance for him, and behold the torch he has imprudently lit burnt to the handle, and showing only ragged edges of faint light. It is agreed, however, that Sam's home will be a place to visit—it will be deuced odd, so confoundedly comic. Mrs Samuel Topley could not fail to fall under the criticism of her husband's

friends. They speculated as to her condition in life; the colour of her hair; her property; and her height.

Namby presently appeared, and told the whole truth. Sam Topley met at a discussion club, which he frequented, a vehement talker on the liberal side. The honourable speaker, Mr. Bastin, was a man who possibly kept his heart in the right place, but most undoubtedly put his aitches in the wrong. He was fluently inconsequential, and brilliantly ungrammatical. Yet at the Glowworm Debating Club, he was an established favourite. There were cries for Bastin early in the evening. He was the star set up by the regular Glowworms to reply to a gentleman who occasionally condescended to come among them, accompanied by some lofty friends, for the purpose of informing them that the landed gentry of England were the born rulers of "the cad," and that the cad might howl, but he would never be able to disturb this most wholesome and proper arrangement. Bastin gave this spokesman of blood hard hits occasionally. Sam Topley was a liberal to the backbone. He and Namby agreed to abhor and detest these two-penny oligarchs, as they called them, who gave themselves mighty airs over their gin and water, and bird's-eye. Whenever Mr. Bastin rose, therefore, to reply to the spokesman of the "two-penny oligarchs," he was received with loud applause by Messrs. Sam Topley and Namby. To the ironical cheers and to the interruptions of the two-penny oligarchs, Sam Topley and Namby replied with cheers. These cheers smote the heart of the honourable speaker, Mr. Bastin, who thereupon sought the acquaintance of the young gentlemen.

Mr. Bastin had only one way of opening a conversation, or of making a new acquaintance.

"Gentlemen," said he, one brilliant night, while he mopped his forehead with a blue handkerchief, after his oratorical exertions, "you must have a glass with me."

Now, this is all dreadfully vulgar. But I pray the reader to observe that I am not to be blamed, because young gentlemen of decent parentage, passable education, and fair abilities, resort to boozing rooms, and make the acquaintance of men who would not be received by their father's housemaids. My business is to hold my brush steadily, and to copy as closely as I am able, every tint and form of the groups that fall within the design of my picture.

Messrs Sam Topley and Namby fell in with the honourable speaker's suggestion, I am bound to say, with alacrity; and the three, at the host's suggestion, drank to their better acquaintance. This better acquaintance arose rapidly. Mr. Bastin was charmed with the vivacity of Mr. Sam, as he respectfully called him; and evinced his admiration by christening this gentleman "the grig." Mr. Bastin improved his young friends, by relating so much of his worldly experiences as he could disclose with safety. As Namby remarked slyly to Sam, "there was evidently a screw loose somewhere."

"Or a tile off," was Mr Sam's handsome amendment.

Mr. Bastin had been everything by turns, and nothing long. He had patented inventions that had failed; two or three joint stock companies had been killed under him; he had been a general agent to nobody in particular; he had started a newspaper; and he had been a rate-collector. In the course of these transitions from one sphere of activity to another, he had found time to pay three visits of ceremony to Basinghall Street, and to confer with divers persons there as to a certificate with which he felt bound to provide himself before he opened a new career. These visits had proved healthful exercise to him. There was not a line in his plump, red face (it was round and red as a danger signal); he was fifty, and still his hair was flaxen, and thickly matted over his skull; his eye-brows were massive as an ordinary moustache. Trouble swept over him again and again; but he dipped, and rose untouched. His character in the city was not of the sweetest. He had been actor in very shady bill transactions. Money filtered out of his pocket, he knew not how. He was no master of accounts. When he had a hobby to work, he overlaid it with expense. He spent all his money building noble ships, and when the last length of rope had been bought, and they were ready for sea, he had not the money to man and victual them; and so they rotted in port, and were towed off to Basinghall Street to be broken up, and sold for what they would fetch. So many of these wrecks had been seen about the city, that east of Temple Bar, our honourable speaker of the Glowworm Debating Society, was known as Whirligig Bastin. He had other

nicknames, less complimentary than this. Yet he bore his shames as lightly as his misfortunes: and still filched little sly advantages in the world, which he enjoyed none the less, because very strict folk called him ugly names. He had always something to sell, in his pockets. He could accommodate a friend with a watch, a pair of slippers his lodger had ceded to him, because they were too narrow for the said lodger; he had always a house to let, although he had never possessed a brick in the course of his life; and he had an interest in every description of trade—drawing percentages upon all his recommendations, so that money dribbled into his pocket through a hundred little channels. He lived at Islington, where he kept a dingy house full of city clerks, at a few shillings a head. His clothes cost him nothing, (he recommended his clerks to his tailor,) he ate of the spare leavings of his first floor and parlour; his wife and daughter were the servants of his house. He was a brass-plate coal merchant to boot.

Many weeks had not passed when both Namby and Sam Topley were fairly ensconced under Mr. Bastin's roof. The house was a house of bed-rooms. People slept in the attics and kitchens, in the parlours and drawing-rooms. Shakedownings of all descriptions and degrees of dilapidation were known to the Bastin household. The clerks poured in every night. There were boots outside every door, and in the afternoon candlesticks of all kinds held candles of every length, in the hall. Latch keys were perpetually in the street-door. Early morning produced calls for shaving water from every floor. The house had a stifling, damp, coffee-and-bacon odour. The best knives, and forks, and crockery went into the drawing-room, while deep blue cracked coffee cups, flanked by forks, the prongs of which described all degrees of angles, were clattered to the second floor. I suspect that the third floor stole shivering into the morning air, to some mechanics coffee-house, where breakfast might be had cheaper than under Mr. Bastin's roof.

When Mr. Sam Topley was prevailed upon to accept the cheap hospitality of his new friend, he packed up his "traps," as he called them, and went merrily on his way towards Islington. Mr. Bastin received him graciously; although he looked strangely at his young friend, when he perceived that his worldly goods were packed, and loosely, within the compass of an ordinary carpet-bag.

"Will your luggage come to-night, Mr. Sam?" Mr. Bastin asked, taking Mr. Sam's bag from his hand, and courteously leading the way up some steep stairs, (with stair-carpets upon them about the width of tape, and showing, or endeavouring to show, a pattern that reminded Mr. Sam of a convict's coat.)

Mr. Sam laughed, and addressing his new landlord as "old cock," said, "I make you my sole heir of every thing I have in the world, save and except the contents of that bag."

It was, perhaps, this candid admission made by Mr. Sam, in that airy way of his, that decided Mr. Bastin to land his new-comer in the third floor back room of his well-populated mansion. "Here," said Mr. Bastin, as he entered the room, "here you will be comfortable enough."

"I should snore, the night through, in a rat trap," said Sam. The room permitted its inhabitant to shut the door, when he had carefully squeezed himself into a corner by the bed. More light came down the chimney than through the yellow panes of the window. The window had warped, and defied all attempts to be fastened. A slip of muslin was loosely swung across it by tape, and nailed to the walls. The towel-horse, being weak in one leg, was generously supported and comforted in its endeavours to bear the burden of a towel, by the wash-stand. The bed appeared to have seen better days in a hospital. The drawers were littered with broken buttons, pins, wafers, scraps of paper, collar strings, and other precious relics of former lodgers. But

Dans au grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans !"

Sam blew the rubbish out of the corners of the drawers, (he had little enough to put into them, poor fellow!) picked up the horse when it fell; made a wedge for the window, to prevent the rattling of the warped frames; and declared that he should sleep like a top.

When Mr. Namby made his appearance, he was received by Mr. Bastin with marked distinction. The second floor front room was happily at his disposal, its recent occupant having left yesterday. Mr. Namby brought some hundred rather ragged volumes of books with him, two solid portmanteaus heavily packed, his dhudeen rack, and the pictures of actresses, and the caricatures by Gavarni,

that had enlivened his chambers in the Temple. From his pockets he discharged a dozen pairs of soiled gloves, a corkscrew, a pocket comb, and a few cakes of cavendish tobacco, without which, he observed, no young man's bedroom was complete. It was the belief of Mr. Bastin that Mr. Namby was a shining literary genius, not a skirmisher making stray shot on the outskirts, but a general perched upon the eminence, and directing a wing of the army, at any rate. Our young gentleman gave himself airs accordingly, and permitted his landlord to pay him compliments to his heart's content. Mr. Namby in return for these civilities, commended the oratorical force of Mr. Bastin.

"I don't agree with your party," said Mr. Namby, loftily, (Mr. Bastin's party!) "but I can admire the courageous defence of a cause that is in peril. Besides, your enemies, our friends the two-penny oligarchs, are unbearable."

Mr. Bastin bowed his red face, and declared that having elicited the approbation of the author of "Combus," the admirable burlesque of Milton, he had lived long enough.

Mr. Bastin found his lodgers almost nightly amid the Glowworms. What indeed would mamma have said, had she seen her dear, clever boy, flourishing a long clay pipe in the companionship of querulous shoemakers and chartist lawyers' clerks? Sam Topley appeared to be in his proper element. It never occurred to any of his acquaintance that he had mother or father. Still less did his friends believe that the day would come when the young gentleman would make early sacrifice to the graces, and lead a trembling creature to the altar.

When, for the first time, Miss Sophy Bastin, carried shaving water to the third floor back, of her eloquent parent's populous establishment, was there a flutter at the young lady's heart? Did she see a rosy little love perched upon the pewter? When Mr. Sam thrust his shock head into the passage, and with a pleasant smile surveyed the retreating form of Sophy (who was on her way to the second floor front with clean towels), he made no note of the prospect before him. He proceeded with the air he was humming; and he dipped his razor into the hot water with the careless unconcern which only he enjoys whose heart is calm as a polypus. Yet, in Sam's chapter of accidents, a very notable accident had happened.

A friend, we call to mind, was on his way from his father's parsonage, to the railway station. He was trudging across the meadow that lay between the parsonage house and the high road, followed by the bearer of his portmanteau. He had determined to leave England, friends and home; and as young Englishmen will, to seek wild adventures in far-off prairies—in untrodden wilds. He reached the gate of the field. He was lifting the latch thereof, when a lady approached, and asked him the way to the house of his father's nearest neighbour.

Half an hour later, our friend was retracing his steps to his father's parsonage. A year later our friend, came out of the parsonage house, in the morning, and went, with his reverend father, to the village church. The bells were ringing; and at the altar stood the lady of the meadow-gate. She had asked her way, but had not stopped with the rector's nearest neighbour. Our friend had returned to beg that she would come nearer the parsonage, on his arm—then in his arms. It was only the other day that our dear friend said to the lady of the meadow-gate, as he calls her, playfully; "Had I been ready for the 8. 30. train, as I fully intended, on a certain morning, I had not had all these brats about me now."

"Oh, papa!" from the children.

"It's a pity you were not in time;" from mamma, who plumped a red and infinitely dimpled baby into our friend's lap. They are a happy couple, and live—but no, let them live in peace. This, by way of illustration. Truth is stranger than fiction; because men cannot create schemes of life as intricate as those which hours and years evolve from the sad strife, the loves and hatreds, the follies and the crimes of men. The smallest pebble of a life dropped into the stream of time, widens infinitely upon its bosom. We see only the deeper, nearer ripples, but there they are, faint, where the water, to our feeble sight, is smooth as a lady's mirror.

The loves of Miss Sophy Bastin and Mr. Sam Topley grew slowly. The opportunities were few and far between.

The first expressive glance Miss Sophy caught from the eye of Mr. Sam, was wrung from his manly nature when, on a certain evening, she was lighting his bed-room candle, in the hall. The se-

cond step was made by Mr. Sam, when he declared to the lady that she looked as fresh as a rose.

"Ha! sir," said the coy damsel, as she disappeared rapidly down the kitchen stairs.

The first present the lady received from her admirer, was a copy of one of Namby's burlesques. Men woo strangely. It is on record that a fair lady was won by an admirer, who laid the foundation of his suit with a copy of the "Sporting Almanac." Sam was not a sentimentalist; Miss Sophy, on the contrary, was. She had read exciting romances by the dozen; and pleasantly contrived a love of Bulwer, and James, and Ainsworth, with the constant and passionate perusal of penny journals of all descriptions. She was one of those fat, red, highly-dimpled girls, who are to be seen in the dingiest of London houses, occasionally. Everybody believed that Sophy belonged, by right, to the country; that the regions of cowslips and buttercups were hers. But, she was born in Pentonville. She had lived, her life through, in London. She knew little of the pastoral, beyond that spare instalment of it, which may be found amid the lilacs of Brompton or St. John's Wood. It may be that she had in the course of her various childhood, plucked daisies upon Primrose Hill. Sophy, it must be confessed, did not express sentimentality in her face or manner. She trolled her songs about the house, as she carried the comfort of tea and muffins to the voracious chief clerk of the first floor, or retreated to the kitchen with the remains of Mr. Namby's breakfast. Her answer was ready, when a lodger dared to joke with her. It was the pride of her eloquent parent, that his Sophy could "give anybody as good as they sent, any day." This enviable power was exercised on Mr. Namby frequently; even on the favoured Sam Topley. But Sam enjoyed the retort that hit him. Miss Sophy amused him. He vowed that she beat all the girls he had seen in the course of his life. His conferences with her lengthened. Mr. Sam always wanted hot-water; a button upon his wristband, (how charming when she was sewing it on!) the clothes-brush. He was ashamed to trouble her so often. She laughed, and blushed a little; and still came tapping at his door, content, it was clear, to be there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

AN ICELANDIC LEGEND.

A mother kneels by a crystal well,
In the green Icelandic woods.
For Spring has risen and trees put forth
Their leaves in the solitudes.

Gold-haired, with eyes of tender blue,
Her infant by her lies,
Looking up to the gracious sun,
And the changes of the skies.

She stoops above the cold, clear well,
Puts forth one milk-white arm,
And, through the arch, beholds her face
A-fresh with gentle charm.

Sure, never did she look more sweet,
Her rosy finger-tips
Touch, with the pensile touch of flame,
The roses of her lips.

Dreaming, she gazes in the lymph,
Flings back her forehead's braid,
Meshed in the toils of sinful pride—
Caught by her own fair shade.

A shrill, wild cry; she hears it not,
Though it clamours at the skies,
Uncared, the gentle boy has slipped
Down the wild precipice.

Sudden, she turns with knitted palms,
And white lips dead-apart;—
A daggered hand springs from the wall
And stabs her to the heart!

NOT DEFUNCT.



IHAVE always entertained an unhealthy aversion for coffin-makers, undertakers, hearse-drivers, and the other functionaries whose presence at a man's funeral has been rendered indispensable by social usage. An undertaker, to me, is the executor of the ghosts; his breath smells of corroding lead and rotting cedar,—I can even trace a metallic sympathy between his rings and watch guards, and the breast-plates and handles of his coffins. The Germans may be able to explain this mental phenomenon; for my part I set about investigating it a dozen years ago, and am, at this moment, as remote as ever from any rational conclusion. I never attend funerals; I would go a league out of my way to avoid a church-yard. I hated my son, Tom, when he was three years old, in consequence of a resemblance which I fancied he bore to an egg-cheeked cherub on the upper section of my grand-mother's tombstone. When the boy squalled I hated him; for his resemblance to the conventional spirit grew daily more and more obvious, and was further increased by an attack of water on the brain which rendered his eyes as prominent as a couple of tulip bulbs. In the presence of these confessions it will appear rather inconsistent that

the strongest friendship I ever formed was contracted with a celebrated undertaker, the late Mr. Hammercloth. The circumstances which led to this strange acquaintance were these. Crossing the high street of Yewburg one winter morning, when the lamps were enveloped in fog, and the damp air clung to one's flesh like a cuticle of court plaster, I was knocked down by the leaders of the mail-coach, and would have been crushed to death under the wheels but for a gentleman who darted forward with the celerity of a swallow, and rescued me from imminent death at the peril of his own life. My deliverer was Mr. Hammercloth, and my thankfulness was increased by reflecting that, in rescuing me from death, he had resigned all pretensions to the profit of an economical £10 funeral. Mr. Hammercloth was a gentleman peculiarly adapted by nature and inclination to adorn the profession of undertaker. His complexion was a rich mauve, his eyes retiring and sinister, whilst his sunken cheeks imparted to his nose the prominence of the handle of a jack plane. His body was supported on legs as uniform as a pair of bamboo canes; he was slightly stooped, and turned out his toes to an extent that indicated an ambition to take up as much room as possible in the world. Gratitude to Mr. Hammercloth induced me to accept an invitation to his table, where I met his daughter, an attenuated demoiselle, whose life was a prolonged rehearsal of the rôle of Milton's *Il Penseroso*. The evening used to pass heavily over us then. We all sat down in silence, and long before the accustomed hour for retiring, Miss Hammercloth, who was in mourning for her mother, would gather up her crapes and float out of the room like an animated pall. Then Hammercloth would cross his legs, touch the decanter with a suggestive nod to me, and open a conversation on the cycles of epidemics.

"Tell me, Burt," he would say, "did you see that paragraph, stating that the cholera has broken out in the Danubian provinces? it appeared in the *Evening Prognosticator*."

"No; what about it?"

"What about it? Can you afford to treat such a remarkable event so inconsiderately?"

"Inconsiderately! why, my dear sir, how does a Danubian cholera affect me?"

"Ah, Burt, but that's selfish, and selfishness is sinful, you know. Just imagine what a revolution it may produce in the timber yards, and amongst the coffin decorators!"

"The timber yards! Hammercloth."

"The timber yards, Sir. Let us have easterly winds for three weeks, and the first case of cholera announced in the papers, will improve deals by fifteen per cent."

"Indeed. Is your stock heavy?"

"Well, I have a fairish supply. I am rather well up in the ready-made department. I am prepared to execute, say 1000 orders of all sizes in the bespoke time."

"Then there are two departments. Now look, Hammercloth," I would say, drawing closer to the fire, and placing one foot on

the fender, to give myself an appearance of ease, "suppose you took a coffin to a customer, and found it too short, how would you manage?"

"Why, the course of action would be evident. Send the family out of the room, make the lamented deceased a bit short, tuck him up comfortably, screw him down. By Jove," Mr. Hammercloth would say, digressing from the subject, "that's an easterly wind blowing at the windows. In a few days, the land may be filled with rejoicings, and every street converted into a forest of draped knockers."

"Surely," I would say, "you do not desire such a catastrophe."

"Well," Mr. Hammercloth would exclaim with a felicitous evasion, "the principle on which I work is a principle recognised by the highest and lowest subject of the realm—my own interest first, and the public's afterwards."

I remember the last evening my friend and I passed in each other's society. It was about the middle of January. The streets were muffled in snow, the watchmen were hoarse, the mail-coach horn, as it sounded through the village, evinced bronchial symptoms, and the howling of Mr. Hammercloth's watch-dog resembled a rude series of descending flats. The undertaker was unusually lively. His uncle, Mr. Grimjoke, a rich and venerable bachelor, was announced to be *in extremis*; and, as my friend was his only surviving relative, the probabilities of a legacy were decidedly in his favour. I never saw Mr. Hammercloth in better humour. He laughed, he joked, he cracked grim jests, and appeared to be excessively happy. We had brewed our punch, and Mr. Hammercloth was about to open a new chapter on the cycles of epidemics, when our attention was aroused by a vulgar, single, yet authoritative knock at the front door. Hammercloth went to the head of the stairs, and listened as the door was opened, and a boy's voice announced that Grimjoke had breathed his last.

"All flesh is grass," observed Mr. Hammercloth, retiring from the lobby. "He'll want a coffin five feet six by four."

There was a pause, which was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Hammercloth, who, with a kerchief, evidently fresh from the custody of a dozen folds, enquired in a voice of the deepest emotion—"Is dear uncle dead?"

"He is, child; there, don't cry," responded Mr. Hammercloth.

"And now it becomes my duty, as affectionate heir, to provide him with a suitable and comfortable coffin."

"We'll require sixty hat scarfs," interrupted Miss Hammercloth.

"And a dozen mourning coaches," added her father. "You will come, Mr. Burt," he continued, addressing me.

I hesitated.

"Of course you'll come. And look you here, I'll put up a coffin, and we'll take it across to Mayfield, box up the old fellow, and make things nice."

"Not now, certainly," I said.

"Now," emphasised Mr. Hammercloth, "I'd consider it an act of gross disrespect to the lamented dead if we hesitated one moment."

I consented reluctantly. The coffin was quickly procured, and with the aid of two workmen we crossed the road to the deceased's residence. Now and then the men would be rebuked by a "steady, steady, gentlemen!" from the undertaker. At times some villager, straggling homewards, would encounter us with a look of bewilderment, standing stock-still until we had passed. I thought of the old Teutonic stories of witch processions and spectral funerals, and I confess, my mind became uncomfortably excited. A turn in the road brought us in front of Mayfield. The house, which was thickly shielded by larch and beech shrubberies, was a low structure, flanking the extremity of a broad lawn. Not a single light burned in the windows, not a smoke wreath from the chimneys betrayed the presence of a human being within those walls where the dead man reposed in the miserable isolation he so loved in life. Mr. Hammercloth knocked and rang, and was answered by a reverberation of peals from the empty halls and corridors within. The bearers exchanged looks of mysterious import and trembled under their burthen. The knocking was repeated, and once more the deserted interior howled through all its arteries. After some minutes of horrible suspense, the fanlight was faintly illuminated, and we heard footsteps in the passage.

"What do you want?" asked a woman's voice, in the shrillest and ghastliest falsetto.

"Open the door, my good woman," cried Mr. Hammercloth, "open the door."

"Who are you?" asked the falsetto.

"Mr. Humphrey's legatee, ma'am. Come to make him nice and tidy. Let in the coffin, won't you?"

"Why the gentleman's hardly dead yet—who knows but he's only in a thrance—you wouldn't smother him intirely, would you?"

"Where the tree falls it lieth," said Mr. Hammercloth. "Do you know whom you are speaking to, ma'am? I won't forget you when the time comes. Let us in."

"Ah, thin, is that yourself, Mr. Hammercloth? I'd be sorry to keep you out, I would."

And scarcely were the words said, when the door was opened, and to our horror Mr. Grimjoke, in his dressing-gown, and holding a stable lamp in his hand, stood up on the threshold. The old man, shrunk and withered as a dry pear, and wrapped up tightly in the faded gown, bore such a terrible resemblance to a re-animated skeleton, that we fell back by a common impulse, I stumbling over the body of Mr. Hammercloth, who had fallen down insensible.

"I'm not dead yet, nephew," said Mr. Grimjoke, as he held the lamp close to Hammercloth's face, "I'm not dead yet; and when I am, you won't be much the better for the burying. I've made over every penny I scraped together to the Blind Asylum, and as for my coffin, it's seasoning these three years in the house. Do you hear that?" and with these words Mr. Grimjoke banged the door in our faces and retired.

We lifted Hammercloth—we bore him home. At parting, he pressed my hand significantly.

"Never," he whispered, "breathe a word of this business in human ear; and (still lower) your coffin shall cost you nothing." I promised to obey.—I never saw him since.

A SERENADE.

O! LILY, shining by the gate,
Blush roses flaming from the wall,
Dim palms whose cores reverberate
The voices of the waterfall;
From amber casements, where she sleeps,
Full in yon white star's snowy light,
Awake my love, awake my love,
And bid her haste to bless the night.
And tell the maid she need not bring
Her pretty bonnet, trimmed with blonde,
Or-pork pie hat, with pheasant's wing,
Of which, she knows, I'm very foud.

Full on the river shines the moon,
A path of pearls to yonder star,
And light that trembles like the noon,
Floats o'er the linden woods afar,
O! vine tree, jewelled o'er with dew,
And looking towards her happy room,
Cry out and bid the richest flower
In earth or paradise to bloom.
O! rare exotic, happy I
To share with thee one small square plot,
Where I should be your gardener,
And heaven supply the watering pot!

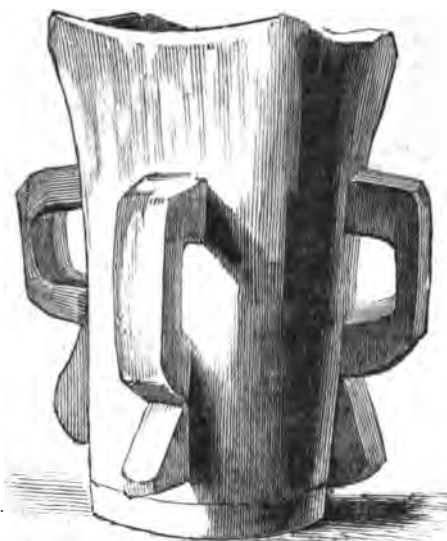
Low, in yon chamber, deep, she lies,
A perfumed lamp to watch her dreams,
The folded curtain of her eyes,
Like opal in the moonlight gleams;
The shadows of the tangling vine
Darken her radiant loveliness,
And, floating, linger where her lips
Lie locked in rubied silentness;
Awake her lily, awake her rose,
By Jove I'm shivering in the dew;
And if the watchman caught me here,
'Twould be a precious how-d'y-e-do!

She comes, she comes, auroral light
Flames from her presence thro' the pane,
She lifts her hand divinely white,
And folds the casement back in twain;

Hush! all you birds in heaven and earth,
Prison your songs in golden beaks;
Silence thou diamond waterfall,
She moves, she smiles—O! bliss, she speaks:
"Young man, take pity on your health,
And let this nasty howling cease,
Or if you don't, I'll feel compelled
To charge you on the night-police!"

PENCILINGS OF IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

I—METHERS.



MOST of our readers have heard of the ancient Irish drinking cup called the mether, now entirely disused, or only to be found in the remotest mountain wilds of Ireland. It is associated in our minds with the simplicity and hospitality of by-gone times; and those who have drank out of it in their youth—if there be any such centagenarians—as well as those who are yet unacquainted with its form, will, we have no doubt, be alike gratified at seeing it preserved in our little depository of national remains.

The original from which the above illustration is taken, was found in a bog, in the county of Armagh. It is of the usual form and proportions, round at bottom, but quadrangular at top, and with a handle on each of its four sides. The material is crab tree. Its height is 7½ inches, and its circumference 10½ inches; it holds about three pints. The specimen is, as we have already remarked, the usual size and form of the mether; but it is sometimes found of considerably greater size, and sometimes with only two handles. The use of the four handles appears evidently to have been for the greater convenience of passing the cup round from one to another.

The use of the mether appears to have been universal in Ireland, for it is found in the bogs in all parts of the island; and judging from the great depth at which it is often discovered, its antiquity must be extreme indeed.

The size, dimensions, and contents of the following mether exceed those described above. Its height is eight inches three quarters;

its circumference round the top is eighteen inches, and its contents exceed two quarts. The material of which it is made appears to be solid crab-tree, excavated so as to form a circle towards the bottom, while the upper part is perfectly square; on each side is a handle with hieroglyphic carvings, not intelligible; and on one side is the inscription, "Dermot Tully, 1590." This inscription is evidently much later than the making of the mether itself, and only shows that it was in the possession of Dermot Tully in the year in question.



The appearance and contents of the mether prove that it was intended for the rich wines, foaming ales, and other generous drinks which were used in Ireland long before whiskey had been known to its natives. That wines, ales, and such drinks were used by the people, and that whiskey is really a spirit of comparatively modern invention, may be a matter of surprise now-a-days to some, yet decidedly they are at the same time facts most easily shown. Parliamentary proceedings regulating the sale of wines in Ireland date so far back as the year 1269; afterwards wines continued cheap, and were generally used by the inhabitants, and in the year 1545, when the mayor of Drogheda was fined for selling wines by retail in a tavern, contrary to an act of parliament prohibiting mayors from selling wines during their mayoralty, we find he had sold 8 hogsheads of sack, value only 100 shillings each hogshead; and two hogsheads of Gascony wines, value four pounds each hogshead, all by retail, and during one year only. In fact, it was not until 1569, that any tax or duty was imposed upon wines coming into Ireland, and the very reason given then by parliament for imposing this, most fully shows its general use amongst all classes of the inhabitants: "because by the superfluous abundance of wines that are yearly discharged within this realm, grievous decay of tillage and husbandry, and idleness, the mother of all vices, have been perniciously bred and nourished." To check this, a duty was made payable to Queen Elizabeth upon all wines imported, but this duty was moderate, and left wine still within the reach of the least affluent. Thanks to recent legislative enactments, the consumption of wine is no longer confined to the more affluent classes.

Ale, beer, mead, etc., were in almost universal use from the earliest period in Ireland. So early as the year 1185, Prince John endowed Thomascourt Abbey with a toll of beer and mead, payable out of several places in Dublin.

"Aqua vite," or whiskey, is but of comparatively recent introduction or invention. Whiskey in the middle of the sixteenth century

(and the fact is now undeniable) was found to be made amongst the English settlements in Ireland for supplying the native Irish. Queen Mary was the first who endeavoured to check this evil, and the parliamentary enactments then made, describe whiskey to be a drink, "nothing profitable to be used and drunken, is now universally, throughout this realm of Ireland, made especially in the borders of the Irishry, and for the furniture of Irishmen, and thereby much corn, grain, and other things are consumed, spent, and wasted; to the great hindrance, loss, and damage, of the poor inhabitants of the realm;" wherefore it was ordered no person but peers, etc., should make it without license from government. The restrictive, or licensing power, thus through the best motives vested in the crown, was afterwards turned to good account by James the First, who rewarded his favourites by licenses to make "aqua vite," and to keep public houses for sale thereof. But this system of licensing proved so profitable at length, that whiskey selling became one of the regular items of the excise revenue, and, we need scarcely tell our readers, so continues to the present day.

When Lord Townshend left the viceroyalty of Ireland, he had two massive silver methers made in London, where they were regularly introduced at his dinner parties; the guests most usually applied the side of the vessel to the mouth, and seldom escaped with a dry neckcloth or vest; Lord Townshend, however, after enjoying the mistake, usually called on his friend, the late Colonel O'Reilly, (afterwards Sir Hugh Nugent) to "teach the drill, and handle the mether in true Irish style."

A LOST FRIEND.

I QUARREL not with Fate, or Circumstance,
That she deprive me of the gifts of life,
Inspire Detraction's tongue, arm Envy's glance,
And cloud my days with bitterness and strife.

Who looketh in himself and seeth there
A toiler fashioned by a god-like hand,
To taste the fruits of earth, to breathe its air,
And realise his mission, poor or grand,
May calmly watch the vulgar bonfire hurled
At the white radiance of his Innocence,
Thrice-armed against the meanness of the world,
By the strong dignity of Common Sense.

But I am wrath, and hostile unto Fate,
When, with blind issues serving no fair end,
From me she takes, with ill-disguised hate,
The dearest jewel of our life—A FRIEND.

BARON CUIVER.

IT is not easy to estimate the debt, perhaps we should say the obligation, which the science that busies itself with the study of living organisms, from the animalcule discovered in the fluids of the eye to the leviathan whose flesh and bone were found embalmed in the ice-pile of the Arctic Ocean, owes to George Cuiver. Before his time "natural history," as "Carpenter's Spelling Book" has it, was, at best, a confused and incoherent mass of observations and results. The brick and mortar, the timber and tiles of a great edifice were to hand; but, until George Cuiver rose, no architect had attempted the task of building with them a structure, possessing any pretensions to symmetrical truth. The old naturalists were, as Vaughan quaintly remarks of a few of his contemporaries, "a droll set." Theirs was the epoch of credulity, when every traveller brought home an authenticated description of salamander, unicorn, or merman, when the centaur was not wholly discredited, and birds of paradise, which never touched earth, and lived on the distilled atmosphere, were accepted like texts of gospel. To this succeeded the reaction, when people turned up their noses at everything that smacked of newness. This was the age of conservative naturalism. Du Chaillu would have been

hanged for an impudent imposter had he dared to preach gorillas to a generation that never heard of a platypus, and persisted, notwithstanding all evidence to the contrary, in esteeming the lion king of the beasts, and the eagle emperor of all the winged inhabitants of heaven. Credulity and scepticism had their day. Both were rebuked harshly, be it confessed, by the hot voice of increasing discovery. The germ of the British Association, that inquisitive body to which we owe so much, was planted in a drawing-room carpet; German savans had begun the study of pond-slimes; and the restless genius of France fell to experimenting upon bloods and clays, tissues and fibres. As a back ground to this general activity, lay the disorganised elements of a natural history, confusion upon confusion. It needed a giant to give order to the demoralised mass, George Cuiver was the giant.

In 1769, that year so remarkable for great men and eminent achievements, the future naturalist first saw the light at Montbeliard. His family were of Swiss origin; Cuiver *pere* held a commission in a Swiss regiment, in the service of France; his fortune was small, and, were it not for the admirable economy observed by his wife, must have been wholly insufficient for his wants. Madame Cuiver was one of those noble women who, leaving hard sciences, politics, and agriculture to their husbands, occupy themselves with the care of their families and households. To her her son was indebted for the rudiments of his education, and that early formation of character which influenced his whole life. George made the meekest, most attentive, and worthiest of pupils, for it is related of him that, long after he was sent to the public school, he would abandon his companions in the evening, and hasten, book in hand, to seat himself at his mother's feet. The prodigious activity of which he was afterwards capable, the high rectitude which characterised his opinions and actions had their source, no doubt, in this filial attention; whilst his passionate appetite for knowledge was always attributed by himself to the fostering appreciation with which his mother rewarded his first ventures into the world of books. He loved grave reading from his earliest years. Metaphysics and history were his favourite studies; but Buffon's great work (great for its day,) delighted him above all others. It is said that he committed it in its entirety to memory; and, in order to copy the engravings with which it is enriched, applied himself to designing in which he rapidly became a consummate adept. He was scarcely thirteen when his portfolio contained nine thousand copies, many of them highly coloured and exquisitely finished, of Buffon's engravings. When asked how he had acquired sufficient industry for such a task, he replied in these memorable words: "Whatever I begin I finish, for I undertake nothing without a careful conscientious consideration of the difficulties to be encountered." These early labours laid the deep foundations of the anatomical knowledge on which his fame chiefly rests. When he had exhausted external form and outline, he plunged into the bewildering intricacies of internal animal structures. A new world was suddenly revealed to his eyes, a world which puzzled whilst it delighted him. Naturally, without the assistance of books or teachers, he had to grope in the dark, and satisfy himself to-day with conclusions which were razed to the ground by the observations of to-morrow. His case was something like that of the country gentleman, who, having spent half a life in elaborating a gun lock, rushed up to London to sell his invention and amaze the world; and who found, on submitting his work to a manufacturer, that one identically the same had been in use for many years. We may be satisfied, however, that Cuiver lost nothing by his early investigations—it has been asserted that to them may be attributed the science of comparative anatomy, which originated with himself and was perfected by Owen. Frank and Corvisart exhausted their lives and energies in the effort to make medicine a science of analogies, and they failed. Cuiver had not entered his fifteenth year when he had conceived and projected the rigid classifications to which all animal life is theoretically subjected.

At the age of fourteen, Cuiver, then a disappointed theological student, accepted a post in the gymnasium of Stuttgart, to which he was invited by Duke Charles. Schiller, by the way, had been a pupil of the same academy, and left behind him the reputation of being "the most honest of men and the most dangerous of poets." German, of which George knew nothing, was the only language employed at Stuttgart; so he had sat down to acquire it, and was able to converse with tolerable freedom at the end of six months. His fortunes must have been at a low ebb at this period, for,

although he sedulously cultivated mathematics and natural history, we find him nervously anxious to qualify himself for some small post in the civil administration of Montbeliard, a department with a capital of four or five thousand inhabitants. Four years dwindled away, and his hopes dwindled with them. No money, no friends, no prospects, no appointment! The future was indeed a dark one, when it was suddenly brightened by a letter which reached him from M. Parrot, an old friend then residing in Normandy. M. Parrot had, up to that time, been the tutor of the son of M. de Herecie, a gentleman of fortune, living in the chateau of Figuainville; he was setting out for Russia, and offered Cuiver the succession to his late post. The offer was joyfully accepted.

In 1788, whilst France was lamenting above the ashes of Buffon, our poor student, whom a French biographer likens to a tempest-tossed sailor, glad to find refuge in any port, sat down patiently, under M. de Herecie's roof, to the drudging duties of a family tutor. The old chateau was situated at a distance of two leagues from the sea, and within easy distance of the town of Fecamp. The country around was but thinly populated, it resembled a cultivated solitude. France was then about to feel the first throes of the convulsion which soon afterwards set Europe in a flame; but no omen of disturbance penetrated to the retreat where the first mind in Europe was preparing for the intellectual revolution that laid so many idolized but fallacious systems in the dust. Not a moment was wasted. He devoted all his spare hours to the study of insects, fishes, molluscs, and the other animals roughly but happily sketched by Aristotle, some of which fulfil almost every function of the fish, without having the slightest analogy to it. Many of his suggestions at this period are invaluable, and bear the highest testimony to his patience and keenness of research, as, for instance, when he hinted that the *poulpe* was constructed on a plan different from any other animal, and that in its nature marked a palpable blank (*lacune*) which was inconsistent with the received speculative system of the continuous chain of beings. One curious speciality of this animal is, that it furnished to Cuiver the ink with which he wrote its history. This ink, which resembles, if it is not identical with that made by the Chinese, is soluble and indelible, and was used by him in copying those structures, or parts of structures, which his delicate scalpel had prepared for illustration. Those designs are still preserved, and considered masterpieces of artistic skill. His copies of crustacea, made at the same period, are wonderful examples of vigorous drawing, portraying with a curious exactness and nicety of expression, the grotesque outlines of those singular organisations. His investigations of the structures of insects convinced him that, when deprived of circulation, they respire, like plants, by the tracheæ, and are nourished, as are zoophytes, by imbibition. Subsequently to this, he established the curious and, till then, undiscovered relations between respiration and circulation, and those of the former with muscular energy; as well as the amount of vital force which an animal should produce in a given time. At St. Cœn he discovered, in the possession of a rich citizen, an amateur in natural history, a magnificent collection of Mediterranean fishes. He rapidly sketched the specimens, and was in the habit of saying that the crayons were as valuable as the originals, for, in natural history, the faithful copy of an object is the object itself. Meanwhile, war was raging over Europe; and France, the self-constituted Ishmael of nations, was sustaining the combined shocks of almost the entire Continent. A revolutionary society was established at Fecamp. It was a secret organization which proposed to improve the condition of the masses by deliberately butchering the aristocracy. Cuiver, sensible of the dangers which such a conspiracy threatened, urged the proprietors of his district to form a society for their mutual protection. The advice was taken, the society was established; but its *seances*, instead of being occupied with political questions, were devoted to the discussion of agricultural theories. M. l'Abbe Tessier, the author of the agricultural articles published in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, having to fly the persecution to which he was exposed at Paris, took refuge in Fecamp, where he had accepted the post of hospital physician. He was admitted into the society, no one at the time being aware that he was the writer of the condemned articles. One evening he was prevailed upon to read a paper on agriculture to the members. Cuiver listened with profound attention, and at once identified the essayist with the *Encyclopédiste*. When he congratulated the Abbe on the discovery, the latter turned pale and exclaimed—"You know me, then; I am lost." "You are saved," replied the naturalist; and from that moment the tenderest

confidence was established between them. One year afterwards, the Abbe, who was delighted with the fine qualities he discovered in his new acquaintance, wrote to M. de Jussieu: "M. Cuiver is a great man—a violet hidden in the grass." He also wrote in similar terms to La Méthvie, to Lacépède, and M. Geoffroy Saint Hilaire. The education of his pupil having been finished, Cuiver was again thrown upon the world. "What shall I do?" he asked the Abbe. "The Commission of Agriculture" was the reply, "has called me to Paris. Come with me,—your lodging shall be my lodging. Your talents shall do the rest." Cuiver arrived in Paris in his twenty-sixth year.

The great city received him with outstretched arms, for his fame had preceded him. It was the epoch of speculation; and Paris was ready for any man capable of starting a new idea, or even a strange conjecture. The poor tutor became the centre of a number of youthful savans, who looked up to him as their guide, philosopher, and friend, in the science which he was engaged in founding. He was appointed member of the Commission of Arts, then Professor of Natural History in the central school of the Pantheon. There was a struggle for the chair of Anatomy of the Jardin des Plantes. Mertrud, the friend of Buffon, and the collaborateur of Daubenton, was entitled to the honour, but his infirmities balked his ambition, and he resigned his claims in favour of Cuiver. No sooner had the latter placed his foot within the sanctuary, consecrated by the memories of so many great men, than he gathered the wreck of his family around him. He may not have been rich, but he was extremely happy. In a few months he was surrounded by the most brilliant society of Paris, the first rank and talent of the growing empire. But nothing could distract his attention from his beloved studies, to which he clung with a fidelity above all praise. In 1795, he published a description of two newly-discovered species of insects, and communicated to the Society of Natural History a series of memoirs which bore unmistakable evidences of a gifted and inquisitive intellect. In one of those he sketched the first outlines of his classification of animals, which has since been universally adopted. He described an animal as a certain combination of wants and faculties; two essential and correlative elements. A faculty cannot exist without a want, nor, *vice versa*, a want without a faculty. The first of those elements manifests itself, the second is exercised by organs or instruments, and these instruments, each appropriated to its particular purpose, are also balanced against one another, for the special end of all—the maintenance of life. But these instruments are not all of equal importance. The animal exists; and the organs on which it mainly depends—brain and heart—are unquestionably of the first rank and order. So it is of the rest, with this exception, that the nearer any organ, in the chain which binds all together, unites itself to these essential ones, the more it partakes of their qualities of indispensableness and fixity; and the less it unites itself with them, the less it shares their peculiarities. This conceded, it is obvious that if we wish to establish permanent principles of division amongst animals, we must seek them in these profound relations of organisation.

In this source alone can the naturalist find the real and fundamental characteristics which lead to the determination of classes and order of *genres* and species, for such is the object of natural history. With these laws as the basis of operations, Cuiver mapped out four grand compartments of animated being. It is not denied that he availed himself pretty freely of the researches of Duverney, Ferrein, Petit, and Vicq-d'Azyr. He has been unjustly compared with Linné, whose system, at the best, is irreconcilably shaky, and long since totally abandoned. His classification of insects was a veritable chaos, for in it he placed animals, the least resembling, side by side; nor was he more successful in his dealings with the quadrumania.

In arranging the anatomical collections of the Museum, Cuiver followed out the order laid down in his lectures. Comparative anatomy was the test of precedence; what the ear heard the eyes saw, and when one was thus fortified by the other, the impressions made on the observer became ineffaceable. The collection was one of the richest in the world, and he was never tired examining it.

Between 1795 and 1804 he published a series of papers, on the megathorium discovered in Paraguay, on several varieties of animal fossils, on differences of brain and on the scales of fishes. In 1798 he composed the *Tableau Elementaire d'Histoire Naturelle des Animaux*. Much of the material of which it is composed had been furnished by Storr, St. Hilaire, Linné, Buffon, Lacépède, Pallas, Fabricius, and Latreille, but for number and novelty of facts, Cuiver equalled, perhaps, surpassed them. The *tableau* subsequently underwent important rectifications, for, in 1798, the author discovered the presence of red blood, and blood-vessels of the first order, in the leech. This discovery extended to analogous animals, and further led, in 1802, to the establishment of a new class, which seriously deranged the constitution of the *tableau*. He rejected the theory of Duchesne and Lamarck, which proposed to divide all animals into two grand classes, vertebrate and invertebrate; and discovered for himself four principal forms—four distinct types on which he assumed all animals to be modelled by nature. This he further simplified in the epigrammatic theorem—"C'est le système nerveux est tout l'animal," "the nervous system is the animal." But, after all, the greatest triumph with which his name will be connected in the eyes of posterity, is his re-construction of the fossil remains of extinct animals, and the laws laid down by him for the guidance of future comparative anatomists. Those laws cannot be dealt with in a short article like the present. They were the fruits of the labours of a generation, and do not deserve to be lightly disposed of.

He died in 1832, in the bosom of his family, of an epidemic which ravaged Paris. The moral of his life will not be lost upon those who, with the humblest materials to begin with, have faith and perseverance, and are sensible of the value of time.

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SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER IV.

IT appeared as if, whether by accident or intention, she had now started a theme more likely to lead her companion into good humoured converse than the last, for he raised his head from its drooping, meditative posture, and his face brightened as he replied:—

"We have him, heart, we have him."

Come, sit near me, here on the settle, love, an' I'll tell you all about—how it was—an' everything."

"You told me, I think, yesterday, when Maney O'Neil interrupted us, that he went that morning to Miss Byrne, and that she would have nothing to say to him."

"Because her friends would have nothing to say to him. He went, thinking himself sure of her, because her father wasn't in the way now."

The woman groaned.

"Young Kumba himself is, as we all know, a wild harum-scarum sort of a lad, and between us two, not at all likely ever to attain to a creature of that kind, white and delicate, and reared like a lady in all



MR. SHINE'S DINNER-TABLE.

respects. So he has come into my advice, not without a great deal of arguing, to take her whether she likes it or not. And he's to be here this evening, and I'm to take him abroad to make him known to the boys, Maney O'Neil, an' Awney Farrell, his man, and three more spirited lads that wouldn't fall back of anything we propose."

"And when is it to be?"

"To-night—or never. Nothing like keeping time behind you—and that's what I said to you, the night in the sally grove eastwards, when I had your hand in mine, and the horses waiting, and you wanted me to let it alone till mornen, till you'd see the old people once more, and leave a token on your dressing-table for 'em, and I wouldn't stop an hour, and wasn't it well for us, for there was a watch set for you that very night."

The soft eyes of the female glistened and expanded on the speaker, but the sigh which accompanied the look of tenderness rendered it a doubtful matter whether she really did consider it as "well for her" that she had escaped the watch set for her on the occasion alluded to.

Before the conversation was renewed, a slight knocking at the door of the inn announced to the ear of the male speaker the approach of the young man whose affairs had constituted its chief topic. His dress, manner, and language were such as to place him, at first sight, in a superior point of view to those whose society he was about to seek, although those of the latter were not of the very

lowest grade, and there seemed to be in the manner of his greeting, as he entered, an unconquerable and involuntary consciousness of self-abasement, though so fleeting and so slightly marked that the quick eye of the host could not, had he been so inclined, arrest it with sufficient certainty to take offence. Before we proceed to lay the consequences of his arrival before the reader, it may not be amiss to enter once more into detail on the character and fortunes of the new-comer.

Robert Kumba, the youngest son of a comfortable farmer in the neighbourhood of the inn, was one of those anomalous personages whose characters are made up of a series of paradoxes. He was shy, to the appearance of a reprehensible timidity, and yet daring to a degree beyond rashness itself, both in the formation and execution of any design in which his happiness was at all involved—unsatisfied with ordinary means, and still more so with ordinary ends, seeking for higher, yet unequal to these—scrupulous to a perfect exactness in all transactions where his heart exercised no influence over his conscience, but frequently led into the wildest and most apparently dishonest practices, by mistaking the arguments of passion and feeling for those of reason—sensitive even to *finery*, when tried with moderate and limited excitements, yet easily capable of being wrought up into a savage disregard of all social and moral restraint when heated by a skilfully-used and violent impulse—suspicious in the minutest trifles, yet flinging himself and his fortunes with the most unguarded confidence on the chance-honesty of a stranger whom his enthusiasm or his weakness of mind led him to select as a friend, untried and unknown—proud, fierce, and irritable, when any, even of those who might reasonably claim such a right, attempted to assert a natural dominion over him, yet submitting himself with a voluntary, and sometimes almost pitiable docility to the guidance of a man who was his inferior in rank and education, and whose only advantage, in point of intellect, was in the possession of that quality which Iago so flatteringly and falsely attributed to his Venetian dupe, Roderigo, a firm and resolute “purpose.”

Circumstances had contributed to render the character of the young man more positive and confirmed, at the same time that none of its contrarities had been blended or softened down by the lapse of years and the growth of experience. His family, of which, as I have before mentioned, he was the youngest member, was numerous; and being placed precisely in that rank of life in which appearances are consulted with the greatest anxiety, as one of the tangible modes of rendering its position, with respect to the relations of society above and below it, less equivocal, their humble means were tasked to an extent which made it absolutely necessary that a mortifying privation should fall on some, or all. Little Bob felt the influence of this necessity before he was able to remonstrate against its particular application to himself. By a course of reasoning very pardonable, if not free from error, his older friends and protectors measured his wants by their own estimation of his claims, and they would, in all probability, have laughed at the idea of taking the little urchin's feelings into account. It was by no means, therefore, considered either unwise or unreasonable that Bob, about whom nobody cared, should run barefoot, while the extremities of his elders, who had begun to assume a place in consideration of their neighbours, were invested in the shining luxury of polished calf-skin and lambs-wool; nor for the same reason did any of his friends question the propriety of allowing Bob's little bundle-cloth shirt to hail the light of day through the fissures which time had made in the elbows of his coarse frieze jacket, while the well-ironed and neatly-frilled inner garments of his brother were protected by a yearly suit of glossy broad-cloth illuminated with rows of the most resplendent gilt buttons, and modelled after the most approved specimens which the capital of the country (the emporium of all fashion and taste in costume) could supply. The very circumstance, moreover, of the mortifying distinction which was thus unwarily drawn between him and his brothers, subjected him to what his boyish spirit felt to be still further degradation; and his ragged and neglected appearance seemed, in the eyes of his philosophic friends, to afford good reason for employing him in many menial offices about the farm, which would otherwise have been allotted to a menial, or shared with him by the other members of the household. “Bob is not dressed, so he can help to foot the turf”—“Bob has no shoes nor white stockings on, so he can turn home the cows”—“Bob will run to the village for—” whatever it might be, “for nobody will remark his carrying a bundle,” were sounds no less familiar to the

ears than grating to the feelings of the boy—although the custom which he had been in from his infancy of taking upon trust the opinions of those above him, and adopting them without consideration, prevented his once entertaining suspicion of the justice of any arrangement of the kind. His parents were the best-meaning people in the world, but they laid, without being aware of it, a train of circumstances very sufficient to darken a character of a much gayer and less sensitive nature than that of the subject on which they now practised. According as his mind filled and strengthened, and began to originate its own sensations, the peculiarities of his situation pressed upon him with increasing acuteness. He began to ponder on the cause, as well as to fret and chafe at the effect. The circumstance of his natural guardians' having neglected to furnish him with the means of appearing on an equality with his friends, did not any longer appear a quite satisfactory reason for depriving him of their society when any prospect of amusement or advantage called them from home; or if it did appear so, his anger now referred itself from the privation to its apology, and found quite as exciting and irritating a subject in the one as in the other. The comparatively slighting and careless manner, moreover, in which he was regarded by the visitor of the house, and the occasional stare of contemptuous scrutiny which he underwent from the rude eye of a stranger, rankled in his soul, and turned all the current of his thoughts and feelings to gall and vinegar. A young and ardent mind has arrived at a terrific crisis when it begins to suspect that it is treated with injustice or neglect; and more especially if that injustice is inflicted by those on whom it is dependent for instruction and support, and who are, by the authority with which they are invested, exempt from the possibility of remonstrance. Naturally of a shy and reserved habit, the course of life which we have been describing, was highly calculated to increase the timidity and consequent susceptibility of character which young Kumba already manifested—and this apparent blocking up of every avenue through which his feelings, dark, light, dangerous, or laudable as they were, might find their way to the observation of those whose censure or approval could have any influence upon them—threw the youth back upon himself, and forced him upon habits of brooding and gloomy meditation, which laid the foundation of many a black design and many a wretched hour in his after life. Before we dismiss the subject of his education, one observation may be allowed on a very general mistake which is made with respect to childish reserve and backwardness. We have seen it usually commended by teachers and guardians as indicative of gentleness and a proper docility of temper, must probably for the obvious reason that such children occasion them least vexation and annoyance at the moment; but it by no means follows that the quality, though convenient, is at all beneficial or estimable. Every possible means should be put in use for the purpose of drawing a child in whom this disposition to secrecy is observed, into a bold and frank habit of declaring his mind on all occasions; and this habit would be very lightly purchased by the omission of punishment for certain instances of mischief or criminality. An over-bold, noisy, passionate disposition in a child, is always safer than a temper too easily governable and ductile. It is the business of education to restrain, direct, and expunge, but it can never supply a positive want in character.

It was with the result of all the unhappy influences we have been detailing, fresh upon him, that the mild and the mettled, the soft-worded and the violent, the crouching and the fiery, the confident and the suspicious, the shy, and shrinking, and daring youth of whom we speak, found himself, with all his crudeness of heart and mind, established, by one of those impossible accidents which occur every day, in the possession of that property on which he had been suffered to vegetate from his childhood. It will not be difficult to suppose, that as his fortunes thus suddenly outstripped his expectations, so they found him unfitted, from inexperience as well as indisposition, for the management of the means which they placed under his government. Miscalculation of their extent was the obvious and immediate evil; and the unsettled and wavering mind of the young proprietor precluded all hope of an industrious inquiry in that particular, or a persevering and rational system in their application. A few years of expense and indolence, or rather fitful and misdirected exertion, did all for the farm which indolence could have done; and Kumba, almost before his minority was ended, found himself the possessor of, or rather the responsible agent for, a ruined and encumbered property; neglected by his

acquaintances, censured, and *only* censured, by his friends, once more flung back upon himself; and more—far more—than all, rejected with a wholesome and almost laudable spirit of displeasure from one house, which contained for him an object of the most stirring ambition which had ever been excited within his soul, after the degradation of unsuccessful solicitation, and by one in whose eyes he had, in times of greater happiness and prosperity, read a promise of a kinder and more enduring interest.

This last blow, which he could not bring himself to consider as other than undeserved, succeeded in unsettling the purposes and pursuits of the young man. He was now placed in a more immediately dangerous position than when he lived in a state of dependence on the will of others; for although the world might exercise just that degree of influence over him, which made him keenly sensible of its injustice, it could not govern the consequences of that sensibility. The most immediate was a seeking to supply, by the excessive use of every species of mere vulgar excitement, the loss of that tender and delicious incentive, upon which his spirit had lived for years; and, finding himself, as we have before stated, shut out by his unfortunate circumstances from that society to which he had lately been accustomed, and to which his habits and his feelings induced him to cling most affectionately, the natural result was his reasoning himself into a toleration of any whatsoever, in which he could secure himself a place. This great imprudence met with a fatal retribution. Among the many low fellows who sought, yet vainly, to fasten themselves upon his regard, the fiery young man who now rose to bid him welcome beneath his roof, and in whose character, at least, though not in his habits of life, he had found many traits of resemblance to his own, succeeded in fixing a single claim on his attention. This person, however, had a great advantage, so far as the heart's ease was concerned, over his superior friend (for such he speedily became), in his perfect freedom from, and almost ignorance of, all those delicate susceptibilities and compunctions which education, no less than nature, had breathed into the soul of the latter; and he found, consequently, much less difficulty in complying with the violent impulses which were common to both. Few descriptions of characters are more likely to acquire an influence over an unformed and self-diffident mind, than one of a more vigorous and persevering energy; and the contact between two such spirits is dangerous or fortunate, precisely in relation to the good or evil nature of that which is in the ascendant. Our readers may ere now have conjectured, and not unwisely, that the character of the young landlord was not such as to render a conjunction indicative of very great benefit to Kumba. Spellacy, who, from some motive which it is not necessary here to explain, seemed to look on his new associate as one whose co-operation might be of incalculable importance to his own designs, managed their acquaintance with the art of a master. Never presuming to affect anything like a consciousness of the influence which he was acquiring most rapidly over the mind of his companion, he was on all occasions, when the absence of a potent stimulus left the reason of the other at liberty to discriminate and decide, the humble and parasitical dependant—honoured by the presence of his superior—governed, or seeming to be governed by his breath—gratified by his converse—grateful for his friendship—all, in fact, that Kumba's vanity could desire; and it was only when he had flung the latter off his guard, when he had startled him with some astounding difficulty, oftentimes existing only in the lying imagination that had framed it, that he assumed the privilege of leading the way, and gained himself credit for genius as well as intrepidity—that he dared to point out his course to his superior—to fill his ears with the accents of command—to say "Do this!" without qualification, and it was done.

Far, far, by this artful and sinuous course, had the ruffian succeeded in conducting his dupe from the equator of moral rectitude, before the evening on which both have been presented to the acquaintance of the reader. He had not yet, however, ventured to propose to him a participation in any act of foul and positive guilt; but the last train which he had laid was so perfectly skilful and deceptive as to place the youth entirely within the dominion of his tempter. The circumstances, at least as much of them as is needed to make the narrative comprehensible, may be gathered from the scene which followed.

As soon as Mrs. Spellacy, in obedience to a slight action from her husband, had left the room, Kumba, who till that moment remained half dubious of his course, holding the open door in one hand, and

gazing intently into the eyes of his host, nodded, as we have before mentioned, with a very slight air of superiority, and passing in silence to the centre, took one of the rude chairs which lay scattered about, and sat for several minutes in apparently a total recklessness of the presence of a second person. During this mood, the observer maintained a respectful and delicate silence, wandering about the room with noiseless steps, to arrange a fishing rod, or examine some domestic utensil; occasionally directing a glance, into which he contrived to throw all the interest and humble attachment which he was capable of assuming, at the contemplative and rapidly changing countenance of his friend. One of these glances, at length, as was the intention of the man, met the eye of the latter, and the effect which it produced was as he desired.

"Well, Spellacy, what is your genius now to do for me? I come to you, a ruined man, to tell you that your scheme has failed, and I am now left without one hope in the world. I have a great deal to say to you, Spellacy, on the subject of these repeated disappointments. I do not suspect your sincerity, but I think you careless of my fortunes, and that, with your professions, is little better than foul play. Never look upon me—what I have said, I say. You told me yesterday that you had laid a plan which could not fail to restore me to all I had lost, and you made my head dizzy with hope. You sported with me, sir—you mocked me. I have been disappointed."

"Great Heaven!" Spellacy exclaimed, drawing back with a stare of confusion and dismay, blended with an expression of deep dejection. The emotion was sufficiently well counterfeited to impose on Kumba, who thought he could discern, moreover, a certain degree of self-reproach in the attitude, downcast and drooping, in which his friend remained—his hands clasped, and hanging down before him—his mouth agape, and his black eyes fixed on the ground with the air of one who has received news of a sudden misfortune from a quarter to which he looked for joyous intelligence.

"For my part, Spellacy," the young man continued, "I do not come to ask you to tax your ingenuity for any new advice. All is over with me now, and I only seek you for the purpose of laying before you my intention; for I have at last formed a design for myself. And first hear me. You know that it is to me you owe this house in which you dwell, and all that you possess."

"I am proud to own it, Mr. Kumba, I am proud to own it."

"You came to me poor, destitute, and moneyless—and you came to me in a lucky hour. I had just received Mrs. Byrne's cold-hearted letter, in which she bargained with so much keen-sighted precision for the exact quantum of prudence and good behaviour which was to entitle me once more to a re-admission into their family circle. You found me endeavouring to drown the consciousness of the heartless repulse in the fumes of strong drink. You seized the moment—you told me that a lovely girl had eloped with you from the comforts of a wealthy home, and that you had not one guinea in the world to secure her even the means of subsistence for a week. There was some story about your losses, too. You told me, I think, that you had been reduced to that extreme poverty by having had the misfortune to fall in with the remnant of Redmond O'Hanlon's gang, who had taken up their residence for some time in that part of the country, and who, by the way, are strongly suspected of being the fabricators and utterers of the false coin that has spread to such an extent through our towns and villages, although every attempt to discover their retreat has been hitherto unavailing."

Spellacy here turned aside for the purpose of concealing a smile, which he seemed unable wholly to suppress.

"My heart," Kumba continued, "torn and wounded as it was with its own injuries, was open to your plea; and, what perhaps was more to the purpose in your eyes, my purse was open also."

"It was—I freely own, sir," said the other, "I freely own it, Mr. Kumba."

"Well," said the young man, "since that time, you have been forming plan after plan, to enable me to carry into effect the views which you knew I entertained, with respect to that dear—but rigidly righteous being—and every scheme has ended in fixing my despair upon me more firmly than ever. I will not suspect your truth. I believe you really were grateful—but you have brought me to the gates of ruin, and I will take the liberty of lifting the latch without your assistance. I have resolved on selling off the remainder of my little property, and purchasing a pair of colours

with the product. I am careless now of life or fortune, and had rather die in the noise and tumult of a camp, than let sorrow waste me to death in this desert. I have not forgotten you, however. You meant well, Spellacy, although you were not so successful as I could have wished; and I have, therefore, taken care to secure the leasehold of your house and small farm to you, for the original term of my holding. Here is the instrument."

"You had always a generous heart, Mr. Kumba," said Spellacy, whose manner expressed at once satisfaction at the gift, and alarm at the step that Kumba meditated, and which appeared likely to thwart most effectually the progress of his own designs; "but surely, sir, I haven't heard you rightly. Go into the army! And is that the way you'll give her up, after all that has been done—and with the fairest chances in your favour that mortal man could wish for? Let me know the cause, sir, at any rate; what is it that has made you give up all hope at once, that way? I heard to a certainty that Miss Byrne would pass through the sally grove this morning. I knew how much one word from you to herself, face to face, would do to soften her heart towards you once more; and at any rate, I was quite certain, that she would not be angry at just being forced to go off, if it was necessary, and so I sent word to you about it; but I suppose she didn't come, by what you say?"

"She did not. On the contrary, I discovered that she had received, by some unknown hand, an intimation of my design. I thought you would keep the secret better, Spellacy."

"Me keep it!" the other replied, in some confusion. "Human ears did not hear me breathe a word of it, except the pair that belonged to Awney Farrel, who carried you my message—and if I thought he—Oh! but that's impossible."

"I do not charge him with treachery. However, no matter where the treason lies, my doom is sealed, at all events. I will not run the risk of farther disappointment. Suspense is worse than hanging."

"Why should you say any such thing, sir? Is that acting either with sense or spirit? There is one of the most beautiful creatures that ever walked the ground, dying for you, and you talk of leaving her and the country for ever, on account of a little difficulty thrown in your way by her friends! Think for a moment, what a prize it is you are leaving after you."

"Have you ever seen her then?" said Kumba, encouraging the subject, in the manner of one who was not unwilling to be disabused.

"I saw her," Spellacy replied, "on an occasion that I never will forget. It was on the first of May, when the mummers of our village stopped on the lawn before Drumsconlon, her father's house, and the family came out upon the field to see our dance. Miss Byrne herself was—but I beg pardon, sir; I'm interfering with your time."

"Go on," said Kumba, "I could hear you speak on that theme until my hairs were gray."

"Miss Byrne herself," Spellacy resumed, "was dressed in her fine flowered-silk gown (a thing that would stand on the ground of itself), and her red, gold laced Spanish-leather shoes, as small as robin-redbreasts—her fine scarlet silk stockings with silver clocks—her darling real Spanish cloth jacket, fastened over her bosom so handsomely with ribbons—and on her fine lady-like head, so stately and so sweet at the same time, her beaver hat with the beautiful silver-lace trimming and the buckle!—Well 'twas a sight for a king to look at. And with all that now, she had no more pride than an infant. She talked to us all, just as if she took a delight to see us that way, dancing about the Maypole. And she gave her hand to myself with such a smile, when I asked her just for one turn of a slip-jig, just to have it to say. And she did dance in style. Oh! the cutting—and the shuffling—and the pretty little quibbling o' the feet over the ground!"

"You speak as if you were in love yourself," said Kumba.

"Me in love!" Spellacy replied, starting in some confusion; "Oh! that's all over with me now, sir, I have only the one love, and I desire no more." [This was said in a loud tone, evidently with the intention of being heard in the next room.] "Herself is listening to us," he added, in a low voice, nodding his head aside towards the room door, with a knowing smile and wink. "No, Mr. Kumba; but I thought then, and I often thought since, what a happiness it would be to your tenants, and to us all, if they could have such a

mistress over 'em. What a delight it would be, if we could all meet that way once a year before your own door, to see you come out and join the dancers, with that beautiful young lady locking arms with you. And she'd be a treasure to any man too, for, let alone her beauty, there isn't a better housekeeper in the country, I hear."

Kumba paused for some time, and sighed in secret, while he ran over in his mind the picture of rural happiness which Spellacy had presented to it, and which he had often before, in days of prouder hope, loved to summon up and contemplate, as the ideal of his own ambition.

"If there was a possibility of its accomplishment," said he—"but why will you vex me by those idle dreams? Her father is dead—and cannot recal the pledge which he extorted from her when dying, that she would never more receive me to her confidence. Her cold and formal mother is confirmed in her hatred of me by the line of conduct which I have pursued—and I have not the remotest hope of being able to tempt her to disobedience. They want me to toil like Jacob for seven years, and to prove myself a true penitent. I am not one of those cold and patient spirits—I cannot wait day after day to gratify a humour that may change and deceive me after all. They have made me desperate, and I had rather now risk all on one bold cast, than throw up the tables and repair my losses by tardy industry, as they desire."

"If you are disposed that way, sir," said Spellacy, with some hesitation, "there is one way left that would be certain enough, I think, but I was loath to propose it to you, as it is more violent and dangerous than I believed would please you."

"I shall like it the better," said Kumba; "what is it?"

"It is too long now to talk of, sir, but if you'll meet me this evening late, say about seven o'clock, at the rath on the hill above, I'll explain everything to you, and we'll set about it as soon as can be. Stop! who is that's knocking?"

The interruption was occasioned by the arrival of the travellers, and the tintinabulary application of the handle of the old Paltatine's whip to the plain unpannelled door.

"Travellers!" said Spellacy to himself, after he had peeped through the window; "a new decoy of Awney Farrel's, I suppose. Come away, out the back door, Mr. Kumba, for 'twould be as well, may be, if you weren't seen by 'em. Mrs. Spellacy, look to the door, honey, and attend to the travellers. Mr. Kumba, you won't forget seven o'clock—at the rath."

"I'll be punctual," said Kumba, as he closed the door behind him.

"Now," Spellacy continued, turning with sudden energy to his wife, as she made her appearance from the inner room, "you'll not forget our usual plan. Those appear to be comfortable people, and you know we are reduced to our last shifts. You will see whether they are armed, and take care to provide against that mischief."

"More guilt!" exclaimed the woman, "more blood! Oh, Mark, when will our measure be completed?"

"Poh! no blood, fool," exclaimed the man, "I wish to prevent it. Listen to me. Do as I desire you to do this one night, and I never again will ask you to serve me in the same manner."

"If I could believe this—"

"Here is my hand and word."

"I have no choice but to take it," said the woman. "The time is gone by when I could have made one."

"What do you say that for now?" said Spellacy, fiercely. "Didn't you know who you were marrying when you came with me?"

"Yes, Mark—but—" here she hesitated, as if unwilling to hazard the whole truth.

"Oh, I understand you," said Spellacy. "You didn't know all—You didn't know what a complete ruffian I was. You thought you were only marrying your father's sworn enemy—you were very ready to destroy the old man's comfort for ever, but you had no notion that you were risking your own—and now you have found it out, you are sorry for it."

The woman bowed her head in deep feeling, as if she would say—"I am answered, I deserve this;" and before Spellacy could add another word, the knocking at the door was repeated. Softening the effect of his last speech with a few words of rough kindness, and charging her not to neglect his injunction, he hastened through the same door by which Kumba had taken his departure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



THIRCE honoured is the day previous to which the twenty-fourth number of this journal was placed in the hands of its readers, for was it not the fourteenth of February—that day consecrated to St. Valentine, and which causes the myrmidons of the Postmaster-General to groan beneath the weight of accumulated tender missives? Cross-grained old bachelors and prim ladies of uncertain years may anathematise and denounce the pleasant traditional observance if they will—but who cares? With an enthusiastic writer on the subject, we affirm that there *shall* be Valentines as long as love endures and loveliness is revered. Why should true hearts be ashamed to confess what it is the pride of all true hearts to feel?

St. Valentine, we are told, was a devoted preacher of the gospel, who, about the year 270, suffered martyrdom in brave witness of the truth as he received it. How he came to be made the especial friend of all tender, anxious hearts, we are informed by Mr. Douce. It was the practice, it appears, in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februatia, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of women, and, as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed; and, accordingly, the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place.

Misson, who wrote about a century and a half ago, says that there was formerly extant a singular method of selecting Valentines. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls her's. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that has fallen to him, than the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different countries, and according to the freedom or severity of Madame Valentine. There is another kind of Valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day.

St. Valentine's day is supposed in the old rural tradition to be the bridal day among the winged songsters, and a poet in the "British Apollo," considers that the custom among human bipeds originated in imitation of the feathered bipeds. He asks:

"Why's Valentine a day to choose
A mistress, and our freedom lose?
May I my reason interpose,
The question with an answer close?
To imitate we have a mind,
And couple like the winged kind."

A TRIAD OF VALENTINES.



TO ELLEN.

AST thou a charm, incarnate Dream
Of all that's sweet and beautiful,
To shape the happy, happy thoughts
With which my heart is over-
full?

Thinking of thee, comes o'er my soul,
A violet wind from out the south—
Sucked from the cores of budding
flowers—

The rich, ripe odour of thy mouth.

Ah! let this life,

In peace and strife

Pass o'er, in lights and glooms divine,
When all's o'erthrown,

Thou art mine own,

Sweet love, sweet hope, sweet Valentine!

There's not a star that soars or wanes,
In yonder heaven, but hath some tale
That feeds the passion of my heart

And turns this brow from red to pale.

There's not a bird that sings aloft,

In the blue dusk of wood or tree—

On blossomed ridge or dripping cave,

But hath a message, sweet, from thee.

So fly the hours,

Across the flowers,

Whilst thy dear heart doth answer mine;

If joy be brief,

Well, so is grief,

Dear light, dear sweet, dear Valentine!

There is a glow in yonder west,

The evening sets in storm and rain,

Hark! the sleet beats, the sharp wind taps

Tremulous at the window pane;

But, look! above the bank of cloud,

That rolls o'er moor, and field, and park,

The crescent of the wilds of heaven.

Love's planet soars above the dark.

Oh! happy star,

While wild winds war,

Bring brightest peace to me and mine;

Night fills the sky,

Good-bye, good-bye,

A little while, sweet Valentine!

TO JULIA.

WHAT bird, high soaring in a happy heaven,
Can catch thine ear?

What summer gust blown out of blossomed woods

May linger near

The honeysuckles which cold February

Breathes to thy feet,

When thou dost pace the brown sward of the meads,

Most bright, most sweet?

Rich is the yellow star that nightly looks

On thy cold pane;

Rich is the maiden moon that sees thy light

Ere midnight wane.

Blest is the little glove whose warm hues hold

Thy gentle palm,

Sweetest of all companionships of earth,

Oh! love, Oh! balm.

Ah! maiden, when the bird shall droop his wings
To soar no more;

When summer winds shall brag on sea and cliff,
 When flowers are o'er;
 When stars shall set and Time his sickle plunge
 In the dusk'd moon
 Be mine; the heart alone, of all reserves
 Some light of noon.

Hark! 'tis thy spinning wheel, I hear it whirl,
 The spindles turn;
 Thou singest some quaint-knit ditties of the night,
 And now of morn.

Chir, chir, chir, ra, ra, ra, hums the wheel,
 The song is wove;
 I hear its echo float into the night—
 "I love, I love!"

TO HELOISE.

FLOAT up, Oh! moon, from the green baths of brine
 Where the sea seethes its misty melodies.
 And, from the rim of yonder saffron cloud,
 Pour thy slant arrows through the beechen trees;
 For there she sits, beneath the oriel, blazed
 With fiery crimson, melting into pearl,
 Lost in the twilight reveries of thought—
 My idol girl!

Sink, sink, Oh! moon, not now in azure baths
 Of pulseless mere, but in the windless west,
 Trailing the morning planet in thy wake;
 For on her lids hath dripped the dew of rest;
 She sleeps, and slowly on the tiled roof
 The winds of day-break round the tall vines swirl,
 Oh! Paradise, light up her closed brain—
 Sweet heart, sweet girl!

When thou awakest, and the Morning fires
 The twinkling splendours of thy lattices,
 And the first bird that feels the breath of dawn,
 Pipes a low treble in the aspen trees;
 Remember me, for I am thine, most sweet,
 However stars may wane, or tempests whirl,
 Remember me. Ah! bless me with thy thoughts—
 My idol girl!

SKELETON LEAVES.—A good method of obtaining these beautiful dissected leaves is frequently asked for. The following is a process which we can recommend from experience. Steep the leaves, seed vessels, or other parts of the plant, which are required to be dissected, in rain water; leave them exposed to its influence until the whole of the soft or pulpy matters are decomposed. The period required for this operation varies much in different leaves, etc., according to their texture; thus, some require but a few weeks, others as many months. When the pulpy parts are completely decomposed, the next operation consists in their removal from the fibro-vascular network with which they were originally connected. This requires much care and patience. There are two ways of accomplishing it: one, which consists in carefully exposing them to a stream of fresh water, using at the same time a brush; and the other, by simply placing them in fresh water, and removing with care the decomposed portion, in like manner, with a brush. Some difficulty will be found at first in doing this without, at the same time, breaking the fibro-vascular net-work; but a little practice will soon render it easy of accomplishment. The adoption successively of simply fresh water, and a stream of the same, applied by means of a syringe, will be frequently found desirable. The pulpy portions having been removed, and the fibro-vascular net-work obtained, the latter must then be bleached. For this purpose prepare a weak solution of chloride of lime, by adding about an ounce of a strong solution of that substance to a quart of distilled water; then soak the skeletons in this solution for some hours; generally three or four will suffice, but when they are very thick a longer period will be necessary. After this operation has been performed wash the skeletons thoroughly in pure water, and, lastly, dry them by freely exposing them to light and air.

ODD REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.



HOW sweet is the sibilation of the tea-kettle, after the toil, bustle, and anxiety of the day! It has a social genial sound, indicative of harmony and good fellowship, thawing one's selfishness, softening the heart to kindness, bringing forth amiable feelings, and calling the affections into play. It is associated with the better part of our nature, and appeals at once to our sympathies. A pleasant, peaceful picture is the steaming tea-kettle, sitting on the shining hob, with the blazing fire reflected in countless luminous points from the polished furniture. How merrily the little lid thumps and bumps an *ad libitum* accompaniment to the joyous carol issuing from the kettle's metal throat. And how it moves about, quite in a fidgetty sort of a way, as if inclined to dance a hornpipe for its own especial gratification, and the amusement of all present. Right jolly fellows are those kettles, all grimed and burned by the fierce heat of the glowing sea coal, but their jollity is only shown when they get a thorough good roasting. The brighter and better the fire, the more vocal are they. They sing so merrily that scalding tears well upward, and gush forth in the very fullness of their glee. And their mirth is so contagious that face after face which comes into the room from the outer darkness of the street, cold, stern, and impassable, looses the hard lines which the world and its crushing cares and anxieties has been so diligently drawing and deepening there, and brightens, as the jolly fellow's song grows louder. The laugh that came so faint at first gains strength and tone as the steam, curling upwards, floats away and mingles with the smoke in the chimney. And as the little fellow's song proceeds, glossy ringlets are tossed about in a merry way by their pretty owners, the bloom on their cheeks deepens its tinge, and bright eyes grow brighter, and sparkle and flash irresistible electricity, and soft eyes grow softer, and melt into a happy dreaminess of look sufficient to turn the head of a Saint Kevin or a Saint Senanus, to say nothing of an ordinary mortal, with warm affections. May all good angels guard me from women with soft eyes and gentle ways! Your bold, strong-minded women are never dangerous; they attempt to carry your heart by storm, which invariably calls forth a resistance, and ends in their discomfiture, while your soft-eyed, gentle woman steals, like the dew on the flower, inch by inch, into your heart, and her being actually becomes incorporated with yours, and she circulates through your veins with your blood. Her very gentleness is a chain of adamant that fetters every limb; you feel not your captivity, and set her up in the tabernacle of your heart, and worship every smile. May all good angels, I say again, preserve me from a soft-eyed, gentle woman, or my bachelor days would be numbered!

Dinner, in general, is a dull, serious performance, and is essentially an animal gratification, all its details tending to comfort the stomach, minister to the appetite, and to appease the cravings of hunger. Its preparation, too, is often elaborate and costly. But tea, light, elegant, and graceful, like its dispensers, is more social and genial in its character. It is peculiarly feminine in all its details, cheerful, pleasant, sparkling, volatile, and ethereal.

Those with great animal spirits often consign the tea-table and its occupants to the infernal regions, as a "milk and watery affair." Some tolerate it as the prelude to the whirling dance, with its pleasant and excitable accompaniments of rushing gallop, bounding polka, and whirling waltz.

Oh! how you lovers delight in the dance. Under its shadow, and beneath the lynx-eyed mother, with all her starched, tight-laced, puritanical notions, can you clasp the girl of your heart, with whom a desert would be a paradise, and wanting whom the world, with all its beauty, would be chaos. Her glowing cheek touching yours, her waving ringlets mingling with your whiskers and fanning your face. Your young hearts throbbing and fluttering like caged birds in an ecstasy of pleasure. But one cannot always have the merry dance. Besides, "when wild youth is passed," when the blood runs languidly through the veins, and corns and bunions

come to abide with us and make their presence felt, what so pleasant as the tea-table, with its happy reminiscences?

Some very good and kind people think, and affirm, that tea-tables are places where colanders are often made of people's reputations, and that the muffins and crumpets are buttered with scandal. "True it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that sometimes a few people do now and then get a little polishing off under the spout of the teapot. But that is not the fault of the poor and innocent "Congou," or "the strong and wiry-leaved Bohea," the "young Hyson, particularly recommended," or the "Gunpowder," that is quite harmless, and has nothing to do with "villanous saltpetre, which has cut down many a tall fellow," and on which the interesting cousins of the sun, moon, and stars bestow so much of their terrestrial time. Scandal would be talked any day in the year by a certain class of people in preference to darning stockings, if tea were never in existence. The brown infusion has nothing to do with it; it is an organization, or I should rather say, disorganization. A defect of education, calling into play what phrenologists term our destructiveness, and making our neighbours wonder what the deuce warmed their ears so on Saturday or Tuesday, and on "Tib's Eve."

But what would become of that darling, dimpled little cherub, Cupid and his archery, if it were not for the tea-table? The little fellow would lose the use of his bow for want of practice. He might hang it on a willow-tree, and cut up his arrows for lucifer-matches, in lieu of matches more pleasant and agreeable. Master Hymen, too, would have to put out his torch, and shut up his establishment, become a recluse, and appear so seldom among us that young people would begin to forget him, and cease to visit him and his altar. What lithe, graceful figures, merry faces, and brave, warm hearts have I seen gathered round the ever-cheerful tea-table! What friendships have I seen formed and cemented there to last while there is a life-throb in the veins! What happy hours have I spent at that symposium of repasts, with the young, the good, the true, and the beautiful. How many little touches of love have I noted there, at which the cold and sceptical might sneer, because they were beyond their comprehension, but which to all who have ever loved have such a charm. But, as if yesterday, I can see Julia, the raven-haired and bright-eyed, with all her gentle ways and feminine motions, gather closer to Frederick, and steal her small hand into his smooth, soft palm, to nestle there as a harbour of refuge from the perils of the world. What faith and trusting confidence are in those large, liquid eyes, as they gaze into his face! That look, which a woman who loves only can give. Beyond is the playful Maggy, with her ringing, musical laugh, all life and spirits, making fun of Georgy. But do not you attempt it, or you will turn those merry, dancing eyes into blazing orbs, flashing indignation and withering scorn. The short, proud lip would curl up, and hard, rapid, hissing sentences would be poured from that little mouth, that would pale the bravest cheek. She loves her Georgy, and cares not who knows it. She will toil for him in their distant home beyond the sea, dance for him, sing for him, aye, and do battle for him. That large, quiet man she worships, with all the fire and impetuosity of her wayward nature. With what admirable tact their mother enters into the views of her girls, bringing the broad-shouldered, sheepish young fellows, who do not know what to do with their large, sinewy hands, and seating them at the social board beside the only persons in the room that they can speak to.

Blessings on all you mothers who have warm, generous hearts, and who have not forgotten that you were once young yourselves! Fathers may frown and look grave, but never fear, boys, so long as you have the daughter's heart and the mother's smile. Never seem to hear the father's muttered remark of "what the deuce can she see in the fellow to smile so pleasantly upon him!" And all because you cannot make yourself as agreeable to him as you can to his merry-hearted little girl. But never mind papa. If you find your conversation a bore to him, just let the mother manage him. She knows all his weak points, she found them out years ago, when moonlight walks were just as pleasant to him and her as they are to you and Maggy now, and will help you better than you can help yourself.

Oh! I have met mothers, who, although Time had silvered the once glossy hair, had still young warm hearts and generous sympathies, and, with good-natured blindness, never saw more than

they should see, and who waited patiently for their daughters to tell them what somebody had said to them, and what they said to somebody in reply. And I have met mothers who were she-dragons, ever guarding their daughters, fearing to trust them out of their sight, and so anxious to get them married, that they always frightened the young men away. They would not let the young people manage their little affairs in their own little way, but they kept poking their venerable noses, blue with distrust and suspicion, in between them; had them ever and always under the magnifying gaze of their hard stony eyes; and ever and anon dropping in some most unseasonable advice about prudence and caution, which worldly, selfish people are ever enunciating. Like a sudden frost in early spring, they nip the incipient buds of acquaintance which might have expanded into love, and blossomed into matrimony, the flower they so anxiously desired to gather. How those sort of women do manoeuvre for a marriage! It is the greatest pleasure one of them can have when she cannot get married herself. And she gets a few more of her own stamp, and they form a league against some unfortunate young man that they hear is well to do in the world. How freely they draw on their imaginations for the amiable disposition and inestimable qualities of the young lady, which they wish to give him as a helpmate! And what crams they will tell to carry out their matrimonial scheme! If you wish to know a young lady's character and disposition, do not trust to the report of her lady friend, for she will do all she can to promote her friend's hymeneal views. See with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears, but trust not to the reports of her lady friends; they will ascertain what qualities you admire in a wife, and inform you that she possesses them in a pre-eminent degree. If you like domesticity, she is the most domestic person in the world. If amiability is your admiration, she is the most amiable of her sex. If religion be your weakness, she is the most religious of females. If thrift and frugality be your predominant ideas, she is thrift and frugality personified. She files all her bills, enters, daily, her expenditure in her day-book, posts weekly into her journal, and balances her ledger monthly; and has, actually, out of her house-keeping allowance, opened an account in a Savings' Bank. She is such a surprising girl, and not to be matched under the heavens, and quite a treasure to the man who will be so fortunate as to obtain her. But never take to wife, as you value your comfort, a girl whom every one praises, or ten chances to one she will cut you down to one cup of tea in the evening, and that without cream or sugar. Now, I always take three cups, hot, strong, and sweet, with plenty of cream and sugar. And when I go down to take tea with my Ellen, which is every Sunday evening, I take four, positively four; but then, the dear, delightful girl knows my weakness, and makes such nice tea, and her sister makes such exquisite cake, that the tea and the cake slip down in a most agreeable and exhilarating manner.

Oh! Ellen, what a charming girl you are! and with what unspeakable rapture I gaze on that little, graceful, and elegant figure, and how I love the flutter of that pretty *barège* which enrols all I hold dear. Oh! how I wish I could have you always to pour out my tea, and to help me to cake!

THE POLKA.—Somewhere about the year 1831, a young peasant girl, who was in the service of a citizen of Elbeteinitz, in Bohemia, performed a dance, of her own invention, one Sunday afternoon, for her special delectation, and sang a suitable tune to it. The school-master, Joseph Neruda, who happened to be present, wrote down the melody, and the new dance was soon after publicly performed for the first time in Elbeteinitz. About 1835, it made its entrance into Prague, and then obtained the name of Polka, from the Bohemian word "Pulka," or half, from the half-step prevalent in it. Four years later it was carried to Vienna by a Prague band. In 1840, a dancing master of Prague danced the polka with great success at the "Odeon," whence it found its way, with extraordinary rapidity, to every dancing-room. The first polka that appeared in the music trade was composed by Franz Hilmar, teacher at Kopidline; and eventually Labitzky, Leibmaun, Prochaska, Swoboda, and Titi, produced some first-rate polkas. The girl who discovered this renowned dance was afterwards married, but no one knows her name.

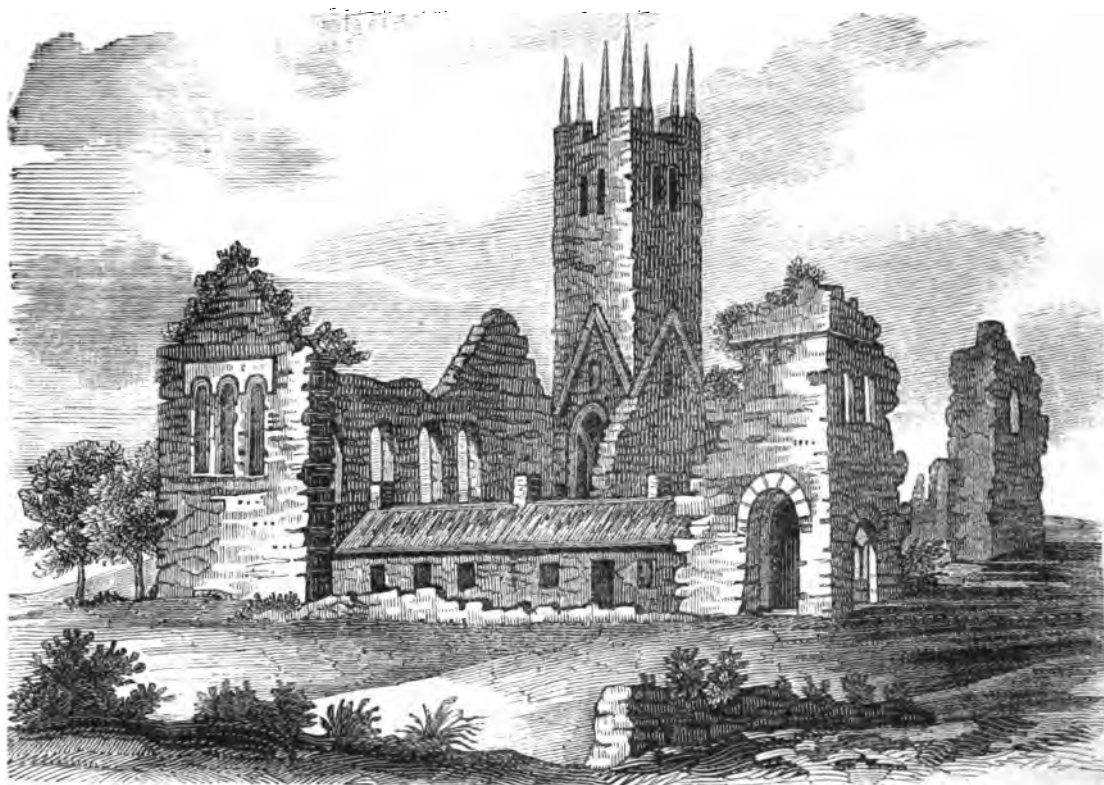
JERPOINT ABBEY.



HIS religious edifice was originally founded by Donough O'Donoghoe, King or Prince of Ossory, in the year 1180, for Cistercian Monks. The ruins are situated on the river Nore, about two miles from Thomastown, and are very extensive, occupying nearly three acres of ground. The church was a cruciform structure, and consisted of a nave, the roof of which was supported by a range of six pointed arches, with a corresponding number of massive columns. Above and between these pointed arches are the remains of six clerestory windows, narrow and rather rounded at their tops. The western or great window of the nave consists of three distinct arches, separated from each other by a single mullion, with rounded tops also. The steeple, which is over the cross of the transept, derives

and a female figure, habited in the costume of the twelfth or thirteenth century. This monument is said to have been erected for Donough, King of Ossory, founder of the Abbey, who died, and was here interred, in the year 1185. The male figure holds in the right hand, which reposes on his breast, the fragment of a crucifix. The left hand is directed towards a small harp, that hangs from his left side. The base of the monument is cut into compartments, in which are seen various images of the apostles. Two crowned figures appear at the foot of the monument, standing beside a kneeling angel, whose hands are uplifted, in the act of fervent prayer. Most of the figures wear long beards, and appear to be singing or laughing.

On a tomb of black marble lies the full length statue of an abbot, in his proper habit. In the left hand he holds a crosier, the volute of which contains an Agnus Dei, well sculptured. The right arm is uplifted, and the two first fingers and thumb are raised, as if in the act of swearing an oath of fidelity, or of some very serious kind,



its support from four massive square pillars, and the arches which spring from them. The two arches of the transepts, and that belonging to the nave, are of the pointed form: the arch which leads to the choir or chancel is secular.

This singular deviation in point of form between them, makes it very probable that the choir was the work of a different period; although the eastern or altar window, which is now built up to a smaller dimension, is also of the pointed form. Such an anomaly in the character of its architecture, can only be accounted for, by the supposition that it was built about the period when these styles—the circular and the pointed—were undergoing that change which occasioned the one to supersede the other. The roof of the choir is a circular arch of stone, quite perfect, and in the chancel, sculptured in rude, though bold relief, opposite to the grand altar of the south cross-aisle, stand the remains of a tomb, upon which repose a male

in the manner that is to this day practised on parts of the continent. A serpent, or monster, gnaws at the lower end of the crosier. The head of the statue reposes upon a pillow of much elegance. The inscription is illegible.

A second ancient monument of a religious person sustains a statue, executed with conspicuous talent and delicacy. The crosier is of excellent workmanship, and in the right hand is a sprig of trefoil, emblematic of the Trinity. The table, or altar-slab, on which this figure reclines, is covered with trefoils and roses.

Several other disfigured monuments of ecclesiastics may be discovered amidst the rubbish with which the Abbey-church is now choked up.

The roof of the steeple, over the cross transept, is curiously groined with springers, that are supported on each side by corbels of a neat ornamental form. The nave and transepts are uncovered.



CONNA CASTLE.

FROM three to four miles west of Tallow stands Conna Castle, on a high limestone rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from the river Bride. The exterior of the building is tolerably perfect. It presents a square tower, about eighty feet in height. The first arched floor, called "The Earl's Room," is accessible by a winding staircase of cut limestone, which, for neatness of execution, far exceeds any we have seen in the ancient towers of the south. From this room may be descried, to the west, a tract of finely-diversified country: immediately under is the village of Conna; a little beyond which is a rising ground, called "Gallows Hill," the spot where, we are told, Cromwell stationed his army, and held council for the execution of the defending forces, and from whence he battered the castle, apparently with little effect. Over the entrance is a covered aperture in the wall, which communicates with the upper room, and is evidently for the purpose of letting fall missiles, or boiling water, or lead, on an enemy attempting to force the doorway; this conducting aperture is, with few exceptions, peculiar to the ancient defensive towers, and similarly situated in each. Dr. Smith, in his "History of the county

of Cork," thus mentions it: "A mile west of Maguly is Connough Castle, which belonged to Thomas Fitzgerald Roe. It was demised to Sir Richard Boyle by Sir James Fullerton, A.D. 1603. Near is a stone bridge over the river Bride. This castle is a high square tower, built on a steep rock, and commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. More west is the small pariah church of Knockmournie, in repair, the only remains of an ancient corporation, which was entirely burned down by the White Knights, in Desmond's rebellion."

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XII.

PRESENTLY Mr. Bastin observed to his wife (who seldom emerged from the underground apartment of her house) that it appeared to him that Sophy and Mr. Sam understood one another. Whereupon the lady begged to hope that her lord and master would not talk like a fool. Sophy marry a man who had not a change of linen, or a decent coat to his back! The girl would be mad. Mr. Bastin was requested to remember that if he had no pride, his wife had. It was true that her mother was a servant in early life; "but," said the lady, looking hard into Mr. Bastin's face, as though she were about to try how he would stand a severe surgical operation, "but my mother lived to wear a gold watch."

It would be difficult to blame Mrs. Bastin, whose mother had been lifted to the dignity of gold-watch-wearing, that she declined to trust her daughter Sophy's happiness to the keeping of her third-floor lodger. Mr. Bastin was reminded that the young gentleman was only one of his disreputable tavern acquaintances, and that goodness alone knew where he came from, or his belongings. Mr. Bastin was too practised an orator to be put aside by feminine suggestions. He stated that the female mind was decidedly irrational. Mr. Topley, or rather Sam, bore the impress of a gentleman; in any case he was one of Nature's gentlemen.

"Then Nature has some very queer children," said Mrs. Bastin. "Observe," remarked Bastin, losing his interest in his intended son-in-law, in his desire to elaborate his ideas on Nature's gentlemen,

"Observe, Mrs. Bastin, that the outward trappings of the gentleman are nought, save only to vulgar minds."

"I confess to a prejudice in favour of clean hands and shirts. There, don't talk to me, Bastin; you're not at the Glowworms." Mrs. Bastin was losing her temper.

"Women are emphatically irrational creatures," Mr. Bastin repeated. "But, my dear, where is my supper?"

"I've nothing for you but a bit of bread and cheese," said Mrs. Bastin. "The first floor dined out to-day; and your friend, Mr. Topley, I suppose you know, leaves ne'er a crumb nor bite."

Mr. Bastin felt the shaft, but smiled as it pierced him.

"Drat the child, where is she?" cried Mrs. Bastin.

Mr. Bastin smiled his blandest as his passionate wife shrieked up the stairs for her Sophy. Sly Miss Sophy was on the first landing, drinking in the tender eloquence of Sam Topley.

"I've told all to the governor," said Mr. Sam.

"Now, how *could* you?" responded Sophy. "But, just think of mother, only think of it." Mr. Sam answered with a kiss.

"How can you go on so?" cried the maiden, but more in confusion than in anger. Another kiss—and then a start at the awful voice of "Mother."

Why, these scenes happened any day you might call at Mr. Bastin's house. While the lord and master, in his ample shirt-sleeves, smoked his pipe by the kitchen fire and endeavoured to bring his wife to reason, in other words, to agree with himself, the lovers cooed on the stair-case. Sometimes Mr. Sam was invited to take a pipe and a snack in the kitchen, but these occasions were only when Mrs. Bastin was in a sunny humour, which did not happen every day in the week.

"We were all young once," Mr. Bastin would remark—eying the lovers.

"And we're not all of us Methusalites yet," from Mrs. Bastin.

"Put the kettle on, Sophy." This to disturb the happy pair.

"When I was courting Polly Bunch," Mr. Bastin continued. But this was too much for his spouse.

"Let's have none of your disgraceful experiences here, Bastin, if you please. It's a pity she didn't have you instead of me. I ain't proud of my bargain, I can assure you, my lord." Throughout this burst, Mr. Bastin slowly blew jets of smoke into the fire, and smiled.

"Most irrational creatures, I'm hanged if they're not," was his answer.

It must be confessed that the specimen of connubial bliss that was here unfolded to the sight of Mr. Sam was not a pleasant one. If, when the argument became very hot, Miss Sophy ventured to say, most respectfully, "Ha! mother," this estimable lady performed that act which her husband described as "jumping down the child's throat." Sam, to be candid, enjoyed the wrangles almost as much as he enjoyed the society of the future Mrs. Sam. Sometimes his fond imagination, leaping the gulf that lay between him and the church, he would venture, whimsically, to call Mrs. Bastin mother.

"Young man, I allow no liberties. I am not your mother; and it shall not be my fault if I ever am. I have not had the pleasure, yet, of meeting that lady." This retort covered poor Sam with confusion. Why he should have been confused when his mother was mentioned, is a secret which the writer of these pages never discovered. He only remembers that he felt a profound pity for the lad, who hung his head, or stammered into another subject whenever the subject was drawn near to his mysterious home. Mr. Faversham was once or twice pleased to say that there were awful rumours, which connected the Topley destinies with a shop, the Bankruptcy Court, and an ignoble flight to Australia, under circumstances that might have necessitated exertions on the part of the Brothers Forrester, of the Mansion House. This was one of the most ill-natured things Faversham ever said; but he could not help turning his phrase, and he really believed, in his inmost soul, that a direct family connection with a shop was to be hidden, like leprosy. It was, in truth, sad to see Sam Topley in the midst of his friends, when the conversation wandered to family matters. They had all their pleasant or unpleasant memories to bring before the board. The nursery pranks they had played; the apple-pie beds they had made for the governor's stately visitors; the breakages for which they had suffered punishment; the cuffs they had borne; the little fictions they had coined to get half-sovereigns from mamma; their

loves with mistresses in trousers and mittens. Had Sam none of these experiences to relate? We know only that he never spoke of them; and that from the bottom of our hearts we pitied him. But did the conversation turn upon generous subjects of manhood's life: on good men who had been met in by-ways; on kind, strange hands that had come to the aid of a difficulty, Sam was voluble enough—for Sam had a heart we shall take leave to match with the noblest, and the gentlest nurtured. He took the honey thankfully where he might gather it; if not from the screened bee-hive, daintily set in the recesses of Chatsworth gardens; then, heartily he dug it from under the moss of a moor, where the wild heather was flowering thickly.

There were evenings, and over anxious ones to pass, when in that kitchen where dwelt his love, the conversation ran on his prospects. Sam, as it has been already hinted, had some obscure connection with the fine arts. His pencil had been essayed upon the walls of his garret, much to the annoyance of Mrs. Bastin, who took occasion to remind him that she held the house on a repairing lease, and was bound to leave it in as good a condition as she had found it, which remark suggested to Sam's mind that, unless the tenement was in one of the later stages of decay when Mrs. B. became its tenant, Mrs. B. had her work before her. But, undoubtedly, Sam had used his pencil before he became Mrs. Bastin's lodger. He had dropped hints about hard times, when he had drawn valentines for obscure publishers, at a few shillings apiece, and he had laughed in a peculiar way of his, when he had come across certain humorous snuff and cigar papers. He discovered a curious knowledge of known men which surprised his friends. He had painted ceilings in great houses, and appeared to have assisted in the construction or decoration of some of Madame Tussaud's wax-works.

These strange facts crept out by degrees, and Mr. Bastin became more and more convinced that he had under his roof an unrecognised genius. "The day will come," said he to his wife, while this shrewd lady was "washing up the tea things," "the time will come, when the name of Topley will be known all over the world."

"Get away with your nonsense, do. You're as great a fool as the young people themselves, Bastin. I've heard your pot-house companions call you a genius. I'm sure, when I told sister Sally, I thought she would have died with laughter. Smoke your filthy pipe, and ha' done, do."

Mr. Bastin took up his newspaper with superb disdain, and for the one hundredth time averred that "the female mind was decidedly irrational."

"Another beginning! More new books! Quills by the dozen! And ink enough to float an 'Encyclopædia Britannica!' The old story, Faversham. Caricatures will be drawn upon the paper; the quills will become pipe-tubes; and the ink will be upset in some lively shindy, about 4 a.m."

This was a rather lively sally for Jack Ashby.

Mr. Faversham could not respond in the best humour. He begged that Jack would not favour him with much more of this kind of humour. If "the fellows" would leave him alone, they would soon see that he did not intend to idle away his life in smoking, drinking, and billiard playing.

"You're a capital preacher spoiled," said Mr. Jack. "However, don't say I interrupted you, I'm off. When do you dine?"

"I can't tell when I shall have finished. I shall sport the oak all day, so mind you don't tell anybody I'm at home."

"But what are you about to-night? I'm thinking of giving the governor a turn." Mr. Ashby hereby conveyed to his friend his intention of visiting his father. "Will you come—or is it too slow?"

Too slow! Mr. Faversham, whose thoughts had been wandering often to Jamaica Lodge, would have read Jack Ashby a lesson on his irreverence, but he restrained himself, and was content with the observation, that Jack paid his parents a bad and ill-deserved compliment.

It was agreed that the two should dine together, and repair to enjoy suburban domesticity afterwards. Mr. Jack declared that he liked to "pepper and salt the family circle with a few strangers."

Mr. Faversham arranged his papers, displayed his note-books, and disposed himself for a long day's work. It had been observed to him that the best way to make an early success at the bar was to

achieve some literary renown. And he was bound to allow that many of the great successes which he saw before him were mainly due to a previous literary reputation. There was Mr. Sergeant Trumpetone! He began life as an indifferent contributor to magazines. He wrote comic and serio-comic articles. It was never known how on earth he scraped the money together to enter even at Gray's Inn. As a sucking barrister he had eked out his slender income by reporting for a morning paper, and now look at him! The papers to which he once contributed are now delighted to chronicle his success. He is the adopted advocate of all literary disputants; possibly not the most advantageous clients—but valuable in the end, as before their cases are certain to be fully reported. R. Shamblety, Q.C., is surely another instance in point. How did he begin? Why, he reported dinners and vestry meetings for the "Whig News." It chanced that opportunities arose for the display of his latent energy and graphic power. He displayed the happy art of making very dull proceedings the vehicle for agreeable reading. He could set forth the foibles of a speaker, or describe a full room of noodles wrangling over a formal point, with a power that may be ranked somewhere between penny-a-lining and literature. A national disaster, that discovered tens of thousands of poor creatures starving in our midst, was R. Shamblety's, Q.C., opportunity. He went forth with his pencil and note-book, described all he saw in plain English—and returned to London famous. Hundreds of writers, and more scholarly men than R. Shamblety, now Q.C., are glad to sun themselves in the honour of his distant acquaintance. But an indifferent rower pulling with the stream will travel faster than the good rower who pulls against it.

Mr. Apteryx, now holding power over the liberty of hundreds of her Majesty's subjects; an awful presence, in which the to-day rich man may hear that henceforth he is not to control more money than a pedlar carries in his pocket, and that the gloom of the prison of unreason is his prospect; this mighty judge, with counsel laughing as they plead for him, is what? Peep into a meeting of cabinet ministers. It is arranged that there is a nuisance of which her Majesty's government must be rid, so Mr. Apteryx, by the force of his unpopularity, becomes a judge of the actions of his fellow-men. He has crawled to the summit of his pyramid, and is on a level with the eagles, who, with mighty pinions, have only reached his point of altitude.

Again, there was Jubilant, a potent jester, who had widened more mouths in this kingdom than any of his fellow-jesters. He jested, to his honour be it said, on the right side; he laughed shams and nuisances of the highway; cocked the wigs of inefficient grandness comically over their lordships' noses, and merrily rang his bells about the ears of humbugs who were over-conceited in their municipal purple. Underlying all this merry word was a stratum of valuable stuff. Jubilant could be gravely wise. There were few who thought that the good-hearted jester was, at one time, stirring the heart of the empire with his brave and noble denunciation of the atrocities which workhouse jacks-in-office were inflicting on the poor! When the jester was raised to the judgment-seat there were dull writers who cried shame. But Jubilant took his seat, with the air and dignity of a perfect gentleman, and he confounded all who had barked at his heels by his sound sense, his scrupulous rectitude, and the gentleness with which his justice was ever tempered with mercy.

These, among other less notable instances, supported the assertion by which Mr. Faversham was led to purchase pens, ink, and paper, viz.:—that a reputation at the bar is rapidly raised upon a foundation of literary fame, or love of moderate success at the press. It must be confessed that Mr. Faversham might have taken another view of the question. The literary ladder does not afford young Ambition the easiest climbing. Behold the great men at the top! A great, and goodly company! The giant figure, with the thoughtful head, thatched with early snow! The active and lithe figure, topped with the sharply-lined face, from which two glorious eyes, deep and sparkling, look into the hearts of men! The unstudied figure, bearing aloft the high, broad forehead upon which all the laurels of poetry this nation deigns to give are twined! Aye, but look at the battle-field below. The slain are numerous as the hairs upon the heads of the victors!

Mr. Faversham, with his ink-pond before him and his pen hovering over it, may do well to ponder his chances. Out of that black pool he may draw eternal honour, and make music that shall never

die; he may draw out of it a tear with every dip of his pen. It is not fear, however, that keeps his paper clean. Fear comes after repeated blows. His eye rests upon the glories secure upon their cars of triumph, and he is hastening towards them. Grave, and sedate, and calculating fifty is laughing at his audacity, but he will never laugh the confidence out of twenty-four.

Faversham had discussed with his friends the idea he intended to work out, and it had been unanimously pronounced good. It would be a great success. "Fresh as a dewdrop," said Mr. Clifton; "although, if I were you, Faversham, I would not fritter my mind away on fiction. It is unprofitable; it leads to nothing." Mr. Faversham had replied by asking whether such books as the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Clarissa Harlowe" had led to nothing? "Write a 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and I am with you," said Mr. Clifton. This gentleman was very unreasonable.

It was when Faversham had written *BOOK THE FIRST*, and CHAPTER I., that all the difference between the conception of an idea and the power of carrying out broke upon him. He must have an original beginning. What a nuisance Jack was with his stupid jokes! Decidedly he was not in the vein. A pipe might do something. Mr. Faversham accordingly lit a pipe, and stood in contemplative attitude, looking out of his window. "Who could write with such a prospect as this?" he said to himself. A very tedious chapter would be set before the reader, if all the phases which Mr. Faversham's indecision assumed were to be set forth herein. When he was dining with Jack Ashby in the evening, he affirmed that he had made a beginning; and that, for the future, he should write not less than a chapter per diem.

"I call that a very fair day's work," said Mr. Faversham, with an air of determination that was impressive. Mr. Jack allowed that a chapter a week would give himself ample employment. Faversham, who knew that Mr. Jack could not "write a line," was too well bred not to observe, that people could not tell what they could do until they had tried.

I must do full justice to Mr. Faversham. Our reader is not yet in possession of the whole truth. Jack Ashby's invitation to Jamacia Lodge had operated unfavourably on the aspiring novelist's imagination. Mr. Namby, in that humorous way of his, laid it down that when a man is thoroughly in love he is fit for nothing save marriage. Now, no aggravating symptoms of this hopeless condition had broken out on Mr. Faversham at this period of his history. He had given rise to some suspicions that the disease was in him, by the production of a few amatory verses. But what would become of us all if the scratching of a few lines to Cynthia were to be brought against us as evidence that love has bound us hand and foot, and that we are ready for the matrimonial curing-process? Every boy and maiden will protest that they have a right to feign before they feel a flame. We try the ice close to the shore that we may be off should it prove unsound. We don't buckle our skates on and skim at once to deep. *Une instant* then: Mr. Faversham was not in love. I have already had to guard the reader against a premature conclusion on this head; and I must repeat the warning. Since the gentleman most interested in the proper understanding of this question is not actually proceeding on his way to the coey villa where the lady, also interested in a proper understanding of Mr. Faversham's heart, is busy with her good works. In the first place, Mr. Faversham is not in a position to marry. Does any rational creature imagine, in the second place, that papa Ashby, who flatters himself, not without reason, that his daughters enjoy every luxury that a person in his station can afford; that this man of the world, who has known the want of a sovereign, and could command only the comforts of a "two-pair back," will permit a stranger to enter his house and carry off one of his darlings out of her silken nest, to experience the misery of a two-hundred-a-year home? And Miss Ashby is much too good a girl to do anything against her father's wish. As we value the happiness of these two young people, let us pray that they may not fall in love with each other.

A glance at the young lady, when Mr. Faversham was announced, would have re-assured dame prudence herself. Miss Ashby gave the tips of her fingers to her father's guest, and at once resumed the needle-work on which she was engaged when he entered. It was a pity to see these two young men, with their elastic spirits and nimble movements, intruding upon the hours between tea-taking and bed-time, which Mr. Ashby devoted to sleep. The old gentleman

was, however, too hospitable to show any resentment he might naturally feel when his evening's rest was intruded upon; indeed, he was remarkable for his hospitality, or rather for the form which he gave it. It was Mr. Ashby's settled notion that hospitality consisted in making his guests eat and drink incessantly. A man who had had enough was his abomination. His doctor would not allow him to take much himself. Why that which was good for the guest was harmful to the host is one of those secrets of Jamaica Lodge which defied the most impertinent inquiries. Mr. Ashby was an anomaly: viz, a healthy man who had a doctor in constant attendance upon him. Mr. Faversham had not shaken hands all round when his host attacked him.

"Now, then, Mr. Faversham, make yourself at home. What will you take? We have had tea."

"That's a pity," was an impertinence from Mr. Jack.

"Dear me, where are the domestic young men gone that used to be in my young days?" Mrs. Ashby said. "I can tell you what, Mr. Jack, when your father, sitting there, was your age, he would as soon have thought of flying as going without his tea and his nice round of toast I used to make for him by the time he came home from the city. And pray, do you despise tea, Mr. Faversham?"

Miss Ashby looked at Mr. Faversham while he answered,

"I am very fond of tea, on the contrary," Mr. Faversham felt himself compelled to say, although he was not an inveterate tea-drinker.

"Make Mr. Faversham a cup," said Miss Faversham, to her younger sister. The young sister laughed, and looked from Faversham to Mr. Jack.

"Do you hear your sister, my dear?" Mrs. Ashby intended to be severe.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Ashby interposed. "Tea! We've something better to offer our friends than tea, I hope."

Mr. Faversham declared most solemnly that, "if the house would afford him a cup of tea—he knew it was very late to ask—there was nothing he could enjoy more. He would not have dared to suggest it, but since Miss Ashby had been so kind." Mr. Faversham turned his most gracious smile upon the young lady, but she did not raise her head from her work to receive it. The cup of tea, if Mr. Faversham was not a consummate hypocrite, was nectar to him.

The general conversation was led to the evening which two at least of the company present had spent in the City Hall.

"I saw you at the door," Miss Ashby said to Faversham.

"I did not see you," the gentleman replied, "until you were just entering your brougham."

The young urchin of the family, who was kissed and scolded at the same time by his doting mother, here chimed in; "Well, I s'pose you didn't go there to look after each other, did you?"

Mrs. Ashby threatened to send the rude child to bed if he ventured to open his mouth again during the evening, but Jack Ashby could not be restrained from a burst of laughter.

Miss Ashby only wondered how a person of John's age could encourage his little brother in his vulgarities. Mr. Faversham was confused and silent.

Leave a prudent mother to push through and destroy an awkward situation. Mrs. Ashby hastened to ask Mr. Faversham his opinion on the discourse.

"Very interesting and instructive," was the reply. It would have been bad taste in that house to give the candid opinion Mr. Faversham held, and had expressed elsewhere. The candid opinion would, also, have greatly displeased the young lady.

During supper Mr. Faversham sat opposite Miss Ashby's favourite dish (a dish which £200 a-year could not provide every night for a young couple's supper), and she most amiably allowed herself to be helped twice. It was remarked by Mr. Ashby that he did not know when he had seen his daughter eat such a supper.

"Now, before you go, Jack," said Mrs. Ashby, "will you promise me to come to dinner next Sunday—mind, not next Sunday five weeks—and to bring Mr. Faversham with you, if he can bear one of our dull Sundays."

Mr. Faversham would only be too happy. He was always delighted when he was able to spend his Sundays domestically. It was on Sundays that he regretted most the distance that separated him from his father's house.

"Then, pray understand, Mr. Faversham, from this time that there is a knife and fork for you here, and a hearty welcome, and a

good glass of wine (by the way I have a new vintage) any Sunday Don't wait for that scapegrace, Jack. If he will stop away he must. Good night. Go straight home, like good boys."

Faversham went direct home; and was a happier man when he went to bed than he had been during many a long month. But—he was not in love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PETER PINDAR.



HAT eccentric character, Dr. John Wolcot, M.D., better known by his poetical *nom-de-plume* of "Peter Pindar," was born at Dodbrook, in the south of Devon, in April, 1737. His father was a respectable farmer, and lived on a little freehold of his own, which descended to his son, who disposed of it in 1795. He received his school education under Mr. Morris, a respectable teacher at King's-bridge, who had been a Quaker, but quitted the Society of Friends, and became a school-master. Under this instructor Wolcot made a good proficiency in Latin, till he was sixteen years of age, when his uncle, a bachelor, who was settled in good business in Cornwall, as a surgeon and apothecary, took him as an apprentice, with the view of making him his heir and successor. The future poet served his term of seven years diligently, and at the expiration of that time went to London, for the purpose of availing himself of the facilities afforded by the metropolis in perfecting his medical studies. After attending various hospitals he returned to his uncle, with whom he quietly resided until Sir William Trelawney was appointed to the governorship of Jamaica, when he expressed a desire to his uncle,

who was apothecary to the family, to recommend him for a situation in that colony. This wish was exceedingly distasteful to the old gentleman; he lost his temper, abused his nephew for his ingratitude, and threatened to cut him off with a shilling. Wolcot, however, who knew his relation's temper thoroughly well, persevered in his application, and, after much altercation, the uncle reluctantly agreed to wait upon Sir William Trelawney, who was also much surprised, but having a regard for his professional friend, and no unfavourable idea of the abilities of the young man, readily gave his consent, and nominated him his physician. To qualify himself for this post, Wolcot obtained a diploma from one of the Scottish Universities. In the outward voyage, the ship touched at Tenerife, and while here he formed several interesting acquaintances; and wrote some of his most pleasing poems. On his arrival at the place of destination he found many sources of enjoyment, for the island was healthy, the planters lived in a style of hospitable luxury, and to them such a man as our author could not fail to make himself agreeable. He was also a favourite with the governor, who appointed him physician-general to the island; a situation, by the way, that was more honourable than lucrative. After some time, however, Wolcot, at the advice of Sir William Trelawney, returned to England, where his uncle being dead, he resolved to set up as a physician at Truro, where he had a numerous acquaintance; and might have established himself in good credit and practice, by a proper regard to the duties of life. Unfortunately, however, his manners were not improved by a residence in the West Indies, and, as he possessed some property, both real and personal, which had been left to him by his parents and uncle, he cared little about his profession, and paid not the slightest attention to the families in his neighbourhood. With one or other of these he was continually on terms of hostility, and his greatest delight was to annoy them by anonymous squibs and caricatures; for the doctor was equally clever and severe with the pen and the pencil. Among the objects of his satire was a Mr. Rosewarne, member of Parliament for Truro, who was lampooned by him in every possible way. On one occasion, that gentleman suffered a most mortifying insult from his troublesome neighbour. After his election for Truro, he invited a large party to his house, to a supper and a ball; but, of course, the doctor was not one of the guests. To avenge himself for this neglect, Wolcot sent a letter of invitation, as if from Mr. Rosewarne, to an old woman, who was a distant relation and pensioner of that

gentleman's wife. This matron, who was such a notorious virago as to be the dread of all Truro and the neighbourhood, proud of the honour so unexpectedly conferred, dressed herself out in the best manner she could, and sallied forth, at the appointed hour, to her cousin's house, into which she found easy access, and proceeded up stairs to the drawing-room, where her presence created unusual dismay and confusion. The company stared with astonishment at the gaunt figure, for she was of a most gigantic stature, and the lady of the mansion fainted away. The attempts necessary, though gentle enough, to remove the unwelcome visiter, made matters worse, for having already primed herself, she levelled the footman to the floor with one blow, and smashed to pieces all the apparatus of the tea-table that stood nearest to her; then, throwing down the letter which had been sent to her, she stalked out of the room into another, where she committed similar depredations, and chancing to encounter a musician in her way, she wrested the violin from him, and broke it about his head. Of course, the whole house was in an uproar; the servants, instead of endeavouring to stop the ravages of this Cornish Meg Merrilies, avoided her as she approached them, and thus she was suffered to reign for near an hour within the mansion, while the people on the outside were enjoying the storm.

Jokes of this sort could neither increase the friends nor the practice of the doctor, for, instead of denying the fact of his having written the letter, he made a boast of it; but though this scene occasioned much fun to him and his boon companions, it was viewed in a very different light by the gentleman at whose expense it was played, and all the respectable people of the place were much offended with a trick that had deprived them of a pleasing entertainment. Matters now grew disagreeable to the doctor, and he was subjected to mortifications in his turn. Patients fell off, acquaintances grew cool; he was omitted in the invitations to public meetings, and few were the social parties that would venture to admit a man whose conversation was ribaldry, and whose pen overflowed with gall. At length, in consequence of a litigation between himself and the parish, respecting the right of the latter to saddle him with an apprentice, and the adverse decision of the magistrates to whom he appealed against what he considered an unjustifiable and unjust proceeding, he left Truro, and went to reside at Helston, about seventeen miles from that town, near the Land's End. After remaining there some time he returned to Exeter, where he resided for a year or two.

It is but right to observe here, that the doctor, during his residence at Truro, cultivated the sister arts of poetry and painting with assiduity and effect. Some very charming effusions of his muse, written at this place, make it to be regretted that a genius, so well fitted for the true sublime, should have ever dipped its plumes in the slime of scurrility and scandal. The "Ode on Cambria," a mountain in Cornwall, written by him in the year 1776, may vie with the happiest productions of Collins, or even Gray, in pathos, personification, and description.

It was during his residence at Truro, that Dr. Wolcot had an opportunity of introducing to the world an eminent natural genius, who, but for his friendship and assistance, would never have emerged from his original obscurity, or, at most, might have been a sign-painter in his native county. This person was John Opie, a name of which Cornwall has just reason to be proud, and to whose career we have already briefly adverted in the first number of this journal, in the paper entitled "The Land of Tin." Opie was a parish apprentice to a house-carpenter, in the village of St. Agnes. The doctor, in his rides through the village, was so much struck with some rude sketches in chalk, and a few on paper, that were shown him as this lad's performance, that he invited him to his house, furnished him with materials, and gave him such lessons and assistance, as enabled him in a short time to set up as itinerant portrait painter. In the spring of 1780, Wolcot and Opie came to London, where the painter was welcomed as a phenomenon, to such a degree that the street in which he resided was thronged with carriages from morning to night. But this attachment of the poet for the painter did not last long, for a difference ultimately arose between them, which terminated their friendship for ever. The cause of the breach has been ascribed, and we believe truly, to pecuniary claims made by the doctor, which were resisted with indignation, as totally unfounded in justice. Let this be as it may, the bard now became an implacable enemy of the person upon whom he had lavished so much praise, and he now took as much pains to

ruin his reputation as he had before done to raise him above his contemporaries.

Soon afterwards Wolcot, who had made himself known by his "Epistle to the Reviewers," formed the plan of an unusual critique on the pictures in the Exhibition, which design he carried into execution, the ensuing season, in the publication of "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians: by Peter Pindar, a distant relation of the poet of Thebes." If, however, our merry bard had adopted the name of "Peter Aretin," it would have been more in character; for his muse, instead of possessing Grecian eloquence and dignity, was a mere virago, perfectly indifferent to the feelings of those upon whom it was bestowed. It displayed, however, considerable knowledge of the art, and administered much wholesome advice to young painters. Nor could it be said that his censures were altogether undeserved, though the caustic severity of them in most instances was certainly inexcusable.

In 1785, Wolcot, under his accustomed *nom-de-plume*, brought out no less than twenty-three odes, one of which was devoted, in no very courtly phrase, to his majesty. With the next Exhibition the satirist took his farewell of the painters, with a broad hint that he was now preparing for a much nobler quarry. Accordingly, he soon after appeared in a direct attack upon the king, and the mock-heroic which he produced, worked up by his invention, presented so glaring an evidence of the wanton daring of the lampooner, that even they who enjoyed the joke wondered at the temerity of the writer, and the supineness of the government.

It has often been made a question, what motive actuated the satirist in holding up the king, and almost every branch of the royal family, to public ridicule? Wolcot on being interrogated respecting his conduct in this instance, uniformly declared that his sole inducement was to get money, and that, finding how eager the people were to swallow any ridiculous thing reported of their superiors, he availed himself of the general credulity to perform the part of Thersites to his own advantage. Thus, talents of the richest description, and obviously capable of immortalising the possessor, by benefiting mankind, were perverted to the most sordid purposes. On some occasions, indeed, his satirical powers were well applied, and in all they never failed to create a laugh, even in those persons who despised the buffoon, and shuddered at his profanity. The "Town Eclogue on Johnson's Biographers" is one of the happiest pieces of burlesque in the English language, and extremely characteristic of all the parties. Dr. Wolcot was well acquainted with the great moralist by often meeting him at the table of his countryman, Sir Joshua Reynolds; but Johnson rather repelled than encouraged his advances to a nearer intimacy, from the dislike which he had to ribald discourse. Wolcot, happening to be in company with Johnson one day, observed to him, that his portrait by Reynolds was deficient in dignity, which remark was received with a growl. "No, sir; the pencil of Reynolds never wanted dignity nor the graces!"

We shall not here enumerate the various publications of Wolcot, because they must be sufficiently known to our readers. We may remark, however, that no rank or sex could protect characters of eminence from the shafts of his ridicule; and in some of his convivial moments, when sacrificing largely to Bacchus, he has openly acknowledged, and gloried in the declaration, that he made scurrility a trade. "Tis my vocation, Jack," said he to a remonstrating friend, "and I am resolved to live and die in the exercise of it!" When asked how he came to assail persons of the most unblemished reputation, of whom he could know but little, and nothing to their disadvantage, his answer invariably was: "Why, they have a name, and that's enough for me! A satire upon scoundrels, and people about whom nobody cares a farthing, would never sell."

Such was the principle which governed the conduct of this man, who, to pamper his own vices, scattered firebrands into the habitations of others, and, laughing at his success, exclaimed that it was all done in sport! The prodigious sale of his works stimulated him to proceed in this nefarious course; and it deserves observation, that the satirist seemed to have no other idea of happiness, than that of getting money, and indulging his sensual appetite.

But while the *soi-distant* "Peter Pindar" was thus dealing mischief all around, he unfortunately encountered a native genius, possessed of equal powers and better principles, who assailed him in his turn, and made him feel the whip most acutely. This castigation came from Mr. Giffard, the author of the "Baviad" and "Maviad,"

to revenge which the satirist, instead of reflecting upon the wounds which he had so wantonly inflicted, without the least provocation or regard to truth, on others, sallied forth with a cudgel in his hand, and attacked Giffard in a bookseller's shop, where, however, he was soon disarmed, and ejected into the street. After this he avenged himself, in a manner, with a weapon to which he was more accustomed. But the virulence of his abuse only convinced the public how bitterly he writhed under the correction which he had received, and with what strict justice it had been administered.

At length the irregularity of his living brought on an asthmatic complaint, which gave such strong symptoms of a speedy dissolution, that he assigned the copyright of his literary labours to his booksellers for an annuity of £250. This being executed, he went to live in the west of England, where, contrary to all calculation and human expectancy, the salubrious air of Devon and Cornwall wrought such a surprising change in his constitution, that although he could not previously lie down in a bed at night, his cough left him, and he lived for about twenty years after. He returned to London, where his renovated appearance startled the booksellers, who would have rather seen his ghost in Paternoster-row, and they now consulted how to be free of their engagement. Recourse was had to the law for this object, and a chancery suit was actually commenced, when the failure of the principal house occasioned a compromise, and the bond was cancelled.

At this period the doctor continued to amuse himself on such topics of the day as afforded scope for his mirth. He also superintended a new edition of "Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters;" compiled a "Selection of the Beauties of English Poetry," and printed anonymously a tragedy called "The Fall of Portugal." Soon after a confirmed cataract totally destroyed the vision in both eyes. In this state, however, he dictated some little effusions of his fancy to an amanuensis; among the rest, an "Address" to be spoken at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre. This was his last composition, subsequently to which he employed himself in the arrangement of a complete edition of his poetical works, for which he dictated a kind of biographical preface. Though the poet had now reached the age of fourscore, he still indulged the hope of protracted existence in a world where he was almost forgotten, and the pleasures of which he could no longer enjoy. The very day preceding his dissolution, which occurred on the 13th of January, 1819, he talked confidently of spending the ensuing summer in Devonshire. In accordance with the directions which he gave for his interment, his remains were deposited as near as could be ascertained to the grave of Sam Butler, the author of "Hudibras," in Covent Garden. It would be in vain to assign any just reason for such a choice, seeing that between the two authors not the slightest resemblance can be found. As has been well observed by a biographer of Wolcot, Butler applied his inimitable talents to the unmasking of knavery and the support of loyalty, but "Peter Pindar" made game of virtue, and did all that lay in his power to alienate the minds of the people from their sovereign. Though Butler exposed canting hypocrites to ridicule, he evinced a deep respect for the sacred truths of revealed religion; but the other intermixed with his abuse of persons the most burlesque perversions of Scripture. The wit of Butler accomplished a great national purpose, in providing an effectual antidote to a moral epidemic which had produced inconceivable mischief; but the lampoons of "Pindar" tend to poison society, and to destroy the great bonds by which mankind are united together. In reading "Hudibras" we laugh, it is true; but then our mirth is excited by causes that are obvious to our minds, and we feel obliged to the poet for laying open those pernicious follies upon which grave argument would be lost. The works of Wolcot create risibility also, but it is an entertainment which no wise or good man is proud to recollect, or willing to repeat.

POOR PHILOSOPHY.

HOWEVER dark and drear be life,
The sun still shines upon our doors;
For us the nightly heavens are lit,
For us the lark at morning soars.

Time, with the sickle 'neath his robe,
May steal our dearest wealth away;
Yet never hath the hopeless eye
Seen God's great promises decay.

Our hearths are cold, on tile and roof
The snow may fall like purest heaven;
Shall we despair who warm our hands
At yon increasing fires of Heaven?

Be comforted; when skies are dark,
And the winds roar in Wintry war.
Each flake shall breed a summer flower,
Each cloud reveal a hidden star.

A STORY OF CERTAIN OLD BELLS.

A NEW LEGEND.



HOEVER crosses Thomond-bridge, Limerick, from the English town will see to his left the sadly mutilated towers and curtains of a castle, whose erection is historically ascribed to John of England; and to his right the gingerbread steeple and pinnacles of the church of St. Mungret. Looking over the western parapet of the bridge, he will find the river rushing over a broad but shallow bed, towards a venerable mill, which stands almost in the middle of the stream, and is connected with the "mainland" by a rude bridge. The glorious steeple of the cathedral of St. Mary, which Cromwell attempted to level with chain-shot, looks down upon a wilderness of roofs and chimney-stacks, upon fortification and workshop, upon mill and river. To the east our observer may behold the retreating chain of the Clare mountains, as they change in colour moment after moment, now presenting the rich brown of heath and moorland, now the steel-blue reflection of some passing rain cloud. A circular bank runs round that part of the city lands which lies at his back, almost terminating with the cemetery of the church of St. Mungret. We have something more reliable than

tradition for stating, that, about the middle of the fifteenth century, an abbey of considerable architectural pretensions and noble proportions stood upon or near the site of the present church. It belonged to the Franciscan friars, and was called after the name of their founder. By whom it was established, or when, we have no record to show. Stray notices of its existence creep up occasionally in the few archives which the city has rescued from the hands of the great spoilers—time and ruin. Thus, we are told that its occupants had the right to certain salmon weirs, and ponds, and pastures, and were the recipients of a primitive description of toll, which formed the revenue of the bridge. Moreover, and this is more important to our present purpose, the abbey and abbey lands enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary, and thus offered a refuge to many unhappy persons whom the violence of the times compelled to seek an asylum from the strong hands by which they were threatened.

The evening of February, 1531, the date of the commencement of our story, closed a weary day of rain, and storm, and darkness. The river overflowed its banks, and flooded the pasture lands at either side, driving the cattle to the high uplands, where they stood dumb and shivering. The Clare mountains were veiled in a mist impenetrable to the eye, save when the wind lifted it for a moment, and revealed the barren hill sides behind. In the west, covered with leagues of forest, the sun went down in a region of orange vapour, ominous for the morrow; with the rapidity of a tropical night, darkness folded the world, and the bell of sunset pealed from the abbey steeple.

In the vast chapel of the abbey, the monks in their brown habits and leathern girdles, had assembled for the evening devotions. The high roof of the building was lost in the thick rain-gloom; one solitary star gleamed on the great flamboyant window to the east, in curious contrast with the yellow glimmers of the tapers distributed along the choir-stalls, and the faint glow of the silver cresset suspended before the high altar. The abbot, mitred and bearing the abbatial staff, passed through his monks to the quaintly-carved sedilium, which it was his wont to occupy, at the head of the choir. Soon the united voices of the brethren rose in grand

Gregorian volume to the roof, relapsing at times into the melancholy cadences with which that inspired music abounds. Then the eldest of the choir-monks began a pathetic psalm; and the response was about to be given, when the clash of arms and the voices of men raised in anger, with earnest cries for admittance, rang through the chapel, for the time suspending the great chaunt.

"Brethren," said the abbot, gravely, rising and looking in the direction of the wicket, "let us remember *laborare est orare*, and you, Eustace, hasten to unbar the door, and admit whomsoever claims the protection of our roof."

The monk crossed his arms and left the chapel in silence. He traversed the little cemetery to the west of the great tower, and, looking through a small aperture through which visitors were reconnoitred before they obtained admission, saw a man in the prime of life, struggling with a soldier, who, but for the massive armour by which his motions were embarrassed, would have speedily strangled his opponent. Beside them stood a boy, who watched the encounter with terrified gaze, and down on the group showered and flickered the red light of the oil lamp, fastened in the niche above the doorway. As Brother Eustace looked on, the soldier lifted his opponent from the ground, evidently with the hope of being able to dash him against the nearest buttress; but in the endeavour his strength failed him, and his antagonist, whose garb and demeanour showed he was a citizen, fell from his relaxing grasp. To unbar the wicket and admit the child and citizen was the work of a moment, and scarcely had the door closed again when the voice of the soldier, choked with baffled rage, was heard demanding that the escaped man should be delivered up to him.

"Give him to me," he exclaimed, as he smote the iron-studded door with his mailed fist, "or before John's Day there shall not be a head in a cowl amongst ye. Know ye me? Know ye O'Brien of Inna?"

Brother Eustace spoke to the infuriated man through the aperture.

"Sir David, we know ye well, and, peradventure, ye lose much time in vain words, forgetting the privileges of St. Francis. Who hath heard of an O'Brien calling in question our right of sanctuary?"

"They who give can take, starveling," replied O'Brien, "what we've done who shall gainsay our right to undo? Will ye deliver him to me, monk?"

"The saints forbid," answered Eustace, calmly.

"Then look ye to your roof. We will pile all the faggots in Thomond on your bare heads. Look ye to it!" and, turning on his heel, the O'Brien strode swiftly into the darkness.

When Eustace returned to the great hall, on whose ample hearth blazed a goodly heap of peat and bogwood, he found the citizen seated on a rude stool, with the boy resting on his knee, and both enjoying the warmth of the hospitable flame. The elder of the two visitors was a man of some two score years, dressed in the burgher's costume of the period. It consisted of a doublet of grey serge, fastened at the waist by a rich belt, leggings of tanned deer-skin, and boots of the same material, and a low cap in which a short feather was fastened with a gilt clasp. Though comparatively young in years, the citizen's face bore unmistakable traces of suffering, and there was about him an air of settled melancholy, suggestive of the dignified resignation with which even strong spirits will sometimes succumb to calamities when they cannot resist them. In the boy, Eustace believed he had found a realization of those sweet angel forms which glowed in the rubrics of the abbey. His hair clustered in ringlets around a face almost feminine in its delicacy and purity; his eyes sparkled with a pensive light, which harmonized with the thoughtful expression of his mouth; and this, added to a physique of slender build and exquisite outline, formed so perfect a picture of loveliness and innocence, that the warm-hearted and sensitive Eustace could not refrain from pressing the child to his bosom and exclaiming, "Sweet saints of heaven, bless our little angel!"

As the citizen rose to partake of the viands which the monk provided for his entertainment, the latter said in a tone of kindly sympathy:

"Much thanks is due to heaven for thy safe deliverance from the strong man. How hast thou injured him?"

The boy smiled on the monk, whilst the citizen, looking up for a moment, answered: "Thou knowest it is not in the power of a poor citizen, a bell-founder, to injure the rich, who hold in their hands the power of retribution, and who seldom lack the will to make it felt. Judge, Oh! hospitable son of Francis, if I have injured

this O'Brien? Ye have heard how he stole the bell of St. Synan from Doonass, and cut down the sacred yew which flourished for centuries within the chancel of the same temple. Peradventure he would have me cast that same bell into 'morning stars' wherewith to break honest heads; for the 'star' is a goodly weapon, and the place where its spike sticks may bid good-bye to salves for ever."

Eustace sighed. "You refused to commit such sacrilege, my son?" he said.

"With God's help, I did," replied the citizen. "It will be a sad day when Simon Brennan, the bell-founder of 'the Close,' shall make vile weapons of the church bells to murder the church's children."

"St. Francis assist you," ejaculated Eustace, "you and our little angel need lack nor couch nor refreshment whilst there's a roof over the abbey, or a pint of meal in the bin. Come, ye must be weary."

Simon returned thanks, and taking his son by the hand, both followed the monk, who led them into a range of dormitories running above the colonnades of the cloister.

Ten years passed swiftly away, Simon's hair had begun to turn gray, and his step to lose its elasticity, whilst his son Gabriel had grown to be a youth of much beauty, but of great bodily strength, and much cunning dexterity of hand. Ten years had passed during which Simon had not once left the abbey enclosure, for although his foe had disappeared from the land, and no one could say where he was, the founder feared him, knowing the innumerable devices by which his arch enemy could compass the death and ruin of those he hated. Son and father then had become permanent occupants of the sanctuary, and both grew in exceeding favour with the abbot, who loved the father for his fidelity, the son for his ingenuity and grace. The good abbot had long cherished a pious ambition, which at length he secretly communicated to Simon. He desired, he told him, to have cast and hung, before death should overtake him, a peal of bells for the abbey steeple. The material wherewith to make them was abundant, and he longed to see the work consummated. Simon entertained the idea with great relish, and having obtained from his kind protector a promise that all assistance and machinery should be placed at his disposal, undertook to execute the pious commission. A foundry was extemporised in a remote part of the abbey enclosure, and thither Simon, having collected all the resources of an artificer in such matters, betook himself. The metal hissed and seethed in the furnaces, as day after day their iron sides grew redder and redder, the sand moulds were prepared in the earth, and the founder watched the work with nervous impatience. Beside him stood Gabriel, ready for any emergency, and following with sleepless curiosity the curious operations by which his father was to eliminate sweet bell-music from hot metal and sandy matrices. It was difficult to make the fire penetrate to the heart of the huge heap of bronze as it roared in its fiery prison; and Simon, who had not closed his eyes for several nights, grew exhausted on the eve of St. Francis.

"Gabriel, boy," he murmured, turning to his son, "I shall sleep whilst you watch. When the metal is ready for the monks call me. At your peril, touch it not;" and, having assured himself that his instructions would be observed with fidelity, the founder turned into his workshop, flung himself upon a rude couch, and sunk into a heavy slumber.

It was nearly daybreak when Gabriel, who had never ceased to watch the furnace intently, perceived the metal dripping from the plug-hole into the canal which was to conduct it to the mould. In an instant, and before he could alarm his father, the plug gave way, and the hissing, writhing stream shot like a cataract of blood into the matrix. Stunned by this unexpected occurrence, and fascinated by the fierce beauty of the boiling flood, he paused, with strained eyes and parted mouth, to observe it, as it wound its way—a serpent of living fire—towards its destination. Now it roared and crackled, now seethed like a brook of the *inferno*, and now the spine became of a livid blue, out of the joints of which burtled myriads of crimson sparks. "Lost, lost—oh, lost!" were the words which aroused him from his stupor, and looking round, he beheld his father standing near, holding an axe above his head. With the quickness of thought the weapon descended on the boy's forehead, and he fell to the ground a corpse. Simon looked down on the horrible result of his passion, and his heart sank within him. Dabbled with blood, the long hair streaming across his face, hiding its ghastly expression from the

light, his limbs stretched out stiff and immovable, lay poor Gabriel, in the midst of the mingled glare and darkness of the foundry.

"Speak to me—but one word, my boy, my Gabriel," shrieked Simon, as he knelt by the youth's side, and raised him to a half-erect posture, until their faces met. "No word—no sign—no forgiveness—oh Father in Heaven, who will wash those foul hands clean? who shall purge them of innocent blood?" and the founder flung up his arms in an attitude of wild entreaty. To the excitement of the moment succeeded an overpowering stupefaction, and to this one of those lucid glimpses, in which self is most seen and cared for. Taking the body in his arms, he carried it to a distant part of the building, dug a shallow grave in the soft mould of the floor, and buried it. Staggering and missing his steps, he reeled back to the bells. As he stood above them the morning light burst through the lattices, and his practised eye readily perceived that the castings were perfect.

"Butchered—innocently butchered, and by these hands!" cried Simon. "Who will give me back my boy, who—who?" There came on his brain a noise like the rush of many waters, the roof of the foundry seemed to open, and the skies above were darkened by a crimson hand, in the hollow of which the sun hung black and rayless; his limbs shook beneath him, his eyes closed, and, grasping at the air for support, he reeled senseless against the wall.

"He hath awoken in good time—the founder hath, for we bless the bells to day" said Brother Eustace to Brother Lafranc, as they stood chatting in the refectory, on the feast of St. Agatha.

"Much toil and anxiety have dazed him, methinks," observed the latter. "Save us, but he did look like one fitter for death than life on the morn' we found him."

"Who would have opined," asked Eustace, with a look of innocent wonder, "that Gabriel would have smitten his father and fled, so comely was he?"

"And yet, such is Simon's testimony, and who shall gainsay it?" replied Lafranc. "Hark, the procession is mounting to the bell-chamber, let us follow it."

It will be gathered from this short dialogue that Simon, in order to shield his head from the consequences of the murder, had invented a story which, in the absence of all contradictory evidence, was freely accepted by the community. He had accused Gabriel of attempting to kill him, and then fleeing for his life.

The two monks having ascended the narrow and tortuous stairs for "twelve turns," found themselves in the bell chamber, under the five great bells furnished by the founder. Before them was the abbot, in full holiday pomp; around him the monks who were to participate in the ceremony. In a corner retired from observation, crouched Simon, shielding his eyes with his hands, and evidently shunning the conspicuous position to which his services on that day entitled him.

"Let us hear our bells ring glory to the Lord," exclaimed the abbot.

Two lay-brothers obeyed the injunction by stepping forward

and catching the ropes suspended from the tongues of the bells. Nevertheless, although the ringers pulled "with might and main," the bells, to the astonishment of all present, would emit no sound.

"Mystery!" cried the abbot. "Simon man, dost thou see—if thou canst not hear? Thy bells are not even as melodious as a tinkling brass or a sounding cymbal. Hath thy cunning, then, forsaken thee?"

Alarmed by the mild reproaches of the abbot, Simon came forward, and catching a rope in either hand, pulled them with a force which showed how deeply he appreciated his credit with those around. The bells sounded. "Hark!" cried the abbot, "the bronze speaks good Latin;" and, as he spoke, the whole peal rang out in silvery syllables those words:

"Miserere, miserere,
Toll, toll, toll,
Let us ring a solemn peal
For the dead man's soul,
Toll! toll!"

Woe, woe, for Gabriel,
Woe, and woe again for thee.
Who didst shed his blood yest'een?
Miserere, domine,
Toll! toll!"

As the last echoes of the bell-music died away, and whilst all eyes were turned on the founder, the abbot approached him, and, laying his hand upon his arm, asked, "Good Simon, didst thou hear what the bell said? Tell us, as thou prizest thy life hereafter, who hath shed the blood of thy son Gabriel?"

Simon bowed his head in shame, and answered, "I, holy father, I," and, turning to the assembled monks, he asked in a supplicating tone—"Alas! brothers, whom I have so long known, will not any of you pray for me?"

The monks were silent until there stepped forth from their ranks one, with air dejected and tottering footsteps, "I," he said, taking the founder's hand, "I, Simon Brennan, who have been the cause of all, as well as this great sorrow, shall pray for you," and lifting his cowl, he discovered to the bewildered founder the features of O'Brien.

"Then, God pardon me," exclaimed Simon, "as from the bottom of my heart I pardon you."

"Be ye merciful and ye shall obtain mercy," said the abbot.

"In that hope, then," exclaimed the founder, "I die," and, falling into the arms of O'Brien, he expired.

The legend goes on to say that, father and son were laid side by side in the cemetery of the abbey. Not a stone remains to mark the spot where they sleep; but the old inhabitants of the district say, that on the eve of St. Francis, spectral bells are heard tolling down the river, and between the roaring of the wind and the clamour of their music a voice is heard—"miserere, miserere!"

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER V.



RS. Spellacy hurried to admit the company. The old Palatine first entered, and was closely followed by his companion, the preacher, whose immense proportions darkened the doorway so completely as to leave little opportunity, for the moment, of observing or acknowledging the

courtesy with which they were both received by the good lady.

"Peace be on this house!" said the preacher. "Woman, what have you for dinner?"

"Travellers I brought you, Mrs. Spellacy," said the poor scholar. Then apart to her, "Tell Suil Dhuv I gev do note to Miss Byrne's man."

Abie Switzer's salutation was a mute nod, and a most extraordinary contortion of the face, which, he would perhaps have been surprised to hear, was more like a grin than a smile.

"Come, come, my good woman, stir yourself a little," said the old Palatine; "get these gentlemen something to amuse themselves with as they desire—and show me to a



THE SCENE IN THE PORCH.

room, where I may lie at full length for half an hour; my old bones are aching with fatigue."

The woman glanced listlessly from one to another of the speakers, while her thoughts were evidently yet wandering after those who had just departed, and whose conversation, overheard as it had been, contained matter of, to her, a far more absorbing interest. The Palatine was obliged to repeat his request for a separate chamber.

"The parlour is this way, sir," she replied, still abstractedly—"there's an old bed in it." And having placed the materials of a plain dinner on the table, in a manner so careless and absent as to draw down some very severe though silent reprehensions from her sectarian guest, with respect to her total inaptitude for her calling—she conducted Mr. Segur into the room to which she had pointed. The preacher, unwilling to leave any portion of his time unoccupied, set himself, with a very commendable industry, to complete the dinner arrangements—observing wittily, that "the beef, for country beef, was very passable"—while Abie went to look after the horses; and their thin-faced guide, whose finances obliged him to wait the summons of his superior, before he ventured to incur the expense of so unusual a luxury as a good dinner, sat by the fire, rubbing his hands, and directing, in the intervals of some snatches of merry talk, a glance of intense interest and admiration towards

the board where the worthy preacher was signalizing himself by a display of really extraordinary prowess—watching, as a well-regulated house-dog might be expected to do, every mouthful of provision that was sacrificed—following it with his eyes from the dish to the plate—from the plate to the fork—undergoing the stimulating application of mustard and salt—then the delicious ablution in the lake of rich gravy—and subsequently in its upward flight until it disappeared behind the ivory portcullis of the hero of the board—while the observer's own jaws opened and shut with an involuntary and sympathetic action—closing, however, like those of a Shacabac, upon a vision of unsubstantial air.

"Where's de little master?" he at length exclaimed, looking gaily about him, as the lucky thought suggested itself—"Ha, are you dere, sir? are you? High jockey! here sir," stretching out his arms to a fine, sturdy little boy, who came crowing and tottering from an inner room. "Dere he was—dere he was—de tief! Come here now,—ride a cock horse!—here—put your foot upon my toe—give me de hands—de two little fat paw de war!—dat's it! Up we go. Hoo-ee hoo-ee! heigh jockey—ho! ho-ho-ho-ho! Dat's it. Sit down here upon my knee.—Cetchee! Cetchee! Cetchee! O de 'eetle tief he was—and de 'eetle fat neck he had—and de two blue eyes, like de moder—two beautiful eyes—Creep mouse—creep mouse—O! ho-ho-ho-ho! Come, where's de song. Come, now—stop de laugh, and give us de song. Come on—sing—don't be afereed o' de gentleman—open de 'ittle mouth and sing—

"My father died, I don't know how;
He left me sixpence just to guide de plough.
Wit my whim wham whaddle, O!
Jack straw straddle, O!
Pretty boy bubble, O!
Under de broom."

Mr. Shine here found sufficient time, while occupied in transferring the fourth reinforcement of cold roast mutton from the dish to his plate, for an observation—

"The infant memory of that child," he said, "might be stocked with words of greater profit than those idle rhymes." Then, after a pause—"Some of the steeple divines think otherwise: to wit, that member of the established church, who, at a very late period, excited so great a sensation in the metropolis of the kingdom, by his strenuous opposition to the introduction of the brazen coinage, for the patent had been accorded unto the man, Wood. I allude to a man of whom you, in your station, may be ignorant—the dean, as he is entitled by those of his belief, of St. Patrick's Church—Jonathan Swift—who hath employed a portion of time which he might have turned to far better uses, in composing certain ridiculous verses for the service of the nursery—replete with nothing salutary or instructive." By this time the doctor had replenished the plate which was before him; but, unwilling to relinquish the subject upon which he had launched—he continued speaking, interrupting himself at each of the breaks, thus.....which follow, in his speech, for the purpose of administering yet further consolation to the interior—"nothing salutary or instructive—but formed altogether of a certain absurd and nonsensical combination of unmeaning terms—to wit:

'Here we go up, up, up
And here we go down—down—downy—
Here we go backward and forward—
And..... heigh for Dublin towney—'

and the like. And this.....—this is the man.....who has all 'Dublin towney'—to use his own.....ridiculous phrase, congregated in his.....track, with shouts and applauses which they would not accord to Swedenborg himself, if he sojourned amongst them—"

"Gondoutha!" interposed the apparently edified and admiring guide—

"For my.....for my part—I am of opinion, that... ..my lord Carteret, with all his worldly civility, will make the dean repent his brazen interference in.....so unclerical an affair. For I am convinced by the report of Isaac Newton, though he differ from me on many points of faith, as one by his office in the mint necessarily skilled in all varieties of metal coins and medals—that the man Wood hath worthily approved his trust."

"O, dere is no doubt o' dat," said the guide, tossing his head in the manner of one who speaks of a thing assured—then resting his head on the soft neck of the child, and turning his eyes downwards towards the fire, he hummed, in a very low murmuring key, the following words of a ballad then popular in a certain part of Ireland—and which, in all probability, some of my readers may recognise:—

"Come hidder and try,
I'll teach you to buy
A pot o' good ale for a farden—
Come—treepince a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fy for de Draper and Harding!"

Mr. Shine's eyes first dilated in astonishment, and then contracted with as much of darkening scrutiny as the fleshy protuberances around them could be made to assume, upon his humble companion. It may be useful to say, that the preacher's opinions of Wood's celebrated brass coinage—a subject of which he knew no more than it was impossible for any but a deaf man to avoid learning—were entirely modelled from his religious influences—and he needed no more than the whispered report which had reached him of the name of the real author of the "Drapier's Letters"—to decide his judgment at once, and array all the little argument he possessed on the opposite side of the question. Few opportunities, however, were afforded of achieving anything like a triumph for his graciously assumed opinions in his converse with the city people, every one of whom was as familiar with every possible hue and form of the subject as with the faces of his family. It was something like a gratification to him, therefore, to light upon even this poor youth, whom he easily calculated on impressing with what opinion he pleased, and from whom, in this wild region, he did not certainly expect to meet with his gentle sneer—indicating at once a superior acquaintance with the subject, and a settled conviction in the other way.

The lad did not appear to observe the effect which he had produced on the mind of the preacher, but recommenced his noisy play with the lively child, whom he still held on his knee—intermingling the "combination of unmeaning and ridiculous terms" with sundry sly hints, which would have succeeded even with the phlegmatic doctor, if they had been addressed to him at a less interesting moment:—

"Look at de gentleman—now—do—what is dat? who is dat dere? What's dat? what do you say? O you tief! He's aten all de beef and de mutton intirely, is he? O, have manners, master! O fie, sir! Av he ates de mutton, he has de money to pay for it, and dat's what he got be his learnen'—be his minden his, A, b, ab—an' his e, b, eb,—an' his b, a, ba—and his b, e, be—and every whole tote dat way. And do you mind 'em sir, an' you'll be like him, haven' money to spend for what you like best, and enoof o' dat to lave for the smart boy dat would be shoven' you over de wild mountain in a evenin', and would be hungry for his dinner may be, and not haven' de price of it in his pocket—so he wouldn't—"

Although no impression was yet produced by these manoeuvres, which could be discerned on the equable and distended countenance of the preacher, it is impossible to say with what success they might have been ultimately attended, had not a new and most startling interruption cut short the design of the operator. A scream—wild, piercing, and spirit-riving—such as might be imagined of the possessed, whose heart was torn by the departing fiend at the command of Him whom "they knew,"—one long-continued and shrilly note of sudden agony rung through the house, and transfixed the hearing of its inmates. The young man quickly put down the child, and started to his feet. Even the fat Shine followed the example, and sprung—no—clambered to a standing posture—his eyes staring and protruded—and his fair rosy hue changed to a purple-pale—one hand grasping the back of the hay-bottomed chair, and the other elevating a fork, on the points of which the untasted particle of roast meat remained impaled. The sound which occasioned their alarm proceeded from the chamber into which the landlady and Mr. Segur had retired.

Suddenly, and with the rapidity of thought, the figure of the woman was seen darting through the still open door. She cast one swift and shuddering glance behind her, again darted forward—struck her bosom with a maniac violence—looked wildly around her, like one in search of some place of swift concealment—gaped on the two astonished guests—on the child—pressed her expanded

hand on her brow—on her heart—sighed heavily and repeatedly—tossed back her hair from about her face—then clasped her hands together—wrung them above her head—and with a renewed scream of anguish if possible more harrowing than the last, dashed herself headlong against the closed door of the bed-room on the opposite side. It yielded, with a crash of wrenched and frittered latches, to the wild assault, and she disappeared in the darkness.

For a few moments all again was perfect stillness. The preacher and his companion remained staring on one another in all the helplessness of astonishment and ignorance, and the child gazed in anxious silence from one to another, until at length, unable to account in any way for this unusual conduct in its mother, the little creature set up a passionate clamour of tears and lamentations, which in a little time recalled them to their senses. Both turned their eyes on Segur, who now made his appearance at the door of the parlour, with a countenance of still more vivid alarm and astonishment than they seemed themselves to feel; as if expecting from him some explanation of the mystery which perplexed them.

Nothing, however, was revealed in the series of enquiries which ensued. The old man was as ignorant of the cause of the poor woman's agitation as those who were in the outer room. He had flung himself on the bed, after shortly conversing with her on some indifferent subject, in the course of which she had evinced a great deal of listlessness and inattention. Wearied as he had been, he was in the act of dozing before she left him, and while she was yet occupied, as he believed, in some arrangement at the other end of the room, when that piercing cry, the effect of which on his hearing he could compare to nothing less than the passing of a small sword through his brain, startled him from his slumber. As he sprung from his bed and gazed around him, he beheld the woman in the act of flitting through the doorway, with the same frantic action which had amazed the guests in the outer chamber. And this was all the information which he could give them on the subject.

"An *apparrishun* she seen, I'll go bail," said the guide.

"Truce with your levity, fellow," said the Palatine, with a sternness which at once banished the smile from the other's countenance, and drew forth an humble apology. Then, turning toward the still open door of the bed room, he continued—"I am unwilling to let the affair rest here. The good woman may do herself a mischief."

"O don't, sir—don't—for the bare life!" said the lad, in a loud and earnest whisper, as he saw Segur moving toward the bedroom. "I know the place and her ways better, and I'll see after her myself."

He was prevented by the re-entrance of the woman. She stood a moment at the door, gazed firmly, with an expression of devouring inquiry, successively on each of the travellers, and then, in silence, and, with the unconscious loftiness of carriage into which the humblest and gentlest natures may be struck by the application of some powerful excitation, she put her extended hand against the breast of the youth, removed him from her way, and walked forward slowly, and with a steadiness, in which only their observation of her movements during the previous scene could enable the beholders to distinguish the calmness of high-wrought passion, governed and restrained by its own energy, from the repose of a spirit perfectly at peace.

"I ask your pardon for disturbing you, sir," she said to Segur, "and I would not have done so if I could have helped it, but this youth"—laying her hand on the shoulder of the poor scholar, while she continued gazing on Segur—"this youth knows my infirmity. Will you sleep again? The footsteps of a mouse shall not disturb you. Sleep, and I will sit on the threshold of your door myself, and watch every stir and motion about the house till you wake."

"I thank you very much," said the old man, a little touched by the earnestness of her apology, "but there is no occasion for so much care. I am used to hard beds and rough usage enough, so that I can promise myself a very sound sleep if I were sure of hearing no more such music as that."

"They shall tear my heart out before you hear a murmur," said the poor woman. "Do—take your rest—sleep—and see this—see!" plucking a huge cloak from the back of Mr. Shine, dragging it impatiently through the hands of the latter, without seeming to bestow a thought on him as he made a slight effort to retain his property—"See! I will spread this over you when you lie down, and I'll draw the little dimity curtain between you and the window,

to keep the light from your eyes—and I'll watch by your bed-side if you wish, and I'll not cry out again if my heart was on fire."

"Nay, nay, my good woman, you are perfectly welcome to act as you please, if you should be used so hardly as that; but give Mr. Shine his coat again, for I don't want it."

"Let him stand in his fat garment of flesh," said the woman, with a tone of bitter contempt; "let him sit there in the midst of his own mountain of gross substance, built on his bones out of lean fools. The raw wind that pierces the marrow of the old man might bluster and chafe upon that heated lump of earth without doing any more harm than warming and quickening the red currents within it, while yours were frozen and driven back upon your old heart."

"I desire, woman," said Segur, greatly offended, "that you will do as you are directed; and it would become you, unfortunate creature, to obtain the forgiveness of that worthy man for the profane insolence of which you have been guilty."

In the instant, and before the last word had passed the lip of the speaker, the cloak was replaced on the shoulder of the bewildered Shine, while the woman, with a trembling and officious eagerness, fastened it about his neck, clasped her hands, and, sinking at his feet, solicited his pardon with so rapid and affecting a change of tone and manner, and such a repentant vehemence of action, that the great cheeks of the doctor (who, like most fat men, had his proportion of good nature) shook with emotion, and his eyes glistened with moisture as he was about to pat her on the head with a word of encouragement and forgiveness. The intention, however, was as much as the penitent seemed to require, for she instantly sprang to her feet again, turned her back on the doctor, as if no such person were in existence, and, laying her hand on the arm of the old man, hurried him into the parlour.

The preacher turned round, while his eyes were still directed in amazement towards the parlour, to the thin-faced lad. He found the latter, however, had been much more profitably occupied than in attending to the preceding scene. He had slipped quietly into the preacher's chair, and busied himself with the utmost eagerness in completing the task which the other had left unfinished.

"Eat, friend," said the preacher, after pausing and staring on the lad for a few moments, "eat and be filled. Let no respect of persons abash or trouble you in the performance of a needful duty."

There was little occasion for the advice. The lad did not even suspend his operations to say a word of acknowledgment, but merely nodded, steadily returned the stare of the honest divine, and made a kind of soldier-like salute with the knife, as he was about to plunge it once more into the nut-brown surface of the *roti*, in the side of which he had speedily effected an excavation that attracted the admiration even of Shine himself.

Both remained gazing on one another in silence for a few minutes, when a third mute made his appearance on the scene. Mr. Shine's attention was first attracted to him by the action of the young guide. The latter suddenly suspended his operations at the board, started from his seat, looked full on the stranger, nodded his head towards Shine, slapped his pocket, tossed his hands high above his head, and darted by the man towards the back door, the same by which Kumba and Spellacy had departed, and by which this newcomer and Spellacy had entered. As he stood on the threshold, half out, half in, he said, in jeering tone:

"Well! you'll not part the 'gits?"

"Aih?"

"Aih, yourself! Won't you part the ingits?"

"Och!—Noa!"

The door was instantly slapped to by the departing guide, with a burst of contemptuous laughter.

Shine now gazed on the stranger. He was an exceedingly tall, awkwardly-constructed fellow—presenting, as he stood bolt-upright near the door, returning Shine's open stare with an air of perfectly stupid sheepishness, his long gaunt arms hanging before him, and his bony, coarse, and huge-knuckled fingers employed in beating time upon the front of a patched and glossy pair of corduroy "smallclothes"—presenting, we say, a picture of helpless and anxious stupidity, which perhaps could not approach a shade nearer to the verge of positive idiocy than it did; and which, by the very lingering hue of reason which formed the distinction, was more striking and pitiable in its effect than the absolute consummation of imbecility would have been.

"Who was that left us, friend?" said Mr. Shine, after having perfectly satisfied his curiosity by a perusal of the strange figure and features of the vision that was thus unexpectedly conjured up before him. "Do you know that youth?"

"Is it Awney Farrel, you mane? To be sure I do. H's a kind o' sarvint and commerade o' mine." And, peering on the preacher through his beetling eyebrows with that air of low cunning which becomes the countenance of a fool as gracefully as rouge would the cheek of a corpse, he sauntered in a shambling, awkward gait toward the chimney corner, where he took his seat on the hob, spread his great skeleton hands before the blaze, and clattered them together occasionally, in the vain effort to bring back the blood into their rigid and obstructed channels.

Presently, the preacher being still occupied in a wondering perusal of the person and action of the stranger, he drew from the breast of his gray frieze coat a small piece of yellow shining metal, which the active mind of the former, assisted by many wavering recollections of the regal evidences frequently discovered in the wildest bogs and quarries of the country of its former wealth and splendour, instantly stamped with the authority of gold. He was not induced to change his opinion by what followed.

"I'm a poor man," said the stranger, "and in want o' mains to carry me to my own people, down near Dublin; an' I'm told I have more than the worth o' my expenses in this. I think it's nothing but brass, but more tells me it's rill gold. May be you'd look at it, sir?"

Shine examined the metal, and satisfied himself, to his great astonishment, that it was an ingot of pure gold.

"It's brass, is't it, sir?" repeated the stranger, who had been anxiously glancing from the ingot to the preacher's eyes, while the latter was estimating the value of the metal.

"What is your name, friend?" asked Shine, eluding the query.

"My name?" echoed the man, distrustfully—"Oh, what has that to say to the ingot?"

"Why are you unwilling to tell me?"

"If I thought," said the stranger, pausing for some time in a mood of stolid deliberation—"that I'd be safe to tell you—and, indeed, by the looks o' you, I think I would."

"You may depend upon me," said his companion.

"May I? Oh, well sure that's enough to satisfy anybody. My name is Mac O'Neill. An' if I thought it safe—but sure you say it is—I'd tell you where a great deal more o' the same kind might be had."

The person accosted felt, at the same time, a deep emotion of pity for the simplicity of the owner of the treasure, and a strong temptation to render him an object of still greater compassion, by making his own use of the intelligence he should convey. He encouraged him, therefore, to proceed, and Maney Mac O'Neil, after sundry misgivings, ventured to make the confidence he asked.

"There's some years since I was a 'prentice wid a mason by trade, —and one time at Easter, when my master left myself an' anoder 'prentice, to make a pair o' piers for a gate there, just hard by the ould buildings, an went somewhere else wid himself—I was sarchen among the ould ruins, to see would I get some good stones for the piers, when I seen one place just about the big of a door, an it filled up with the sort o' stones I wanted, so to work I went, striven to get 'em out, an' taken 'em along 'id me to my commerade; but before I got passen the half o' them out, what should I see only steps in before me, an' they goen down like stairs! Well an' good, af I did, I went in to see what sort of a place was it that was there, an' where should the steps be after carrying me to, but into the milde of a dark room (I b'lieve it's a wault you call it, where the gentlemen puts their friends when they die)—and what should I find there, but a great parcel of chests, or coffins, as I thought they were at first, which they wor not, being made of iron, as I found out when I struck my crow again 'em. Well, when I found that, I went out an' stopt up the hole again, 'for fear any one would find it out upon me,' says I to myself, 'until I come to-night, and know more about it.' Well an' good, when it was dark, I came back myself, an' my commerade along id me, and we went into the same place wid a candle and a dark lantern, an' we broke the chests wid the crowbar, and what should we find in them (that's in one of 'em), but little bars like this I showed you, piled a top o' one another, a yard high—an' I declare it I think it's goold, eh? though I wouldn't give into it before strangers. There was another o' the

chests full o' candlesticks—and more of 'em wid crosses, an' cups, an' rings, an' fine shinen stones, so we took 'em all out o' that, an' buried 'em in another place, in dread the landlord, if he come to hear of it, would come on us wid the royalty o' the place, an' take every whole tote to himself. So you won't tell anybody—only af you had a friend, that would give us a little monies we'd give him a bargain—for I'm afeerd to speak to the goldsmiths in Dublin or any where, in dread he'd challenge us openly wid 'em, an' maybe all we'd get for 'em is nothing, an' to go to jail besides."

"Are you willing, then, to part with this bar which I hold in my hand?" said Shine, after some hesitation, during which he began to jingle a few old pistoles (a coin then current among others in the country) in the flapped pocket of his waistcoat—the remnant of his dividend from a late field collection.

"O, af I got anything for it that would be worth mentioning—or as much as would carry me to—"

The speaker interrupted himself in the midst of the sentence, to gaze with dilated and wondering eyes on the expanded hand of Shine, which exposed three shining pieces—at the same time that the ingot was elevated in the other in a manner which seemed to propose a choice between both to him who owned the latter. The other, fool as he was, understood the action, but appeared to dislike the bargain, for he snatched his ingot, and thrust it into his breast—shutting his eyes—and waving his head in token of refusal. Shine placed another piece in his hand—Maney again produced an ingot, and tossed it to the preacher, while he gathered with his long, knobbed fingers, the four pieces from the fat hand in which they were placed.

"It's brass, though, mind. It would ruin me av you said other-wise—an' sure 'twouldn't be the case neither."

Shine laughed, although a slight qualm troubled his conscience when he considered the great difference between the value of the article and the price which the fool had consented to take for it.

"I'll see you another time, an' I'll tell you all about the ould Abbey an uvery thing!" said Maney, as he turned to depart.

"You say you have more of these, friend Maney?" said Shine. The fool nodded an assent. "You'll find me liberal," concluded the preacher.

Shine did not at all like the expression of Maney's eyes when he said this. There was an ugly light about them which made the preacher's heart sink within him. Before he had time to digest the half-awakened inquietude, however, the back-door again opened, and Spellacy entered alone.

He took off his hat and bowed to the doctor—spoke to Maney as to one well known to him—and bade him go relieve Switzer from the care of the horses—adding something in a whisper, which did not reach the preacher's ears. Maney departed, laying his finger on his lips, in token of secrecy, as he looked at the preacher. Spellacy went into the inner room, and Shine remained in the chimney-corner, his heart fluctuating between compunction for the knavery he had been guilty of, gratification at his gain, and alarm at the recollection of Maney's parting glance; though an indifferent person could see no further inference to be deduced from it than a testimony of the great feebleness of conscious wrong, which it was in the power of natural stupidity to abash so easily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAISY TYPE.

When Amy died, the daisy she held,
In the tender clasp of her fingers,
Was blanched as the cloudy light that round
The star of the morning lingers.

When Amy slept in the holy kirk,
Where the fronds of the yew tree blossom,
The daisies rose from her virgin mould,
And flourished above her bosom.

So the flower was a type of our double life,
Our hearts to the earth are given
That our souls may rise from its dusty coil,
And blossom in endless Heaven.

A CHAPTER IN DISCOVERY



THE simplest facts of ordinary and familiar knowledge are the growth of ages of scientific labour and close research. Through a thousand errors the truth has made its way in the human mind, and now occupies the pathway of all our steps towards art, towards philosophy, towards instruction. In the old time men groped in their ignorance in the direction of natural truths and accurate knowledge, and just as often went wrong as they went right. They pursued theory rather than investigated phenomena. Now, all this is changed. Theory has no influence in the guidance of the human mind in matters which are deducible from facts. The efforts of discovery have not only facilitated the progress of knowledge on particular points, but they have given it method to facilitate it upon all possible subjects. It may be a question worthy philosophic examination, how much inaccuracy in quickness of perception, and in manner of evolution in modern discovery the human mind owes to the success of previous efforts of discovery, in branches of knowledge apparently remote from the tracks in which they pass to-day? We do not as yet know how much the mechanical arts have

derived from the solution of purely scientific problems; but we do know, that the addition to any of the facts in any department of human knowledge has been an addition to the facts of all, and has made the evolution of the undiscovered easier, by narrowing the circle which it comprehends.

The most interesting chapter in the history of merely human knowledge will be written in that which records the history of our progress, from the unknown and mysterious, to the known and familiar. It will be the most instructive, for it will reveal the foundations of the wondrous structure of actual science as they grew in the labour of the great genius, which contributed layer by layer to their erection. In comparing their development with their present proportions, we will find how much we owe to the souls of the great toilers who first inducted the labour of making us wise, and who have left us an imperishable legacy of profit in the result of their lives. Perhaps no subject could more aptly illustrate this view than that which has been the basis of the present condition of the most useful of modern sciences to humanity. The discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, gave the first impulse to medical knowledge; which made it effective as a boon and blessing to mankind, and the progress of the human mind towards truth, by slow and toilsome steps, is nowhere better exemplified.

We know now that the blood is the great source of preservation of the animal organism. It supplies the muscles with the particles of corporal matter which are necessary to the wear and tear of everyday existence. It performs the same office for each other of the parts of which the frame is composed. The bones, the nerves, the brain, the skin, the eyes, the nails, the hair, all receive their constituent substance from the blood, which has the supply for all. The manner by which it is conveyed to those parts is the phenomenon of the circulation. First, it is traced in the heart, which is divided into four chambers, two on the right side, and two on the left. The chambers on each side are situated one above the other. The two superior chambers are termed right and left auricles, the two inferior chambers are termed right and left ventricles. The right auricle opens downwards into the right ventricle, the left auricle opens downwards into the left ventricle. The blood having returned, by all the veins, which open by two great tubes into the right auricle of the heart, descends into the right ventricle, which, as it grows full, floats a valve which closes the passage of any more blood into the ventricle, until that which it contains is ejected by a tube which opens from the right ventricle into the lungs, and there subdivides into innumerable minute branches lying under a thin tissue permeable to air. Here, being supplied with oxygen, the blood becomes a bright red in colour, and passes into another set of vessels, by which it is conveyed to the left auricle, from whence it is propelled into the left ventricle, and thence it is thrown into the arteries, which carry it through all their subdivisions until their branches become invisible to the naked eye, so minute are they. Having

traced it into those very small vessels, it passes into others still smaller, and is found in what are termed the capillary vessels, which unite with the minute divisions of the veins, wherein the blood is poured to proceed to the right side of the heart again, and undergo the same process as before. From this it may be understood that arteries bring the blood *from* the heart, and by the veins it returns *to* the heart, which is the great fact of the circulation.

Seventeen centuries elapsed in the study of the animal economy until this fact was discovered. The arteries being always found empty after death and the veins being always filled with blood, it was believed that the veins alone carried the blood, and the arteries carried air only, which Galen, the father of medicine, stated to be for the purpose of cooling the blood. Besides this error, there was another taught by the Greek physician which was, that the two divisions, right and left, of the heart communicated through holes in the intervening partition. After Galen, up to the time of the Italian anatomist Vesalius, every one with any pretensions to knowledge of the animal construction, saw those openings of communication. Bereyer de Carpi indeed naively acknowledged that it was certainly very difficult to discern them, but with care they could be made out. Vesalius denied their existence at all, and after his demonstration they were no more believed to exist. However, this gave no elucidation to the manner of the circulation. Michael Servetus wrote a book on theology, in which, before the time of Harvey, he put down the following remarkable words, referring to the heart sending the blood into the lungs: "where it is agitated, prepared, changes colour, and is poured from the pulmonary artery into the pulmonary vein." From this it has been stated that Michael Servetus discovered the circulation of the blood even before the time of Harvey. However, this passage leaves serious doubts even as to whether he knew the shorter circulation which takes place in the course of the blood through the lungs. At all events, by command of John Calvin, he was burned for the theological views contained in the very book upon which his fame as an anatomical discoverer alone must rest.

For many years after the burning of Servetus there was no approach towards the development of the subject which it was said he had discovered, until the days of Realdo Colombo, who gave publication to somewhat similar views to those held by Servetus. However this may be, those views were by no means full or founded upon facts. Cesalpinus, the great botanist, is certainly the first who made use of the term "circulation of the blood," and before his time no one imagined that the veins carried blood to the tissues. He demonstrated it by the analogy of the circulation of the sap in plants. Prior to his observations it was believed that the veins had origin in the liver, as the arteries arose in the heart. Cesalpinus observed, that if a vein be tied it will swell, not between the heart and the ligature, but between the ligature and the end of the extremity. From this fact he reasoned that the blood is brought from the extremities to the heart, and thus made the nearest approach to the discovery up to his time. Still, the great fact of the circulation by the arteries, and its course into the veins, remained to be discovered. Not only that, but even the manner of the circulation between the heart and lungs, and then between the lungs and heart again, was entirely unknown. In 1574 Fabricius Acquapendente first discovered that veins had valves opening upwards, or towards the heart only, and thus perfectly demonstrated that blood could only flow towards it, and by no means flow from it through them. This was the final proof required for the course taken by the blood in the veins, but the old delusion prevailed that air only circulated in the arteries.

In forty-five years after this Harvey made the discovery of the general circulation, and in nine years afterwards taught it publicly. This was about 1628. The assertions of Harvey were instantly and ferociously attacked, and the whole of the scientific men of Europe scouted his doctrine. Not daunted by this opposition, Harvey taught his theory publicly, and, more than that, demonstrated it clearly. Crowds gathered to his school and became convinced. Factions opposition still continued, but Harvey had truth with him, and he beheld his own ideas spread until at last they were everywhere accepted, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had, beyond all doubt, made the greatest discovery in anatomy up to that time. Still, there were facts relating to the circulation which Harvey could not demonstrate. He traced the arteries to their most minute branch; he followed the veins from their most tiny

development, but he was entirely ignorant of the vessels which, lying between, connected both, bringing the blood from the arteries to the veins, and which are now known by the name of capillaries. This was another step of science, left for future demonstration and discovery, and it was effected at last, when the use of the microscope aided the anatomist. Malpighi added this to the work of those who had gone before him, and perfected the labour of Harvey by proving from indubitable facts and certain evidence, that for which the great anatomist had to rely upon the force of analogy.

In this way was made the discovery of the circulation of the blood. By such slow and hesitating steps did human science approach a great fact, co-existent and capable of demonstration from the hour of the origin of man himself. Thousands of years had passed over the world ere man, with all his pride of knowledge, grasped the evidence which God had laid before his darkened vision, and nearly two of the thousands of centuries went by from the first moment human intellect sought its revelation until it stood in the full radiance of its consciousness, enlightened and intelligent! Could there be a greater lesson taught for the reproof of our vanity of science and our arrogance of reason than this one, learned from the records of anatomy?

MADAME DE GENLIS.

"Being a woman, I will not be slack,
To play my part in fortune's pageant."

SHAKESPEARE.



ELICITE STEPHANA DUIREST DE SAINT AUBIN was born in the year 1746, near Autun, in the department of Saone et Loire, France. Though without fortune, she was distinguished on her entrance into life for her personal attractions, joined to a singular talent for music, and she soon gained introductions to several families of rank, though rather in quality of an artist than as a young lady of condition. Her situation afforded her the means of observing society before fortune enabled her to fill that rank in fashionable life to which her acquirements so justly entitled her; thus, a perfect knowledge of the forms and etiquettes of the upper classes is discernible even in her earliest productions. Her accomplishments and personal graces soon attracted the notice of several exalted individuals; but, as it frequently happens, chance was the disposer of her hand. The Count de Genlis, afterwards Marquis de Sillery, though he had never seen her, being struck with the style of a letter which accidentally fell in his way, conceived so high a sentiment of admiration for the writer, that he immediately made her an offer of marriage, and Mademoiselle de Saint Aubin became the Countess de Genlis before she had completed her fifteenth year.

Whilst her superior talent commanded the admiration of the distinguished circles in which she moved, her ardent love of study induced her to shun the court and the frivolous society connected with it, and to devote herself wholly to the cultivation of science and the arts. She was too well aware of the advantages of a cultivated understanding to neglect the education of her children. At an age when most young women of fashion think only of shining in the world, Madame de Genlis retired to the convent of Bellechasse, and devoted herself entirely to the education of her two daughters. In the year 1775, the eldest, who was then scarcely fourteen years of age, was united to the Count de Valence, but, shortly after her marriage, the young lady was attacked with a dangerous fit of illness. Madame de Genlis was thus plunged into the deepest distress and anxiety of mind, joined to the fatigue occasioned by affectionate attendance on her child, produced a change in her health, the effects of which she experienced long after her daughter's convalescence. As she suffered considerably from a pulmonary affection, her physicians prescribed the use of the Bristol waters; and, having consigned her eldest daughter to the care of her mother-in-law, she departed for England, accompanied by her second daughter, Natalie, who was then in her thirteenth year. During her residence at Bristol Madame de Genlis adopted her interesting

protégée "Pamela," of whom frequent mention is made in her writings, and who was afterwards married to Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

On her return from her first visit to England, the Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, eagerly embraced the opportunity of placing his children under the superintendence of the accomplished and beautiful Countess de Genlis. During her retirement in the convent of Bellechasse she had written several moral and entertaining dramatic pieces, which her children performed successfully in the presence of the Duchess de Chartres. She published the three first volumes of her plays in 1779, and the three last volumes appeared in January, 1780. Among the most esteemed of these little dramas we may mention "La Bonne Mere," "La Marchande de Mode," and "La Colombe." The latter contains images worthy the graceful touch of a Guido, or an Albano. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, after having perused it, addressed the following letter to the authoress, which has been quoted as highly complimentary, but which is, nevertheless, somewhat hyperbolic:—

"I am no longer a lover of nature, I leave her for you, madame, who have done more, and are worthy of higher admiration. Nature only forms bodies, but you create souls. Were mine of your happy creation I should possess the powers of pleasing, which I now want, and you would be pleased with my infidelity. Pardon, madame, this moment of transport and love. I will now speak reasonably. Your charming 'Theatre' has afforded me as much pleasure as though I were of the age to which it is dedicated. Old and young, high and low, all must study those delightful pictures in which the virtues acquired by education triumph over vice and folly. Every line bears the stamp of your heavenly mind. It appears in every scene under a different emblem, and clothed in the purest morality. Your pen is guided by a perfect knowledge of human nature, by all the charms of wit and the graces of style; and, though you have not spoken of God, yet you nevertheless make me believe in angels. You are one whom heaven has most highly endowed. In that quality, I beg you will receive my adoration; and no mortal can offer it with more sincerity."

In the same year (1780) Madame de Genlis quitted the convent of Bellechasse, and retired to a charming country house at Berey, accompanied by Mademoiselles d'Orleans and de Chartres, where she continued her literary labours with the greatest success.

Notwithstanding her numerous literary occupations and the important functions of a duty of which she acquitted herself with the most scrupulous fidelity, Madame de Genlis neglected no opportunity of serving those who stood in need of her assistance. She rescued from indigence the two grand-nephews of Racine, and procured for them a pension from the Duke d'Orleans; and the Marquis de Ducrest, her brother, having had the misfortune to lose his wife in the year 1781, she undertook the education of his son, who was then only five years of age. This is the young man whose premature death she laments in her preface to the "Tales of the Castle."

Such were the occupations of Madame de Genlis until the commencement of a revolution, the horrors of which plunged her country in ruin, and which spread its evils to the remotest corner of the civilized world. Forseeing the misfortunes that awaited France, as soon as the States General were convoked, in 1789, Madame de Genlis anxiously wished to retire with her pupils to Nice. This step met with the approval of her family; but she subsequently abandoned the design on consideration that her departure might weaken the credit of the house of Orleans, and she was too fondly attached to her pupils to be induced to separate from them on any consideration of personal safety or advantage.

Meanwhile, it was proposed that she should proceed to England; but, from time to time, various causes occasioned the journey to be postponed. At length, it was fixed in the year 1790, but on the eve of her departure, M. de Valence, her son-in-law, brought her the unexpected intelligence that the Duke of Orleans had himself set out for England during the night. Thus, Madame de Genlis was once more compelled to renounce the design, for the departure of the father would, undoubtedly, have occasioned the arrest of the children, had they attempted to quit France at that time.

The duke was absent nearly a year. A few months after his return, Madame de Genlis resigned the situation of governess to his children, and made a tour through several of the French provinces which she had not before visited. She soon, however, received letters informing her that Mademoiselle d'Orleans was dangerously

ill, and entreated that she would return to Paris without loss of time. Madame de Genlis yielded to her solicitations, and the state in which she found the young princess induced her to resume her situation, but on the express stipulation that she should immediately depart for England with her pupil.

She accordingly left Paris, in October, 1791, accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans and two other young ladies, and soon reached England in safety. She first spent three months at Bath, and next fixed her abode at Bury St. Edmunds, where she remained nine months, at the expiration of which she visited several parts of Great Britain. During one of her excursions, in 1792, she visited the delightful cottage of Llangollen, in Wales, the residence of Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.

On her return to London, Madame de Genlis received a letter from the Duke of Orleans, enjoining her to return to Paris without delay, on account of the decrees issued against the emigrants by the National Convention. She had no sooner reached Paris and restored Mademoiselle d'Orleans to the care of her father than she and her pupil were placed on the list of emigrants, and received orders to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, and to retire from the French territory. She then resolved to return to England in quest of that repose which her own country denied her; but the Duke of Orleans could not be prevailed on to permit his daughter to accompany her. However, no waiting-maid could be procured to follow Mademoiselle d'Orleans in her exile, through the fear of being placed on the list of emigrants, and the duke conjured Madame de Genlis to accompany the young princess to Flanders, and to remain with her three or four weeks at Tournay, until he could engage a proper person to supply her place. Three weeks after her arrival at Tournay, Pamela, her adopted daughter, was married to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but as the person promised by the duke had not arrived, Madame de Genlis was unable to accompany the newly-married pair as she had at first proposed.

About a month after their departure, her husband, who at the commencement of the revolution had taken the title of Marquis of Sillery, communicated to her, from Paris, the dreadful catastrophe which terminated the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. She immediately despatched a messenger entreating him to quit France; but he declared, in answer, that he would never abandon his native country, adding, that the events to which he was then a witness augmented his indifference for an existence which the crimes of his fellow-citizens rendered odious. He accordingly remained in Paris, though he had every means of escaping; but, so far from thinking of concealment, when he learned that he was proscribed by the sanguinary Robespierre, he voluntarily surrendered himself, and shortly after perished on the scaffold. His last instructions to his unfortunate wife were, that she should retire either to Ireland or Switzerland, but a serious indisposition, by which Mademoiselle d'Orleans was seized, prevented Madame de Genlis from observing the prudent counsel of her ill-fated husband.

The princess had no attendant except Madame de Genlis and her niece. Her convalescence was extremely slow, and, at the expiration of four weeks, she experienced a relapse. In this situation Madame de Genlis could not think of leaving her. Meanwhile Flanders was united to France; General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay, and, though he had no knowledge either of Madame de Genlis or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, yet he felt interested for their unfortunate situation. To have remained at Tournay, where the Austrians were momentarily expected, would have been in the last degree imprudent; and their return to France must have exposed them to certain death. Dumouriez offered them an asylum in his camp. They followed the army, but after the defection of Dumouriez, dreading the consequences, and fearing lest they should be included in the general list of fugitives, Madame de Genlis determined to depart, without loss of time, for Mons, representing herself as an Englishwoman.

After encountering many dangers, they arrived, by cross-roads, at the Austrian posts, where they passed for two English ladies, and by that means obtained passports and an escort to conduct them to Mons. Madame de Genlis was now assailed by a new misfortune. The day after her arrival at Mons she discovered that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her niece had both caught the measles; and, being unable immediately to procure a nurse, she was obliged to attend on them herself, day and night. However, in the midst of this disaster, she enjoyed the consolation of having saved the life of Mademoiselle

d'Orleans, who would infallibly have suffered for her brother's desertion, had she fallen into the hands of the French.

The delay occasioned by the indisposition of the young ladies afforded the Austrians time to discover that they were natives of France, but they, nevertheless, experienced the most generous treatment. Through the courtesy of General Mack, they obtained passports which enabled them to proceed in safety through Germany. When they arrived at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, they were joined by the Duke de Chartres, and then proceeded together to Zug, where they hired a house on the banks of the lake, at a short distance from the town.

Here, under assumed names, they enjoyed tranquillity but for a short time; for M. de Chartres was soon recognised by the French emigrants passing through the town. The magistrates, fearing lest they might incur the displeasure of the French government, politely urged the necessity of their seeking an asylum elsewhere. This unexpected occurrence convinced M. de Chartres that his presence must unavoidably prove fatal to his sister's safety, and he took leave of her to travel through Switzerland on foot. M. de Montesquieu generously procured Madame de Genlis and her two protégées a safe retreat at Bremgarten, where they all three passed for Irish ladies returning from Havre, compelled, by the troubled state of that country and the dangers of war, to return to their homes as soon as an opportunity occurred.

Madame de Genlis passed a year at Bremgarten in profound seclusion, devoting her whole attention to her pupil, and concealing from her the knowledge of her father's tragic death. Their days passed away in sadness, but not without occupation, until their repose was once more interrupted by the intrigues of their enemies, who at length forced them to quit Switzerland. She accordingly began to think on the means of procuring some other place of refuge for Mademoiselle d'Orleans, and ascertaining that the Princess de Conti, her pupil's aunt, was residing at Friburgh, she advised the princess to claim her protection, which was readily accorded. After this separation from her pupil, to whom she was most sincerely attached, her residence at Bremgarten became irksome to Madame de Genlis; and, having placed her niece under the protection of a respectable family in Holland, she thence proceeded alone to Altona. There she remained upwards of nine months, and having met her son-in-law, M. de Valence, at Hamburgh, she went to reside with him at a village about fifteen miles from that city. There she at length enjoyed repose and resumed her literary occupations, which had been so long suspended. In the year 1800, the French government called Madame de Genlis from her retreat, and granted her permission to return to her country. She thankfully embraced the opportunity of being restored to her daughter, her grand-children, and such of her friends who still survived. She ever after until her death resided at Paris, where, having been deprived of her fortune by the events of the revolution, she principally supported herself by the honourable exertion of those talents which she successfully cultivated in happier days, when they formed merely the amusement of her leisure hours.

Such are a few of the most notable incidents in the career of Madame de Genlis, than whom no example could be better cited in illustration of womanly mental capabilities and moral self-possession.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—A recent writer on this subject gives some astonishing statistics respecting this branch of manufacture. One English firm employ 400 workmen, and generally have on hand £8,000 or £10,000 worth of timber. Each week they consume 1 ton of sulphur and make 43,000,000 matches, or 2,160,000,000 in the year. Reckoning the length of a match at 2½ inches, the total length of these would exceed the circumference of the earth. Another calculation has been made, that the whole length of wax cotton wicks consumed every year by one London manufacturer in the production of "vestas," would be sufficient to reach from England to America and back again. Two makers, alone, in Bohemia, produce the amazing number of 44,800,000,000 matches yearly consuming 20 tons of phosphorus and giving employment to 600 persons. The low price at which those necessities of life are produced is equally astonishing. The cheapest boxes are sold at one penny per dozen, each containing 80 matches. Some sell the plain boxes at twopenny per hundred, and 1,400 matches for one farthing; whilst a third maker sells a case of 50 boxes, each containing 100 lucifers, for fourpence.

POL-A-PHUCA WATERFALL.

POL-A-PHUCA, or Poul-a-Phonka, situated near Rusborough, county of Wicklow, is a remarkable waterfall formed by the ponderous and rapid descent of the whole body of the river Liffey. The name signifies "The Devil's, or Dæmon's Hole," it being an immense whirlpool whose depth has never yet been ascertained. The water is drawn by a suction, the power of which nothing can resist, to the edge of a craggy precipice, where the rocks are divided into several distinct falls, in the manner of a stair-case. The breadth of the opening through which the water falls is but forty feet, and the height of the entire, from the upper stage beyond the bridge to the lower level, about one hundred and eighty. The quantity of water is not generally sufficient to confer grandeur on the scene, but after rainy weather it presents a noble picture; the mass of water is then considerable, and the fall of such a quantity over a declivity of this kind is a magnificent object; the roaring of the cataract may be heard at a distance of some miles. The abyss into which the water is precipitated from such a height exhibits the appearance of a frightful vortex, into which all bodies that come down the stream are attracted with astonishing force and velocity. The perpetual agitation of the water in this whirlpool, which is circular, forms an eddy which has been compared to the celebrated Maelstrom, or "Navel of the Sea," off the coast of Norway—a phenomenon which it was once supposed no vessel dare approach, lest the indraught should bury the unfortunate navigators in the abyss.

Pol-a-Phuca bridge consists of one Gothic or pointed arch, springing from rock to rock across the chasm through which the water rushes. The span of the arch is sixty-five feet, and the key-stone is one hundred and eighty feet above the level of the river; there is a natural basin beneath the arch, in which it is said an unhappy tourist once met his fate, having fallen from the rock above.

Mr. Brewer, in reference to this waterfall, says: "this cataract is unquestionably the most picturesque and pleasing of any with which we are acquainted in the county of Wicklow. The single burst of the fall at Powerscourt produces astonishment in an unusual degree, and many adjacent circumstances are truly attrac-

tive. But Pol-a-phuca does not depend on a first impression for its influence over the feelings; its charms give greater exercise to the imagination, and afford a variety of pictures, independent of the general display."

IRISH MANUFACTURES.

THE Woollen Manufacture of Ireland was very early celebrated. In the time of Edward III., in 1327, Irish friezes were freely imported into England from Dublin, duty free. Even in Italy,

in the year 1357, at a time when the woollens of that country had attained a high degree of perfection, and sumptuary laws were enacted to restrain luxury in dress, Irish serges were in demand, and imported. In the year 1673, Sir W. Temple, at the request of Lord Essex, then Viceroy of Ireland, published a formal overture for relinquishing the woollen trade, except in the lower branches, that it might not interfere with that of England, urging the superior fitness of this country for the linen trade.

Immediately after the cessation of the disturbances in Ireland, in 1688, the woollen manufacture was established to a considerable extent in the Liberties of Dublin. The Coombe, Pimlico, Spitalfields, and the Weavers'-square were then built, and soon became the residence of all that was opulent and respectable in the city. What a contrast the Liberty now presents! The Silk Manufacture is generally supposed to have been introduced by the French refugees, and established in the Liberty of Dublin, shortly after their arrival in this city. In the year 1764, an act was passed, placing it

under the direction of the Dublin Society. To encourage the manufacture, the Society immediately established an Irish Silk Warehouse in Parliament street, and the management of it was placed under the superintendence of persons annually returned by the corporation of weavers, to examine the quality of the goods sent in by manufacturers, to whom the Dublin Society paid a premium, or discount of five per cent. on all sales made in the house. But this source of encouragement was done away by an act of Parliament, by which the Dublin Society was prohibited from maintaining any house in which Irish silk goods were sold by wholesale or retail. From that time the Irish Silk Warehouse declined.





ARMOYN ROUND TOWER.

Firm was their faith, the ancient bands,
The wise in heart, in wood and stone,
Who rear'd with stern and trusting hands
The dark grey towers of days unknown.

ON the Antrim coast, within about four miles of Ballycastle and one of Kenbaan Head, stands the remains of the Round Tower of Armoyn. About thirty-four feet of this ancient structure is still in a tolerable good state of preservation. It differs in some respects from the three other towers to be met with in the same county, Antrim, Trummery, and Ram's Island.

The Round Towers were a prodigious puzzle to antiquarians. Quires of paper tall as a tower, have been covered with as much ink as might form a Liffey, in accounting for their origin and use. They have been assigned to the dark rites of Paganism—to the mystic *arcana* of Druidism—said to be temples of the fire worshippers—standings of the pillar worshippers—Christian belfries—military towers of the Danish invaders—defensive retreats for the clergy, from the sudden inroads of the ruthless Norman. But all these clever and recondite conjectures were completely overthrown, and the real nature of these Round Towers clearly explained, in a Prize Essay, presented to the Royal Irish Academy, by Dr. Petrie. Sixty-five of these extraordinary constructions have been discovered

and described in Ireland. There are generally the marks of five or six stories in each tower; the doors are from thirteen to twenty feet from the ground, and so low, that none can enter except by stooping.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIII.

YOU'RE very fond of tea; have another cup; here's a capital brew." Mr. John Ashby was a dull man. Mr. Namby had laid it down as a rule that no man can understand how any friend should be in love with his sister. Mr. Faversham was not talkative over the breakfast-table at any time, but on the morrow of his visit to Jamaica Lodge he was even less inclined than usual to have what Mr. Jack called "a jaw."

"Now, pray, don't be as clever as you can, Jack, Namby is bad enough; but Namby and water is unendurable. Besides, I want to read."

Mr. Jack had a great respect for Mr. Faversham, and was not inclined to laugh when this splendid individual put on a magnificent doctor's robe, tapped his clouded brow, and appeared to be tortured by speculations too deep for words. The advantages of a reputation, which has been won by hard fighting, are full of honest, fascinating enjoyment. The table-land at the top of the mountain is fresh, the fresher and more delectable when from its even brightness the climber looks down the mountain side, because his eye can follow the dangerous points of the winding path by which he has ascended. An intellectual Alpine club

would be a gathering of very merry gentlemen; indeed, have we not such clubs, and among the wisest and wittiest London, Dublin, or Edinburgh can boast? The profoundest doctors have here met as British lions, with a great lion's head above the chairman's seat,

singing and disporting themselves like undergraduates. The naturalist has laid aside his fossil bones, and given his "lip full of song," the comic words by himself. No merrier company than another club I have in my mind, where every member has a banner of some kind behind his chair. Here have I heard a certain happy song sung about the Rev. Dr. Blank, by a voice thousands would give their ears to hear; and here, again, have been heard how

"That very wise head, old Æsop, said,
The bow must be sometimes loose."

From the long, anxious hours in the laboratory; from the desk, over which the midnight oil has burned lighting on an aching head; from the easel, with six hundred guineas' worth of art upon it; from the unfinished marble that seemed to warm into life under the chisel of a great and generous hand; from sick beds, or wealthy museums, from the judgment-seat, doffing the coif or the doctor's cap, enter, to range about a comfortable table, a troop of gallant boys, aye, Mr. Secretary, genial and apt for any wise fun that may be in store. Bold-fronted twenty-five is permitted a passage of arms with a prince of science. Have at it, youngster; the professor is no higher placed than you are to-night. These loosenings of the bow owe their charm to the fact that the bow has been tightly strung, and has done great things. They are as unlike the coarse and tame jovialities of habitual, and aimless, and empty-pated roysterers as wit is unlike buffoonery. There is a dangerous medium between the two extremes, in which hundreds of cultivated students are lost. When the young spirits of men, who have the power lying in them that might make their memory sweet to far-off generations, carry them prematurely from the study to the club, there is danger in the charms of social intercourse. Hours are given to the laugh and song that belong to duty. Holidays that have not been earned are taken. Mornings of repentance spoil even the little work that might be still done. The mind loses its moral force; the brain its strength. It was against this tendency that Mr. Faversham was battling. He had resolved to be of some account in the history of his time. He would win and wear the crown. He! Alas! how many men have made the resolve; spent long hours over the plan of the fight; wearied themselves over the disposition of the ground; and, then, have not shown when the field might have been theirs.

It was natural that, on the morrow of his visit to Jamaica Lodge, Mr. Faversham should feel that he had given no hostages to Fortune. He had had a fair education; he had parts; he had a good position; and his father had strong friends. The profession in which he was embarked was an honourable one, and had great prizes in it. The parental advice he had received was sound. He had been assured that, without study, the more brilliant capacity would avail little. He had held to a hope that he might achieve literary distinction; and that, by this distinction, he might override the barriers which lie between the man who is eating his terms and the Q.C. in highly lucrative practice. Great names had dazzled him. On the morrow of his visit to Jamaica Lodge he understood how he had been dazzled. There was something fluttering under his waistcoat; and that seemed to pipe small sweet notes in his ear. He might not listen to the music. The years he had wasted in sad unrest, planning and re-planning, disposing his weapons, and marshalling his forces, should have been given to downright work. And, after all his craft and cunning, there he sat, with only "Book the First, Chapter I." upon his page. Had he been able to bear himself with the "certain step of man," having something on his banner, he could have listened to the sweet, faint notes that vibrated in his ear. "But, the idle dandelion!" he cried, "the weak and wavering one, unstable as sand, moved by a wind that doesn't bend an ear of corn; dispirited, when I should be determined; I shall never excel." It would not have appeared to a passing and disinterested observer that, in the evening Mr. Faversham had spent with the Ashbys, anything had happened that justified this unpleasant self-inspection. How little a stranger, dropped by accident into an intimate social circle, knows about that which passes under his eyes! A stale courtesy is paid that he heeds not, yet it implies a quarrel made up, or an assent that shapes the course of two lives. The wife addresses a kind word to the husband; it is the first warmth after a month's enmity and silence. A tragedy may lie under the smiles and compliments. The stranger may be enjoying the comfort of which he is partaking, and there

may be creditors barking in every street around about. Jack Ashby in his father's house remarked no sign or hint that should arouse his curiosity; nor did the parent Ashbys; yet Mr. Faversham had been greatly agitated. A question he had been putting to himself many days, and which he had not been able to answer, had returned to him and demanded an answer in a much more authoritative manner. Hence his self-questioning, and his melancholy conclusions. He had experienced many little heart-aches. The rapid dreams of boyhood had dwelt on many a flower destined for other keeping and nurture than his. His pinafore-loves had vanished, and it was no pain to him that they worshipped at other shrines and had forgotten the days when they worked purses for him, and preferred his company to that of any other of the boys at pic-nics. His pocket-money had paid for valentines to fairies who had been won by other princes; and who would have wondered at his impudence and vanity had he reminded them that time was when they deigned to blush at his worst words. Those were the days when the goddess of the heart perpetually tripped it in the woods; plucked flowers by purling streams, and, when there was to be music, light and happy maiden's laughter always. There were to be two enchanted beings in the world, and nought beside, save that which was to minister to their perpetual bliss. Housekeeping, butcher's bills, drabs of servants who would not be civil, requests for money that was not at hand, children, measles, whooping-coughs, frowning mothers-in-law, and angry fathers had no place in these boy's and girl's visions.

I have a bouncing boy, ripening in his fifth year, with an open face where laughter eddies in fifty dimples. It may be that these are precocious days. All I can answer for is, that he has his little penchant, his innamorata, in her mittens and trousers, who is never out of her nurse's sight. She wears her hair thrown in a golden stream over her tiny shoulders, and bound with a blue riband. Yesterday my young lord would not eat his dinner until his hair had, in like manner, been bound with blue. He talks of giving all his lead soldiers (which I bought him last year) to her. I cannot tell whither the extravagance of his passion may lead him. I don't believe his rocking-horse is safe. Should he elope with her in his perambulator! I must bid nurse keep a sharp eye on the young reprobate. If he get over this—he will (I have made up my mind to it) pass through stages of schoolboy and schoolgirl love. I shall find some of the rascal's love letters written in round-hand. Then he will have a *grande passion*—long before he wears his first coat. Well, what will scolding do? Flirtations at balls, by the sea-side, at the table d'hôte when he goes to Germany with me, while I am discussing with his mamma what he is fit for.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE OLD VIOLIN.

OLD violin, sweet friend and love,
The world is dark; we're growing old;
The light is vanishing above,
No more I see your strings of gold.
The love-knots which our Ellen tied
Around your carved neck long ago,
Have faded in the friendless tide
Of summer heat and winter snow.
Old violin,
Dear violin,
Companion of my wanderings,
Your golden moans,
Your plaintive tones,
Plume memory with radiant wings.

The sunny fields thro' which we've strayed,
The woods we've sought from sun and rain,
The pebbled brook and chestnut glade,
Like blessed phantoms fill my brain.
Our welcomes as, at set of sun,
From purple heaths and hills forlorn,

The villagers with labour done
 Came dancing thro' the yellow corn.
 Old violin,
 Dear violin,
 Once more like laughter touch my ears,
 Once more arise
 And fill my eyes
 With floods of unavailing tears.

How often, in those olden times,
 When shadows folded all the east,
 And the white chapel's pious chimes
 Told sweetly for the rural feast,
 Have you and I, in happy trance,
 One green field from the dusty road,
 Seen the brown groups of harvest dance
 Till brows were red and ringlets flowed !
 Old violin,
 Dear violin,
 Even now, with blinded eyes, I see
 The roses red
 That twined your head,
 The brown ale foaming at my knee.

Solace of my declining life,
 Heaven blessed us with tranquillity,
 In all the moods of peace and strife,
 No pair could more contented be.
 We left the monarchs, crowned above,
 To act their wise or foolish parts,
 And, with our strains inspired by love,
 Ruled the great universe of hearts.
 Old violin,
 Dear violin,
 Tho' fame and fortune could not last,
 We have no fears
 For coming years,
 And no repentings for the past !

AN IRISH BARD.



HE ancient Irish possessed ample stores in their native language, capable of captivating the fancy, enlarging the understanding, and improving the heart. Our country, from an early period, was famous for the cultivation of the kindred arts of poetry and music. Lugad, the son of Ith, is called in old writings, "the first poet of Ireland," and there still remains, after a lapse of three thousand years, fragments of his poetry. After him, but before the Christian era, flourished Royné File, or the poetic, and Ferceirte, a bard and herald. Lúgar and Congal lived about the time of our Redeemer, and many of their works are extant. The "*Dinn Seanchas*," or history of noted places in Ireland, compiled by Amergin Mac Amalgaid, in the year 544, relates that in the time of Geide, monarch of Ireland, "the people deemed each other's voices sweeter than the warblings of a melodious harp, such peace and concord reigned among them that no music could delight them more than the sound of each other's voice." There is an ancient Gaelic poem which used to be sung in the Highlands of Scotland, in which the poet addresses a very old harp, and asks what has become of its former lustre ? The harp replies, that it had belonged to a king of Ireland, and had been present at many a royal banquet ; and had afterwards been in the possession of Dargo, son of the druid of Baal—of Gaul—of Filan, etc., etc. Such are a few facts regarding the Bards of Ireland before the inhabitants were converted to the profession of the Christian faith.

The introduction of Christianity gave a new and more exalted direction to the powers of poetry. Among the numerous bards

who dedicated their talents to the praises of the Deity, the most distinguished are Feich, the bishop ; Amergin, Cinfaela, the learned, who revised the "*Uraicept*," or "Primer of the Bards," preserved in the "Book of Ballimote," and in the library of Trinity College, Dublin ; and many others, the mention of whose names might be tedious. Passing by many illustrious bards whose poetic fragments are still preserved, we may mention Mac Liag, secretary and biographer of the famous monarch, Brian Borumha, and whose poems on the death of his royal master are given in Mr. Hardiman's "*Irish Minstrelsy*."

For two centuries after the invasion of Henry II. the voice of the muse was but feebly heard in Ireland. The bards fell with their country, and like the captive Israelites hung their untuned harps on the willows. They might exclaim, with the royal psalmist,

"Now while our harps were hanged soe,
 The men, whose captives then we lay,
 Did on our griefs insulting goe,
 And more to grieve us thus did say :
 You that of musique make such show,
 Come, sing us now a Sion lay ;
 Oh no, we have nor voice nor hand,
 For such a song in such a land !"

But the spirit of patriotism at length aroused the bards from their slumbers, and many men of genius started up throughout Ireland. A splendid list of names could be given, but mere names would not interest the reader. In fact, the language itself is so adapted for poetry that it may almost be said to *make* poets. Its pathetic powers have been long celebrated. "If you plead for your life, plead in Irish," is a well-known adage. But we proceed to give a more detailed account of Carolan, a bard whose name is familiar to every Irishman.

Turlough O'Carolan was born about the year 1670, at a place called Newton, near Nobber, in the county of Meath. Though gifted with a natural genius for music and poetry, he evinced no precocious disposition for either. He became a minstrel by accident, and continued it more through choice than necessity. Respectably descended, possessing no small share of Milesian pride, and entertaining a due sense of his additional claims as a man of genius, he was above playing for hire and always expected, and invariably received, that attention which he deserved. His visits were regarded as favours conferred, and his departure never failed to occasion regret. In his eighteenth year he was deprived of sight by the small-pox, and this apparently severe calamity was the beginning of his career as one of the principal bards of Ireland.

Near his father's house was a moat or rath, in the interior of which one of the fairy queens, or "good people," was believed by the country folks to hold her court. This moat was the scene of many a boyish pastime with his youthful companions ; and after he became blind, he used to prevail on some of his family or neighbours to lead him to it, where he would remain for hours together stretched listlessly before the sun. He was often observed to start up suddenly, as if in a fit of ecstasy, occasioned, as it was firmly believed, by the preternatural sights which he witnessed. In one of these raptures he called hastily on his companions to lead him home, and when he reached it he sat down immediately to his harp, and in a little time played and sung the air and words of a sweet song addressed to Bridget Cruise, the object of his earliest and tenderest attachment. So sudden and so captivating was it, that it was confidently attributed to fairy inspiration, and to this day the place is pointed out from which he desired to be led home. From that hour he became a poet and a musician.

A singular anecdote, highly illustrative of the romantic tendency of his first love may be here mentioned. He once went on a pilgrimage to a cave located on an island situated on Lough Dearg, in the county Donegal. On returning to shore he found several persons waiting for the boat in which he had been conveyed to the spot. In his kind assistance to help some of these pilgrims into the boat, he happened to take the hand of a female, and suddenly exclaimed, "*Dar lama mo chardais Cris*" (This is the hand of Bridget Cruise). He was not deceived : it was the hand of her who had engaged his youthful affections, and whose image had been so deeply engraved in his heart.

Though Carolan passed a wandering and restless life, there is

nothing on which we can lay our finger as very extraordinary or singular. He seldom stirred out of the province of Connaught, where he was such a universal favourite that messengers were continually after him inviting him to one or other of the houses of the principal inhabitants, his presence being regarded as an honour and a compliment. The number of his musical pieces, to almost all of which he composed verses, is said to have exceeded two hundred. But though he was such a master of his native language, he was but indifferently acquainted with the English, of which we will give the reader a specimen, reminding him, however, that though it may appear ludicrous to him, it is the composition of a man not unworthy of ranking with some of the first poets of the past or present age. A young lady of the name of Featherstone, who did not understand Irish, being anxious to have some verses to his own fine air, the "Devotion," he gave her the following:—

"On a fine Sunday morning devoted to be
Attentive to a sermon that was ordered for me,
I met a fresh rose on the road by decree,
And though prayer was my notion, my devotion was *she*.
Welcome, fair lily, white and red,
Welcome was every word we said.
Welcome, bright angel of noble degree,
I wish you would love, and that I were with thee;
I pray don't frown at me with mouth or with eye,—
So I told the fair maiden, with heart full of glee,
Tho' prayer was my notion, my devotion was *she*."

Carolan died in 1738, at Alderford, the house of his old and never-failing patroness, Mrs. M'Dermott. Feeling his end approaching, he called for his harp and played his well-known "Farewell to Music," in a strain of tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. His last moments were spent in prayer, until he calmly breathed his last, at the age of about sixty-seven years. Upwards of sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, and a vast concourse of country people assembled to pay the last mark of respect to their favourite bard, one whose death caused such a chasm in the bardic annals of Ireland. But he lives in his own deathless strains; and while the charms of melody hold their sway over the human heart, the name of Carolan will be revered.

Thomas Furlong, the translator of Carolan's "Remains," and other ancient relics, was born in the county of Wexford. His father was a respectable farmer. Our poet was born in the year 1794, at a place called Scarawalsh, a romantic part of the country, midway between Ferns and Enniscorthy. His education qualified him for a counting-house, and, at fourteen, he was apprenticed to a respectable trader in the Irish metropolis. The ledger, however, had less attraction for him than the muses; yet, though he "lisp'd in numbers," he did not let his passion for poetry interfere with his more important duties. This is a feature in his character which should not be overlooked. Through life he retained the friendship of his employer; and when that gentleman died, Furlong vented his feelings in a poem.

Furlong certainly escaped much of the miseries of a poet's life. He either had more common sense, or Providence better guided him, for his career, though short, does not exhibit any of those wild and wayward vagaries, which, at one and the same time, interest and pain us in reading the lives of some of the children of song. During the most valuable part of his life he was in the employment of Mr. Jameson, an eminent distiller in Dublin—a man of enlarged and liberal views—and it reflects great credit both on the poet and his employer, that Mr. Jameson wept like a child on the day of Furlong's funeral. Furlong was a large contributor to the "New Monthly Magazine," and he projected, in 1822, the "New Irish Magazine," which was printed in Dublin. During the years 1825 and 1826, he was employed occasionally in writing the "Doom of Derrenzie," a descriptive poem, which was published after his death by Robins, of London. The poem was warmly eulogised by his friend, the Rev. Charles Maturin, with whom he had long been on habits of the closest intimacy. When his aid was first solicited (as Mr. Hardiman tells us in his "Irish Minstrelsy") to undertake the translation of Carolan, he at first smiled at the idea of finding anything of merit extant in the Irish language. But inspection convinced him

that he was labouring under the common prejudice of the day, and his fine taste soon appreciated the worth of those old relics.

Furlong died in the year 1827, in the thirty-third year of his age. He thus did not live long enough for the expansion of his powers or the maturing of his intellect; but he has left behind him proof sufficient that he was a poet of no mean order. He was interred in the church-yard of Drumcondra, near Dublin, and over his grave, which lies near that of the celebrated antiquarian Grose, his friends have erected a handsome monument.

MacCabe, a contemporary and friend of Carolan, composed an elegy on the occasion of his decease, which has thus been translated by Furlong:

"Woe is my lot—unremitting woe;
Idly and wildly in my grief I rave;
Thy song, my Turlough, shall be sung no more;
Through festive halls no more thy strains shall flow;
The thrilling music of thy harp is o'er;
The hand that waked it moulders in the grave.

I start at dawn, I mark the country's gloom;
O'er the green hills a heavy cloud appears;
Aid me, kind Heaven, to bear my bitter doom,
To check my murmurs, and restrain my tears.

How desolate, how lonely are my days!
At night sleep comes not to these wearied eyes;
Nor beams one hope, my sinking heart to raise,
In Turlough's grave each hope that cheer'd me lies.

Oh! ye blest spirits, dwelling with your God,
Hymning his praise as ages roll along,
Receive my Turlough in your bright abode,
And bid him aid you in your sacred song."

ARCHITECTURE



ARCHITECTURE is divisible into a number of different branches, according to the styles adopted by the various nations practising it, and according to the several eras in which it has been practised. An intelligent French writer on architecture, of the present day, gives us the following enumeration:—Egyptian, Indian, Persian, Phœnician, Hebrew, Chinese, Greek, Roman, and Gothic, to which list may be added the Etruscan, the Moorish, or Saracenic, the Saxon, and the English. With regard to epochs, the characteristics arising from these may be ranged under four great heads, namely, ancient architecture, that of the lower empire, that of the middle ages, and modern architecture.

By the means of architecture we are furnished with a test from which may be inferred the comparative cultivation and progress of intellect between man arrived at a high state of civilization and his ruder forefathers; and the opinion of Plato should not be forgotten, that even the study of politics and legislation began with the building of cities. The lofty and stupendous pyramids, obelisks, and temples of Egypt, bear witness to the truth of history and tradition which represent the grandeur and numerical strength of the ancient dwellers on the banks of the Nile. The relics of ancient Athens attest the veracity of those authors who attributed to its population a refined and elegant taste, and an unsurpassable perception of beauty and harmony.

Great caution must be observed in speculating on the state of this art among the nations of antediluvian celebrity. It may, we think, safely be conceded that they did possess a system of architecture, but it was probably of a very rude and unsophisticated description.

Anciently, men lived in woods and inhabited caves, but in time,

taking example, perhaps from birds, who with great industry built their nests, they made themselves huts. At first they made these huts, very probably, of a conic figure; because that is a figure of the simplest structure; and, like the birds whom they imitated, composed them of branches of trees, spreading them wide at the bottom, and joining them in a point at the top; covering the whole with reeds, leaves, and clay, to screen them from tempests and rain. But, finding the conic figure inconvenient on account of its inclined sides, they changed both the form and construction of their huts, giving them a cubical figure, and building them in the following manner: having marked out the space to be occupied by the hut, they fixed in the ground several upright trunks of trees, to form the sides, filling the intervals between them with branches closely interwoven and covered with clay. The sides being thus completed, four large beams were placed on the upright trunks, which, being well joined at the angles, kept the sides firm, and likewise served to support the covering or roof of the building, composed of many joists, on which were laid several beds of reed, leaves, and clay.

Insensibly mankind improved in the art of building and invented methods to make their huts lasting and handsome, as well as convenient. They took off the bark and other unevennesses from the trunks of trees that formed the sides; raised them, probably, above the dirt and humidity, on stone; and covered each of them with a flat slab or slate to keep off the rain. The spaces between the end of the joists were closed with clay, wax, or some other substance; and the end of the joists covered with thin boards cut in the manner of triglyphs. The position of the roof was likewise altered; for being, on account of its flatness, unfit to throw off the rains that fell in great abundance during the winter season, they raised it in the middle, giving it the form of a gable roof, by placing rafters on the joists, to support the earth and other materials that composed the covering.

From this simple construction the orders of architecture took their rise. For, when buildings of wood were set aside, and men began to erect solid and stately edifices of stone, they imitated the parts which necessity had introduced into the primitive huts; inasmuch that the upright trees, with the stones at each end of them, were the origin of columns, bases, and capitals; and the beams, joists, rafters, and strata of materials that formed the covering, gave birth to architraves, friezes, triglyphs, and cornices, with the corona, the mutules, the modillions, and the dentails.

The first buildings were, in all likelihood, rough and uncouth, as the men of those times had neither experience nor tools; but when, by long experience and reasoning upon it, the artists had established certain rules, had invented many instruments, and, by great practice, had acquired a facility in executing their ideas, they made quick advances towards perfection, and at length discovered certain manners of building which succeeding ages have regarded with the highest veneration.

Perhaps the earliest cultivators of architecture, as a fine art, were the Assyrians, whose empire was founded by Nimrod, the builder of far-famed Nineveh. From Assyria the arts passed into Egypt, one of the most ancient nations in the world, and to which, it is probable, we may fairly attribute the rise of the habits and pursuits of cultivated life into a tangible and definite form. The Egyptians were ignorant of the construction of the arch, and were consequently compelled to provide for its absence by an accumulation of clumsy pillars and heavy architraves, extremely offensive to the eye of a just taste.

The different kinds of edifices peculiar to the Egyptians are the subterranean grotto, the pyramid, the obelisk, the labyrinth, that immense collection of halls of which Herodotus, Pliny, and Strabo, have left us descriptions; the monolithic chamber (constructed of a single stone), and their stupendous temples covered with hieroglyphics, paintings, and sculptures, and preceded by ranges of carved animals, of sphinxes, or of obelisks.

It is in the country of its origin that these colossal wonders, the pyramids are situated. The largest of the three, which is some leagues distant from Cairo, forms a square, each side of whose base is 660 feet, its external circuit being, therefore, 2,640 feet, and is nearly 500 in height.

The monuments of ancient Indian architecture which remain to gratify the ardent spirit of inquiry awake at the present period, consist chiefly of excavations from the rock. Of this description we

meet with spacious halls and lofty columns, and solemn temples, constructed in such a manner as to excite in the beholder the strongest emotions of admiration and surprise. One of the most remarkable specimens of these Indian excavations is to be found in the little island of Elephanta; perhaps so called from the circumstance of an elephant of black stone, of the size of life, being encountered near the landing-place. The elevated situation of this temple, wrought in a hill of stone, and approached through a quiet and solemn valley, is very striking and impressive. It forms nearly a square of from 130 to 135 feet, and is about fourteen feet and a half in its interior height. The roof is supported by ranges of columns, disposed with sufficient regularity; and upon the walls gigantic figures are sculptured in relief.

The ruins of ancient Persian architecture, although they do not indicate any great superiority as products of art, are yet remarkable when we consider the former greatness and splendour of the empire in which they were erected. The most distinguished are those of Persepolis, once famous for containing a magnificent palace, the relics of which for a long while comprised forty pillars or columns, and were thence denominated by the inhabitants of the country "chehul minar," or "tashil minar," i. e. the palace of forty columns. They are constructed of a species of deep gray marble, very hard, which is susceptible of a beautiful polish, and thence becomes almost black. These noble ruins are now the shelter of birds and beasts of prey.

Our next inquiry into the earlier stages of architecture leads us to take a glance at the productions of the Phœnicians. This primitive people, who possessed the arts of civilization at an extremely remote epoch, had several large cities, famous for their riches, manufactures, and extended commerce. There is reason for supposing that the Phœnician architects were much in the habit of employing timber instead of stone, Mount Lebanon, among other places, furnishing them with an abundant supply of the former material; and hence we are led to a consideration of Hebraic architecture, inasmuch as Phœnician artists were, doubtless, engaged in the building of Solomon's temple, a great portion of which was, in all probability, constructed of wood.

The Hebrews, or Israelites, acquired a considerable degree of civilization during their residence in Egypt. After their deliverance from captivity, it was suggested to them to construct a place which they might dedicate to the worship of God. Owing to the necessity prescribed by their wandering kind of life, this assumed the shape of a spacious tent, and was denominated the tabernacle. The whole structure, according to the best authorities, covered a space of 100 biblical cubits, by 50 cubits wide; and the enclosure, five cubits high, was formed of wooden columns with brass bases, and silver capitals, having curtains of tapestry suspended between them. These columns were sixty in number; twenty on each side, which lay north and south, and ten on each end, which faced the east and west. The Jews used this moveable temple for a length of time after the conquest of Palestine.

Under the reign of Solomon the grand temple was erected, preparations for which had been made by David, that monarch's father.

The summit of Mount Moriah formed a plain of 36,310 square feet. He began by levelling the top and sides of the mountain, against which was afterwards built a wall of freestone 400 cubits high. The circumference of the mountain at the foot was 3,000 cubits. Upon the plain was built the temple, divided like the tabernacle, into two divisions, by a partition of cedar. Under the second, or the sanctuary, it appears they preserved the treasures of the temple. The exterior walls of the temple were of stone, squared at right angles, and ornamented with the figures of cherubims, palm-leaves, flowers, etc., sculptured probably in the stone, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The roof was covered with plates of gold, and in the interior decorated in the richest manner; the Hebrews following the custom at that time of all civilized people in ornamenting their temples, used a great quantity of gold and precious stones. Besides this temple, Solomon erected many other works, as the walls of Jerusalem, several public granaries, stables, etc.

Of Chinese architecture, the original types and models appear to have been pavilions or tents, and evidences of this derivation are constantly visible in almost all their buildings. The materials chiefly employed by them are various kinds of wood, together with bricks and tiles, burnt or dried in the sun. But the most gigantic work

of Chinese architecture is their celebrated wall, compared with which those of the Picts, the Romans, etc., sink into great inferiority. This stupendous fabric exceeded 2,000 miles in length, and comprised 45,000 towers. We must not omit noticing, likewise, the science and mechanical skill displayed in the laying out of their canals, as well as in the construction of their bridges. But, taken altogether, there is little to recommend this light and weak style to the eye of the enlightened connoisseur.

Cadmus, who flourished about 1,500 years before the Christian era, is reported to have introduced the arts and sciences into Greece, between 500 and 600 years after the building of the walls of Babylon. He built a city called, after the celebrated one in Egypt, Thebes, and it is not at all probable that he was satisfied with borrowing merely the name. The kingdoms of Athens, Argos, Sparta, and Thebes, were successively founded by Cecrops, Cadmus, Inach, etc.

Art having begun to shed its beams steadily over these distinguished, though at first unimportant, colonies, their radiance was soon diffused throughout the whole country, and a taste gradually sprung up, the correctness and loveliness of which has been subscribed to by all subsequent ages; and which, not seeking to astonish by gigantic and useless productions, selected the choicest materials of preceding styles, and founded thereon that exact proportion, that perfect harmony of parts, which soon rendered the disciples of the Egyptians as completely their masters as ours.

The principal orders in the Grecian architecture are the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian; each of which shall be considered in course. To these may be added the use of the arch.

The first material used by the Greeks in their sacred buildings was timber; next brick, the art of making which they learned from the Egyptians; subsequently stone was employed, as in the temple of Apollo, built by Amphiction; and, ultimately, the most enduring as well as the most beautiful of all substances applied to the purpose was abundantly introduced, namely marble.

Almost coeval with the rise and progress of architecture in Greece is the formation of the Etruscan school. The Etruscans are by some antiquarians said to have been originally a Grecian colony; and to have received, as a matter of course, the arts and sciences from the parent state.

In the most ancient specimens of this school we find abundant use made of the arch, the construction of which was evidently well known to their architects. Their columns differed in shape and proportion from those of any other nation; and Vitruvius has awarded to them the honour of having formed a new order, which, however, is only a variation, and by no means an improvement on the Grecian Doric.

In noticing the best examples of Roman architecture, produced at its most flourishing period, we observe, in addition to the square plans of the Greeks, circular temples crowned with domes. The Corinthian order was evidently the favourite one, and was practised with great skill and success, particularly when not tortured into their own modification of it—the Composite.

The most prominent features of the pure Grecian style are invention, elegance, and a severe beauty, at the same time not destitute of richness, which have left to succeeding ages the finest models for imitation. If we turn to the Roman school which succeeded it, we are struck by the display of splendour, vastness of extent, carelessness of expense, and redundancy of ornament. The triumphal arches of the Romans constitute a leading feature in their architecture. In the designing of these nothing was overlooked which might tend to perpetuate the fame of the conquerors.

The Saracens, in their buildings in Egypt, appeared to have availed themselves, in a very small degree only, of the style of the aboriginal inhabitants. Their style may be justly regarded as the immediate precursor of the Gothic, and is distinguished by the lofty boldness of its vaultings; the slenderness of its columns; the peculiar mixed form of its curves; the variety of its capitals and the immense profusion of its ornaments. The greatest peculiarity, however, lies in the small clustered pillars and pointed arches, formed by the segments of two intersecting circles. The genuine style of Gothic architecture is grand, characteristic, and impressive. What it wants in chasteness and simplicity is made up by solemnity, and a grace peculiarly its own. The elements of this style are spires, pinnacles, lofty-pointed windows, and elevation, as opposed to the horizontal line of the Greeks.

Of the progress of the science of architecture in Ireland, we shall have occasion to speak more at length in an early number.

The Doric order obtained its name from the Dorians, a nation of ancient Achaia, from whom it unquestionably received those parts and proportions, by means of which it has been distinguished from subsequent orders. The character of the Doric is robust and masculine, and it has hence been termed the Herculean order. From its peculiar character, this order is well calculated for town-halls, gates of cities, and other public buildings destined for purposes of utility rather than ornament. Among the ancients it was almost uniformly executed without a base. However this be, persons of good taste will grant, that a base gives a graceful turn to the column, but is likewise of real use, serving to keep it firm on its plane; and that if columns without bases are now set aside, it is a mark of the wisdom of our architects, rather than an indication of their being governed by prejudice, as some adorers of antiquity would insinuate.

The following are the proportions of the principal parts of this order. The whole height of the entire order is divided into five equal parts, one of which is the height of the pedestal; and the remaining four, which are assigned to the column and entablature, are likewise to be divided into five. One of these belongs to the entablature, and the remaining four being divided into eight equal parts, one of them will be the inferior diameter of the column.

The Ionic order is said to have been first used in the temple of Diana at Ephesus. This column is more slender and graceful than the Doric. Its ornaments are in a style of composition partaking at once of the plainness of the latter and the richness of the Corinthian. Its general effect is that of simple elegance.

The proportions of the principal parts of the Ionic columns are as follow: the height of the entire order is divided into five equal parts. One of these parts is assigned to the height of the pedestal; and the remaining four are divided into five, for the column and entablature. One of these is appropriated to the entablature, and the remaining four are for the column, including its capital and base. These four being divided into equal parts, one is assigned for the inferior diameter. The cornice is fifty-four minutes in height, and its projection the same. The drip in the under side of the corona is channelled out one minute deep, and two minutes from the front; and before the cyma reversa one minute.

The shaft of the column is sometimes fluted, and sometimes plain. Twenty, or twenty-four are the number of flutes allotted, not only to this, but to every other order. In general, however, twenty-four are preferable. The plan of the flutes may be rather more than a semicircle, as they will then appear more distinct. The fillets, or intervals between them, must not be broader than one-third of the flutes, nor less than one-fourth; and it should further be observed, that in the capital of rich compositions, over each flute is placed an ove or egg.

The Corinthian order is evidently derivable from the architecture of Egypt, adapted, refined, and nationalized. Cecrops, the founder of Athens, was an Egyptian; and Dædalus, the earliest Athenian artist, visited the shores of the Nile to study the principles of the fine arts. Added to these facts, it is likewise well known that the Greeks borrowed their laws, manners, and customs, from the Egyptians, and purified them in the alembics of their own brighter genius. The following are the general proportions of this order: the whole height of the entire order is divided into five equal parts, and one is given for the height of the pedestal. The remaining four are divided into five equal parts; one is assigned for the entablature, and the remaining four are assigned to the height of the column, including its base and capital; which are again divided into ten equal parts, one of which is for the inferior diameter. The base is thirty minutes and the capital seventy in height. The cornice is sixty minutes in height and fifty-eight in projection. Of the Tuscan order little historical can be said, neither is there any regular example of it among the remnants of antiquity. The Composite order is obviously derived from the Ionic and Corinthian, but it cannot, we think, in any case, be applied with superior effect to the latter. It was first employed by the Romans in the triumphal arches erected by them to exhibit to posterity their dominion over their conquered provinces.

The Composite unquestionably derives its origin from that constant solicitude after novelty which always renders the mind of man restless in enlightened and highly cultivated ages. The desire of variety and novelty, stretched to a point beyond the judicious, engaged the Roman architects to combine with the proportions and

enrichments of the Corinthian order the angular volute of the Ionic, and thus to compose a new order.

The general proportions of this order are: the height of the entire order is divided into five equal parts, one of which is appropriated for the height of the pedestal, and the remaining four for the column and entablature. These four parts being again divided into five, one is for the entablature, and the remaining four for the height of the column, including its base and capital. The height of the column is divided into ten equal parts, one of which is given to the inferior diameter. The base is thirty minutes, the capital seventy in height, adorned with acanthus leaves, and volutes, drawn by the same method as those of the Ionic; and the plan of the capital is similar to that of the Corinthian order.

SNOW AND FAMINE.

WHAT are you weaving, silent Snow ?
To and fro, sad and slow,
While the winds are keening low,
Weird and low, thick with woe;
Hoarse and sudden, sobbing loud,
Shrill with woe. Ah! I know,
Well I know, you weave a shroud,
Mournful Snow!

What are you hiding, eerie Snow ?
Pallid so, crouching low,
With your trailing garments flow,
Spread beneath the moon's pale glow.
What do you hide, so cold and dread,
Down below? Ah! I know
You swathe the lone unburied dead,
Ghastly Snow!

Where do you drift, mysterious Snow ?
To and fro, sad and slow,
While the rough winds gasp with woe,
Through the cabin door you go,
Treading over the hearth and floor,
Lying low. Yes, I know,
The home-blaze leaps there never more,
Chilly Snow!

Is it Christmas, wandering Snow ?
To and fro, roaming so;
We in the mountains cannot know,
Sunk in woe, dying slow.
Is the Saviour born on earth ?
Ah! 'tis so, yes, I know,
We'll warm us at His heavenly hearth,
Kindly Snow!

ORANGES.—Oranges are imported in boxes containing from 250 and more, and in chests holding 500 to 1,000. The quantity of this fruit imported has been steadily increasing for some years past. In the three years ending with 1842 the average imports were 334,070 boxes; in the five years ending, 1850, they had increased to 380,000 boxes. Since then the quantity has been computed in bushels. The average annual imports in the five years ending with 1860 were 977,440 bushels. The quantity taken for consumption has now reached upwards of 1,000,000 bushels, and, assuming each bushel to contain 650, this would give 650 millions of oranges, or about 22 for each soul of the population in the kingdom. The Azores, or Western Islands, from whence the finest St. Michael oranges come, furnish us with the largest supply. The imports from thence have doubled in the last five years. The expense of walling and planting an acre of orange garden is stated to be £15 for the wall, £8 for 65 trees, and £2 for labour. It yields half a crop of beans or Indian corn during seven years, but no oranges; from eight to eleven years half a crop of oranges is obtained. Then a full crop, which is sold for £10 or £15. Each tree on arriving at maturity

will produce annually, on an average, 12,000 to 16,000 oranges; one grower is said to have picked 26,000 from a single tree. The trees bloom in March and April, and oranges are gathered for the British markets as early as November. The Portuguese never eat them before the end of January, at which time they possess their full flavour.

A STROLL ROUND MALTA.



THE history of Malta under the different rulers into whose possession the "hot jewel of the Mediterranean" fell at consecutive periods, reminds one of the fable of Jupiter and the frogs. The government of the country, up to a comparatively recent date, might be said to be in a state of unhealthy transition, and the voice of the people to be perpetually crying for change. In truth, the population at all times furnished an excellent prototype of the hopeful "Micawber", who, whatever calamities affected his life never dismissed the hope that "something would turn up." Its first great historical epoch began in the sixteenth century, when Charles V. presented the island to the Knights of Jerusalem, or as they were more commonly called, the Knights of Rhodes. It would be too great a stretch of fancy to give the Emperor credit for foreseeing the services which his endowment subsequently rendered to the cause of European civilization, when the gigantic power of the East overshadowed the whole continent, and the voice of the Mezzuin was heard at the gates of Vienna. European society, at that turbulent period, did not present the compact mass which it does to-day; it was a parcel of fragments, attracted together by no special, consolidating interest, and, therefore, presented an easy prey to despoilers inspired by the hope of plunder and the worst instincts of fanaticism. It was a terrible hour for the world when the tide of Moslem invasion rolled westwards, and the Cross went down in repeated conflicts before the Crescent. The eyes of the world, (and the phase conveys more fact than metaphor,) were fixed upon Malta, whence the valiant Knights of St. John were repelling, year after year, the bigots who threatened to have the Koran preached in every church of the continent. Then came another day, when peace smiled on Europe, and the men who had conserved its liberties were deprived of the island by the strong hand of a soldier, flushed with success and eager for new aggrandizements; to that succeeded the English occupation, which would appear, if the faith of guarantees be relied on, to be pretty well established.

Lying almost in a central position between Sicily and Africa, Malta, from a very remote date, formed, as it were, the "half-way-house" of the Mediterranean. The commerce of that sea, which even then was ploughed from one extremity to the other, by the black keels of the mercantile navies of the coast cities, found it a convenient harbour of ease. Thither the venturous galleys of the Phœnicians touched and watered, as they sailed far westward to Cornwall for tin, through the Pillars of Hercules; thither, in later days, came the wretched Hebrew, seeking, like the dove of the patriarch, a resting place for the sole of his foot; its harbours were also visited by the Greek as he drifted up from the sunny archipelagoes of the east; and by the fleets of Carthage thirsting for the treasures of Italy.

It would be impossible that the civilization of an island, subjected to so many diverse influences, should not be affected by them to its very root. The old population, in course of time, received adulterating elements from the swarm of cosmopolitan life with which it came in contact. A mixture of races produced a mixture of breeds, half-breeds, and castes, which subsequently moulded themselves into one composite race, or family, when, from the failure of commerce, the island society became conservative. According to the old proverb, "many good things make a dainty dish," the race which holds Malta at this moment ought to be the most civilized, aggressive, imaginative, and intellectual on the face of the earth. Within the last century it has been crossed by Celtic and Saxon blood, and should

inherit some of their qualities. Nevertheless, your Maltese, for all that, is mediocre enough. He may be fairly described as a mixture of bad Arabic and Italian *patois*, and, when not incited to exertion by extraordinary stimulants, is systematically given to laziness and sunshine.

To the inhabitants of the frigid and cloudy skies of these kingdoms, Malta, on which a fiery sun looks down day after day from a heaven of the deepest blue, seems a paradise of flowers and ashes. A waif of mist, about the bigness of a man's hand, is now and then sucked up from the Mediterranean and drifted across the island; but for the Maltese there are none of these gorgeous cloud-lands, and wonderful sunsets to which our eyes are accustomed. Wherever one turns there is nothing but sun and dust, the latter lying thick on street, and roof, and garden, and reflecting back the brilliant light of the climate with tenfold power. There is no cooling wind to fan the scorched cheek of the spectator; scarcely a blade of green in the open country to gladden and refresh his sight. Near the sea-coast, where the desolate crags are washed by the tides, some wild flora are found in abundance. There flourishes the stone-crop, a long trailing plant which winds around the rocks like a garland of the reddest coral, with clusters of crimson flowers and leaves, treasures for the artist's portfolio; deep in the fissures of the sandstone grows a plant resembling our scarlet pea, which is invariably found in companionship with a species of golden ragwort. Viewed from a little distance, the colours of the plants mingle into one superb flush of orange; and this is dashed with a tinge of emerald if a clump of the dark green velvety vetch happen to be near.

Amongst the sandy beaches which run inland, frequently many miles from the sea-shore the botanist may gather the desert plant, the leaves of which crumble into a pungent-smelling powder, when touched by the hand; the asphodel, the old floral type of death, which rises, with a milky blossom on its top, to the height of several feet; and the fever-few and marigold, whose yellow-rayed flowers remind one of the sun flowers of the west. The soil in which these flowers take root is thickly scattered with an endless variety of land-shells. Amongst them may be noticed the *helix vermiculata*, which, as its name implies, is of a dull vermillion colour, inclining at the edges to a faint pink; the blue and saffron-banded *ruquesola*, and the prettily blotched *clausilia papillaris*. One shell, the *macrostoma*, the surface of which is covered with spiral ridges, is remarkable from the fact that it is always found with a portion of the valvular extremity broken off. The *helix candidissima*, a white, sickly-coloured shell, exists in large quantities on fort Manuel. Its occupant is a fat, juicy creature, which dies on being exposed to the sunlight, leaving its habitat clean and dry for the purposes of the conchologist. The inlets, with which the shore

round the entire coast-line is thickly indented, swarm with a wondrous variety of weeds. When the sun shines on them the effect produced by their curious colours and constantly shifting forms is indescribably beautiful. In shallow water they present a surface of delicate, intermixed red and white buds, or huge confectionary-like pyramids of sea moss and purple sponge, that palpitate with a spiral motion, which makes the sea around dance in concentric rings; ledges of submarine rock are seen draped with undulating festoons of an orchis-coloured weed stretching to an interminable length. To sail in those waters, leaning lazily over the edge of the boat, and gazing into the illuminated deeps beneath, is to enjoy a combination of form and colour only equalled by those of the kaleidoscope. The bottom of the sea shines like a vast floor, encrusted with jewels; here a weed glows like a rainbow through its immense arc; there a pyramid of golden sea fungus shoots up like a pillar of fire, from the dense underwood of coral forests that stretch around its base. At each moment the translucent amber is agitated by the rapid movements of dazzling fish, or the tortuous progress of gorgeously-stained crustacea. It would take the genius of Ruskin to do justice to this wonderful spectacle; and even that genius, we apprehend, would be unequal to the task.

Escaping from the crags and dust, and suffocating heat, the resident in Malta will find admittance into a garden, full of verdurous gloom and silence, a little Eden, fashioned by some one longing for a glimpse of home, and cut off from the desert outside. Within the grey walls that form the barrier which protects it from the incursions of the baked sand and grit of the open country, he hears the liquid plash of fountains, hewn in the rock, a musical murmur that reminds him of the dell and glade voices of the west. Familiar flowers and shrubs delight his eyes wherever he turns, gillyflowers, pinks, carnations, stocks, asphodel, jasmine, and the luxurious rose, of the British islands. In this happy retreat the poor palm finds a refuge, and lifts its head with a vigour it seldom displays in a more congenial climate. In the Boschetto (a little wood) a picturesque glen at the back of the island, so much frequented by the residents, the hill sides are cut into terraces which are planted with olives, lemons, and oranges. In the basin of the glen flourishes an orchard, in the midst of which flows a stream of clear water. The delightful shade and coolness of the place combine to make it one of the most attractive spots on the island. A pool at its southern end is supplied with gold-fish which are daily fed with bread-crumbs by the attendants. Even in mid-winter the orange trees of the Boschetto are loaded with fruit and blossom.

We are indebted for the materials of this sketch, to the talent and industry of Mr. Tullack, author of "Friendly Sketches in America."

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No. 26.]

SATURDAY, MARCH, 1, 1862.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SUIL DRUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER VI.

THE evening hung heavily on Kumba's hands. Notwithstanding the repeated disappointments which he had met with in the schemes devised by Spellacy, the alternative which he proposed to himself in case of rejecting his final one, was so little in accordance with his inclinations that he had almost determined on acceding to the latter, long before the hour of appointment came, and before he was even acquainted with its nature. He hurried over his solitary evening meal, but when that was despatched, he found that it in no wise accelerated the hour of meeting, which was yet distant. He read over the letter of his mistress's parent, which stipulated a term of probation that his impatient temper could never have endured—flung it aside—took down his violin—and accompanied it with some words which seemed melancholy enough to suit his own fortunes.

The hour of appointment at length drew nigh, and he



"HA! WAS THAT A SHOT?"

repaired to the rath indicated by his companion, which was made remarkable by one of those table stones, or cromleachs—enormous tabular masses of rock supported on five or six pedestals of the same material, great numbers of which are to be met with in various parts of Ireland, of Great Britain, and even on the continent; and which are supposed by some antiquaries to have served the purpose of altars in the celebration of the mystic rights of Odin, while the vulgar traditions of the country represent them as the rural dining tables of the ancient gigantic colonists of the island.

He had not arrived many minutes before he was joined by Spellacy, who appeared to labour under some perplexity of mind as to the course which he should pursue.

"Mr. Kumba," he at length said, after much hesitation, "to be plain with you, if you should not choose to come into my plan, it will put my life into your power, and that puzzles me a little."

Kumba stared at him in some surprise. "I am totally unable to conceive your meaning," said he, "but, on that head, you may be assured that I am not base enough to avail myself of any information by which you may commit yourself."

"It is enough, sir," said Spellacy. "Follow me, if you please." They proceeded down the hillock, over a little rocky rivulet, into a small dark copse of stunted elms and hazels, through which an almost imperceptible pathway over-grown with brambles,

prishocweed, and underwood, conducted them to the door of a small thatched building, having the appearance of a stable, and connected with a ruined smithy. Spellacy hastily pulled the string of the latch and admitted his friend into a stable, which was occupied by four stout rough-coated horses, whose furniture hung against an uncast wall of mud and stone on the opposite side. The condition of the animals and the comfortable air of the place in which they were accommodated, might, at a moment of lesser interest, have excited the surprise of Kumba, but he was now too completely overwhelmed even to exercise a distinct judgment on the very circumstance which absorbed all his attention. A small ladder, leading through a narrow opening in the boarded ceiling to a loft overhead, was next disclosed by his companion, who now relinquished his hold and motioned Kumba to ascend.

"Stay!" cried the latter, at length, "whither are we going?"

"Hush! no words here—at last, talk smaller than that, if you value our lives. Up, and ask no questions!"

"But——"

"Hush! up, I say again!" Kumba yielded, and they ascended.

"Now, Mr. Robert!" said Spellacy, in a low tone, "only act like a man for one half hour, and you're made. Do you know where you are?"

Kumba stared wildly around him. They stood in a space about four feet square, the rest of the loft being to all appearance blocked up with hay and straw, except on one side near the wall, where a fissure in the mass had been formed, apparently by the gradual use made of the article for consumption in the lower apartment. To this narrow opening, Spellacy beckoned his friend, and seizing his hand, as he hung back in wondering hesitation, drew him into a long passage, dark, and becoming somewhat wider as they advanced. The first intimation the young farmer received of the nature of the place to which he was about to be introduced, was conveyed in a sound resembling the clink of small hammers faintly heard, and an occasional murmur of human voices, alternated by the creaking of some great machine, the working of which caused a degree of tremulous insecurity in the floor beneath them. All, however, was hushed into a perfect stillness the moment Spellacy applied his fingers to the latch of a small door, which yielded to the effort, and disclosed the interior of the apartment.

"*Chaisin a much?*" was grumbled by a hoarse voice from within.

"*Suil Dhuv!*" exclaimed the companion of Kumba.

"*Gudhain ella!*" asked the same voice.

Spellacy made no answer, but motioned Kumba with his hand to remain in the darkness, where he was, and passed into the room. This, with its inmates, was fully visible to the latter, whose already excited brain was filled with a thousand new visions of terror, as his eye wandered over the details of a scene, with which were associated even the horrors of his infant life, when the name of the blood-stained gang, on the threshold of whose lair he now stood, was used to quell the peevish querulousness of his childish heart—and made him cling with murmurs of dependent anxiety to the bosom of his fosterer.

A large fire, formed with a mixture of culm and heavy turf, supplied the principal portion of the light by which the inmates of the place were enabled to carry on their secret toil. Near the centre of the room, the farther end of which was almost completely enveloped in the evolutions of a black and sulphurous smoke, was an engine at work, the whitish and wavering light of the furnace revealing, in fitful alternations of brilliancy and gloom, the aged countenance of the artificer, a white-haired man, whose large glistening eyes and hoary, straight locks presented a ghastly contrast to his smutted and wasted features. The effect of this figure on Kumba's heart was such as might be occasioned by a sudden indication of life on the features of a mummy. Around this person a number of figures were constantly flitting through the uncertain light, some young, some advanced in years—the countenances of all marked with a degree of sternness which could not but be considered as the result of a habitual ferocity of temper, and which was rendered double forcible and repugnant in its effect by the murky and dusky hue which the features had acquired from the thickened atmosphere around them. Kumba shrank back involuntarily whenever any of their eyes happened to glance in his direction, although a moment's consideration might have satisfied him that he was per-

fectly sheltered from observation by the darkness in which he stood. The men were, for the most part, uncoated, the sleeves of their coarse and blackened *bande-linen* shirts being tucked up, after the fashion of blacksmiths, about their shoulders—their harsh, brown chests half exposed, and their hands employed with various tools, of the immediate use of which the unseen spectator was ignorant. Notwithstanding the anxiety, even approaching to terror, which made the heart of the latter knock fiercely against his ribs as he gazed upon the scene, and although he deemed an introduction to this fearful circle of desperadoes as little less than a death warrant, he could not resist the emotions of that violent and unaccountable curiosity which compels a man so strongly to neglect all other considerations when weighed against the opportunity of its gratification, and which seems to increase precisely in proportion to the extent of the danger which it involves. Hearing Spellacy engaged in conversation with a number of persons at a little distance inside, and anxious, he thought not wherefore, to learn the purport of their conversation, he began to meditate a nearer approach. A heap of turf gradually ascending to the very roof, and extending several feet into the room, appeared to afford the best means he could desire of accomplishing this purpose. He crept cautiously up, trembling in all his limbs, as the action of his person seemed to menace the unstable pile of peat sods with a general downfall. In a few seconds he lay lengthwise, within a foot of the thatched roof, while the knot of confabulators was visible immediately beneath his eye. His friend Spellacy, whom he now surveyed with a new and fearful interest, since he became invested, by his own avowal, with all the terrible associations connected with the name of Suil Dhuv, the Coiner, was standing in the centre of the group, one of whom was in the act of concluding a detail, which appeared to excite a feeling of displeasure and perplexity in the mind of their leader.

"And that's the way of it, just," the fellow continued, throwing up his hands in a hopeless way, "all at a stand for the wash to give 'em a colour. I rise out of it for a business entirely. I'll take a spade, like Jerry O'Gilvy, and work a *drass*, av I don't want to be starved, all out."

"Whist! you innocent!" said a fair-faced youth, who stood near, and saw the black eyes of their leader kindle on the speaker.

"Och 'iss—av I could wash over a guinea be tellen a fable or an ould story, I needn't go past *you* I know."

"Where's Maney O'Neil's ingot?" asked Spellacy.

"O! what's that Suil Dhuv is taken of?" exclaimed a strange voice from a far corner. "Let Maney and his 'git alone, do ye. What could ye make of it in a wash, in comparison of what I make of it the way ye know ye'selves? 'Tis Awney Farrel put that in ye'r heads, but he had best change his tone, the Dublin clea'-boy that he is, av he has a mind to stay in my service."

"Was Awney out to-day?" asked the old man near the engine.

"He was; and I heard a party coming to the door as I left the house, with Awney by their side," said Spellacy.

"Well, that's somethen any way. What road do they take? and how many of us is to be on their track? And how much o' the money do they look to have? Eh? That Awney is a smart lad. With his scrap o' Latin and his off-hand free-an'-easy way, he'd deave the airth."

"I'll arrange all those particulars, when I return to the inn," said Spellacy.

"Do, then—and do somethen for uz at last—as you get uz to do uvry thing for you. What gain had we by blowing out the brains of the ould dark Segur, only pleasing you, bekays his relation in Garmany kicked——"

The sound of a heavy blow and a deep groan cut short this speech, to which Kumba was lending a terrified attention.

"Now, ruffian!" exclaimed Spellacy, "have *you* gained nothing? I have the use of my old hand yet, eh? Take him to the far end o' the room, one o' ye!"

The stunned and speechless wretch was instantly conveyed from the circle, and a deep silence followed. Kumba listened with renewed anxiety, although the quickness and boldness of this assertion of his authority by Spellacy conveyed an immediate sense of security to himself, which was only qualified by his awakened doubts as to the real character and intentions of the man.

"There's no occasion for ye to be looking at one another that way," said Spellacy, determinedly. "As I served him, so I'll serve every one of ye that dares to question the command you yourselves

gave me, while there's a drop o' blood in this arm"—and he extended one, the rigid muscles of which worked like small cables, as he slowly clenched his fist while he spoke. "Ye'll mind my orders, and 'twill be better for ye. Isn't that calf done bleating yet?"

"He axes yer pardon for forgotten himself," said the fair-faced lad, in a soft and conciliating tone. The wounded man dissented, with a noise similar to that short thick bark which a mastiff gives in its sleep.

"I never make words with Suil Dhuv," said the old white-haired man near the engine, rising from his place, his limbs all shaking with the palsied impotence of age—and a horrible hyena convulsion, too frightful for laughter, mingling its hoarse and sudden peals with a fit of heavy coughing and wheezing, which seemed as though it would shatter him momentarily to pieces—"I never quarrel wit him for clinchen a bizniz well—'tis—O—hugh—hugh!—this chest o' mine!—'tis the safest and the surest course by half. That was our word—hugh—hugh—among the Rapparees of ould times—in my young—O this back o' mine!—hugh—hugh!—young d.ys—when they used to be laughed at strong John Macpharson for never passen a good squeeze—and he coom to the gallows by that same, too. I seen—hugh—I seen him myself playen up Macpharson's tune, and he goen to the tree. Ah, ha, John, thought I wit myself (but I said nothen) av you tuk the advice o' Redmond's lads, you'd be sporten on the highway still, instead o' bein' playen at your own funeral—hugh—hugh! O Misthur darlen Suil Dhuv! gi' me somethen for this cough o' mine! Nothen—nothen—we used all to say to Shawn, like a taste o' blood for salen a matter up. I'm sixty-eight years now in this world, an' I never seen a dead man mount a witness table yit. Ah! never trust one of 'em, Suil darlen, an' you'll laugh at the law all your days—an' the comfort ov it, too, whin you're used to it—and—" (here a fit of coughing seized the speaker, so violent and suffocating, that Kumba, whose whole attention had been fascinated and concentrated by this display of perfect depravity, imagined that the ruffian had consummated his impieties in the patient ear of Heaven, and was about to be summoned to an instant and awful judgment.)

"This culm-smoke that's killen me intirely," the fellow continued, taking his seat at the bottom of the very heap of turf on which Kumba lay, and causing it to shake under him. "No! Suil Dhuv—folly my ways. As long as ever I live, I'll kill. Kill first, and rob after, is my word—and I'll stick to it—aye—always—O my poor back—intirely!"

"Poor deceived wretch," thought Kumba, an emotion of great pity mingling itself with all his horror. "Does this hoary villain, with the red guilt of a life of blood upon his soul—the arm of an angry God made bare above his head—this miserable creature, the strings of whose life appeared to be all let down—with a frame whose least motion is almost sufficient to shake its structure to pieces—who sits there shaking and laughing and ready to fall bone after bone, already mouldering, into the grave—does this idiot demon plan future scenes of murder for himself? Poor, deceived, unhappy wretch! This is horrible!" And in an emotion of deep feeling, such as people of an enthusiastic temper and susceptible mind are liable to experience at witnessing any extraordinary novelty, either in the moral or physical world, he clasped his hands together, and felt his eyes fill, and his whole frame tremble with a wholesome and softening agitation.

Immediately, and by one of those startling bounds which reason makes, when accidentally freed from the restraint that was imposed upon her by passion and convenience, she springs into her own, free dominion and mounts,

"With prosperous wing full summed,"

to her real station in the soul—ascending, not by the slow steps of inference and deduction, but piercing, with one glance, the mists which worldly interests have gathered around the naked brightness of truth—dashing aside at a single effort the cobweb snares of her false sister sophistry, and trampling and hurling downward in her flight the loose and crumbling obstacles, among which she has been long imprisoned by selfish motive and human respect—in an instant—and by a transition as rapid—a perfect and illuminating change was worked in the soul of Kumba. While he gazed on the old man the fearful and terrifying suggestion darted through the brain, that *his* was the close of a career commencing like his own.

His heart froze within his bosom—and then burned—and grew cold again, while a sudden damp stood on his brow and limbs, and his eyes became rivetted and fixed in spite of himself on the hoary and palsied murderer—whom he began now to look on as a future self of himself—the double-goer of his age!—a spectre conjured back from the days to come, for the purpose of startling him, like another Hazael, with a reflection of his future soul. He clasped his hands once more fearfully—and lost, in the intensity of his agitation, a part of the conversation which ensued. The first sound from beneath that again fixed his attention was the mention of his own name, pronounced in a heated and passionate tone by Spellacy. The old man was replying, when Kumba's attention was aroused—

"O don't mind that, Suil Dhuv, 'tis like the dhrams o' whiskey. Let him get the taste of it wanst, an' see av he won't long fur it again. 'Twas the same way wit meself jest. The first blood I iver tuk was that of a 'ittle mouseen that bit me finger in a mail-tub. Ah ha, fagit my lad, siz I, an' I not four year ould the same time, I'll ha' my rivinge o' you any way; an' I caught him be the tail an' I hung him over the blaze of a slip of bog-dale—and he screechen an' I laughen' an' grinden' my teeth as it might be this way—till he died, burnt in the blaze—and my father laughen' an' houlden me mother, that was for runnen' and tairnen' the 'ittle cratur from betune me fingers." Here a renewed convulsion of coughing and laughter seized the wretch—"Then I used to slit the throats o' the chickens to save the maids the throuble—this way wit the scissor—and afther I'd get one o' the pigs to give 'um a knock o' the hatchet whin the butcher would come to the house at Aisther or Christmas—an' sometimes, may be I'd haugh the stout cow fur him when she wouldn't stand steady—I wish I could stand steady, now I know—O millia murder! and 'tis I that ought to say *that!* How the butcher an' all of 'em laughed the fusht time when I tuk the sharp edge, instid o' the broad back o' the hatchet—ha! ha! 'Twas that fusht made 'em put the name o' Red Rody upon me—though it's White Rody wit me now, any way," he concluded, raising his long silver hair with a smile which had so much of melancholy in it, as to astonish Kumba with the conviction that the hard and ungentle nature even of such a being as this, was not incapable of retaining amid the petrification of all its benevolent susceptibilities—a selfish softness and tenderness of feeling in its own regard.

"Paugh! What has all this to do wit the robben' o' Lilly Byrne and her?"

"Hush-sh-sh!" Spellacy hastily interrupted the speaker.

"For what? Eh? Who's there? Are we betrayed? Ay—do! strike me agin an' agin afther that, if you have a mind, but I'll do my duty. Have you any body lissen' to us?"

The name of his mistress, pronounced in such ruffian fashion, occasioned such an agitation of rage and horror in Kumba's soul, that it was with difficulty he restrained himself from rushing into the midst of the group and hazarding every thing for an instant elucidation of the designs which were under debate. Chance did for him what prudence, however, forbade him attempting. The old man, Rody, quickly rising from his seat at the base of the turfen heap, disturbed materially the already frail structure that sustained the listener. A few sods fell; in the effort to prevent a further peril, Kumba shook the whole fabric and came tumbling headlong, amid the clatter of the falling fuel and the savage yells of the outrageous gang, who started back from the circle with exclamations of rage and terror.

"*Therom a-shkien! Mauriga Spy!*" shouted one, in a rapture of vengeance.

"*Rosth erdhai fier dhen thinna,*" cried another, springing on the youth, with a yell of ferocious anger.

"*Fauscai—hugh! hugh—fauscai moch a nihin leshai press!*" wheezed out Red Rody; all clamouring together, in their venacular idiom, in their sudden excitement of the moment.

"*Connidh-a-law! Esaun-dha succur a bherom kath!*" Spellacy suddenly shouted out, in accents that made the floor shake beneath them, while he placed himself in an attitude of determined resistance between the gang and his prostrate friend, over whom Red Rody had uplifted a short bar of iron, with a degree of strength which nothing less stimulating than the prospect of an immediate gratification of his ruling passion could have struck into his palsied arm.

There was a pause—while the eyes of all were directed on their leader.

"Fools, dolts!" at length he exclaimed, his round black eyes sparkling with a light which might have readily accounted to a stranger for the cognomen which had been conferred upon him—"a brass pin would make me lave him to ye, to let ye see what ye'd get by ye'r mane suspicion of one that's a better friend than ye'r selves to ye! An' you, you graat baste, that nothing 'll ever tache," addressing the wounded man, "it's the dint o' the bare compassion that prevents me maken' a smash o' your head upon the floor. Get up, Mr. Kumba, an' tell 'em who you are."

Kumba arose and gazed around him. The men slowly relaxed their attitudes of rigid passion, and old Rody, lowering his weapon, tottered, with many discontented mutterings, towards his ancient place, near the stamping press.

"We meant no harm," said the wounded man; "but there's little admiration we shouldn't know a friend that coom that way, so droll, tumbling down ov a hape o' turf into the middle of us, all at wanst, out."

"May be," said Jerry, with a very soft sneer, "that's the way of intherducshins among the gintlemin, that we knows nothen about?"

It was some moments before the young man fully recollected himself. When he did so, all the consequences and difficulties of his situation came rushing swiftly upon his mind; and as he had already, in one rapid glance at the approaching possibilities, determined upon his course, the peril which they involved made his heart beat and tremble within him. He felt himself, nevertheless, amid all the gathering anxiety that began to creep within his bosom, more at liberty to debate and decide them, while he was yet in comparative safety—for there are doubtless many natures, while yet unformed and undecided, in which the elements of vigour and energy are loosely scattered, and which require the impulse of extremity itself to call them into confident action; as a vane, that flaps from point to point of the compass, while it is visited by feeble currents of air, will firmly fix and settle when the black tempest is poured about it.

While Kumba thus remained, gazing upon the circle—and charged (to use a chemical metaphor) with an intense and uncompromising purpose—his frame covered with the dew of anxiety, and trembling for itself, while the mind maintained that fearful and clear-sighted serenity which governed the tottering steps of the martyrs of the early faith, or that feeling which, to use a more familiar though less noble illustration, throws a degree of grace and dignity into the movements of the hopeless wretch who journeys to his fate at the summons of the injured spirit of justice—while he remained buoyed up, amid a tumult of agitating reflections, by this sudden firmness of resolution, the men with whom he was preparing his heart to endure a keen encounter of moral or physical strength, as the case might be (the latter evidently hopeless), recommenced their deliberation of the mysterious design of which Kumba had already received so terrifying a glimpse.

"'Tis almost time for us to be starten, I'm thinken," said Jerry, withdrawing a heavy cloth, and exposing a small pane, through which the dark red, level light of a sullen evening sun darted across the room, forming a singular contrast to the whitish, ghastly lustre of the furnace, as it struck in succession on the outlines of stern and smutted features, and fragments of scattered tools, tinging the white and eddying volumes of vapour with deep crimson, and losing itself in the dense gloom long before it could have struck the further wall of the apartment.

Spellacy glanced at Kumba before he replied. The look with which he was encountered by the latter, as fixed and resolute as his own, did not appear to please him.

"Mr. Kumba has no means o' goen," said he doubtingly.

"An' there four able bastes under uz, and only three of uz goen wit him?"

"I forgot that. Go and saddle them, Jerry. Did you bring your arms, Mr. Kumba?"

"Just Providence! no——," the young man exclaimed, suddenly thrusting one hand into his bosom, and clasping his brow with the other, while a pang of disappointment shot into his heart. The real cause of his regret was, fortunately, not understood by the hearers.

"Pho! don't mind that. I'll lend you a pair of the best feather-springs that ever said 'pop!' for touch 'em. Put these in your houlsther." Kumba eagerly reached at the weapons, but almost gasped his renewed disappointment, when the wounded man who had

been narrowly watching his eyes, put the pistols down with his hand and waved Kumba back.

"Easy!" he exclaimed; "fair an' easy goes far in a day. We'll know your maning first, a' you please."

"Hold!" said Kumba, manning himself by a strong effort—"We must clearly understand each other. What are your designs, and what do you expect from me? Speak for I *must* know them!" The firmness with which he spoke the last sentence, commanded for the first time an involuntary sentiment of respect among the ruffians, over whom the spectacle of aroused-up virtue had not ceased to exercise an influence akin to that which, as we are taught, the demons fell in the contemplation of divinity.

"Let me explain all to Mr. Kumba," said Spellacy, moving towards him, and about to lay his hand on the arm of the latter, who shrunk back as if he thought the touch would have blistered him.

"No *colloguen*!" said a voice from behind.

Spellacy darted a rapid glance in the direction of the voice, but no lips moved there.

"No *cott'nen* in corners!" said another.

Again the black eyes of the Coiner endeavoured to penetrate the darkness, but with no greater success. His blood seethed in its channels.

"Let uvery thing be abo' board!" muttered a third voice. Suil Dhuv, who at once felt the danger of any compromise of dignity, made no further effort to discover the disaffected, but assuming a perfect indifference of manner, proceeded towards Kumba.

"Let it be as he says," said the latter, whose spirit fainted at the anxiety of a hope stole upon it. "Come, Spellacy, come to your own house and we'll speak of it there, and depend upon it, if the plan appears reasonable to me, I'll not be backward in——" He stopped the sentence and compressed his lips, as in turning his head aside he beheld Red Rody slipping the door-bolt into its place, and regarding him with a horrid side-long leer.

"A' then—hugh!—a' then wasn't it the little chicken he was? 'Coom to ye'r own house, Spellacy,' siz he—O thin the knowen' boy he was!—hugh—hugh! 'If your plans be raiz'nubble' wisha!—

'If ifs an ans

Wor kittles an pans

Ther'd be small use for the tinkers!—

Shasthane *if*! You had your liberty wit the *ifs* before you coom here, masther, you'll have to dale wit the *musts* now, I'm thinken'.

Kumba's heart once more sunk within him, but his despair was perfectly accomplished when he beheld Spellacy endeavouring to repress a smile at the incident. The hollowness of the ruffian's friendship at once rushed upon his understanding, and showed him that he stood in this peril, solitary and unfriended, and even unfelt for.

"Coom, coom!" exclaimed the wounded man—"let the jintleman know what's wanten.' Sur, av you please, we're in want o' money, an' we're goen to look fur it at Drumsacanlon. Bekays you know the ways o' the place, in regard o' being coorten' the young lady there, of ould—we want you to try it wit us, and take Miss Lilly Byrne (an a lily she is—an' a darlen lily, all over, sure)—fur your share o' the plunder."

The gradually increasing passion which nerved and expanded the figure of Kumba as he listened to this speech, and at length boiled within his heart, now burst forth with a degree of violence which made even the ruffian start and change colour. "Villain!" the young man broke out, but the torrent was checked in the very bound. The instinct of nature and habit suggested his course almost involuntarily to the man. He levelled a pistol at the head of the youth, and looked coldly and wonderingly in his eye. The latter remained in the attitude of the interrupted passion, gaping on his opponent, his limbs shaking audibly beneath him, his arms still extended, and his fists clenched, until a sudden change came over his person. The hot anger that filled him exuded in a cold and chilling sweat—a sickening sensation crept through his breast—a hard throbbing struck painfully through his brain—and mists floated before his eyes, through which the form of the Coiner, who still kept the weapon steadily presented, seemed by degrees to acquire a satanic grandeur and indistinctness of outline. The youth relaxed his closed hands, and endeavoured, while he still stared like one spell-bound into the bore of the pistol, to catch at some support.

"Let us lose no time," said the man, making Kumba start, with a sudden gasp of fear, at the first sound of his voice. "Coom, sir! Are you for us or against us?"

"Spellacy!.....Spellacy!".....muttered Kumba, in a low and listless tone. But Suil Dhuv did not answer him.

"Wance for all, I say, will you be wit uz?"

"I am alone! I am unarmed! I am betrayed!" Kumba again murmured, in a tone so expressive of utter agony, that it touched the heart of Jerry.

"Murther, murther in Irish! O the poor lad!" he exclaimed, "let him think a little."

Again the query was repeated, and again Kumba neglected to answer. The man vented an oath, and cocked the weapon. "Is it game you're maken?" he asked fiercely.

"No.....n—n....no! I do not insult you.....I.....no.....Spellacy, hurry!.....stay!.....One moment!....Ah! Spellacy, is it all come to this?"

"Spellacy can't help you, sir!" said Suil Dhuv, "but you can help yourself."

"Choose between a 'Yes' and a 'No,' for that's all the arguing we'll hear from you."

A long silence ensued, while Kumba made an effort to take the election. He endeavoured to set his frame, and stand more erect—a short panting terror—a swift glance at his past life—a sudden and gloomy fear—a doubtful prayer—and an instant and cheering resolution to make a last compensation by dying for the right—all glanced in rapid succession through his mind. When the question was repeated he set his teeth hard—and said through them, hoarsely but firmly, "Never!"

At the same instant a tall, ungainly, straggling figure darted between both, struck up the pistol—and fled into the darkness near the door. Kumba heard it open and shut.

"Why thin, bad cess to you, Maney," exclaimed the coiner—"wait till——." Before the sentence was finished Kumba seeing his advantage, sprung upon the speaker, levelled him upon the earth with a despairing blow, and planting one foot upon his breast, wrenched the pistol from the unconscious fingers of his victim. He was in a posture of vigorous and vigilant resistance before one of his enemies had recovered from their astonishment. Setting one shoulder against the press, and bending his frame so as to concentrate all its strength and elasticity, he remained glancing from face to face, and watching the motions of all with that exquisite instinct of vigilance to which extremity awakens the senses. A vigorous struggle ensued. The coiners began to hem him closely round—and a few missiles—sods of turf—pieces of loose iron, or timber, were flung at him from the darkness. The more dangerous missiles, however, fortunately, were not numerous—the peat-sod he scarcely felt, and the few blows he received from the heavier weapons were not immediately or deeply injurious; and, as none of the gang appeared inclined to tempt the first fire of his single weapon, he began almost to entertain hopes of being able to capitulate, when he heard somebody scrambling on the press over him, and saw Suil Dhuv's eyes glisten with approbation as he looked in that direction. In an instant he received a blow on the crown of the head which made the room appear all wrapt in one red flame, and then as instantly enveloped in total gloom. His skull felt as if it were about to dissolve upon his shoulders. His arms dropped—his heart swung and fluttered in his bosom, and all was—darkness.

"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the white-haired ruffian, as he endeavoured to descend from his hold—"I thought I hadn't lost the knack of it yet. Quiet and aize, he is now, isn't he, why! He'll till nobody now, only two sorts of people—thin that axis him, and thin that doesn't. Gi' me a hand, Jerry—O this cough of mine!—hugh!—hugh! A cough—a coffin they say. Wipe the blood from his forehead, do ye, boys—and go about ye'r bizniz, file I stay an' watch my lad!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORY.—If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes; and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us.

THE SIBYLS AND THEIR BOOKS.



ONE of the great results of Christianity has been the destruction of superstition, and all the evils which used to flow from it. The prevalence of its influence in ancient times was general. It was confined to no rank, to no degree of education, or ignorance. Society was subject to its most degrading forms, and ruled by its power. Men lived in an atmosphere of dread which continually surrounded their actions, and they sought in some way or other to find a balance for their dominated reason. It was this which gave to the Sibyls of heathen countries and pagan people the authority which they exercised. They were consulted in the belief that their answers would guide the consultant in the future. The etymology of their name has been derived from two Greek words, signifying that their counsel was divine, because it was believed that those women were inspired by some divinity, in whose name they gave response in the oracles. Other etymologists assert that the first Pythoness known, lived many ages before the Trojan war, and was called Sibylla. Hence, they say, all women who afterwards exercised the art of divination bore the name of Sibyls.

The most celebrated were Sibylla, Manto, daughter of Tiresias; Demophile Athenais, Nysa, Malenchreus, Deiphobe, and Tiburtine. The answers which they gave were generally tortuous, obscure, and not only could be interpreted in many ways, but even adapted themselves to events the most opposite. Those ambiguous forms were of prime necessity, in order that the oracle should not be subject to error, as it had almost always reason to avoid it. To understand this, we need but recapitulate a few of those Sibylline responses.

The Medes desiring to know the result of the war which they waged upon the Babylonians, consulted the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, and were answered that "the victory should belong to those who most honoured the gods." The Babylonians, consulting the same oracle, on the same occasion, received assurance of victory on the same conditions, however, they lost the battle. In consequence they attributed the cause of it to some faults committed towards the gods.

Philip of Macedon, seized by a desire to consult the oracle, enquired of the Sybil of the oracle of Trophonius, what time he had of his life remaining; the oracle answered him: "My child, if thou wouldst live long, beware of chariots." From the hour of that warning Philip never afterwards sat in a chariot. When he was eventually assassinated by the traitor Pausanias it was proclaimed over all Greece that the oracle was fulfilled, because the figure of a chariot was sculptured on the point of the sword which had traversed his bosom. Another of those ambiguous answers is found in the story related of a rich merchant of Corinth, in love with a young Eupatrid who disdained his sighs. The lover, "sighing like a furnace," went to consult the oracle at Delphos, to ascertain if the young girl should ever return his affection, or in the contrary case if he should try a leap from the rock of Leucadia. The oracle, which he had largely endowed, replied to him: "The chameleon changes, woman resembles it. The wise man should never despair."

Making such answers it is very clear the oracle and its Sybil could never be found deceptive. A remark of Voltaire, in observing on the predictions of the Sibyls, was very judicious. He said that they resembled the prophecies of the Almanack of Liege, when that compilation foretold that "a great mar shall die this year; there will be shipwrecks." Indeed it is rare that in the course of a year there should be no death amongst the great, or no vessel cast away; and the Sibyls were as prophetic in this view as the compiler of Liege Almanacks, the antiquated Mathew Lænsberg.

It is well to observe that the Sibyls answered always according to the desire of any powerful person who consulted them. The priests of Delphos, fearing that Philip of Macedonia should pillage their temple, caused their oracle always to speak in favour of that king. It was on this account that Demosthenes, when the announcement of the oracular response was made to the people as an argument against war with the Macedonian prince, made answer: "The Sibyl

philipises." Alexander the Great, after his father's death, rendered vain by victory, desiring to be considered the son of Jupiter Ammon, forewarned the officials of the oracle that he would soon consult it. However, when he arrived, it was at a period of the year when the oracle was silent and he could obtain no answer. Entering into the temple he seized the Sibyl by the arm, forcing her to be seated on the tripod. At this act of violence, knowing with whom she had to deal, the Sibyl cried aloud: "No one can resist thee, O my son!" This exclamation Alexander took as the oracular response, which presaged a career of conquest for him.

With such weight given to their merest ravings, or most cunning sentences, the oracles and prophecies of all the Sibyls were collected into a number of volumes, and were held in the greatest veneration. They were reduced into verse and precious guarded in the temples, with all the respect due to sacred things. Under the reign of the elder Tarquin, an old unknown woman brought to Rome the Sibylline books, and proposed that the king should purchase them, but, being asked the price, she named one so exorbitant that he only laughed at her. Then the old woman, who was afterwards recognised as the Sibyl Demo, cast the three first books into the fire, and required the same sum she previously asked for the six others she had left. As Tarquin hesitated still, Demo gave three of the remaining books to the flames, and offered the three last, demanding the price she first required for them, or else she would destroy what remained of the precious collection. Astonished at this tenacity, the king convoked the council of augurs, who decided in common accord that it was necessary to yield to the conditions of the Sibyl, and withdraw from her hands the precious volumes.

In consequence of this the Sibylline books were immediately purchased, and enclosed in a coffer of cedar wood. The augurs carried them thus in great pomp to the Capitol, and a college of priests was created in order to care them duly, for an oracle had predicted that the salvation of Rome depended on their preservation. At the time of the burning of the Capitol, under the dictatorship of Sylla, the Sibylline books became the prey of the flames. This was a great calamity; the republic gave itself up for lost. They hastened to name deputies who went to Erythrea, to Delphos, to Cumæ, and to all the places wherein oracles existed, in order to collect all the Sibylline verses which either the priest had preserved, or tradition had perpetuated there. When they had been collected Augustus deposited them in a urn of gold, and concealed them under the statue of Apollo, in the temple on the Palatine Hill. There they remained until the year 400 of the Christian era, at which time a violent fire broke out which destroyed the temple, and the Sibylline books were burned and lost for ever.

GENIUS AND COMMON SENSE.

A PLAIN BIOGRAPHY.



ABOUT twenty years ago, when sensation literature was in its cradle, the proprietor of a New York magazine offered, we forget, but think it was, five hundred dollars for a prize poem. The proposition, emanating from a source not over-remarkable for liberality or appreciation, caused some surprise, and every one in the city capable of rhyming "dove" to "love" (those everyones form a very populous community) had a dash at the promised reward. The day appointed for the examination of the poems came, and the prize was adjudged to a composition called "The Raven." The reading of the poem filled the audience with a strange delight for which they could offer no rational apology. The piece, as Dick Steele would say, appealed but little to their humanities, disporting itself in realms where "foot never trod," and finally merging to a conclusion which was as vague and indefinite as its beginning. The author was summoned before the constituted tribunal to receive the laurel, or what he prized more dearly, the cash of it. A young man, dressed in tatters, of a dissipated appearance presented himself as judges.

The latter smiled and bowed. "Edgar Allan Poe!"

Thenceforth, that name became famous in America and Europe.

The literature of our cousins in the West (pity they don't pass an honest act for the protection of copyright), is fast becoming a familiar guest in homes and circles at this side the Atlantic. Washington Irving's "History of New York," first drew attention to the breed of authors who were turning up amongst our kinsmen, and the "Sketch Book" confirmed the very favourable impression produced by his first essay. Cooper had long enchanted us with his gentlemanly, chivalrous Red-men, and sentimental squaws, in novels which gave us the picturesque side of Indian life, leaving its gross, and coarse, and filthy features untouched. The delusion was exceedingly pleasant, and we continued to accept it heartily long after the gorgeous panorama of the artist had proved to be nothing more than a miserable *Fata Morgana*. Bryant astonished us with the marvels which the poetic genius of the West was capable of accomplishing. His poetry appeared to have derived much of its inspiration from the Elizabethan school, but to it was superadded a freshness that breathed of forest and savannah, of mountain peak and deep valley. The tender, religious poetry of Longfellow increased still more our reverence for the new school. "Evangeline" drove Scott and Byron out of many households, supplanting them with a purer form of metrical fiction than had ever before been conceived or attempted in either country. Then came Poe, about whose life and genius there hangs a mystery, rivalled in opacity only by that which encompasses the name of Shakspeare. Who he was we have certain data to explain—whence he derived the peculiar stores of fancy and information which render his works the delight of millions in every land where the English language has penetrated, we are at a loss to conjecture. He belongs to no sect, has adopted the maxims of no clique, shares no pedestal with any other statue, preferring to stand on the basis formed by the too few works he has given to posterity. The wonder of the man is his severe individuality. In Shakspeare you detect traces of Marlowe; in Coleridge the mystic influences of the German thinkers; Byron reminds one of Scott, and Moore of Suckling; but this man reminds one only of himself. He sits on the highest rung of a ladder, radiant as Jacob's; the steps by which he ascended have fallen away—the puzzle lies in his isolated elevation.

He was born in Baltimore, Virginia, in 1811, a state by the way rather remarkable for the many brilliant men it has contributed to the constellation of American genius. The usual biography of great characters opens somewhat in this way: "Mr. Smith was born of humble but honest parents." Poe enjoyed exemption from this category of talent, for we are given to understand that he was of honourable descent—come of a long line; and no research has discovered that it ended in a loop. A namesake of his felt the pulse of and prescribed for Elizabeth, during the latter days of her life, "when troubles thickened sore upon the most wise sovereign." A namesake of the doctor is the head of a highly respectable Irish family who bear his coat-of-arms. No connection between them and the American Poes has been established by the researches of biography, and to admit the truth, the failure of proving the identity but slightly concerns us. Edgar's great-grandfather married a daughter of Admiral M'Bride; his son was a quarter-master in the American line, and his grandson, our author's father, was an actor. He married in early life a fascinating and talented actress with whom he lived poor but happy, rich in her affections and graces. Both tried the stage for a short time, and—failed. It is a horrible word to register, but how are we to get rid of history? Both died young leaving three children to shift for themselves on the chances or the benevolence of the world. Edgar began the experiment of living on nothing at a very early stage of his career, and we regret to think that the essay proved short of successful. He was "as naked as a cherub" and as airy, busily employed in the construction of *Chateaux en Espagne*, without once considering the embarrassments of ground rent. How he fished in the troubled waters of those wretched days no records remain to show. But a bright gleam steals across the picture of his life in the person of a Mr. Allan, a childless gentleman of property, who adopted the lad, brought him to England, and placed him at school at Stoke Newington. His English experience does not appear to have much improved Master Edgar's character. He was a wild, passionate boy, deficient in self-control, and given to ingenious plans for provoking the temper of his masters. He was very handsome—which is more

"That is the gentleman," whispered to the registrar of

"his name?" asked the president, in a low voice, the court,

than many of the poets can boast of—and became a spoiled pet of the few women he met in society. Not remarkable for conversational powers or humour of the humblest description, no one took him for a genius, and he was too young to set up for a character. We believe we do his memory no injustice when we say, that he quarrelled with his patron, fell into disgrace, and finally returned to America at the age of twelve. Shortly after his arrival, he entered the academy at Richmond, where a few brilliant eccentricities procured his expulsion. He tried the university of Charlottesville with the same result. Driven by circumstances to adopt the habits of an Ishmaelite, he made a slight experiment in the way of bills (the cumulative curses of early life), and as he had not the ability to meet them, applied for assistance to his old friend Mr. Allan. That generous person readily relieved his embarrassments, and Edgar having succeeded so far returned to the bills again and again. Mr. Allan grew disgusted and refused further aid, whereupon Master Edgar, undutiful boy, wrote the old gentleman a sarcastic letter, and, packing up a few shirts, set out to fight for the Greeks in the war of Independence.

He never reached the scene of warfare. It appears he vagabondised about the Mediterranean for a considerable time, and finally turned up in St. Petersburg. He had begged his way across the continent, and came to throw himself on the bounty of the American consul. That functionary, touched by the story of the youth's distresses, relieved him and sent him back to the States. Poor Mr. Allan welcomed the prodigal with open arms and sent him to the New York Military Academy. The prodigal went to the Academy and returned—cashiered!

Was there no hope left for so abandoned a vagrant? Yes. Literature, that grand *refugium peccatorum* of brain-topped destitution, became his friend, and Master Edgar published (of course) a volume of poems. First attempts are ordinarily unfortunate, they are rejected by the public to be devoured by the critics, and, thus digested, to serve the purpose of the snuff-seller. Curiously enough and in defiance of all laws, Poe, abandoned outcast, who had begged and been beggared, who drank like a fish and swore like a trooper, was an exception to the general run of beginners. Fancy this man, with all his faults and misfortunes, wrapping him up like a cloud, writing verses of such tender purity as those we quote:—

“TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!”

A recent writer says, in a brief critique on this poem, that “nothing could be more dainty, airy, amber—bright—in point of finish it is Horatian.” We are told that it was written when Poe was only fourteen, but we must either reject the statement or reconcile ourselves to a miracle. In delicacy, exquisiteness, and singularity of pathos, it is unmatched by any of his later compositions. You may smile over that “hyacinth hair” if you will, but remember that none but a poet of the highest order could have invented the epithet. Master Poe's poems were, as the *Bookseller* says, “eminently successful.” They ran through several editions with surprising nimbleness—were quoted and bepraised, till the writer was intoxicated with the vanity of his triumph. In truth, they presaged an era which has not yet passed by, the era of natural truth as opposed to the didactic abortions of that which preceded it. With the old school, meads were as always flowery, trees green, roses red, and rivers purled or meandered. With the new and, thank God,

the healthier school, meads,* and trees, and roses, and rivers have assigned to them their proper functions. The light of the foliage wrinkling into pleasant shadows, the odour, as well as the hue of the flower, the flash, the tinkle, the transparency of water, are caught up and embalmed for ever in the amber of the poet's imagination. Poe sounded the cuckoo note of the spring that was approaching. Can anything be finer than this noble passage from “Al Aaraaf”?

“Upreared upon a height arose a pile
Of gorgeous columns on the unburthened air,
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
And nursed the young mountain in its layer
Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
Thro' ebon air, besilvering the pall
Of their own dissolution.”

We mistake grievously if we detect not, in those early poems, faint echos of the music which pervades Shelly, and Tennyson, and poor John Keats. Indeed, Poe himself, in an apology for their publication, long after his fame was universal, says—“Private reasons, some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems, have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood.” Posterity will insist on declining so modest an excuse for so wholesome an indiscretion.

In the fervour of his great success, Master Edgar, in order we presume, to render this epoch of life somehow remarkable, entered a foot regiment as a private, and disappeared for several years. He returned, got employment, made a hundred a year and, thus fortified against all mischances, married. His wife, we are told, was a lovely and amiable girl, and, debauchee as he was, he adored her. Unfortunately, we know too little of the domestic life of the young couple, but whenever the reverent hand of the husband lifts the veil, the wife appears invested in a spiritual beauty, an atmosphere of purity, and patience, and trustfulness. When Virginia died he poured out his soul in a little melody which is destined to live for ever. Perhaps, Poe had but little human sympathy; we fear he had not much; yet, surely, no one can read these lines and know their origin, without being deeply affected by their pathos and melancholy. Their music is the vibration of the strings of that rash man's heart: listen:—

“It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden their lived, whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden there lived with no other thought,
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE,
So that her high-born kinsmen* came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;

* The angels.

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE.
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea."

He clung through all the vicissitudes of fortune firmly to his pen, notwithstanding; edited a couple of magazines, and whilst thus engaged published "The Golden Beetle," "The Purloined Letter," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and several other sketches in which profound analytical powers of the rarest quality were manifested. But no genius could preserve him from the results of the constant intemperance in which he indulged. Let us be just to society and confess that, to none more than to men of letters, are its indulgences extended, its goodnesses shown. To write a fine poem is a creditable feat; but to live a temperate life is a deed far worthier and nobler. It may be argued that "men of mind" must have stimulants to goad the lagging brain. If such incentives are required, Balzac, the hardest worker that ever lit a garret fire, found coffee wholesome and effective. The conclusion is to hand. If his talents be urged in apology, we reply that the possession of them but adds to the degradation of his vices.

We cannot afford to criticise the "Raven" in the short space allotted to us. Perhaps a more ingeniously constructed poem was never given to the public. It is wrong in a few details—the position of the bird and lamp, for instance—on the whole, it is gorgeous, original, and weird, but darkened by the shadow of a morbid imagination, half strangled by the spectres to which it gave birth.

On the 6th of October, 1849, Poe died, like one of our own gifted and unfortunate countrymen, in an hospital. To *delirium tremens* is attributed his hurried and awful death; but, on the whole, it was a fitting termination to a misspent life. Some charitable hand dropped flowers on the tomb of Nero. Let us, in the light of a nobler

benevolence, cast no stone on the urn that holds the ashes of Edgar Allan Poe, leaving him to that higher Wisdom which shall judge him and us.

KILCLIEF CASTLE.



AMONGST the numerous architectural remains of antiquity which adorn the shores of the fertile county of Down, some of which we have already noticed, the Castle of Kilclief claims attention, as well on account of its early antiquity as of its fine preservation, and of some curious circumstances connected with its history, which have been collected by

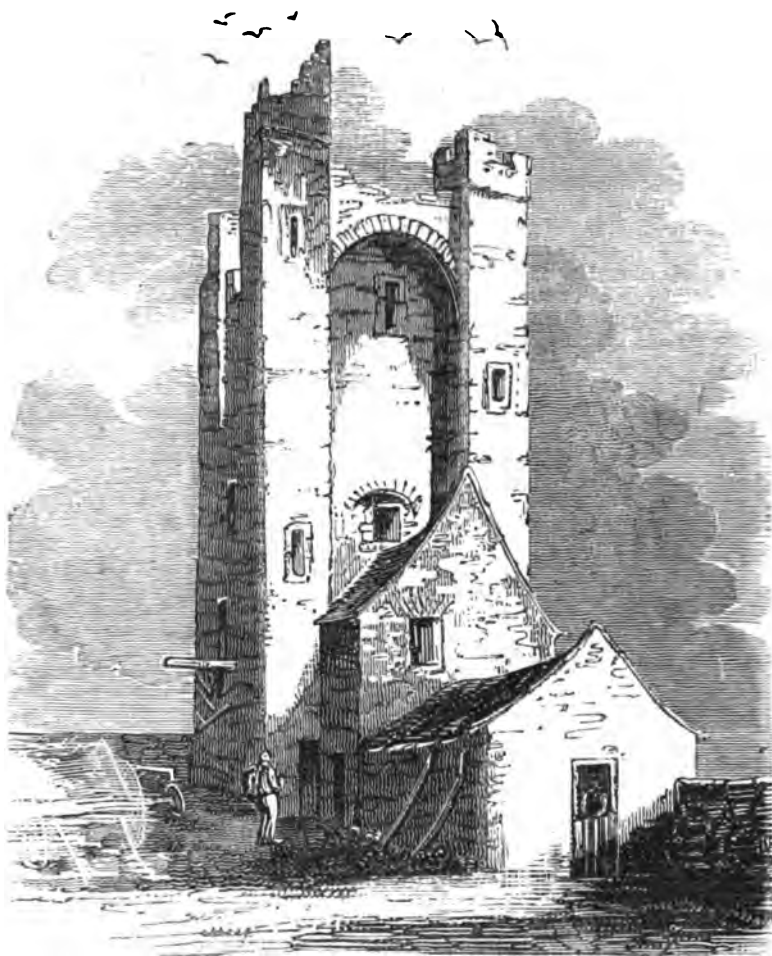
Harris, the industrious historian of the county.

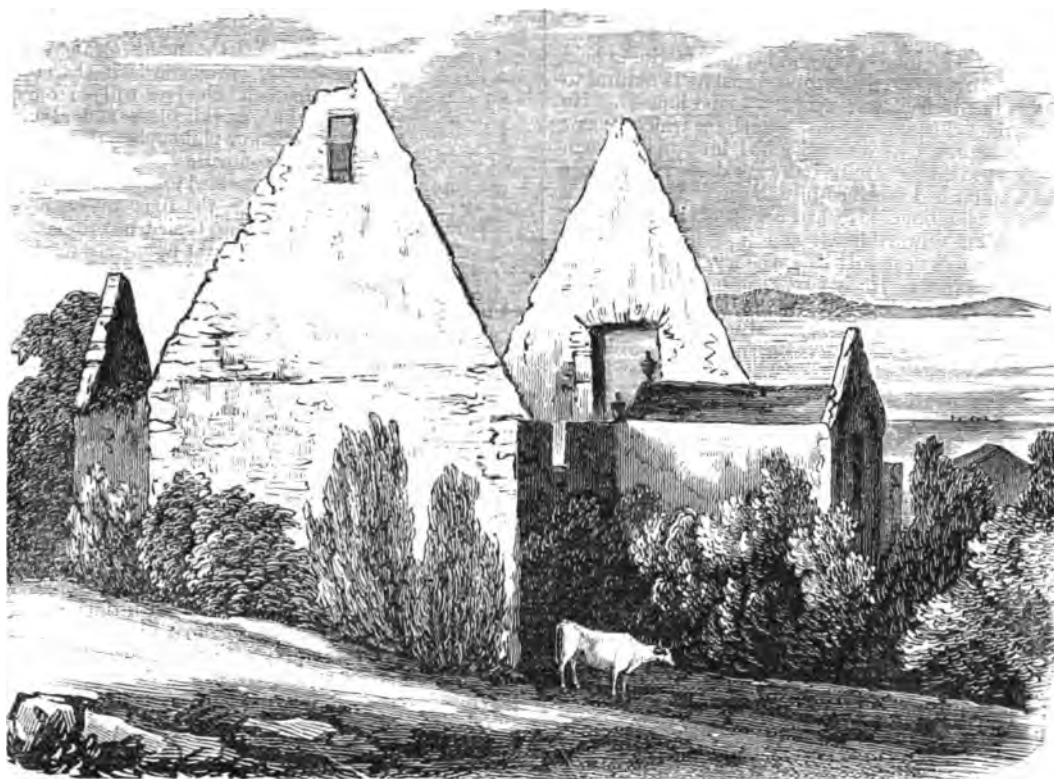
This fine example of the Anglo-Irish military keep is situated at the entrance of Strangford harbour, and is still entire, with the exception of the roof. It is of considerable size and height, and in its general form nearly a square, with the addition of two quadrangular wings in front, in one of which is a stair-case, and in the other a stack of closets. The first floor is vaulted, and the second has a stone chimney-piece, on which is carved the figure of a bird, resembling a hawk, and also a shield bearing a cross Pattee.

The name of the founder and period of the erection of this Castle are unknown; but its style of architecture sufficiently proves it to be of the early part of the fourteenth century. It, with the lands adjoining, which constituted a fine demesne of most of the finest quality in the barony, were an ancient see-house and manor of the Bishop of Down; and it is not unlikely that it was erected for their use, as we find from history, that it was inhabited

by one of them early in the fifteenth century. A strong castle was not an inappropriate or unnecessary description of episcopal residence in those days.

There is a chamber in the Castle of Kilclief called the Hawk's Chamber, which Harris states, was, by the tradition of the old natives, the place where a Falconer and Hawks were kept; this tradition, however, might, as he adds, have arisen from the representation of the bird already noticed, as being sculptured on the chimney-piece in the castle. Kilclief owes its origin to the times of St. Patrick, who placed over a church here, which is now the parish church, two of his disciples who were brothers, named Eugenius and Neill. In a subsequent age, a hospital for Lepers was founded at Kilclief.





TEMPLECORAN CHURCH.

NEAR the little village of Ballycarry, on the Antrim coast, are situated the ruins of Templecoran Church. This spot has been rendered memorable by several interesting particulars. Here, in the year 1611, the first Presbyterian congregation in Ireland was established; in the adjoining cemetery is the grave of the Rev. Edward Brice, its first minister. The living of Kilroot, in which parish the ruins are situated, was the first to which the celebrated Dean Swift was appointed, but which he is said to have resigned from a natural aversion to retirement or solitude, for his life at Kilroot, so different from that which he had led with Sir William Temple, where he shared the society of all that were ennobled, either by genius or birth, soon became insipid. Temple, who had learned, by the loss of Swift, his real value, became solicitous that he should return to Moorpark. While Swift hesitated between relinquishing the mode of life which he had chosen, and returning to that which he had relinquished, his resolution appears to have been determined by a circumstance highly characteristic of his exalted benevolence. In an excursion from his habitation, he met a clergyman, with whom he formed an acquaintance, which proved

him to be learned, modest, well-principled, the father of eight children, and a curate "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Without explaining his purpose, Swift borrowed this gentleman's black mare, having no horse of his own, rode to Dublin, resigned the prebendary of Kilroot, and obtained a grant of it for his new friend, whose joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIV.



OUR friend Faversham has passed through all these infantile fevers without a scar. The rose-leaves of his youth are gathered, and have lost their perfume. He is a man who has seen somewhat of the world. He has been at the giving in marriage of intimate friends. He has heard the squabbles over settlements, and seen Cupid with a housewife's apron tied about his wings, chalking figures upon a black board, and rubbing his curly locks wistfully over the balance. He has no thought of waking a princess after a thousand years' sleep, who shall straightway cry to him "my beloved," and live with him ever afterwards in perfect happiness. All he knows is that he is very uncomfortable about a certain young lady (he will not yet allow that he is in love with her), who would be very irate, indeed, were anybody to tell her that she had been awake or asleep twenty years. She has a father, who never had a poetic dream in his life, and never travelled beyond Ramsgate—a papa who snores after dinner with an amber bandanna over his head, and wakes to eat bread and cheese. Mr. Faversham is a prudent gentleman, and is setting himself very prosaic questions; and arguing with himself, and persisting in condemning himself as a fool and a dolt. He really thinks that his best course would be not to go to Jamaica Lodge again. He then affects to believe that it is not possible, nay, not probable, Miss Ashby can care about him. He contemplates her allied to a middle-aged city man, who will be able to maintain her

in a substantial manner; to enable her to receive all the aristocracy of Peckham, and be a conspicuous donor to local charities; or she would be happy with a quiet clergyman. She is too pious and good for Mr. Faversham.

Mr. Faversham has too high an opinion of his own merits to hold all this in his heart. To wonder, doubt, and speculate is natural to this strange position in which he has suddenly found himself. He is struggling to convince himself that the symptoms which he saw were really to be interpreted as his vanity had interpreted them. He had been admonished once. He had already shaped one palace of ineffable delight, and it had vanished into the air. He could not be too cautious the second time. He had begun his reflections by pondering his own utter unworthiness; and now he was on his guard. It is he who is to be careful; he is the peerless prince who will brook no second reproof! He is putting on his armour, and mustering some firm resolves. The princess must have a care, since the prince is not to be trifled with. She must be on her best behaviour, and fall upon her knees betimes, or his mightiness will turn his lofty eyes in another direction.

Book I. Chapter the First! He could not get beyond—a most puzzling, and painful predicament. By his pen he hoped to climb, and it would not write a monosyllable. The result of his long morning, was the following. A trille light as air.

A REASON WHY.

I've led you hither just to dream,
To note some strange, fantastic ties,
Between the flashes of your eyes,
And the bright ripples of this stream.

I've led you hither, just to show
A strange connection that I trace,
Between the curls that shade your face,
And yon trees bathed in sunset glow.

I've led you hither just to mark
The quaint suggestion of my dream,
As yonder willow meets the stream
To take a parting kiss at dark.

Mr. Faversham never enjoyed jokes made at the expense of the state of matrimony. He held that they were in bad taste. "He who ridicules marriage, seeks to cast damaging reflections on the honourable state in which his father and mother lived; where he was born." But now, in the warmth of the passion that was entering his heart, he became furious, when his friend Namby cracked his little jokes about Hymen. Faversham quoted Dr. Brown on the immediate emotions.

"The female character," said he, "may have its just influence; it is necessary that the female character should be respected."

"The female mind is decidedly irrational," Mr. Namby constantly exclaimed, and Mr. Faversham answered in the words of Rousseau, "Miserable must be the age in which this empire is lost, and in which the judgments of women are counted as nothing by man. Every people in the ancient world that can be said to have had morals has respected the sex—Sparta, Germany, Rome."

Topley's marriage gave rise to a conversation among his friends, in which opinions were freely expressed, not only on the prudence of the match, but on the family, manners, and appearance of the bride. Namby, who had been present at the wedding, described it in his own way, while Mr. Faversham, disgusted with the levity of the conversation, sat apart and read, or pretended to read the evening paper.

"It was the richest affair you ever saw," said Mr. Namby, "the very richest. The father of the bride was simply enormous. A get up, sir, that has not been equalled, since poor Wright deserted the boards of the Adelphi. A blue coat, and brass buttons of the finest Islington cut, a waistcoat so voluminous that I could get a shooting suit cut out of it, a collar that nearly cut his mulberry ears off, and, prepare yourselves for the final touch, his hair in long tunnels of curls that ran from the cross of his head far over his manly brow. Then there was the mamma, in a beastly temper, of course. I could hear her in the morning giving strict injunctions to a drab of a girl hired for the auspicious day, to put down the turkey while we were gone to the church."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOLLY AND IVY.

VIEWING the many strange and apparently unmeaning customs which characterize a people, the superficial observer will see only what may be laughed at, as ridiculous and absurd; whilst the antiquarian or philosopher, diving beneath the surface, and comparing the present with the past, is frequently enabled to separate, in wisdom's crucible, the dross from the finer metal, and thus to trace these customs to their true origin.

Ireland is a spot peculiarly marked by such customs; some derived from the earliest annals of Druidism, others coeval with Christianity, all richly deserving the inquiry of the critic, or the ingenious conjecture and research of the antiquary. The antique mummeries of a rude, unpolished peasantry, the boisterous and hearty mirth that at certain periods of the year bursts forth through every impediment, levelling the barriers that modern refinement would interpose, and giving full scope to the strong ebullition of natural feeling, show, that in sunshine or storm, in times of dearth or plenty, in the calm and sluggish stillness of debasing servitude, or the hurricane of political agitation, under every vicissitude or clime, the Irish peasant is the Irish peasant still, the light-hearted, generous, enthusiastic lover of his fatherland, the ardent panegyrist of the olden time, and the scrupulous observer of the various fetes of fun and superstition handed down through a long series of years; no matter how inconsistent with reason or common sense they may be, whether the cause of their institute be remembered or forgotten.

From the fire of Baal, at Summer's dawn, to the Bridegroom of Bridget's night—from the startling rites of All-Hallows' eve to the pancake-tossing of Shrovetide, we have seen comments and discussions, from Vallancey, as to why, in the festivals of Christmas, the Holly and Ivy should, in preference to all other shrubs, adorn the house or embower the dresser.

It appears a very reasonable supposition that, in a season of universal gladness, sensible and mercurial people, who knew the value of the senses as conduits of information, would avail themselves of the opportunity of blending instruction with amusement, and thus point out to the æsop of that day, whilst they carolled and gambolled round the object of their delight, its grand and mysterious associations.

Like the Jews and Egyptians, the Irish were extremely fond of figure and hieroglyphic; and like the old Fire-worshippers of Persia, in their May-eve fire, (Baal-teine is the name of May) worshipped Baal, or the Sun, who was considered the supreme dispenser of life and light to this nether world. On the introduction of Christianity, as may be well conjectured, they naturally looked around for suitable emblems to represent the objects of their new faith. As an illustration of the Trinity, the Shamrock (as we shall notice next week) was immediately adopted; whilst the Wren, embedded in Holly and Ivy, might not be considered an inappropriate type of the Incarnation. Indeed, they could scarcely have chosen a more expressive symbol of the wondrous humility of the Deity in taking the helpless form of infancy than the wren, the smallest and most despicable of the feathered race in our island.

The chilling wind and piercing cold of winter, with the various circumstances of poverty and humiliation which attended the Saviour's birth, are not inaptly denoted by the prickly roughness of the Holly, which circles the poor persecuted wren, hunted down, as was its Creator, by the unreflecting votaries of false, misguided zeal. But, whilst the Holly reminds us of the stings and crosses of a wicked and cantankerous world, the smooth, unruffled surface of the Ivy must also bring to our recollection the peace and goodness announced in the mild tenets of the Gospel to man, and the value of a good conscience, which, though bound up too often through life's journey with the Holly of turmoil and disappointment, yet strengthens and supports its possessor, like the Ivy that clasps and shelters some aged oak or venerable pile, adding lustre to its beauty, and protecting it from ruin.

WHO WAS JUNIUS ?

"Call Junius!"

"The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-haired figure,
That looked as it had been a shade on earth ;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth :
Now it waxed little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth ;
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant—to *what*, none could say.

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own ;
I never let it out till now, for fear
Of doing people harm about the throne,
And injuring some minister or peer,
On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown :
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear !—
'Tis that what Junius we were wont to call
Was *really*, truly, nobody at all !"

BYRON.



HERE is a disposition in most men to be extremely inquisitive about things over which art has cunningly contrived to throw a veil of obscurity. Were the objects of this curiosity completely and satisfactorily developed, they would cease to attract notice, and, in all probability, the interest which they at first occasion, would sink into utter contempt. What is mysterious generates wonder, and hence, a consequence is attached to questions in themselves trifling, and not worth the labour of inquiry. If the riddle remains long unsolved, the lapse of years serves but to increase its importance, and the ill-fortune of former conjecturers only acts as a stimulant to spur other adventurers into the field. Then, at length, the commonwealth of learning is disturbed by clamorous disputants, each claiming the merit of having, through his perseverance and sagacity alone, found out a secret that had hitherto eluded all research. To men of this spirit it matters little whether the subject which engages their thoughts be good or bad ; they enter upon the pursuit only to have the glory of succeeding where others have failed, and if their own vanity be gratified, which is generally the case, the objections raised against

their opinions shrink into nothing. All this, however, would be harmless enough, were it not that these busy triflers generally become partisans, and betray, in their anxiousness for discovery, the zeal of apologists. Of the truth of this assertion a stronger instance cannot be adduced, than what has occurred even since the question was first started, "who was Junius?"

This inquiry has lasted, with more or less eagerness and impatience, for the space of nearly a century ; nor is it likely to be suspended for a considerable time to come, unless some more lucky knight than any that has yet pricked forth in the chase, "shall hunt down the boar of the forest," to use the language of Lord North, "and carry off his head as a proof of his victory." Instead of losing its interest, the subject seems to freshen with time, and almost every week brings forth a disquisition, in which either old claims are reviewed, with additional arguments, or some new candidate is brought forward with strong pretensions, and, if we are to believe the writers, with such indubitable documents of evidence as must put the point at issue for ever at rest. And yet, after all that has been hitherto adduced, it is plain the question remains undecided, and that the public mind is still unsatisfied as to the real author of the far famed letters, which, for a considerable period, disturbed the government and insulted the throne. That among the numerous persons whose names have been mentioned to identify Junius, there are some whose talents qualified them for the composition of the letters, and who had ample means for gaining all the information necessary to the carrying on such an extensive system of hostility against public men, cannot be doubted. But this will apply equally to many persons, and, even if one alone possessed the powers and opportunities requisite for the purpose, the conclusion would not be decisive, that he must, therefore, have been Junius, when it can be shown that no other man at that time had

similar advantages. Neither is it difficult to produce, in addition to these points, a comparison of handwriting and style, since in regard to the former there cannot possibly be any certainty ; and, as to the latter, there is no such distinctive peculiarity in Junius as to warrant the peremptory ascription of his letters to any one writer of that period more than another. These tests, therefore, are merely fallacious when taken by themselves, though, no doubt, they may have their subordinate weight of authority when other criteria of a more determinate character are tried and found to answer. Among the various persons to whom the letters of Junius—that "epistolary 'Iron Mask,'" as Byron has called him—have been attributed, we may notice the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, Burke, Dunning, the Rev. Horne Tooke, Hugh Boyd, Dr. Wilmot, etc.

The first thing that strikes the dispassionate reader of Junius is the virulent malignity which runs through the whole of his correspondence. His attacks are conducted without the slightest regard to moral feeling, and, when convicted of falsehood, he shelters himself under a sophism, and renews the assault with taunt and irony. Hence it is plain that he was not a novice in popular writing, but one who had profited by the experience which he possessed, as a witness of the "great Walpolean wars," to use his own remarkable phraseology. This fact will so far ascertain his age, as to set aside many of those who have been set up for the real Junius ; since to have had a remembrance of the political controversies of the Walpole administration, the writer must have been then considerably more than forty years of age. In alluding to those wars, Junius could have had no design of adding to his own obscurity, or of eluding suspicion, the observation being merely casual, and intended only to show his intimacy with times and parties. This assumption of credit for much previous knowledge in politics was natural, and there can be no doubt of its being perfectly just, which, of course, proves that the author of these letters was a shrewd observer of things, and especially of public men and measures, between the years 1730 and 1740, when the great Walpole was assailed by hosts of formidable enemies.

It is also evident, that Junius was not only conversant with the political contentions of those days, but that he had either borne a part in them, or was habituated to writing upon public affairs in periodical papers. Nothing can be a more striking proof of this than the minute acquaintance with the forms and routine of a printing-office which appears in the correspondence of Junius with his publisher, Woodfall. The "pen of the ready writer" is not more obvious throughout the elaborate compositions of Junius, than his mechanical habits are in the private letters which he wrote to his printer ; whence, it is but fair to conclude that no nobleman, or person in a high public situation, could have entered into such a familiarity. But whoever Junius was, he certainly must have been a person in perfectly independent circumstances, and the complete master of his own time. The activity of his mind is apparent, his fondness for political discussion is equally clear, and his means of information were, beyond all question, most minute, exact, and abundant. He must have had a very large acquaintance, even among the first circles of society ; yet, upon the most scrutinizing examination of all his published and private correspondence, it does not seem that he had any particular connexions.

Like the Turkish spy, who is said to have lived in Paris unknown, and yet seeing everything, for the space of forty years, this writer appears to have moved about the court and in the city, hearing himself daily praised or abused, without being at all suspected by those with whom he conversed, and who made his productions the subjects of their general discourse. He that could so govern his temper and command his actions, under such circumstances, must have been a man of no ordinary philosophy, taking that term in the sense in which it would have been applied by the ancient Stoics. But, even allowing that many men might have possessed sufficient art and firmness to avoid suspicion in mixed companies, ^{for} could have managed so as to keep all vestiges of the scent from their families. This might, indeed, have been done in one or two cases, but hardly in so lengthened a course of writing ; which, though it be indirect argument, is, at least, a fair presumption that Junius was an isolated individual, or a kind of recluse, as far as related to his mode of living, at the time when those letters made their appearance.

Another point, still more remarkable, in the character of this incendiary, for such, undoubtedly, he must be considered, is the ad-

dress with which he contrived, even when meddling with the minor politics of the city, to wear the appearance of lofty independence, and to avoid every symptom of being attached to any particular set of men. Yet, nothing is more palpable throughout the letters, than that the author was a disappointed man; of which his rancorous abuse of the Duke of Grafton is a glaring instance. The inveterate enmity shown towards that nobleman is, indeed, so extremely personal and distinct from mere political dislike, that it will be vain to point out any individual as Junius, unless it can be at the same time clearly shown that he had a private quarrel with the Duke of Grafton.

But what is to be thought of this virulent libeller's scurrilous attack upon his sovereign, in which not only decorum but truth was set at utter defiance? Perhaps this is the main touchstone, after all, by which the pretensions to the letters of Junius are to be tried, because the instance being unique in the history of English libel, must have had some extraordinary motive. That Junius was both a republican and a sceptic is too obvious to be denied, for he has let no opportunity escape him of bringing monarchy into contempt, and of throwing a sneer upon religion. Now, the man who had the interests of some party to promote, or who aimed at personal advancement in the state, would never have taken this course, since he must know that a discovery would be fatal to his object. But Junius, as we have already hinted, was leagued with no party, and, though soured by disappointment, his own prospects of preferment were terminated, otherwise he would not have taken the desperate resolution of insulting his king. Yet, he must have had an object when he began this career, and that object certainly continued to animate him through the whole course of it, for his conduct was uniform, and his enmity remained unabated to the last. Still no one could divine what the ultimate design of this energetic writer was, nor, indeed, was it possible at that time to form any other idea of him than that he was one of those turbulent spirits who rise up in unquiet times to distract the measures of government by inflaming the public mind against them.

Junius is better known by his enmities than by his attachments; in the former he is open, bold, and unappeasable; in the latter he is cold, equivocal, and fluctuating. His supreme delight appears to have been in creating confusion, weakening the bonds of society, and making the people dissatisfied, not merely with this or that administration, but with the entire regimen under which they lived. The object of Junius, therefore, was a revolution, and upon no other principle can his conduct be accounted for; consequently, all the distinguished writers who have been impertinently mentioned as the authors of these letters, must be exonerated from the charge; and, as to the inferior fry, with whom folly and pedantry have associated the name of Junius, it would be a waste of time to bestow one word upon their respective merits or demerits. It is plain that Junius was a man of experience, hackneyed in the ways of the world, and past the meridian of life; that he was skilled in political controversy; habituated to the periodical press; living at his ease without any professional occupation; possessing great self-command; unconnected with party, yet disappointed in some particular object which produced a deadly enmity to individuals; a staunch republican; and one who was evidently no friend to revealed religion.

The first letter of Junius, and the correspondence which resulted from it between that writer and Sir William Draper, will, upon close investigation, be found to exhibit some very material elements by which we may be led to a determination of the perplexing question, "Who was the author?" Junius began his famous operations against ministers at the commencement of the year 1769, when he opened his attack with a most dismal picture of the state of the nation, in regard to its finances, the colonies, and the army, which led him, very naturally, into a severe denunciation of the heads of these departments. His first attention is directed to the Duke of Grafton, the prime-minister, and who is represented as a broken gamester and an apostate, of whose "talents or resolution for business the world knew nothing, unless a wayward, wavering inconsistency be a mark of genius, and caprice a demonstration of spirit."

Having thus despatched the principal of the treasury, Junius directs his artillery upon Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a vein of sarcastic irony that forcibly reminds the reader of the biting satires of Swift. "His lordship," says Junius, "is yet to give us the first fruits of his abilities. It may be candid to sup-

pose, that he has hitherto voluntarily concealed his talents; intending, perhaps, to astonish the world, when we least expect it, with a knowledge of trade, a choice of expedients, and a depth of resources equal to the necessities, and far beyond the hopes, of his country."

It will be observed that Junius treats Lord North with much more levity than he does the Duke of Grafton; but when he comes to the Earl of Hillsborough, who was at the head of the colonial department, the effervescence of his personal resentment broke forth with a violence that knew no bounds. This is a most important part of the letter, and evidently shows that, though America was only incidentally mentioned, its grievances, real or supposed, were uppermost in the writer's mind. "Under one administration," he says, the "stamp-act is made; under the second it is repeated; under the third, in spite of all experience, a new mode of taxing the colonies is invented, and a question revived which ought to have been buried in oblivion. In these circumstances, a new office is established for the business of the plantations, and the Earl of Hillsborough called forth, at a most critical season, to govern America. The choice at least announced to us a man of superior capacity and knowledge. Whether he be so or not, let his despatches, as far as they have appeared, let his measures, as far as they have operated, determine for him. In the former, we have some strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation; but neither correctness in the composition, nor judgment in the design. As for his measures, let it be remembered, that he was called upon to conciliate and unite; and that, when he entered into office, the most refractory of the colonies were still disposed to proceed by the constitutional methods of petition and remonstrance. Since that period they have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the throne; and the continuance of one of the principal assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition, (that they should retract one of their resolutions, and erase the entry of it,) which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with; and which would have availed nothing as to the general question, if it had been complied with. So violent, and I believe I may call it, so unconstitutional an exertion of the prerogative, to say nothing of the weak, injudicious terms in which it was conveyed, gives us as humble an opinion of his lordship's capacity, as it does of his temper and moderation. While we are at peace with other nations, our military force may, perhaps, be spared to support the Earl of Hillsborough's measures in America. Whenever that force shall be necessarily withdrawn or diminished, dismissal of such a minister will neither console us for his imprudence, nor remove the settled resentment of a people, who, complaining of an act of the legislature, are outraged by an unwarrantable stretch of prerogative, and supporting their claims by argument, are insulted with declamation." The length of this quotation must be excused, on account of its immediate bearing on the question—"Who was Junius?" There is in this passage not only a remarkable feeling for the American interests, but a minute acquaintance with the colonial assemblies, and the spirit of the people in general. This is, therefore, evidently the language of an experienced man, one conversant in practical politics, and possessing much local knowledge of the concerns of the plantations. Whoever Junius was, he certainly had a thorough insight into Lord Hillsborough's character; and it is obvious that he had not contemplated it at a distance, or through the medium of public reports. While he inveighs in general terms of reproach against the other ministers, he comes to specific and even minute points of accusation in denouncing the secretary of the plantations.

But what is to be said of the writer's enmity to the Marquis of Granby, upon whom scurrility is poured out without the least regard to common decorum? This has induced some to conclude that Junius must have been, if not a military man, yet, one intimately acquainted with the department of the army, and the system on which it was then conducted by the commander-in-chief. One thing observable, in the attempt of Junius to justify his abuse of Lord Granby, is the indirect, but severe condemnation passed on the German war, and English interference in it. The reason of this may, perhaps, have its own weight in ultimately ascertaining the solution of one of the *questiones vexatæ* of the past century—"Who was Junius?"

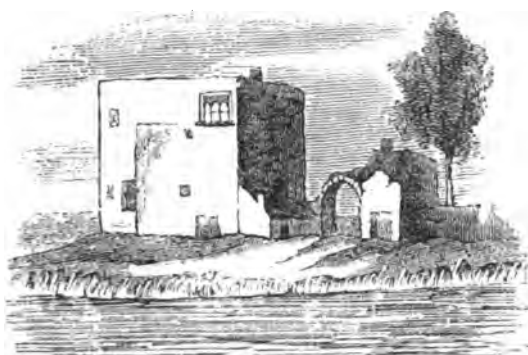
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.


III.—WOODSTOCK CASTLE, COUNTY KILDARE.

Woodstock, famed in Irish story,
Raising high its tow'ring head,
Still proclaims its former glory,
Near old Barrow's crystal bed.

O'er its walls where, ivy creeping,
Loves to wave its sombre green;
Forth, beneath the foliage peeping,
Many a sculptured stone is seen.

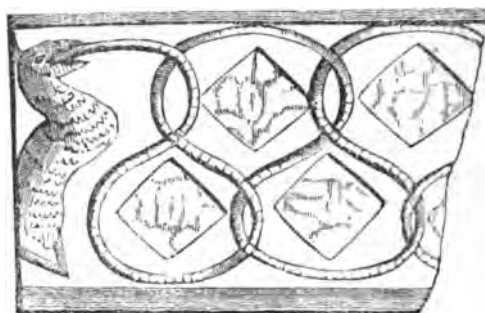
Where the silken standard flying,
Once its waving folds display'd;
Now the breeze, in murmurs sighing,
Mourns the havoc time has made.



 O have the recollection of the days that are long gone over stirred up in our minds, and to dwell upon them with affectionate interest, may appear weak in the eyes of true philosophy. Yet, to dwell fondly on the history of scenes that are for ever fled, if it be a weakness, seems to be one of the most pardonable weaknesses of our nature—a frailty as universal as it is interesting. It is a sobering reflection which we are naturally affected with, and by it the best sympathies of our nature are often awakened. When contemplating the mouldering remains of the edifices of our forefathers, associations press on the mind, linked as they are with the present and the past, that often convey instruction of no ordinary kind. Perhaps the Castle of Woodstock, the subject of our present notice, may be classed amongst others as affording evidence of the justness of this remark.

From its vicinity, Woodstock Castle has partaken of nearly all the changes that befel Athy. Standing on the western bank of the river Barrow, it was designed to command the principal ford on this part of the river, in conjunction with White's Castle, situate on the opposite bank, a little lower down—the ford lying between. The time this castle was built is unknown. Tradition assigns it to about the year 1290, and that a descendant of the earl of Pembroke was its first master; whilst some antiquaries, with more reason, seem inclined to attribute the erection of the present structure to Thomas Fitzgerald, lord of Offaly, and afterwards seventh earl of Kildare, who, on marrying Dorothea, the daughter of Anthony O'Moore, of Leix, received in dower the manors of Woodstock and Rheban, in which family it still remains. The plan of the building was originally a regular square tower, joining the south side, and built in uniformity with the front facing the river. The walls are of great thickness, and, considering the attacks they have been exposed to, in good preservation. The mullioned windows were much admired, being very elegantly executed. In viewing the interior from what

can be collected from the remains, we are struck with the curious arrangements of ancient architecture. A fine arched gateway, and part of the outer court-wall yet remain. Some years since a stone, of which the following cut is a representation, was discovered in the ruins, and is the only piece of sculpture of interest that has, even in a mutilated state, survived,



The ford which the Castle commanded, and from which Athy derives its name, was called Athelehad, or anciently Athlegar, the ford towards the west; also, Ath-trohan, or the cattle ford. It was here the great battle was fought, in the third century, between the people of Munster and those of Leix, under Laviseagh Cean Mordha.

In 1642, the Marquis of Ormond took Woodstock from the rebels; and subsequently, in 1647, Owen Roe O'Neal surprised it, and put the garrison to the sword; his victory, however, was but of short duration, for Lord Inchiquin compelled him, in a little time after, to surrender it and Athy.

A VIOLET RUBRIC.

I PAGED about the garden girths,
When Spring was misting faint and low,
On briared hedge and dial plate
Thick sparkled the crisped snow.

In one bright nook, where looked the sun,
Across a level cloud of jet,
Beneath a laurel's yellow bloom,
There gleamed a violet.

Blue as the little rift that shone,
In the dusk skies that overspread,
Yet radiant as the day that fell
In beams around its head.

So, moralising, forth I went,
'Thro' the dank pastures, and I thought
Here was the emblem and the type
Of all the world had sought.

When hearts are broken or betrayed,
And pine, from Winter, for release,
God often in their ruins sows
The violet of peace.

And when the Spring has crossed the earth,
And violets faint beneath the skies,
They die, that in their place may wake
Diviner flowers of Paradise,

AMONGST THE MUSICIANS.



IN consequence of music and painting having been so persistently associated as sister-arts, and the connexion sustained by a parcel of ill-concerted theories, we must get a great critic, the subtle Hoffman, to help us to distinguish them. "Music," he says, in his *Phantasie Stücke*, "never makes men think; it is the purest Sanscrit of the feelings." Painting, it will be confessed on all sides, is not so innocuous; for we have a hundred examples to show that the exhibition of pictures, after the manner employed by Rienzi to rouse the Roman population, has made men think and write, and fight when it was necessary. In strict truth, music teaches us nothing. It appeals to an intelligence so keenly subtle, so impalpable, that it manifests itself only by pure emotion. The higher and nobler the order of mind, the more it is likely to be fascinated by the charms of sweet sounds. Shakspeare loved music, and has left numerous testimonies to its divine influences in his plays and poems. Haters of music, he tells us, are "fit for treasons, plots, and stratagems;" and his exquisite appreciation of melody is finely expressed in "Lucrece," thus:—

"Come, Philomel, that singest of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevelled hair,
As the dark earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear.
For burthenwise I'll turn."

John Milton had a sublime conception of the power of music, and was given, as we are told, to "psaltery and organ playing;" and his stern contemporary, Oliver Cromwell, when his days had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, was wont to assuage his melancholy by sitting alone in a retired chamber to which the sounds of a distant organ penetrated. Voltaire, if we are to believe one set of writers, hated music with that fierce intensity which characterized all his hatreds. Grètry asserts that he always listened to it with a soured and discontented face. French music, at the period in which he lived, had little pretensions to greatness; and, after all, the philosopher may have despised it on the score of good taste. His friend and patron, Frederick of Prussia, possessed musical sympathies in no mean degree. Pope, it is said, had none; but John Dryden's appreciation of music was powerful and rich. Charles Lamb, who has left us a piece of magnificent prose, which reads like an apotheosis of the organ, had no capacity for musical pleasure; neither had the illustrious Dr. Chalmers—except a sneaking liking for a Scotch air, a curious partiality, which all Scotchmen, by some merciful provision of Providence, are found to exhibit. His friends relate of Horace Walpole that "he knew nothing of music;" and Dr. Johnson did not know one tune from another. Rousseau, with all his affected sentiment and shallow philosophy to the contrary, was a profound and accomplished musician, and was accustomed to wile away the loneliness of his solitude by violin playing. Curiously enough, whilst Luther named music "the prodigy of Heaven," Calvin and Knox denounced it as a bait held out by the devil to lure the souls of the unwary, and condemned it to perpetual banishment from the ritual. History informs us that Alfred, Nero, Cœur de Lion, Charles IX. and Henry VIII. were lovers of the glorious art. Wellington was a musician; and Napoleon, when not better employed, would walk from room to room humming opera airs. All the poets, with some miserable exceptions, were passionate admirers of the "Heaven descended muse." Thus, Shakspeare again, in the "Tempest"—

"The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

Cowley quaintly asks:—

"Tell me, O muse, for thou or none canst tell,
The mystic powers that in blessed numbers dwell?"

His poetical "Cosmos," which had at least the merit of originality to recommend it, contains a curious passage in which he says that chaos

"To numbers and fixed rules was brought,
By the Eternal mind's poetic thought;
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the bass."

Shall it not amaze us to hear that the subtle and inquisitive Goethe, whose intellect like the chords of a great harp, responded to every breath of passion which swept them, knew nothing and cared nothing for music, German in heart and soul as he was. Poor Byron was in music, what Scott was in Gothic architecture—"a sentimentalist," and liked the sounds that came to him "o'er the waters." Scott himself, well and nobly as he describes the influence of melody on the heart, had a fondness for the droning of the bagpipe, and we have records of musical evenings at Abbotsford when the poet would rise from the table to roar out some barbarous jargon of Scotch discords, under the impression that he was delighting his guests. Artificial and narrow-headed as he was, Moore was a fine musician, and sang his own melodies with unrivalled sweetness and pathos, frequently drawing tears from his listeners. Wordsworth was too much of a metaphysician, too keen and analytical to be affected by the claims of an art which failed to reward his inquisitiveness. Can anything be less sympathetic than his description of the singing of the *Ranze de Vaches*, in the Swiss valleys, at sunset:—

"I listen, but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion."

This is the quintessence of musical inappreciation.

Where shall we look for the origin of this invisible beauty, glorified by Miriam, and David, and Solomon—heard in the world from the hour when the clash of rejoicing cymbals sounded by the shores of the Red Sea to our own time, which listens to Rossini and Wallace? The Hebrews cannot help us, and we turn to the Greeks. From what we know of the extent to which they cultivated music, it would appear that they knew nothing of time and harmony. It would be a hopeless task to attempt to define the art as it existed, independent of conditions which we are accustomed to regard as inseparable from the art itself. Evidently, the Greeks treated it as a science, reduced the few elements they possessed to theoretical restrictions, surrounded them with elaborate complexities of form, and lost sight, if it was ever beheld, of the free spirit which they sought to fetter. Are we not justified in thinking that with them music was not, as it happily is with us, a living delight, a mysterious key to a host of undiscovered emotions hoarded in the secret recesses of the soul; but rather a vehicle for the systematic delivery of words—a string on which tales and recitations might be arranged with some regard to order. We have spent time and agony in deciphering the few fragments of Lydian measures that have reached us; either we have wrongly interpreted them, or they are destitute of every pretension to the name of music. Yet the Greeks must not be supposed to have suffered much from the absence of genuine music, for their language would have sufficed, in a great measure, to supply its place. A recent critic has made an ingenious attempt to define what the music of the Greeks really was. "Taking into consideration," he says, "the total disparity between the effect of the ancient specimens of melody, when transferred into our modes of recitation and performance, and that so enthusiastically commented on by contemporary writers, I sought for an explanation of the riddle in a manner of execution dependent entirely on the rules of rhythm and quantity. I found the choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles to be divisible, on examination, into lines of seven syllables each. Comparing this with the fact of there being seven notes in the Greek diatonic scale, and seven alternate singers of strophe and antistrophe, I arrived at the conclusion that the music of the Greek chorus, like that of the Russian horn-band of the present day, might probably be performed on the principle of a note to each person: thus producing an effect of which, under any other circumstances, the

meagre skeletons of melody that have been handed down would give no idea." As might have been anticipated by its professor, this simple and very probable theory no sooner saw the light than it was assailed by those who cleaved to the old hypotheses, and who did not hesitate to pronounce it improbable and irrational. But, to disprove it, one of two things is obviously necessary. It must be shown that the system practised by the Russian horn-band is of Russian invention, or that it was borrowed from a quarter effectually excluded from Greek inspiration. Russian nationality is scarcely a thousand years old, and in it every thing indigenous to the people took root. Get rid of the nationality and you are suddenly transported back to an era in which Russia was a mere copyist of her neighbours in every department of progress. The horn music was cultivated in the reign of Catherine the Great—whence did it come? Is it too wild a conjecture to suppose that it may have been introduced into the country by some wandering Greek, centuries earlier? It would be a singular coincidence, indeed, if it could be shown that the boorish Russian and polished Greek had hit upon the same plan independently of each other!

It was a misfortune for the Greek mind that it relied too much on the infallibility of systems, and too little on the goodness of natural scope and freedom. Greece's architectural genius had developed itself in a splendid maturity, and her strictly artistic powers were in the glory of manhood before the schools could meddle with either. Both became perfect, growing outward from their internal strength, whilst music became, by adoption, the child of the college, and was obliged to conform to its laws and observances. The Greek sought a reputation for profundity, and, to attain his desire, disguised the meanest truth in a wardrobe of complexities. He had some appreciation, indeed, of the deepest instincts of music; but, as it never would do to have the truant art abandoned to her own exquisite caprices, he placed her in the stocks and surrounded her with all the barriers of a blind conventionality. When people write of the revival of music in the middle ages, and express our indebtedness to the Greeks on that score, they err woefully. The music of the West was an independent inspiration, and, although it was obliged to borrow somewhat from the Hellenic doctrines, it advanced, in proportion to the distance which it separated itself from them. We know very little of it. The music of the primitive Christian Church, to which Ambrose and Constantine listened, may have been borrowed from idolaters or the Jews, or been independent of either. No remnant of the first, chants which rolled through the glooms of the Catacombs have reached us; but with the sixth century there is a stir in the awful silence of the Christian world, and the grand volume of the Gregorian music fills the basilicas from east to west. It is not an admixture of rich chords and harmonies one hears, but the stern voice of a faith, that dared at last to breathe and praise God aloud in words of inartistic thankfulness. To be critically just, that music is instinctively impressionless, and should only be heard in the church, where it finds corresponding solemnities of form and expression. In this state the art remained until the troubadours made her the vehicle of passion, and devoted her to the service of love and gallantry. Compared with the intense character of later music, the troubadours' is painfully meagre and barren of feeling; but what an improvement on that which it had succeeded! It came, at least, fresh and impulsive from the heart and beat itself into pathetic cadences and sweet involutions which the world had never heard before. "The Complaint of the Chatelain de Courcy" has three or four passages of extraordinary merit, and one of melting tenderness.

It was about the beginning of the fourteenth century, when secular music was ranging the world fugitive, that the Church availed herself of the accidental discoveries of harmony and counterpoint. Once more the art was taken in hands by pedantic theorists, this time to rest till her constitution was sufficiently braced for the hard work which she had to encounter. With this era originated the *fugue* and the *Credos*, *Kyries*, and *Te Deums*, which even to this day are regarded as miracles of imperfect and austere beauty. So music struggled along, scarcely seeking to emancipate herself from her new bondage, patiently biding her time, with eyes fervently fixed upon the future. At last, Charles V. studied her, and Henry VIII. composed a sacred hymn. The Elizabethan period beheld a great change in the style of composition and management. The pealing organ and full-voiced choirs, were heard in unison, in loud

contrapuntal harmonies; psalm singing was encouraged in France, and the madrigal assumed its present form in Italy. Thence came the round, the catch, and the glee, each domestic in character, and tending, therefore, to bring music within doors, and make her familiar with our fire-sides. To this period we owe the "hey downs," and the "fal la, la's" which play no unimportant part in popular ballad choruses. Perhaps madrigals have no claims to a high order of merit, but we must remember that they are admirably adapted to the special purpose for which they were composed, abounding as they do, in a variety of free graces and pleasantries, that mean little but go for much. They afforded, it is true, but little scope for the exercise of a single voice. This fault was remedied by a new class of productions—solos, such as Chatelard and Rizzio were wont to sing in the stately apartments of their patrons. Probably, those were for the most part improvised to suit the occasion; but, that such was the fact, we have no positive evidence.

Hitherto the voice had held a position subordinate to the instruments by which it was accompanied. The lute and viol were the favourites because of their qualities of assimilation with the human organ, but they were destined soon to hide their diminished heads before a new rival—the incomparable violin. Louis XIV. had patronised it. It was just the thing that was wanted, combining, as the organ, a host of instruments in itself, from the bass of the great drum upwards, through a chain of a thousand modulations to the shrill chirrup of the piccolo. Charles II. had come to the throne; and, amongst one of his first acts, was the bringing over to England of a band of twenty-four fiddlers, each a prodigy in his way, but immeasurably inferior to the leader, Baltzar, a Lubecker. This man performed such marvels on the four slender strings of the violin that an honest gentleman of the period suggested his identity with Satan, and seriously examined his feet, in the hope of finding them hooved. Charles, gay, light, and frivolous as he was, had a good musical taste, which was not at all flattered by the Church compositions that had been bequeathed to him by the Protectorate. He set about reforming them, had symphonies and instrumental accompaniments added to the anthems, and had those executed by his private band. Whilst in exile, and looking out wearisomely for the promised assistance of Monck, he used to beguile his time with the tender music of Lulli, and the taste he acquired for it, led to an important change in music. In fact, Charles was sick of the monotonous, heavily-spun compositions which were in vogue; he wanted a tune, and he got it. Locke and Purcell met the royal desire. The former has rendered his name immortal by the music to *Macbeth*, which, for finish and purity, shames that of Verdi's *Macbeth*; and the latter stands at the head of the composers of English sacred music. If the Merry Monarch had no other claim, and we fear he has not, to the gratitude of posterity the service thus rendered to the progress of music may, at least, gloss over a dozen of the venial faults which history ascribes to him. The idea of a simple song, with instrumental accompaniments, is attributed to Vincenzo Galileo, the father of the astronomer. He was accustomed, with many of the literati of Florence, to assemble at the house of the Count of Verona, and there discuss the probability of reviving the dramatic effect of the Greek music. Being an accomplished musician, he set a passage from the *Inferno*, for the compass of his own voice, with lute accompaniment. The experiment, when tried, was received with delight; and its adoption became almost universal. Ten years after, (1600,) Exuilio di Cavaliere, wrote his oratorio, *Body and Soul*, which was performed with great *eclat* at Rome; and the first opera, *Euridici*, by Peri and Caccini, was represented the same year at Florence. In one day the eyes of Europe were opened to the real mission of music, and every one was wondering why he had not perceived it before. Italy was the first to profit by the idea. Her soul was full of imprisoned melody panting for an outlet, and here it was vouchsafed her. Some notion of the avidity with which the new "order" was caught up may be inferred from the well-attested fact that in Venice alone, between 1637 and 1700, seven theatres were built, and three hundred and fifty-seven different operas produced. It is well that we should not take the crude, almost shapeless operas of the day for the sparkling and polished ones we are in the habit of hearing. The airs were scanty and separated by lengthy intervals, filled up by violins and basses, the whole ending with a chorus! The music itself was passionless and meagre, the dramatic effect scarcely noticeable. Even so late as the last century, English and foreign artistes, on the same stage, used to sing their respective parts in their

respective languages; and the audience generally assisted in the choruses.

Great as this change was, a deeper and subtler revolution was working below the surface. The more enthusiastic disciple of the new opera school never dreamt of making sound its own interpreter. That feat was reserved for men like Monteverde, Barissimi, and Stradelli, in whose music every phase of thought and feeling finds an echo or an expression. Alessandro, Scarlatti, and Lulli still further enriched the treasures of dramatic art; Marcello chastened whilst he elevated the Church music, whilst Lulli and Grètry caught the French imagination in their gay and picturesque compositions. In the words of a recent writer: "Domenico and Sebastian Bach, with their stern gymnastic exercises, strengthened every muscle of musical invention. The German Hasse was adopted by the Italians; the German Gluck was adored by the Parisians; in England Purcell entered through the door which the Restoration had opened, and Handel's mighty tread took up where his lighter steps left off; while, for the whole musical world at large, the coming of Haydn announced that of Mozart, as the song of the redstart shows that the nightingale is near." England prides herself, and fairly, it must be owned, on the fact that, if since Purcell she has produced but few great composers, she has sunk much of her national pride and prejudice in extending a welcome hand to those of every other country. Mr. Rogers says that the English have been brought up in the religion of Handel; but with whom does the credit of it rest? A defeated candidate for popular favour in England, he was glad to take refuge in Dublin; and it redounds to the lasting glory of the Irish people that they were the first to appreciate the grandeur of that colossal genius, whose shadow shall stretch across all the generations till the crack of doom. In his hands music, like the war-horse of the prophet, was clothed with thunder, and arrayed with the lightning. It is not the voice of earth but of heaven, heard amongst the rattling of chariots and the shock of contending hosts, as Milton describes the battle of the angels—now a peaceful Hosannah which rises before them a pillar of fire from the winged ministers that kneel around the throne. All ecstasies of thought, all terrors of passion, all intensities of adoration struggle, and commingle, and rejoice in that illimitable volume, "The heavens are telling," but the awful revelation penetrates the profoundest gulfs of hell. Put those words in the mouths of angels—they are too much for the weakness of man. As a writer of oratorios, we rank Haydn next to Handel. Pious, reverent, and diffident, he wrote at the commencement of all his scores: "In the name of God," and ended with, "Praise be to God!" "The Creation," his great master-piece, is a good example of his greatness and weaknesses. It may be de-

scribed as a divine pastoral overflowing with airy inspirations that ascend and wreath themselves into the loveliest forms, like the smoke of a sacrifice blown by a south wind towards a sunny sky. The magnificent play on the words "And there was light," enters the ear like a flood of brilliancy, and leaves a lasting impression on the mind's retina, long after the singers are silent and the organ has ceased. How spiritual is that melody beginning, "Most beautiful arise," so crisp, fresh, and endearingly lovely? It is a pity he was so commonly addicted to "puns," as when describing the word deep, the phrase is accompanied by a tremendous organ note, that seems to plumb the very abysses of the instrument; or in his interludic thunders, where sharp staccatos dance zig-zag through the heavy artillery of the skies.

Poor Haydn, if compared, however, with some of his predecessors in the punning line, may be pronounced immaculate. Many of those aspired to imitate nothing better than the cackling of hens and the mewling of cats; Marcello went further, by composing two complex choruses, one for soprano, the other for contralto, in which the baaing of sheep and lowing of oxen are interpreted with misdirected ability. In "Preciosa" Haydn gave proofs of a highly symmetrical judgment; witness the description of the morning, with the huge cloud-bulk breaking slowly before the daylight, and then the blaze of the sun as he tops the vapour. This work is but a hair's breadth from the sublime. Between Handel and Haydn we may rank Mozart; tender, pathetic, almost despondent, as is his music, it well expresses the imploring heart of helpless humanity prostrate before its God. A wail runs through its very jubilation, as if

"There was even in happiness
To make the heart afraid."

His great opera, "Don Giovanni," is still the gem of the lyrical drama, and is likely to continue so, despite the cumulating rivalries with which it is daily placed in competition. Perhaps, next to Handel, no composer has vaster claims to our reverence than Beethoven. He is a dreamer in sounds, a builder of phantasies with no defineable end. In one composition, "The Mount of Olives," he is prayerful and human. All else is vague, misty, and wonderful. We fear we have trespassed too much already on the patience of our readers to attempt any criticism of contemporary composers. It would be hard to do justice to Rossini, whom even an emperor honours with his familiarity; or with Vincent Wallace, who divides with Balfe—both our countrymen—the empire of the English stage. Of this, however, we may be assured, that music has reached its turning point as an art, and was never cultivated and honoured so universally as it is to-day.

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SUILL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER VII.

REJOICED, at length, to breathe a purer atmosphere than that which has been suffocating us through the last chapter, we request the reader to return, for the last time, with us to the sleeper and his blue-eyed sentinel, in the parlour of the inn. The interest which she had evinced for the old man, and which had excited so much astonishment in his mind, did not appear to subside after she had accomplished the object which she desired, and beheld him once more locked in the unconsciousness of a profound repose. She remained pacing softly and anxiously through the room, sometimes pressing her brow with her expanded palm, at others clapping and wringing her hands hard, but with a perfectly noiseless action—now starting and biting her thin lip, as the voice of Maney and the preacher in the kitchen made her dread the waking of her guest—now gazing fondly toward the old man's bed, while her large soft eyes be-



DEATH OF RED BODY.

came watery, and her wasted and yellow countenance changed and saddened under the influence of some melancholy associations, until she stretched her arms forth to their furthest limit, and her bosom heaved and panted with a longing tenderness—and then, by a sudden transition, shuddering with horror, gathering her hands fearfully to her bosom, and endeavouring by an impatient gesture to shake off the startling recollection, whatever it was, that had checked the flowing kindness. At another time, as she crept across the room, the valise of the Palatine caught her eye, and made her start and tremble so violently, that it seemed to require a powerful effort of self-command to prevent her renewing the wild cry of agony with which she had before startled the household. She then, with a light, tiptoe movement, crept to the bedside, seemed about to lift the dimity curtain, paused, clasped her hands, looked upward, and finally withdrew it, and gazed upon the sleeper.

"His!" she exclaimed, muttering, in a soft whisper, a link from the chain of her silent conference with her own heart—"his!—Oh, if I could only by tears, and kneeling and moistening the very dust about his feet, obtain his that I wronged more cruelly than by saying a word of truth in his ear! Oh, how softly, and kindly, and warmly his word of anger and command fell upon my heart! I thought I was a child again, and that my own father stood before me.

Where is my father now? Ay, have you a father, you miserable dupe?—You robber's wife! you worse robber than the worst, you plunderer of the old man's peace! you thief of his rest and happiness!—and for what! For—” here an uneasy motion of the sleeper alarmed her. She let the curtain fall, and taking her seat on a low chair near the bed, commenced, in that low and murmuring melody of tone which Irish nurses use to lull the ear of infancy, and which scarcely exceeds in the extent of its compass or the variety of its intonation the drowsy rise and fall of the hum of summer bees, a simple and plaintive air, the words of which, rude as they were, we will venture to transcribe:—

The mie-na-mallah* now is past,
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
And I must leave my home at last,
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
I look into my father's eyes—
I hear my mother's parting sighs—
A fool, to pine for other ties—
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!

This evening they must sit alone,
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
They'll talk of me when I am gone,
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
Who now will cheer my weary sire,
When toil and care his heart shall tire?
My chair is empty by the fire!
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!

How sunny looks my pleasant home!
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
Those flowers for me shall never bloom—
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
I seek new friends, and I am told,
That they are rich in lands and gold;
Ah! will they love me like the old?
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!

Farewell, dear friends, we meet no more—
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
My husband's horse is at the door!
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!
Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me;
For by this breaking heart you see
How dearly I have purchased thee!
O wirra-s-thru! O wirra-s-thru!

As the singer paused on the last cadence of the air, the pathos and simplicity of which she rendered infinitely touching by the delicate management of a voice of great softness and tenderness of tone, a short-breathed sigh proceeding from some person near her, mingled with and checked it in the close. Raising her eyes, she beheld Suil Dhuv bending over her, his arms folded, and an expression on his features which might be indicative of mingled kindness and deliberation. Her thoughts instantly recurred to her guest, and with a movement of swift alarm, she rose from her seat, and endeavoured to lead him from the place.

“Stay, Sally!” he exclaimed, “I want to know about the——” but the woman stopped his speech, putting her finger on her lip, and pointing to the bed. The Coiner followed her.

“What are they?—where are they going?—and by what road?” were the first questions which he asked, when they had passed through the kitchen, where Shine was now slumbering by the fire, and gained the apartment in the further end of the house.

“My love!—my own love!” said the woman, laying her hand on his arm, and pressing it affectionately—“we have been now four years married, living together, true to one another, in sickness, in want, in joy,—(and we had our share of that too, Mark)—and in guilt—and of that too, Mark, hadn't we?”—and——

“Come! come!” said Spellacy, impatiently, “what preachment are we to have now?”

“I was only saying, Mark, that we had been so long married, and I never—never once made you a request since the first day we wedded.”

“And whose fault do you want to say that was?”

“My own, darling!” she said, laying her hands caressingly on

• Honeymoon.

his shoulders—“sure I know 'twas my own! But it won't be my fault any longer, for I have something to ask you for now, at last.”

“Well, what's that to be?” the husband muttered distrustfully.

“First, tell me, darling, what you intend?”

“Poh! the old plan always. To make sure o' the horses and the arms you know, and then the four of us to ride off to Drumsconlon, and do our business there—be back so as to take these here upon their way. ‘I will be a brisk night's work,’ he added, looking into the air.

“You will not use violence?” she said, falteringly, while she watched his eyes.

“Poh—no—no—no—to be sure,” the fellow replied carelessly.

The negative was not satisfactory.

“Mark,” said the woman, twining her arms close about his neck, and looking with an agony of entreaty in his face, “my request—my first and only one—is that—that you will spend this evening with me, and let those men depart in peace.”

Suil Dhuv stared upon her.

“I charge you,” she continued, raising her voice and assuming a more solemn tone, “harm them not! Lay not your finger on a hair of that old man's head, as you value your life! Do not brush the dust from his path! If you give him one evil eye—one bad wish—one ruffian thought—it were better for you, your nurse had strangled you upon her lap! Let the morning dawn see you as innocent of harm, thought or done, towards him, as the child unborn!”

“Why—Sally—?”

“Keep off your hand! You know me not!—I tell you, man, you know but little of me yet. Observe my words, or I'll be gone! Fear for your soul! or if that will not startle you, fear for your neck! for as sure as that man's way is troubled—aye, if only by a pebble cast in it by your hand, you shall die the death of a dog!”

She was about to leave the room, as if conscious of her inability to sustain the commanding and energetic tone she had assumed, in her fit of enthusiasm, when Suil Dhuv, at length recovered from his astonishment, though not at all touched either by tenderness or her menaces, seized her firmly by the arm—shut the door fast, and, looking fixedly into her eyes, asked:—

“Who is this man?”

“No matter,” said the woman, avoiding his gaze and clearing the perspiration from her brow, “that is my request, grant or refuse it as you will.”

The Coiner slowly relaxed his hold, while he remained gazing with exertion of intense scrutiny on her changing and agitated features. She seemed to understand the action, though she dared not look at him, and this consciousness served only to increase her anxiety. A creeping, cold, malignant smile at length parted his hard lips, and glistened with a triumphant light in his eye. He let her hand fall, and walked in silence toward the door.

It was now her turn to interpose. “Hold! stay!” she exclaimed, “is my request granted? O tell me what you intend?”

“You can be secret, Sally—so can I.”

“He is a friend of mine, Mark, isn't that enough?”

“Enough of what? Don't you know, there are some friends of yours that are worse than enemies to me.”

The poor woman *did* know it very well, and so she told him by a mournful shake of the head.

“Well! well!” she said, suddenly, “I will tell you something presently. But leave me to think a while.”

“I am going to say a word to Awny Farrel—remain here until I come. So you can talk, you can?” he added, in soliloquy, as he left the house. “We'll see if Lilly Byrne won't fill your place a little more softly. Not a better sport I'd wish, than to see you take up with the *mudhaun* that's lying brained abroad in the loft. And sure ye can do it, the two o' and welcome, can't ye?”

“There is one other chance,” the woman said, after meditating alone for a moment on the course which she ought now to pursue. “One chance to save all! What, if it fail? Hate is as black and deadly in the old as in the young, and sometimes more so. He may refuse—What, then? Avow all? Ruin, death, and horror! Stay! let me think, let me pause a moment, O, for some friend! some kind adviser, some—Heaven!” she clasped her hands and uplifted them, but again repressed the feeling. “No, no, it is my human agony that speaks, and Heaven, that calls for penitence, will not hear me for my own selfish interests. My hands are bloody, too; had I forgotten that?” and, compressing her lips with a shocking

stare of desolation, she walked to the door of the room, and beckoned the old Palatine, whose voice she heard in the next apartment, to enter.

"Do not hurt the poor child," he said, as the woman fiercely repelled the little boy who attempted to force his way in with the old man. "I don't know why it is," he added, patting the little fellow on the head, and looking pensively in its open face, "but I like the boy. Here, my man, is a tester for you! That's a hero! I've seen an eye like that child's somewhere, certainly."

The woman fell on her knees, and clasped the child to her bosom, with a burst of hysterical passion, kissing his neck, and suffering her hair to fall in long, abandoned tresses over its back and shoulders.

"Strange creature!" thought the Palatine, "what a mixture of affection and unkindness! what a changeable suddenness of motive and feeling appear to be in all her actions!"

While he again caressed the boy, the woman rushed into the other room, dashed the tears from her eyes, and, glancing quickly round, snatched from the extended hand of Shine a vessel of raw spirits, from which he was just about to replenish his tumbler of punch, and placing it to her lips, drained it to the very last; then, tossing the vessel on the table, she re-entered the apartment, fortified with that dreadful energy, with which the royal murderess of Scotland, on another occasion, sought to invigorate the natural febleness of her sex—and utterly regardless of the impression which she left on the mind of the gaping and astounded Shine, both with respect to her morality and her good breeding.

"Your name is Segur?" she said, after pausing a moment to collect herself. "Don't start, she added, "it was *that* informed me," pointing to the valise which he held in his hand.

"That is my name, certainly," said the old man in some surprise.

"You are travelling to your native village—your cottage, near Court Mattress?"

"I am."

"By the Crag road?"

"Yes."

"Return the way you came, or take any road but that, there's danger in it!"

The Palatine gave her a sharp, and very suspicious glance.

"I am well armed," said he.

The woman smiled. "If no road but that will serve your purpose, remain here to-night. The heaven itself is bent against you," and she pointed through the window to a small black cloud that hung above the dilated disk of the parting sun.

"I am well provided in that respect also," said the old man; "but what dangers do you speak of?"

"The road is infested. Every body fears it in those times."

"Oh!" said the Palatine, "if your counsel is only grounded on such a general suspicion, we won't say any more about it." And he turned away.

"Stay!" said the woman, detaining him, and casting her eyes on the earth. "You had——" a long pause——"there was——"

"You are ill my good woman."

"Sir!"

"Shall I give you a chair? Sit down. What would you say to me?"

"This ague plagues me so. One moment, sir. You had a friend, in care of your farm, an old blind man—Adam Segur? You are aware of his fate?"

"I am. He was murdered?" said the old man eagerly.

The woman shivered in all her limbs. "He was—and—"

"My daughter! I see you know my family? What of her my good woman?"

"Oh! your daughter—your daughter is well—merry and well—I'll engage—very well and happy indeed, thanks be to Heaven."

"Thanks! humble, heartfelt thanks be to Heaven, indeed!" the old man repeated, with a devout emphasis, uncovering his head, and turning his moistened eyes upward. He was again painfully interrupted by a renewed passion of convulsive laughter from the woman.

"The night and the coming storm bring on my ague fit. You must not mind it. I suppose you are astonished at my acquaintance with your affairs, but I was an old neighbour, and a dear friend of your daughter's; but marriage severs fonder ties than ours. We are but poor friends now."

The old man hesitated one moment before he asked doubtingly.—"Were you at all in her confidence, then?"

"Oh!—a little. She was taken with a young man—so she was—at the same time."

"A villain! a low ruffian!" said the Palatine, clenching his fist and using a passionate gesture.

"Never truer word you said in your life—so much I can tell you—and more than that, may be."

"My Sarah," the old man continued, in tremulous hesitation—"was always a good and dutiful child, and—"

"Don't be so sure o' that. Heaven bless your simple soul and body, I knew her better than you did, a great deal—a *great* deal."

"She knew my wishes with respect to that young villain, and I'm sure she obeyed them."

"Are you, indeed? and why should you now? Had she no will of her own, do you think?" the woman said, with a rapid and angry petulance of tone, like that which sometimes precedes an access of delirium in sickness—"Was she only to be a little bit of a puppet in your hands, to pull her this way and that, and lock her up, or let her dance, just as you liked? Eh!—Sarah, do this—Sarah do that. And Sarah was to do it all! Ha! She was no such fool, she thanks you."

"You do not mean—"

"Or if she did—was she to be the only saint upon earth? Others disobeyed their parents—and was she to be the only good little slave in the world—Oh, oh! Because she was *your* daughter, I suppose, she was to be as white as the snow! Pride, my dear sir—pride made the angels fall! Think more humbly of your own. I had a father as well as she—aye, a good, kind father—and I disobeyed him. I left him in his age—and destroyed his quiet—and I knew I was doing it when I did it, and I did it for all that. But don't be frightened," she added hastily, observing the paleness of a sudden alarm whitening on the brow of the old man—"She was less guilty than I. She was not such an abandoned, unhappy wretch as I am. Few *are*, indeed," she added, mournfully, tapping with her feet on the floor, like one in pain.

"I have been so long absent," said the Palatine—"that I have forgotten many things which perhaps some persons will say I ought to remember. You say you are an old neighbour, yet, I cannot by any exertion recall your person or your name to my recollection."

"Can you remember a family of the name of Sparling, who lived within a few perches of the high road near your village?"

"Phil Sparling? I do, very well. His wife died in giving birth to an only daughter—"

"That's it, just!" said the woman, laying her hand quickly on his arm—"I'm that daughter—that's just it, now. I am indeed. I'm that girl."

"And your father——"

"Listen, and I'll tell you every thing. When Mark—no, no—when your daughter's sweetheart, Dinny, I think she called him, used to be coming about the cottage, Mark Spellacy here, my husband, used to be along with him, and while Sarah took his arm, and walked with him in the moonlight, I walked with Mark—leaving my old father that loved me, lonely in his house. Mark was poor and wanted money—and when we had agreed to go off together, unknown to the old man, I robbed him and gave it to Mark—so I did. I did, indeed. And I left my old father without so much as one—just one word for all his love, in the dead of night—and no one to care for him, without so much as a 'this' or 'that,' or 'by your leave, father,' or 'God be with you, for your kindness.' Not a word indeed—no more than if he was a stone—or I. And I robbing him, too, think o' that! Did you ever hear o' such a lady? did you, now? Oh! my heart! My brain! Oh God, vengeful, terrible God! Oh, hell! hell! 'tis with me, sir, I have it." And suffering her voice to fall suddenly from its shrilly and painful height to a low and hoarsely muttered sound of horror, as she repeated the last exclamation, she paused a moment, gazing with hot, dry and distended eyeballs on the earth. The Palatine regarded her with great anxiety and commiseration.

"Poor creature!" he said, with tenderness, "so much feeling cannot be without some beneficial influence. Why don't you return to your father?"

"Me! me go near him! Ah! no, I am not quite so bad ~~as that~~. yet. 'Tis terrible enough to think of him, and think of him I do,

enough. Many a long year it is now since I left him, and yet his voice sounds as plainly in my ears as if he were constantly about me. When I wake in the morning I hear him call my name, and when we sit down to our meals, I see his old hand closed, and hear his holy, contented prayer, and think of all his fondness and his love, saying a thing from his heart and seeming to make a joke of it. No bragging love like a young man's. And sometimes, too, in the dead of the winter night, when I lie alone in my bed, and the rain beats on the thatch, and the wind blows, and my first frightful dreams come on, I see him then with his white, bony cheek and his red and angry eyes, and his long gray hairs hanging down about his face, standing on the floor, and looking down towards me, upbraiding me with everything. 'Sally, look at your father, how you have served him. You have left his arms for a common robber's. Ah, Sally, when I held you in my arms, a little child, when I kissed your cheek, and taught you to know the right from the wrong, I little thought you would make me such a return as this one day!' And sometimes I see him in rags and poverty, and he bends over me with his cold blue lips, and presses his hands down upon my throat till I gasp for breath, and screech out o' my sleep, and wake in the midst o' the darkness, the black, thick, darkness, all about, about me, and I wave my hands through it, and that horrible pale face is there before me still." And with a chilly shuddering, she placed both hands on her face, and sunk back in her chair.

"Yet I would advise you to lose no time in returning to your father. You will, at all events, have done your duty by making the effort at reconciliation, and don't think so hardly of him as to suppose he will reject you, woman. If I judge by myself, he—no—" the old man paused, and shook his head.

"Well? well? Eh? what are you going to say?" asked the woman eagerly, "if you judged by yourself—what?"

"Nothing. I'm afraid I miscalculated."

The poor woman gave a deep sigh, and cast a disappointed look around her.

"But I have no cause to judge of others by myself. I have discovered many symptoms of hardness and inveteracy about my own character, which I am sure belong not to all men."

"No matter. Tell me how you would act yourself—for that only could give me satisfaction."

The Palatine stared hard upon her.

"Ay—speak!" she continued, place yourself in poor Sparling's situation. Suppose your daughter had served you, as I served my father—and suppose she was as sorry for it as the Almighty, that sees my heart, knows I am—and suppose she was to come to your door again, and stretch her hands out to you, and cry to you for forgiveness would you slap the door, with a curse, in her face—or would you think of the dead mother that bore her and that loved you dearly—and of the God that forgave, and commanded all to forgive—and take the poor, weeping, broken-hearted creature to your heart again? Would you forgive her? Would you bless her? Oh, you would, sir—your heart would soften—would soften—your eyes would fill—you would think of old times—you would feel for her—you would weep with her—you would pardon her!" And, flinging herself in a convulsion of tears and agitation at the old man's feet, she remained with her hair mingled with the very dust around them.

It would be difficult to give the reader a just idea of the change which this speech occasioned in the person and features of the old Palatine. Far from appearing affected by the grief of the wretched woman, an expression, first, of strong surprise, then of sickening terror, and lastly, of great dislike passed over them. He paused for a moment, like one who is struggling against the conviction of a dreadful truth—set his teeth—and fetched a hard breath before he raised her from the earth, then putting back her hair from her face with one hand, while he grasped her arm with the other, he looked long and amazedly into her eyes, both remaining fixed in the attitude, and affording for several minutes no further indication of life than could be discovered in an exquisitely fashioned group from the pale marble. At length, after suffering his eyes to wander over the whole person of the female, he drew a free breath, as if relieved from a dreadful apprehension, and, letting her arm go, he said:

"I have looked over all your person and am satisfied that you are not my daughter—but I'm afraid I'll find it hard to forgive you the shock you caused me. Go along, you wicked woman, it was a shame for you!"

The poor woman could but sigh and weep, and cling entreatingly about him. Her perseverance appeared to increase his anger even to rage.

"Go along!" he repeated, shaking her off rudely, "Heaven forgive me! I never felt that it could be in my nature to use a woman ill since I was the height o' that—but—go along! I could almost strike you for the horrible fright you gave me! Poh! poh! I won't do it, for all that," he added, softly, as the woman flung her arms wide as if to court the outrage, "but you're a shocking creature!" And he hurried out of the room, disengaging himself ungently enough, from the imploring grasp of the miserable wretch, who tottered, muttering deliriously and casting around her glances of utter desolation of spirit, towards the chair.

"Come along, Mr. Shine!" said the old man, impatiently, "I could not look in that woman's face again if it were to save my life!" And he hurried in his preparation to depart.

In a few minutes, the trampling of horses' feet outside the door announced to her the approaching departure of her guests. Looking through the window she beheld Maney O'Neill standing in his usual foolish attitude tapping his thighs with his long bony fingers, and gazing loosely about him. As soon as he caught her eyes, he winked, nodded, and elevated a coarse smith's file, at the same time tapping his foot knowingly with his finger. She beckoned him quietly toward her.

"I done it, I'll be bail, mistress," he said, in a whisper. "If they go past the Craggs, any way, call me an honest man, I give you free leave."

"Where's Suil Dhuv?" she asked, anxiously.

"Aih? Suil Dhuv? Oh! he's gone—himself and the rest o' the lads."

"Gone!" she almost shrieked the word—"Impossible!"

"Aih?"

"He's not gone, he cannot be."

"Oh!—iss, dear, he is, ma'am."

"He has deceived me!" she said, retiring in great distress of soul from the window, "his blood be on his head! Mr. Segur!" The Palatine did not answer, but seemed to quicken his departure still more.

"You need not fear, sir," she said, bitterly smiling as she opened the door and looked on him. "You have no more bad news to hear from me. You said you were armed, sir!" she added, as he sullenly entered the apartment.

"I am, thank Heaven," he said, carelessly, still avoiding her eyes.

"Look to your pistols, sir!" she said. The old man now stared openly again upon her.

On flinging back the pans he stared in real alarm to see both empty. He hastily dashed the ramrod into the barrels. The charges had been drawn!

"Now, examine your horse's feet," the woman added. "The shoes were good enough, perhaps, but on these roads the clenching of the spurs is apt to wear faster than elsewhere."

The Palatine was affected even to trembling.

"You can get both these little mischiefs remedied at the other side of the hill," continued Mrs. Spellacy, "there is a forge there. And here is your ammunition," she added, handing him powder and ball from a corner cupboard. "This affair may, and most probably will, cost me my life," she said, mournfully, "but I do not care for that. All that I entreat is that you will not fire—oh, do not! until you are compelled, I have my reasons for this request."

Segur held out his hand in silence, and wrung hers with kindness and gratitude.

"Bless you! Oh! God, God bless you for that act!" she exclaimed, kissing the hand with a burst of the first generous heart-easing tears she had shed for many a long day. "But go—hurry—hurry—" she added, checking herself and rising hastily. "My blessings are not ominous of much good. Ride hard and fast—the night will be lost. Farewell, sir! Since you will not stay, even to save blood."

The Palatine departed in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WELCOME VISITER.—A good periodical is like a sensible and sound-hearted friend, whose appearance on one's threshold always gladdens the mind with the promise of a pleasant and profitable hour.

PENCILINGS IN IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

II.—CORONATION CHAIR OF THE O'NEILS.



THE curious piece of antiquity represented in the above engraving was for a long time the chair on which the O'Neils, of Castlereagh, were inaugurated, and originally stood on the hill of that name, near Belfast. After the ruin of Con O'Neil, the last chief of Castlereagh, and the downfall of the family, in the reign of the First James, the chair, which is very rudely constructed, and made of common whin stone, was thrown down. It is now, we believe, in the possession of a gentleman in the county of Sligo.

Respecting its antiquity, we have nothing to offer beyond conjecture. The branch of the O'Neils to whom it appertained, shot off from the parent stem in the tenth century, but this inaugural chair may have belonged to the ancient chiefs of the district, which they subsequently ruled. Such chairs, or sometimes mere large stones, on which the impression of two feet were sculptured, were placed in some elevated spot in every lordship or territory, and an allusion to them, as well as to the mode of electing the chiefs and tanists, occurs in the following excerpt from Spenser's quaint "View of the State of Ireland:" "It is a custom amongst all the Irish,

that, presently after the death of one of their chief lords or captains, they do presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and known unto them, to choose another in his stead, where they do nominate and elect, for the most part, not the eldest son, nor any of the children of the lord deceased, but the next to him in blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, or any is elder in that kindred; and next to him do they choose the next of the blood to be tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said captaincy, if he live thereunto.

"They use to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone, always reserved to that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill. In some of which I have seen formed and engraven a foot, which

they say was the measure of their first captain's foot, whereon he, standing, receives an oath to preserve all the ancient former customs of the country inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himself thrice forwards and thrice backwards." This curious mode of inauguration is of very remote antiquity in Ireland, and is said to have been introduced even before the arrival of the Milesians by the Tuatha-de-Danaan colony. One of the noblest historical ballads in any language is that descriptive of the inauguration of an Irish monarch, by Thomas Davis, a few verses from which we subjoin:—

"COME, look on the pomp when they 'make an O'Neil';
The muster of dynasts—O'h Again, O'Shiadhail,
O'Catháin, O'h-Anluain, O'Bhreisléin, and all,
From gentle Airl Uladh to rude Dún na n-gall;
'St. Patrick's *comharba*,' with bishops thirteen,
And *ollamhs* and *breitheamhs*, and minstrels, are seen,
Round Tulach-Og Rath, like bees in the spring,
All swarming to honour a true Irish king!

Unsandalled he stands on the foot-dinted rock;
Like a pillar-stone fixed against every shock.
Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill;
Like his blemishless honour and vigilant will.
The gray-beards are telling how chiefs by the score
Have been crowned on 'The Rath of the Kings' heretofore,
While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
Are the dynasts and priests round the true Irish king!

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban;
His *skean* and his sword are unbuckled, to show
That they only were meant for a foreigner foe;
A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
And O'Catháin proclaims him a true Irish king!

Thrice looked he to Heaven, with thanks and with prayer—
Thrice looked to his borders, with sentinel stare—
To the waves of Loch n-Eathach, the heights of Srathbhán;
And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—
One clash on their bucklers!—one more!—they are still—
What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill?
Why gaze they above him?—a war-eagle's wing!
'Tis an omen!—Hurrah! for the true Irish king!"

There was, probably, another stone chair on which the O'Neils of Tyrone, the chief branch of the family, were inaugurated. It is marked in some of the old Irish maps under the name of "the stone wherethey make the O'Neils." The annexed engraving represents the arms of the illustrious family of the O'Neils—the *Lamh dhearg Eirion*, or "Red hand of Ireland"—from an impression from the silver signet ring of the celebrated Turlough Lynnoch. It was found about forty years since near Charlemont, in the county Armagh. According to tradition the ancestor of the family was one of three brothers, who in the voyage to Ireland agreed that he who would touch land first would be king. The vessel of the younger being last, he laid his hand on the side of the vessel, and, chopping it off with his battle-axe, flung it ashore, and claimed the crown. We are not aware, however, that the tradition has been ever authenticated.



The ceremony of crowning on a stone, by the king standing or sitting on it, is said by many antiquaries to be of Scandinavian origin. The Saxon monarchs were crowned on a stone, and tradition points to the remains of one at Kingston, in Surrey, as having been used for that purpose in the early period of Saxon history.

Our readers have, no doubt, heard of the famous coronation stone now in Westminster Abbey, traditionally said to have been originally brought to Ireland by the Tuatha-de-Danaan. There is a curious tradition in connection with this interesting national relic, to the effect that when Jacob awoke after his wonderful dream in the plain of Luza, as related in Genesis, he "took the stone that he had put up for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the

top of it," vowing at the same time that he should ever regard it as a house of God. The legend goes on to state that this stone was taken away from Bethel by the tribe of Joseph, when they destroyed the city and its inhabitants, the current belief among the Jews being that whoever possessed that stone would be especially blessed, and be king or chief. On the first destruction of Jerusalem some of the royal family of Judah are supposed to have escaped, and to have gone in search of an asylum beyond the sea, taking this precious stone with them. Their resting place was Ireland, where they founded a kingdom. Many centuries afterwards, a brother of the king descended from these exiles, named Fergus, went, with his brother's permission, to found a kingdom in Scotland. He refused to go, however, without the sacred stone, and, on his brother's declining to part with it, he stole it, and established a kingdom in Scotland, of which his descendants became kings, and were crowned sitting on that stone. Several historians, as Mathew of Westminster, Hector Boethius, Robert of Gloucester, the poet Harding, etc., have noticed this singular legend, but we believe the Rabbinical writers have never been consulted respecting it. Sandford, in his valuable "History of the Coronation of James II.," referring to the Lia Fail, calls it "Jacob's Stone," and says that it was brought to Brigantia, in the kingdom of Gallacia, in Spain, in which place Gathal, King of the Scots, sat on it as his throne. Thence it was brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, first King of the Scots, about 700 years before Christ's time, and from thence into Scotland, by King Fergus, about 330 years before Christ. In the year 850 it was placed in the Abbey of Scone, in the Sherifdom of Perth, by King Kenneth, who caused it to be inclosed in a wooden chair (now called St. Edward's chair,) and this prophetic distich engraven on it:

"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti hunc quocunque locatum
Iveniant lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

"If Fate deceives not, where this stone is found,
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crown'd"

It is noteworthy that this prophecy was fulfilled in the person of James I. of England. It was brought, in the year 1297, by King Edward I., from the Abbey of Scone, with the Scottish regalia, and deposited, as we have already mentioned, in Westminster Abbey. It is of reddish grey sandstone, twenty-six inches by sixteen-three-quarters, and ten inches thick. Calmet, however, states that the Mahometans pretend to have this relic in their custody. They say that "Jacob's Stone" was conveyed to the Temple of Jerusalem, and is still preserved in a mosque there, where the Temple formerly stood. In conclusion, we may observe that Dr. Petrie, in his erudite "Antiquities of Tara Hill," is of opinion that the genuine "Stone of Destiny" still stands on the summit of that historic eminence. The following lines occur in the "Book of Rights"—

"There shall not be a house at Teamhair of Fal,
Though great the reproach to Lia Fail"—

Tara being so called from the Lia Fail being preserved there.

THE PAINS OF MEMORY.—Go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one instant of thy kindness or truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that pure heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; and then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unavailing.

THE LORE OF THE CHALDEES.



THE magnificent spectacle which is offered by heaven, sparkling with stars, has been able, from furthest antiquity, to attract the admiration of mankind. As a consequence of this admiration, observation on the course of the stars followed—their rising and their setting became noted. From this, astronomy took its birth, a science vast as it is sublime, which increases human intelligence, and gives us an idea of infinity. The first observers of the stars were, it is said, shepherds and fishermen of India and of Chaldea; from the latter country astronomy passed into Egypt, and was specially cultivated by the priests of Sais, of Thebes, and of Memphis.

Before going farther it is well to observe that the word astrology designates in principle the elementary study of the celestial mechanism; but when enthusiastic imaginations gave themselves to the application of this science to divination, orthographists gave to it the name of astronomy. From this moment astrology became only a chimerical art, whose object was to investigate the future by inspection of the stars, by their position, their aspect, their influence. Thenceforward it served

only to make dupes, and to plunge people into the gloom of superstition.

The Chaldeans became so celebrated in this art that the names of astrologers and Chaldeans became synonymous. The Egyptians and the Greeks equally practised astrology, to which they added the epithet judiciary, in order to distinguish it from primitive astrology. The movements of the stars subject to a wonderful regularity, their sensible influences on certain natural phenomena, created the belief that man was submitted to the astral influence, and that, by the power of research, those astrological laws which presided over his destiny could be discovered. Imagination exerted itself on this theme, and produced theories more or less ingenious, more or less absurd. The grounds upon which astrology was founded are worthy of record.

From the observations of the most celebrated astrologers there was said to exist an intimate relation between the stars, the constitution, and the duration of the existence of mankind. The planets to the number of seven, and the divinities or signs of the Zodiac, to the number of twelve, presided over both, and endowed the heart of each individual with analogous qualities to their special influences. Each planet had its favoured domicile in one of the twelve houses of the Zodiac, and in each of those houses elaborated good or evil, beauty or ugliness, joy or sorrow, fortune or its reverse.

In this way each of the planets gave a character to each individual. The Sun, for instance, is beneficent and favourable. Saturn cold, sad, and morose. Jupiter was of benign influence. Mars warm, ardent, full of vigour. Venus fruitful. Mercury changeable and inconstant. The moon cold, damp, and melancholy.

Individuals born under the sign of the Scorpion would be rich in mines, and would have a bold glance. Those born under the sign of Taurus would be possessed of rough humour, instant for quarrels and all inclinations of horned beasts. Births under the sign of the Lion would develop in voracious appetites and possess haughtiness of character. When the lion conjoined with the planet Mars the individual born at that moment would become either a hero or a brigand. Births under the sign of the Virgin gave for coquettes, and cowards. The sign of the Scales furnished merchants, traders, and embroiderers. The sign of Capricorn gave perjurers, adulterers, and unhappy spouses. The conjunction of Mars and Venus is most fortunate for infants. The conjuncture of Saturn and Mars is, on the contrary, most unfortunate. The poet Manilius, in his work on astronomy, warns us that if a son is born when the sun is in the sign Aquarius, the child will have a passion for rivers, fountains, and waters. If he be born under the sign of the fishes, he shall love angling, nautical sports, and his instinct will direct him unceasingly towards rivers or seas.

Some of the planets are considered friendly, and some inimical to each other. Venus, for instance, is friendly towards Mars, but of sworn enmity to Saturn. Nevertheless, inimical stars were suffered

to be reconciled under certain circumstances, and also friendly planets were conceived to be in antagonism under some aspects. The planetary aspects, as they were called, were six in number, allusions to them appearing in all the jargon of astrologers. We will explain the conditions of those aspects.

The Conjunction is when two planets are united under the same sign. Opposition occurs when they are found at opposite points. Trine was said to be when they were separated by a third of a circle. Quadrate indicates the separation of a fourth. Sextile is the separation of a sixth, and the last aspect is the Antistice, when two stars are found at parallel points equally removed from the equinox. Opposition and Antistice are both of bad augury. Quadrate is less unfortunate; however, its influence is not one to be easy about. Trine is always good. Sextile is very fair, but, still, is far from the value of Trine; those were the auguries of aspects.

It would seem that those fantastic meanings ought to be sufficient for the astrologers, but they were not. The Zodiac and its twelve houses, which we have before explained, furnished them with still more means to exercise imagination. Thus, they considered the first house to be the laboratory of life, of organization, and of animated beings. It is there the distinctions of the human race into blacks and whites, were influenced, giants and dwarfs, men of genius and mortal fools. The second was destined to social interests to acquired goods, to inheritances, to contentious affairs. The third to the household relations, to brothers and sisters, to uncles, aunts, and cousins. The fourth, to wills, to immoveable goods, estates, etc. The fifth was directed to the influence of pleasures, to joy, and youthful sports. The sixth went to valets and chamber maids, to maligning and deformed individuals, to subjects of insanity; it is the hospital of the Zodiac. The seventh house presided over jealousies, hatreds, inconstancies, and perjuries. The eighth relates to the dead, to funeral ceremonies, and to successions. The ninth to possessions and to voyages. The tenth to all dignities of state; it is the constellation of dukes, marquises, earls, barons, knights, and, in a word, of all nobility, masculine or feminine. The eleventh betokened fortune, material riches, and moral enjoyments. The twelfth was filled with evil, promising only misery, prisons, dungeons, treason, opprobrium, and reverse. Such are the interpretations of the influences of the twelve houses of heaven.

Zoroaster was, says Suidas, the founder of astrology amongst the Chaldeans. Hostanes transmitted it to the Egyptians, and they transferred it to the Greeks. Berosus, whose predictions were almost always accomplished, used astrology for divination. Diodorus of Sicily and Porphyry believed in astrology. They relate that the Egyptian priests had discovered the influence of the stars on the human generation, and upon all that which should occur of good or evil during existence. From those suppositions, they concluded that all which we believe depends upon our will, or upon our determination, is bound up with the movements of the stars, and that our destiny is written upon them.

Lycurgus and Xenophon never undertook anything without consulting the stars. The former forbade the Spartans to give battle when the moon was on its wane. Augustus struck a medal in honour of the sign, Capricorn, under which he was born. Ptolemy, the astronomer, and Paul of Alexandria, had the weakness to consider astrology as a fruitful mine in human results. But it was specially amongst the Arabs that the astrological seers found fortune, fame, and honour. The history of this people is filled with facts which prove its weakness for the marvellous. In Europe, it had also very learned and famous interpreters. Some of those names are so celebrated we could hardly pass them here. Regos Montanus, Bonatus de Forli, Fuld, Nicholas Flamel, Albert the Great, Agrippa, Melancthon, and Camerarius, Cardan, Guaricus, Junctinus, Ratzan, the friend of Tycho Brahe; Michael Mayer, Van Helmont, the chemist; Beker, Antoine Mezan de Montlucon, Jean Carvin de Montauban, the learned Argoli, Jacques Pons, Father Kircher, and others of less note. The most of those gave themselves up to the perfect belief in astrology, and even wrote voluminous treatises on that chimerical art. In the presence of those historical facts, what are we to say, what are we to think only that the learned, as well as the most ignorant are equally constrained by the weakness of our nature to pay their tribute to the prejudices of their epoch?

During the middle ages, astrology particularly became a calling. A crowd of individuals of both sexes, and generally of mean condition, was anxious to predict the future to whomsoever desired, pro-

vided only they paid them for their prophecy. The society of the time offered only acuteness and fraudulence upon one side, and upon the other simplicity, ignorance, and credulity. When we open the annals of the epoch, we find a very considerable number of predictions which were undoubtedly accomplished, some of the most startling of those are worthy of record.

Louis the Eleventh of France was told by an astrologer, as he came forth from church, that even as he was addressed, his mortal enemy Charles the Rash was killed, at the same moment, by the Swiss, at the battle of Grawson. In some days after the news arrived of the battle, and the prophecy was found to be true. Henry the Third of France was told that he would be assassinated. He had every necessity to believe the prediction afterwards, for the blow of a dagger killed him. Two attempts at murder, committed against Henry the Fourth, were predicted by a gentleman named Villaudry, and by the astrologer and mathematician Rigacasa. Unfortunately, the King placed no faith upon this warning, and the poniard of Ravillac removed the best of French monarchs from this world. One of the astrologers attached to the service of Catherine de Medicis predicted to the Duke de Biron, that he would perish at the siege of Eprenay. A bullet realised the prediction.

Perhaps a more curious fact is that told of the brother of this same duke who, desiring to consult the same astrologer, received this answer—

"You shall die under the axe!"

"What do you say?" asked Biron.

"Monsieur!" he replied, "if you like the term better, you shall have your head cut off."

Furious at those words, Biron fell on the poor astrologer with the blows of a cudgel, and striking him until he was exhausted, cast him for dead upon the ground. However, his violence had no influence on the prediction, which came to pass in six months afterwards.

Luke Guaric predicted to John Bentivoglio that he would lose the sovereignty of Bologna. He predicted also that Henry the Second would die of a wound in the eye. Both of those predictions came to pass.

A little dwarf who was a very skilful astrologer predicted to the young Francis Henry de Montmorenci, later Marshal de Luxembourg, that his deeds of arms would render him the rival of a great prince. Moreover, that by a strange fatality, he should be implicated in a *proces* and incarcerated. But, that more fortunate than his father, dead and decapitated, he should retrieve his fortunes, and by the renown of his victories would restore and sustain his high reputation.

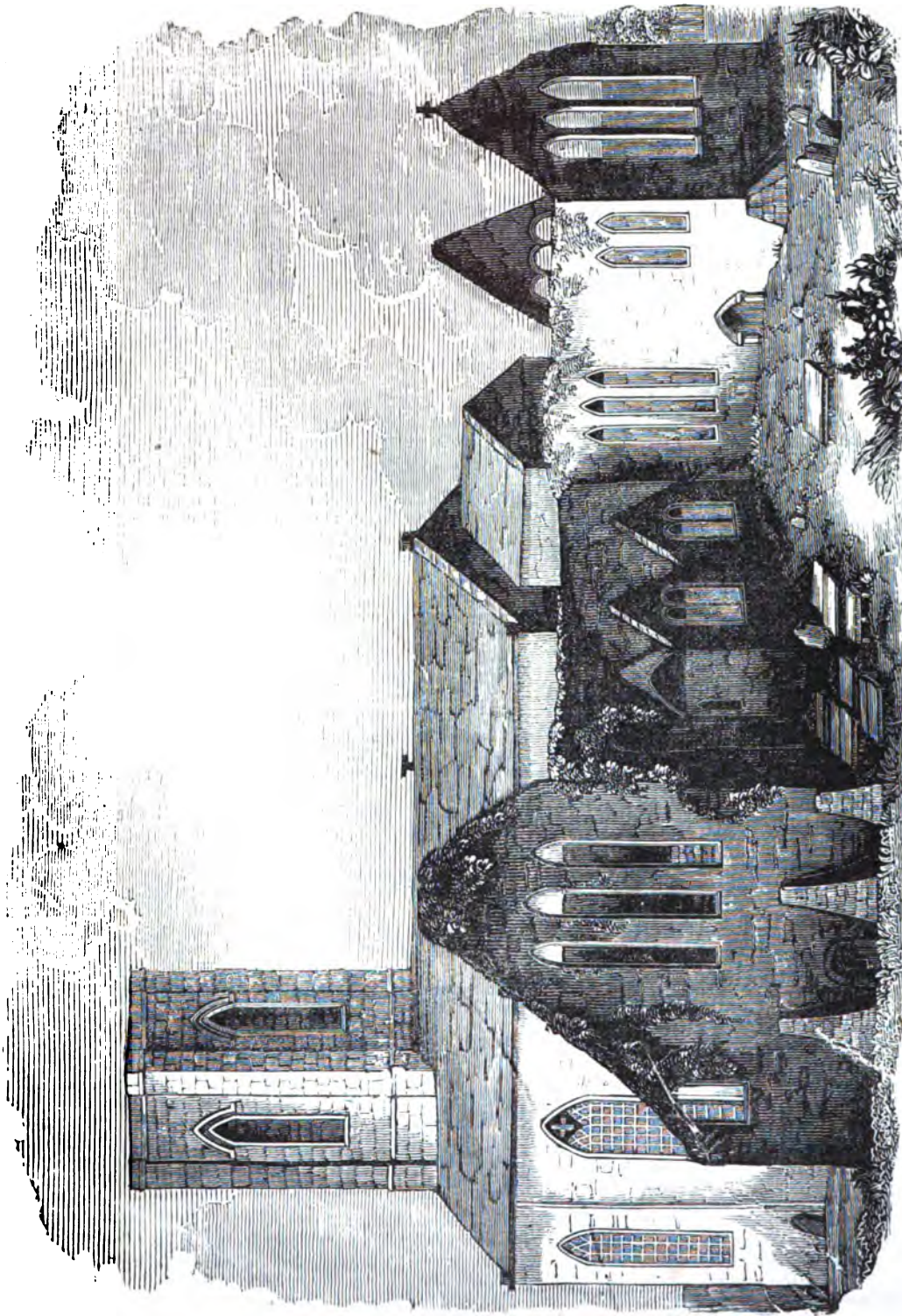
Notwithstanding those strange and startling coincidences arising in the records of astrology, there is no doubt in our enlightened times that the believers in it, as a science, were the dupes of imagination. As knowledge spread, the credulity in its predictions retired into the breasts of those whom progress did not reach. Religion, too, enlightening the masses, banished the influence of the art from civilized nations until, at length, the science which once drew the sage and the great to its investigation, is left to the gipsy on the roadside and the charlatan, everywhere to impose upon the dupe, still to be had amongst the ignorant, the foolish, and the vain.

ST. MARY'S, NEW ROSS.



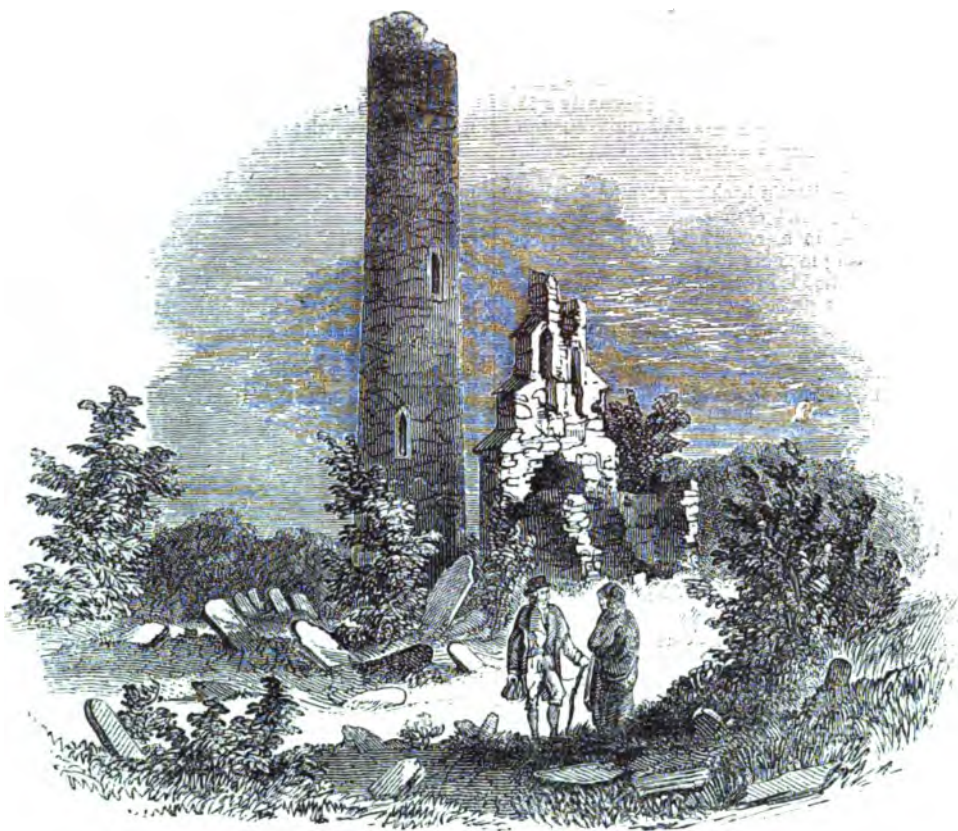
EW places in Ireland abound more in monastic ruins than New Ross, a beautiful town situated on the united streams of the Nore and Barrow, with their tributary waters, which, as it were, after inviting many fertile counties to pour their rich produce into their natural market, or emporium, meet like faithful guides, who had before parted to direct others to the goal, and whose united testimony now affords confidence to the traveller.

The town rises an ascent on the eastern bank of the Barrow, whose waters here can float a ship of a thousand tons. A beautiful wooden bridge connects the town with the village of Rosbercon, in the county Kilkenny. There is scarcely a spot in the town where the antiquarian will not find various monuments of monastic ruins. There were several abbeys within the walls of the town, but they all shared the same fate, which the rude hand of the invaders, or the still ruder hand of time, have thought fit to bestow on many others.



in the country. One was situated at the northern, or St. John's gate, another at the southern, or Priory gate; the Abbey of St. Saviour's in Friars' Lane, and St. Mary's Abbey, which commands a view of the surrounding country, and overlooks the town from the eastern side, of which the above is an illustration. This building was so perfect as to admit of divine service being performed in it so late as the year 1811 or 1812, when the western aisle was injudiciously taken down to make room for the present church, which, compared to its ancient predecessor, is but a rude heap of stone and mortar. There is a cemetery under the pile, which extends, should we believe popular tradition, under the greater part of the town. However, certain it is, that archways

have been discovered stretching in the direction of the Abbey and persons are somewhat deterred visiting the cemetery, from the story of a soldier who once entered the "Black-hole," as the entrance is called, provided with a lantern and accompanied by a dog. The dog returned, but his ill-fated master affords a lesson to the incautious antiquarian. Another story, equally believed, is told of some persons who attempted to take down the cross from the chancel wing, but whose brains were dashed out for their impious temerity.



DONAGHMORE.

DONAGHMORE church and Round Tower are situated a little more than a mile from Navan, on the road to Slane. This religious establishment, which was anciently called *Domnach-mor muighe Echnach*, owes its origin to St. Patrick. But though the existing ruins of the church of Donaghmore sufficiently indicate it to have been a structure "diminutive in size," its architectural features clearly prove that it is not the original church of St. Patrick's erection, but a re-edification of the thirteenth century, in the usual style of the parish churches erected by the Anglo-Norman settlers within the Pale. Neither can the Round Tower, though unquestionably a structure of much higher antiquity than the present church, be referred to the time of the Irish Apostle, or perhaps to an earlier age than the ninth or tenth century. At all events, its erection cannot be ascribed to an earlier date than that of the Tower of the church of Kells—a religious establishment founded by St. Columbkille in the sixth century—as these towers so perfectly agree in architectural style and mason work, that they appear to have been constructed by the same architects or builders.

This very beautiful tower is built entirely of lime-stone undressed, except around the doorway and other apertures, and is of admirable masonry. It has two projecting ledges or steps at its base, and six rests for storeys, with intermediate projecting stones, or brackets, in its interior. These storeys are each, as usual, lighted by a single aperture, with the exception of the upper one, which has two openings, one facing the east and the other the west.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XV.

PAUSING for a moment, Mr. Namby resumed: "Round of beef at one end, turkey at the other, mind," said the lady who was to be made a mother-in-law. Bridegroom Sam wasn't bad, I can assure you. He had got an extraordinary notion into his head that it was the thing to be married in evening black—with a white choker. Fortunately, all the lodgers were off before the business of the day began in earnest. He was wonderful. I let them have my room for the melancholy occasion. Sam had his jokes as usual. While we were waiting for the bride to make her appearance, her father loftily suggested to his future son-in-law that "just a nip of something would set him up," a remark which Sam took in good part. We all set ourselves up accordingly: Sam remarking that he should like two or three pulls at a pipe.

"Out of the question, my dear Sam," said the host, adjusting his enormous collar under his mulberry ears. "Afterwards, I don't say no."

The bridesmaid's appeared in low-necked dresses and straw bonnets, displaying any number of yards of white ribbon. Such red elbows! Such giggling! The host begged to ask whether he might not press them just to take a little something to keep the cold out—it being, by the way, a remarkably close and warm day. Bastin has his own peculiar notion of a fête day. He holds, I presume from my observation, that a holiday must be a day devoted to the consumption of stimulants. The pride with which, on this marriage morn, he covered my sideboard with varieties of alcoholic

drink, and with sherry, which he significantly begged us to observe was only for the ladies—was something to study. When the happy couple were about to leave on their honeymoon trip, Bastin held a decanter in each hand, and pursued his children into the passage.

"Not a drop more thank'ee," said Sam. But Sam was overborne. Mr. Bastin would not allow him to get into the cab until he had taken a last glass "for luck," as the father-in-law pleasantly said. Even the bride, although she declared that she had quite enough, was asked to remark that there was some sherry left, if she would like a final sip.

But the breakfast! There was Bastin hacking at a hot-turkey, while Mrs. B. officiated at the joint. Sam offered to relieve the lady from the carving, whereat, in a somewhat wrathful tone of voice, she observed, "that young men always spoil the look of the joint." Sam winked at me, and nodded furtively towards the head of the table as the heavy repast proceeded. I perceived that he was anxious to bring under my notice the very obvious fact that Bastin was fast getting drunk. His jokes, poked at the bridesmaid's, who blushed and ate—were not those of a *fine fleur*. Mrs. Grundy would have had a deal to say to him. The girls were unmanageable. When I spoke to one on my right, she giggled, and merely answered, "yes, sir," or "no, sir," so I soon gave up all hope of conversation, and restricted my attentions to that of plying her with an occasional potato.

Of course, Bastin made a speech, which Sam interrupted with ironical "hear, hears!" when the orator alluded to the honour the bridegroom had done the family by marrying into it. You know Bastin's style in the Fleet street Parliament; his bombastic clap-traps and round periods! I wish you fellows had been there. You would have killed yourselves with laughter. He began—"I cannot let an occasion like the present pass without making a few observations. The interesting young couple before me, (here Sam kicked me under the table,) are about to enter upon the thorny paths of life, flushed with hope in the happy days of youth, when the world lies like fairy-land before them. I can remember the time when I believed that life was a long holiday." ("Nonsense," from Mrs. B.) "I speak now in the serene and yellow leaf, when, as the late Mr. A'Becket said, 'the pepper-box of care has given my head a little sprinkling.' But it is not for the old to destroy the illusions of the young. I shall not play the Mentor." ("The what?" from Mrs. B. again.) "Ladies," Bastin continued, with his most superb manner, "are permitted to be ignorant of Telemachus. I shall content myself with wishing my son, for I may call him so now, and my daughter, his wife, all the happiness they can wish themselves. A good daughter makes a good wife, it has been said. If this be true, and I am disposed to think that it is true, the bridegroom of to-day is a fortunate man."

Here the bride gave signs of emotion that threatened a flood of tears. Mrs. Bastin again interposed, crying, "that will do, Bastin."

The orator disdainfully waved his extended arm over the ruins of the turkey, and continued, "We are about to lose a daughter, but it is in the natural course of things. Let her think kindly of us in her new home, and the oftener she returns to us the better we shall be pleased. This is not a time for oratory. My feelings get the better of me. Children, from the bottom of my heart, I wish you long life and happiness." That was about the sort of thing, Mr. Namby said, pursuing his narrative, "and the old bird" was really touched. The bride wept, while her mother soothed her by telling her not to be foolish. Then Sam got upon his legs. He was inimitable. With a wink at me he said, "All I can say is that I'm very much obliged to you; and here's to your jolly good health all round. I give long life to the governor."

Mr. Namby proceeded with his description. The trousseau formed a highly amusing, but cruel picture; which led Mr. Clifton to inquire how the young couple intended to live?

"Don't mention it," said Namby, "live! that's what puzzles me, Sam has got a little something to do, but what that little something is I don't know. He may be check-taker at a theatre, a brass-plate coal merchant, chairman to a free-and-easy, or chairman to a bank. I don't know; they went to Gravesend for the honeymoon: and the trip was to last a week. Even that humble arrangement cannot be accomplished without a little money. It strikes me that Sam and his father-in-law have done a bill together. Fancy discounting at sixty per cent for your honeymoon! accepting a woman and a bill at the same time!"

"This is a little too hard!" Clifton protested.

"Deuced funny, I think," said Mr. Stackington. "How people can stand the sort of thing, I cannot understand. Low life is certainly amusing."

"Just as amusing," Mr. Clifton retorted "as poor splendour, and not by half so despicable."

"Bravo, for the radical!" Mr. Stackington cried, with a voice not strong enough to call a canary bird to its sugar.

Faversham joined the party.

"Here's a subject that will just suit you," said Namby, to the new comer, "Stackington and Clifton are at it."

"About what?" Mr. Faversham asked.

"Marriage!" Stackington hoped for an ally in his elegant friend.

"A broad subject," Mr. Faversham replied, nervously. It was not the subject on which he could then talk with any comfort.

"Marriage!" Mr. Clifton observed. "He is a bold man who talks about marriage now-a-days—that is, if he intends to marry in his own rank. I don't know that Sam, at whose expense we have been amusing ourselves, is so far wrong after all. Society—that is, what we call society—will be out of the question; but then, she has no expensive wants. She'll not want a Bond-street milliner. They will live a little in the Indian's fashion: she will be his squaw. She will cook, and mend his linen, and nurse her own children, and make her own clothes. All awfully low, as Stackington says; but I don't know that, with a little philosophy, this is not the best poor man's match, even if the poor man has been at Oxford. Take the opposite side of this case. Where is the prudent Belgravian mother, I will not say the Bloomsbury mother, who would accept any of us for her daughter?"

This was not pleasant conversation to Faversham. Unfortunately, Clifton appealed to him pointedly for an answer.

"You're mistating the case, Clifton," said Faversham.

"Am I? Look at us. Do we think of marrying? For myself, I should as soon think of taking the largest mansion in Belgravia as taking a wife. To the girls we meet out at parties, life would be a blank without a grand piano by Broadwood, price one hundred and twenty guineas. Ladies change their condition as servants leave places—to better themselves."

"Yes," Namby thrust in. "And when men are old enough to earn the income that would satisfy a wife, they are too old to be caught."

"There are always the manufacturing districts," said Mr. Stackington. "Deuced glad there, to get hold of a fellow with good blood in his veins."

"They buy blood, like sugar merchants, for refining purposes." This was, of course, Mr. Namby's point; and he looked round to be certain that everybody had heard it. He was very proud of his bluntest points.

"The only way out of the difficulty, when a man falls desperately in love with a girl in society, is to run away with her." Mr. Clifton's solution.

Society finds its way out of every difficulty. We know, for we cannot but know it, how the decrease of marriages is compensated. The polluted streets show it; the evil, born of pride and vain pomp, and show, has ulcerated everywhere. The daughters who are not to wed, save when wooed by Cupid and Mammon together, find their purity assailed in the street, the park, at the races or the hunt, and at the favourite watering-place. The monster evil appears to them in every hotel. It elbows them at the table-d'hôte, and outshines all their splendour at the Kursaal. The wild oats are sown broadcast throughout the land, and offend the nostrils of Diana in her deepest solitudes. The mammon-worshippers have sown the crop; and it is a heavy one.

"Heigho!" Mr. Faversham sighs, in his solitary chamber. "I must quench the spark that is spreading to a flame within me. There is music now only in the ring of a sovereign. When I have won my spurs—I have been soiled and wounded nearly to the death in the fight—I may enter an honourable man's house, and ask his virtuous daughter in marriage—and not till then. I must send my banker's book with my declaration. The spotless peaches are for the rich; and I am poor. Am I to turn to the damaged fruit? I will not; but, should I, the blame will not be with me alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BY THE TURNSTILE.

HERE'S light in the west, o'er the rims of the walnut,
 Low croons the stream, in the meadows below ;
 Shrill sings the robin, a-top of the briar,
 Black, through the golden dusk, darkens the crow.
 O love, from the hamlet, that gleam in the shallows,
 Come up through the pastures—come upwards and smile,
 That your dear face may shine twenty roods through the twilight,
 And sprinkle with star-beams the stones of the stile.

Come hither, come hither,
 'Tis Midsummer weather,
 Airy-paced, violet-eyed, dainty-lipped lipser,
 For into your pink ear, sweetheart, if you let me,
 If but for a moment, I'd hurriedly whisper.

O daisies that glitter in long tangled grasses,
 White wastes of delight that stream fair to the moon,
 Unprison your lids, though the dank dew is falling,
 And catch the sweet footsteps that hasten here soon.
 There's a candle a-gleam in the gray cottage lattice,
 There's a shadow that comes 'twixt the light and the pane,
 And a dear little head slyly peers thro' the casement,
 Turns backward, and leaves me the shadow again.

Come hither, come hither,
 'Tis Midsummer weather,
 The windmill has stopped, dear, ah ! that is our token,
 For ere the night falls thro' yon great arch of planets,
 One quick little word in your ear must be spoken.

There's an echo that comes from the dusk of the paddock—
 The echoes of feet that are tripping and walking,
 There's a murmur that creeps thro' the heart of the pasture,
 O love, is it you, or the daisies, are talking ?
 'Tis she, for the wild mint, scarce crushed by her footstep,
 Gives out all its odour—that's all it can give her—
 And the stile that I've sat by since six in the evening,
 Turns round, aye it does, of itself to receive her.

Come hither, come hither,
 'Tis Midsummer weather ;
 Now answer me this, by the round moon above me,
 Do you ?—well, after all, what's the use of being talking ?
 Sure you wouldn't come hither if you didn't love me !

THE LOCAL FISHERIES OF DUBLIN.



E have already in previous numbers of this journal noticed some of the principal crustacea which minister to the gastronomical tastes of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and are now induced to briefly return to the subject, for the purpose of giving our readers an outline of an admirable paper recently read before the Natural History Society of Ireland, by Professor Kinahan, F.L.S., inquiring into the causes of the present decay of the Dublin crab and lobster fisheries ; with a few suggestions as to the practicability of amendment of the market supply, either by substitution of species or otherwise. The subject is one in every respect deserving of attention, and has been very pertinently treated by Professor Kinahan.

On a comparison of the numbers of species of crustacea which are exposed for sale in the markets of Paris, London, and Dublin, it appears that the lowest consumption of these dainties is in the latter city. In Paris the species of crustacea exposed for sale in the public market is generally nine in number ; viz., the lobster, the common crab, the sea cray fishes, fresh water cray fish, common shrimp, two species of prawn, the common green crab, and the velvet cleanser crab. In the English markets the list is still

larger—twelve in all. This includes the common crab, the lobster, sea and fresh water cray fish, the common shrimp, three species of prawn, the corwich, and the green crab. We find the list in the Dublin market limited to the following : lobster, common crab, sea and fresh water cray fishes, common shrimp, which, with the addition of the Norway lobster, called "prawns" in the Dublin markets, makes up but six, although most of the other species are found about Dublin, or in localities easily accessible for its markets. It will be interesting to examine the species in detail. The common crab is taken in large numbers around the Irish coast, but of late years the Dublin fisheries have been falling off. This arises from various causes, but, in Professor Kinahan's opinion, none have been so active as too close fishing of the ground, and the consequent destruction of the young, which, though unmarketable, are used as bait by the fishermen, in some cases foolishly, as for baiting whelk-pots. In the Summer hand-line fisheries, hardly any other bait is used, when crabs are procurable ; and this might be avoided, since it has been found that the velvet cleanser crab is equally efficacious as a substitute. The grounds in which these animals are found are rocky, weedy bottoms, hence the fisheries are confined to within a short distance of the shores. The chief places about Dublin are Skerries, Howth, Kingstown, Dalkey, and Bullock. The fisheries used to be carried on solely by wicker pots, made on the principle of the common wire mouse trap, but with the aperture at the top. Latterly, about Kingstown and Dalkey, the drum-net has superseded the pot. It is made of net stretched in the form of a drum on hoops, with openings at opposite ends, one opening being at the top, the other at the bottom. From the hoops the bait, consisting of bits of fish, is generally suspended by means of withes, frequently made of the common briar. These are sunk and left down for a certain number of hours, when they are taken up, the crabs, etc., removed, and the pots or drum re-baited and sunk again. On the west coast of Ireland crabs are taken by another method. An open hoop having two lines set cross-wise on it, and below furnished with a bag net, is fastened to a strong line of sufficient length, the bait being attached to the cross-lines, and the apparatus then lowered into the sea ; after the lapse of ten or fifteen minutes it is drawn up, and the crabs, etc., are found in the bag. When pots are used the fishing is most precarious ; the pots are frequently lost through gales, or carrying away of the buoys by passing vessels, and, as the baits require to be frequently renewed, it often happens, when the crabs are scarce, the cost of the bait exceeds the value of the capture. The crabs taken at Skerries are generally of large size, but epicures prefer those captured about Bullock and Dalkey, which are moderate sized, plump, and heavier in proportion, though, singularly enough, those captured at the back of the East Pier are mostly inferior. The feeding grounds have probably something to do with this ; the Bullock grounds being free from the influence of the sewerage, which greatly affects the Kingstown grounds.

The only difference between the modes of capture of the lobster and the crab is, that the former prefers a stale bait. Heavy gales affect the supply of the two species in a remarkable manner. The last season, after the heavy gales of February, 1861, proved a very bad one ; probably the disturbance of the rocks near the shore had something to say to it, from the destruction of their feeding places. Rutt, in his "Natural History of Dublin," has a curious statement about this species. He says : "This is native and good at Howth and Lambay ; but what they have good at Bullock they bring from Waterford, etc., and feed and send to Dublin market those of their own produce, small and bad."

The sea cray fish, or spiny or horny lobster, is extremely rare about Dublin. The markets are supplied from the southern and western coasts, but the consumption is small. The freshwater cray fish can scarcely be included among the edible crustacea as its great use in Dublin is as a garnish to fish. It is chiefly supplied from the streams in the county Kildare, as at Maynooth. The shrimp is only seen in the market in small numbers, and of them most are imported, although it is extremely common on the Dublin coasts, the sandy pools on its beaches everywhere containing it ; and in some places, such as about Rush, the species grows to a large size. They do not want for flavour, so that we can only account for its absence from our tables by a want of appreciation in the eating public.

The "Norway lobster," though called the prawn in the Dublin markets, differs much from the true prawn, being four or five times

the size of that animal, and of a different shape. It is the most beautiful of all our crustaceans as regards sculpture, and is generally abundant and much appreciated in the Dublin markets. They are supplied by the trawlers from the deep waters which lie between Ireland and the Isle of Man. The "common prawn" occurs in the crab grounds about Dalkey Island, and formerly constituted an important fishery. Why this has fallen off it is impossible to say; the species still exists, but is rare. It is also taken at Bray Head. The "squill prawn" is one of the species which Professor Kinahan thinks might be profitably introduced for consumption, if a taste for shrimps were once acquired. It is found abundantly in every rock-pool about the Dublin coasts, and in the pools cut off from the sea by the railway; in the weedy portions of the slob, at Malahide, etc., where they can be captured in a common hand ring-net in abundance. This is the species mentioned by Rutty as having been destroyed by the frost of 1740, as a reference to Rondeletius will show. The species of prawn known as "Leach's prawn" is not met with about Dublin, but is very abundant at certain seasons in Galway, where they are sold indiscriminately with the "squill prawn" and the young of the common prawn. The species called the "Esop prawn" occurs in our rock-pools, but, being more properly a deep-water species, if fished for, it must be sought in the deeper waters. It occurs in myriads in the herring nets, and it is a great pity it has not been introduced into the Irish markets, seeing that it is common enough in those of London. Leach remarks of it: "It is used as an article of food at Yarmouth, and is at that place so much esteemed for the table, as to afford constant employment during the summer season to the fishermen, who take it in abundance at a considerable distance from the shore, and name it, from that circumstance, the 'sea shrimp.'" Off Dalkey it occurs abundantly in the pots, when crabs are used for bait; indeed, the supply seems inexhaustible.

First, amongst the crab species, may be noticed the "green crab," which swarms around the Irish coasts, and is easily captured, either by "bobbing" for it, as is done for eels, with a bundle of garbidge; or by the hand, under stones, at low water. Although found in both the London and Paris markets, it bears only an inferior price. It might, however, with advantage, be substituted for the common crab as bait, and so diminish the destruction of the young of that species. It is used by the Malahide fishers as bait for their whelk-pots, and, immediately after exuviation, while still soft, is used as a bait for shore hand-lines about Dublin, being then called "soft crabs." The "velvet cleanser crab" is extremely abundant under stones at half tides, and a great pest in the crab pots. It has been successfully substituted for the common crab, but the great objection to it is the small amount of meat found in it; this, however, would not prevent its being used in the manufacture of sauces, a purpose for which the smaller crabs are used. The fishermen in the vicinity of Kingstown call it "the fiddler, and commonly destroy all they find in the pots, but it is frequently used for baiting the whelk-traps.

Around Dublin there are a number of other crustaceans which are taken abroad, and which, like the last-mentioned, might at least be used in sauces; the "scaly Spanish lobster," found abundantly in certain localities; two species of "cleanser" crabs, abundant in deep water, and easily procured by the dredge and other means.

The conclusion of Professor Kinahan's valuable paper was devoted to a few general remarks anent the local fisheries of Dublin. As he observed, there can be no doubt that formerly they were much more curative than at present, and that of late years the supplies have fallen off. A consideration of the causes may be necessary. The first of these, without doubt, is too close fishing. Unfortunately, the period of the year when those delicacies are in season, is also that at which hand-line fishing is in vogue, hence a ready market is obtained for individuals which ought rightly to be thrown back again into the sea to grow; unfortunately, also, those fish which carry the spawn, or coral, as it is called, are considered the greatest delicacies, and, hence, we are burning the candle at both ends—destroying the young and destroying the ova. Then, again, the number of competitors on the fishing ground is much increased; hence large individuals have become scarce, and the fisherman is obliged, in self-defence, to reimburse himself the cost of his bait, time, and tackle, by vending crabs which formerly were thrown back into the sea. Legislative interference with the fisheries has always defeated itself, partly through popular prejudice, and partly through arbitrary restrictions, which have, in too many cases, converted the

natural active guardians of the fish into their destroyers, or at least, into passive witnesses of their destruction by others. Another cause, doubtless, has been the increased consumption, through the opening of new markets, etc., which has brought about the very thing we have noted before—too close fishing. A third cause which may be remarked in the Dublin fisheries, arises from the changes which the advances of civilization have caused in many of the feeding grounds. Numerous houses and terraces built in the vicinity of the sea pouring in gallons of filthy and deleterious sewage by the hour, cause the destruction of the food on which the animals feed, if not their own, and drives them from their haunts. As Professor Kinahan correctly remarks, while the denizens of the Irish metropolis keep up their present absurd system of sewage, in which, under the absurd idea that the foul matter will be dissipated in the tide, they carry the outlets of their sewers down into the sea. Under this system, the natural course of events is, the solid matters are carried out to sea in the first instance, and are either returned again in a minute state of division, but not the less hurtful on that account, and spread upon the Irish beaches; or else, meeting with a non-current, deposited as a bank of fetid, lifeless mud. Legislative enactment might meet this difficulty, but, with Professor Kinahan, we are not sanguine on the point. Another cause, doubtless, of the falling off arises from changes in the submarine banks, due to violent storms, which have destroyed many favourite feeding grounds—in fact, since a heavy gale, many years ago, the mollusca, etc., thrown upon many Irish beaches, have been totally altered as to numbers and species. Professor Kinahan is of opinion that there is one remedy which, supposing the sewage difficulty removed, might restore the Dublin feeding grounds—this is, the breeding of crabs and lobsters in stews, into which the sea has full access, and from which the young could escape, or be transferred at the proper season into localities more fitted for their adult growth. These remarks are intended to apply more particularly to the grounds about Kingstown, Dalkey, and Bullock, but they are generally applicable to any locality. From the introduction to White's excellent popular history of British crustaceans, proving that the subject of supply is, by no means, an unimportant one in an economic point of view, it appears that in London the consumption of some of the largest dealers amounts to 60,000 lobsters and 12,000 crabs per annum, while many of the ordinary fishmongers find sale for some 8,000 or 10,000; and the consumption of prawns and shrimps is almost incalculable. Hundreds of pounds weight of the former, averaging 200 prawns to the pound, and bushels of the latter, averaging from 100 to 150 in the pint, being something like 6,400 to 9,600 in each bushel, finding a ready market, and this takes no count of the other species consumed. Between May and June, 1855, upwards of 40,000 lobsters were sent from the Orkneys alone to London, their value being £5,000; and during the summer season 8,050 lobsters were exported from the Channel Islands per week, totally irrespective of the consumption in the islands themselves. From Norway, at least 600,000 lobsters are annually supplied to the London folk, so that the only wonder must be that the supplies have not long since run out. Of the numbers consumed in the Dublin markets, we have no accurate means of speaking, but judging by the displays in the shop windows, and the number of boats employed in the fisheries, it must be considerable enough to render the subject brought forward in Professor Kinahan's communication—which, we may add, was illustrated by specimens of most of the species of crustaceans mentioned—of considerable importance.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

GREEN land of sorrow,
Waiting the morrow,
With brows uplifted,
Through mournful years,
No bright beam driven
From the heights of heaven,
Has healed thy sorrows,
Or dried thy tears.

So sweet, so holy,
So melancholy,
Thy very mourning
Is half divine,

But the strains thou singest,
The light thou bringest,
Are as funeral wreaths
Around banquet wine.

Ah! what's the glory
Of antique story,
When the golden present
No fruit doth bear?
The world's derision
Doth mock the vision,
Thine eye beholdeth
In futures fair.

Even as I listen,
And broad stars glisten
O'er the gloom profound
Of thy miseries,
Low winds awaken,
Like sad chords shaken,
From harps that murmur
Great threnodies.

Arise—the morning,
With wind-blown warning,
Shakes on the hill-tops
Its flag of fire.
Where slaves go thronging,
Be thy long longing
Raised up and kindled
To proud desire.

The night is waning,
The light is gaining,
The clarions blare
To the mighty feast,
And, 'twixt clouds departed,
O Broken-hearted,
Thy sun arises
In yonder east!

WEARING THE SHAMROCK AND WEARING THE LEEK.



HAT a pity it is that the brilliant pedantry of the nineteenth century should succeed in making "airy nothings" of many a notable fact and quaint fancy which, from time immemorial, our ancestors learned to regard as part of their persuasion? For example, take our old friend Æsop. It is an indisputable fact that, if not altogether a myth, he is certainly not the author of the instructive fables which have been for so long attributed to him. The name of Babrius is one which, for the last hundred and eighty years, has been gradually becoming more and more significant to students of antiquity. That he was a fabulist of one or other of the Greek classical periods, who wrote in choliambic verse, was already evident from a few fragments preserved by lexicographers and grammarians. But the first to make him more than a name was the renowned Bentley, in a dissertation on the supposed fables of Æsop, appended to the first draught of the immortal work on Phalaris, and the researches of subsequent commentators have entirely reduced the so-called "father of fable" to a mere shadow, and shown that nearly all the substance which has invested him, really belonged to Babrius. We regret to have our confidence in Æsop thus rudely displaced, but what are we to say to the averments of some modern antiquaries, asserting that there is not a vestige of authority for the time-honoured tradition of the use made by St. Patrick of the Shamrock, in explaining the mystery of the Holy Trinity to King Laeghaire and his pagan subjects; and, moreover, that the employment of the trefoil, as a national emblem, is unwarranted by any authority whatever? Admitting the absence of any direct evidence on the subject, it is but fair to inquire why the

tradition should be regarded as altogether untenable, seeing the natural intimate allusion of the Shamrock to the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Nothing in our mind is more probable than that the evangeliser of Ireland proved the existence of the Trinity by referring to the Shamrock. At any rate, the tradition is a genial and a suggestive one, and it would be a pity that it should ever fall into disrepute, since it furnishes Irishmen with an emblem of fraternity, and is an oasis in that desert of polemical and political strife, in which the fortunes of Ireland are entombed.

The word Shamrock is derived from *Seamhair*, pronounced "shamuir," clover; *Seamhair óg*, or *Seamróg*, pronounced "shamrog," little clover. Such was the beauty and chasteness of this emblem, that it formed one of the earliest ornaments in the architecture of the twelfth or thirteenth century, and continued throughout the successive changes and beauties of all that is resplendent in the Gothic style. In the latter part of the last century the trefoil was selected to become a conspicuous ornament in the insignia of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick, which was founded by George III., in 1783; in 1801 it was introduced as the emblem for Ireland, and with the Rose and Thistle, all springing from one stalk, composes the badge for the United Kingdom. Among the ancients, Hope was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand. In one of the "Melodies" Moore has introduced a very pretty conceit in allusion to the Shamrock, describing a friendly contest between Love and Valour, for its possession,

"But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever,
A type that blends
Three godlike friends—
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"

The seventeenth of the present month will be the anniversary of Saint Patrick, and long may the "green, immortal Shamrock" on that day be the chosen leaf by which Irishmen, of every creed and every party, will be reminded of the deliverance of their native land from the thralldom of Paganism, and the simple, but eloquent symbol from which they can realize the ennobling tenets of Christianity.

The opening day of this month, which Spenser describes as—

"Sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly,"

is a national anniversary with the Welsh, being the day of their patron saint, David, or in Welsh, Dewid, son of Xantus, prince of Cardiganshire, who preached with great fervour and success to the Britons, and died in 544. The origin of the Leek as the badge of Welshmen, on the first of March, is involved in much obscurity; there is no evidence concerning it, if we except that of an old "broadside," which declares that, on a certain first of March, the Welshmen, "joynd with their foes," and, in order not to confound friends with them—

"Into a garden they did go,
Where each one pulled a leek,"

which, wearing in their hats, they were thus enabled to recognise their countrymen, "all who had no Leekes being slaine." To this tradition Shakspeare refers, making Fluellensay, in "Henry V.," "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their Monmouth caps." The more plausible supposition, however, is that of Dr. Oliver Pughe, that it was derived from "the custom in the Cymmortha, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers assist each other in ploughing their land, on which occasion every one formerly contributed his Leek to the common repast."

Probably the custom once had some religious association to which we have long since lost the clue; for the Egyptians held the Leek as sacred, and it was worshipped by the ancient Syrians. From whatever source it arose, there can be no doubt as to the antiquity of the custom, and the Welsh

"Still remember David's Day,
In wearing of a leek."

It is spoken of by Shakspeare as an "ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable aspect, and worn as a memorable trophy of pre-deceased valour." In his play of "Henry V." the Leek is frequently

mentioned. Fluellen, a gallant Welsh soldier, always wore it in his cap on St. David's Day, and being in consequence ridiculed by the braggart Pistol, on an occasion when he could not resent an insult, takes the first opportunity of doing so, by compelling Pistol to eat a Leek, remarking, "If you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek!" May everyone who would tamper with national traditions, and arouse national animosities, whether they wear the Shamrock or wear the Leek, ever want the wherewithal in which to "drown" the former on St. Patrick's Day, and be ignominiously necessitated to eat the latter on the anniversary of St. David.

MARYANNE'S SWEETHEART.



Y the kitchen window she stood, Maryanne did, and gazed long and earnestly through the dirty panes, set in the mouldy sashes, into the filthy street. The prospect was certainly limited; it consisted of a detached stable-house that had lain idle for a century, of a wheel-barrow that had resigned a leg and a handle, and of something between a mile-stone and pillar-box, the top of which the weather had garnished with a shirt-collar and a fore-lock of snow. The kitchen window, be it observed, looked into something that may be described as a compromise between a tenth rate hamlet and a bit of town commonage. It was "very dreary," as the lady in the moated grange, is reported to have said; and what induced a pretty girl like Maryanne to stand there, in the cold November weather, her feet resting on the damp flags and her nose flattened against the damp glass, would have been a puzzle to the most observant beholder. Dear lady reader, can you guess? Pretty Angelica, cosy in furs, and blushing in warm-coloured ribbon, will you pronounce Maryanne a riddle? Only a few years ago, rich little pet, who was it that used to steal out on the bal-

cony at night, with a professed passion for astronomy, and who, scarcely deigning to look at the maiden moon, exchanged soft whispers and bits of cocked-hat billets with a pale young gentleman in the street? And, *ma petite*, may not Love shoot arrows from, and nurse longings, as well behind a kitchen as a drawing-room window? The dear lad, you know, is cosmopolitan in taste. Half-an hour ago he was rolling on the peachy carpet of Madeline's boudoir; and now, if you step down stairs, you may find him mending his bow and tipping his arrows in Jane's coal-scuttle.

And, after all, this is the round about way of saying that Maryanne was in love and expected some one. The majority of people take years to get so far, but then they don't know the value of paragraphs.

The house in which our Maryanne lived was a pretty house in front, and an ugly house to the rear. It was occupied by a Mrs. Prudence, a widow lady, who had lost her husband in the Straits of Java. She and Maryanne, who ministered to her temporal wants, in the combined capacity of "butler, house-maid, cook, and slush," were its only occupants. To tell the truth of Mrs. Prudence, she wasn't a bad woman; she never rose before ten, she went to bed at twelve; she dyed her hair with a liquid which made it look purple, she painted her face with a composition which made it resemble faded wall-paper, she took snuff, she wore pattens in wet weather; she mended her own stockings, she quilled her own caps, she never went out without an umbrella, she took in the local paper, and she hated the "polis."

To poor Maryanne she was a fond and indulgent mistress. If our little heroine wanted a holiday, Mrs. Prudence would say, "Leave the things out, dear, and you may go." And when Maryanne had washed the potatoes and put the joint to roast, she would dress herself, rather "smart," I assure you, and take her way rejoicing. Only one thing troubled her, and that was a fatal grievance—Mrs. Prudence allowed no "followers." The idea of a thing in trousers coming into her house was not to be thought of. "For they smell dreadful of tobacco," said Mrs. Prudence; "and they do eat such lots, not to speak of the victuals they take away in those red handkerchiefs spotted all over with lozenges. I won't have them." Poor little Maryanne! she loved, and was beloved,

and felt it was a cruel prohibition which prevented her on the cold winter evenings from inviting "poor, poor Tom" down stairs. She could make him so comfortable before the bright kitchen fire, with the clothes-horse at his back, to keep out the draughts! Besides, he would see how neatly she did her house-keeping; for Tom loved a clean hearth and a clean grate, and was rather an epicure in the way of creature comforts.

Bring Tom down stairs she would! On November Eve she would smuggle him in through the back kitchen window, and run the risk of detection. He should sit by her fire, with her clothes-horse at his back, and her ale-jug in his hand; and if Mrs. Prudence didn't like it, let her not like it, for no thanks would Maryanne give her! And it was November Eve, and Maryanne stood by the back kitchen window and looked out, and to all readers of this story, her motive is no longer a mystery!

Mrs. Prudence sat before the fire in a cheerful parlour. She was a middle-aged lady; her expression was mild and benevolent, her figure good, and her dress a gray lustre. Open, on the table beside her, was the last volume of the *Delicate Distress*—a novel which had obtained a popularity as brief as it was sudden. The page which the lady had just read described the last sorrowful interview of Amanda with her lover Adolphus; and Mrs. Prudence laid down the book and sighed. We said she hated the police; we should have said, she affected to hate that respectable body, for amongst them was one whom she ardently loved—one whom, as she described him in a letter to an old schoolfellow of hers, "who had risen like a fixed star over the sorrow of my widowhood—his name, dear, is James." Sighing and looking into the fire are idle occupations for an elderly lady not ordinarily disposed to be sentimental, but when one learns that the venerable sigher and looker is in love, sympathy suggests an excuse, and pity ratifies it. In order to shield herself from the suspicion of being partial to the police, Mrs. Prudence never omitted an opportunity of maligning the members of this force. She accused them of a variety of vices, including the incontinent abstraction of brass knockers and door-plates, anathematized them as a disgrace to the criminal administration; and vowed that if she herself were able to patrol the neighbourhood every night, with the green umbrella, she would render more public service than half the organized "polis" in the service. And yet she loved one. Oh, day and night! what hypocrisy will we not be guilty of that the right hand may play handily-dandy and keep the left in ignorance! She loved him, she abused him by implication. It was the tact of a woman enfeebled by age, female *finesse* grown coarse, lady-like caution becoming clumsey. For, dear reader, the rarest instrument will crack, and the wind squawk through the rent; and Paganini's fiddle shall veneer cheap upholstery and the chords of Gerard's harp be boiled down to make glue, and Jullien's magic horn patch brass kettles. *Sic. etc.*

At the fire sat Mrs. Prudence. She had not lighted candles, for the twilight was favourable to her reflections; and the blaze from the coal enabled her to read with sufficient facility. Gazing into the glowing mass before her, imagination built up castles and terraces from the flaming mineral; and these, in their turn, were peopled by strange forms, amongst whom she recognised the handsome figure and ugly hat of James. "Poor fellow," she sighed, "I wonder what sort of November Eve must they keep in that wretched-looking dépôt. His heart must surely be broke amongst the rough fellows he lives with!" The chain of her thoughts was suddenly interrupted; for, at this link, Mrs. Prudence became conscious that the long shadow of a man was projected from the street across the carpet and up to the fire-place. She raised her eyes to the window, and perceived James standing before the rails. His hands were clasped tightly, his head was thrown back, his breast heaved visibly. As she watched him, he removed his hat from his head, pulled out a cotton handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. Mrs. Prudence's first impulse prompted her to retire; but the emotion manifested by the sensitive James pierced her to the heart, and she went to the window. Placing her finger on her lips, as an admonition to be silent, she motioned him to the door, and, slipping softly through the hall, raised the latch. Having admitted himself, James crossed the tarpaulin with a cat-like tread, slipped into the parlour, shoved his hat under a chair, and sat down.

"Nice evening, ma'am."

"Will you pardon me," said Mrs. Prudence, "but I think your

name is Richard?" Mrs. Prudence knew that it wasn't, but, she relied strongly on a little hypocrisy.

"James, ma'am, is my name, James Bullseye. Hope it is not offensive?"

"Seeing you, by accident, standing in the street, I thought I'd call you in to ask for Mrs. Muggridge, who is very bad, I believe."

"Inspector Muggridge's wife, ma'am? Bad! not she; strong as a stallion ma'am, was never sick in her life, lays in a pound of beef-steak for breakfast every morning. Good sign for a sickly lady, ma'am!"

"You astonish me," replied Mrs. Prudence, "them servants can never be depended upon. Only fancy Maryanne, our maid, coming in last night with the story that Mrs. Muggridge was laid up with inflammation of the throat. (Maryanne had brought no such story.) Ah! Mr. Bullseye, if you knew what a nuisance servants are."

"I knows they're bad, ma'am; but, my name is James. Only last November Eve I apprehended Mr. Cready's servant for a most audacious larceny; she actually melted down three pewter spoons through a key handle, into a tub of cold water, to try her fortune, and my name, ma'am, is James, if you please."

"Three pewter spoons!" exclaimed Mrs. Prudence, "only fancy that! Ah! Mr. Bullseye."

"If you don't object, ma'am, James."

"Your'e too kind, James," said the lady, with a half suppressed sigh.

"You're too kind, but, I often think that a gentleman of your standing, who has such a deep insight into the wrong doings of people, must be a—weary of the world; do you fret much?"

"It goes to my very heart, ma'am, I—"

"But why say ma'am, James, and my name Olivia?"

"It goes to my heart, Olivia, I was going to say, when I sees people running as it were to the gallows. I feel's for them—I pities them, and I frets terrible at times. From the latest criminal statistics, ma'am—Olivia—it appears that the number of servants who have—"

"Excuse me" interrupted Mrs. Prudence, "but my life has been so tormented by them persons, that memory is harrowed, when it recalls all the insults and injuries I have received at their hands. Here be you and I, talking as sensible people should talk, and suppose Maryanne should come up—"

"Psha! Olivia, I'd make for the table!"

"Suppose, as I was saying, she came up and saw us, don't you think the whole story would be belled about the town before morning?"

"Very true, Olivia. In fact if you only coughs aloud at O'Neil's ouncel it 'll be heard in claps of thunder over the west gate; but I'll take care of her."

Mrs. Prudence sighed heavily. "My late husband was a model man," she said. "Ever dear to memory, I revere his goodness in my soul, and cherish his image in my brooch." And Mrs. Prudence wept.

James ran to her, knelt beside her chair, and conjured her, even for his sake, to stay her tears. "Your loss was great Olivia, but don't, don't despair."

"Who is to comfort the forlorn heart?" she blubbered, "who is to dry the widow's tears? Oh, James!"

"Let me dry them, little petty," said the sympathetic party, and he fetched the cotton handkerchief from his hat and sopped her eyes.

"You're too good—too generous!"

Oh! Olivia, say not so. For days, for weeks, for months, on day beat or night beat your image has been always present to me. I love you, as I never loved no one before—I adore you. Hush! there's some one on the stairs," and James, suddenly checking his transports, glided beneath the table.

It was Maryanne, who came to light the candles and draw the curtains. Mrs. Prudence told her she would do both herself, and called for hot water. Her request was instantly complied with; but when the girl was setting down the jug on the table, she tilted it slightly over, causing the boiling liquid to trickle on Bullseye's legs. That gentleman instantly pursed his mouth and wrinkled his nose from a high sense of displeasure; and, when Maryanne had retired, he thought it extremely comfortable to hop

lightly around the room and rub the afflicted parts, whilst he made a noise singularly like the cooing of a dove.

Tom sat by the kitchen-fire. A mug of ale and some thick wedges of bread and meat were laid on the range close to his elbow; and ever and anon he bent over them, that the smoke of his pipe might go up the chimney. Tom was in good humour with himself and with the world, for Maryanne had kissed him and called him a duck; and they had had a little chat over their marriage prospects, and had their eyes on a neat little parlour in a quiet part of the town, in which, if the rent were moderate, they intended to begin life together. "She's a regular brick," thought Tom, and he had scarcely arrived at that conclusion when Maryanne, white as sepulchral marble, bounded into the kitchen.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!"

"What's the matter now? Did you see a ghost?" And the young fellow put his arm round the girl's waist and drew her to his side.

"No, Tom, not a ghost, but something a deal worse—a policeman. Missus knows you're in the house, and she has brought him and hid him under the table."

Tom whistled and looked thoughtful. "Is he bigger than me?" he asked, with considerable anxiety.

"Twice as big as you, Tom. I only saw his legs, and they're awful. Oh! what'll you do, at all?"

"Only then to grin and go through it, dear. Couldn't you let me out quietly?"

"Nonsense! you can't stir in the house but she must know what it's about, she's so cantankerously curious." And, saying this, Maryanne bit her lips and clenched her hands determinedly.

"Can you hear her coming down stairs?" he asked.

"I took care of that; she won't steal a march on us, anyhow, for I put a chair in the middle of the dark flight and she can't get down without knocking against it. Look, Tom, look," and Maryanne pointed to the window-blind on which the shadow of a policeman was distinctly traced by the gaslight.

Tom was silent for a moment. "They're surrouding us," he said, with a great groan; and as he spoke the shadow moved out of the field of the blind. "Let them do their best," he continued; "we didn't come to rob, or steal, or make away with anything, so we didn't."

"Let us take it quietly," suggested Maryanne. "Don't you stir until the worst comes; and when all goes to all, you can make for the coal-hole, Tom."

He laughed. "You won't leave me long in jail; Maryanne, will you?"

"I'll be worse off than yourself whilst you're there," she answered. "When Missus goes to bed and the 'polis' falls asleep, I'll steal down and let you out. Won't that do?"

"Nicely, darling, nicely. Sit down. If I get that five shilling rise, and there's little doubt that I will, with the bit of money I've got together things 'll be very nice. Of course I can't send you to buy the greens in a coach-and-four, you know—for, you know—"

"Ding-de-ring, ring."

"That's the bell," interrupted Maryanne, and she rose to answer it when the noise of a falling chair in the dark flight arrested her. "Tom," she whispered, as she pointed to the coal-cellar, "that's the way—hook it."

He had scarcely disappeared when Mrs. Prudence sailed into the kitchen. "Gracious goodness, girl, why did you leave that chair on the stairs?"

"To keep the cat from going up stairs and dirtying the carpets, ma'am," replied Maryanne, with a truly classic calmness.

Mrs. Prudence said, "H'm," and looked mysterious. "You should have been in bed an hour since. I can't stand this awful waste of fire and candle-light. Why, you might roast an ox at that grate. Slack it, and be off."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is there much coal in the cellar, Maryanne?"

"There is a trifle, ma'am; enough for a few days, anyhow."

"Show the light," says Mrs. Prudence, advancing to the cellar.

"The man will be here with a fresh ton in the morning," and the lady peered into the dusky interior, fortunately without perceiving Tom, who, warned by the sound of approaching footsteps and several significant coughs from his sweetheart, had hidden himself behind a deep projection of masonry, and thus escaped her vigilant eyes. With a slight recommendation, to the effect that Maryanne

should economise fuel for the future, Mrs. Prudence locked the door and ordered the girl to bed. She was, of course, obeyed. Maryanne went to her room, her mistress to the parlour, and Tom remained shut up in palpable darkness.

Where was James? We regret to relate that, after the imbibition of the sixth tumbler, that interesting young man laid down at full length on the carpet, and, in spite of all requests to the contrary from Mrs. Prudence, went to sleep. When the lady would say to him, "James, get up, like a dear," he would reply, "Yes, your worship. You're right, sergeant," and, attempting to rise, would fall helplessly to the floor. He persisted in taking her for a stipendiary, went through the form of oath several times, and gave sundry persons some singularly original characters. What could poor Mrs. Prudence do? If Maryanne discovered that she entertained a policeman, the story would be ventilated in every part of the town; and the lady would be made the laughing-stock of the inhabitants. Her hope was that James would "soon sober," and might then get out without making a third party wiser for what had happened.

So the poor lady quieted her apprehensions, and, having made herself comfortable in a large chair, went to sleep.

The morning was far advanced before Mrs. Prudence awoke to the sense of her situation. On descending below, she found Mr. Bullseye wide awake, and attaching a codicil to the night's indulgences in the shape of a stiff 'un of brandy and water. As he could not conveniently leave the house without being observed by her neighbours, Mrs. Prudence suggested that he should keep quiet and remain where he was until evening, when he could go abroad without being noticed. Mr. Bullseye, to do him justice, offered no impediment to the plan. He contented himself by saying that, in the event of corned beef being served up for dinner, he should like an escort of carrots and a dash of red pepper. Preliminaries being arranged so far, Mrs. Prudence closed the door, and was about to retire in order to refresh her toilet, when a single knock at the entrance diverted her from that pleasant occupation. Mr. Diamond's man had fetched the coals, and wanted to know "as how he'd put them in." Mrs. P. put her hand in her pocket—the key of the cellar was lost! For a moment she felt stupid and absent, but recovering herself, she suggested that Mr. Diamond's man should lift the iron and put the coals in.

Poor Tom saw the iron lifted, he heard the coals come down, another sickful and he should have been buried alive. To prevent such a catastrophe, he made at the door, knocked off the lock with a lump of the mineral, opened an escape, and rushed up stairs. In his hurry and fright he missed the hall and found himself, after several windings and turnings, in Maryanne's room. Her wardrobe

was hanging around, and it immediately occurred to him that the best way to cover his retreat would be to don her attire, and slip from the house. He obeyed the happy impulse, examined himself in the glass, and descended the stairs. He had arrived at the middle of the last flight, and was preparing for a precipitate dash at the door, when Maryanne, who was washing the surbase of the hall, looked up, and beholding a woman trying to escape with a portion of her wardrobe, screamed out—"Robbers, robbers!" at the top of her voice. Mr. Bullseye heard the note of alarm, and, notwithstanding the delicacy of his position, he was unable to resist the temptation of the opportunity, and rushed out to secure the offender. He gripped Tom by the throat and succeeded in bringing him to the floor, but then, to his inexpressible astonishment, he found himself in the hands of an antagonist more than his match. They rolled several times across the mat in a desperate fight for mastery, and the advantages of each were so nicely balanced that they desisted, sat upright, and looked in each other's faces.

"What!" said the policeman, surveying his rival, "can I believe my eyes? Why, you aint no woman, but my nevvry, Tom Brady!"

"And you," exclaimed the latter, "aint no policeman, but my uncle, Jem Bullseye."

"Let us embrace," said James; "bless you, bless you!"

"Who are those horrid men, Maryanne?" cried Mrs. Prudence, rushing to the scene in an agony of affected alarm. "Who are those men?"

"Twon't wash, Oliviar—'twont wash," replied James. "This here lad is my nevvry, and that ere girl's his sweetheart, and you—ah!" and Mr. Bullseye dropped his head and the sigh simultaneously.

"If it get's out," exclaimed Mrs. Prudence, "we're ruined!"

"Please, ma'am," suggested Maryanne, "if you let Tom come here now and then, to see me, no one will ever hear a word of it."

"Undutiful girl," said the lady, bursting into a fit of tears, "you compel me not to refuse you—be it so."

"It's all square," said Mr. Bullseye, with considerable dignity.

"It's perfectly square; there's no use a making too much of a trifle. What d'ye say, Mrs. Prudence?"

The lady frowned.

"What does Oliviar say?" repeated James.

A tranquil smile of satisfaction irradiated Mrs. Prudence's countenance.

She says, "Yes."

So they shook hands, and Mrs. Prudence was soon Mrs. Bullseye, and Tom engaged a wife and housekeeper in the person of our Maryanne.

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SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOW!" the woman exclaimed, after gazing with fixed and, staring eyes upon the old man, until he disappeared together with his company behind the hill on the rere of the inn. "Now, Sarah, your time is come! Which of 'em is it to be? Eh! whose throat have you cut? His or your husband's? The father of your child that loved—that trusted you—that tossed

his life into your hands as freely as he would his money into a strong box. You have armed his worst enemy against him! Eh? you Dalilah you! what have you done? O great Heaven, was I mad? Come back? Ho, ho! old man, come back! He's gone—he pretends he can't hear me, because he hates him deadly, and he wants to take his life with the two pistols that I loaded for him. Ho! ho! ho! bravely done, wife. You're a fine lady, arn't you? Indeed you are O my boy, my child, my first and only darling!" she continued, clasping the terrified urchin wildly to her bosom—"O my heart's light! my treasure! Look at me! Do you know



BY THE STILLE.

me? I'm your mother; and I sent that man, that gave you the tester, you know, I sent him to shoot your father! Wasn't I the fine mother to you? Don't curse me, you young villain, or I'll dash your brains out! He was going to take the life of my friend, and I took his, that's all. Don't tell any body, darling. O my love, my sweet love—here! put your little head into my heart, and comfort it, for it is breaking, and burning, and leaping within me! That's it, my dove," and gathering the pale-faced little creature with a trembling tenderness to her heart, she suffered the torrent of fierce passion to which she had abandoned herself, to die away in murmurs of mournful fondness and agitation.

Suddenly starting up, and throwing her long hair back from her ears, she remained in an attitude of intense attention. "Ha! Was that a shot? No, not yet—sure. Stay, Dinny, stand back, sir. What am I to do, now? Hide your black eyes, child, I can't look at them. The young *suileen dhuv*. Look, the storm will soon begin now. Must I stay here all alone in the black night until one or either of them returns home? My head would rive and burst. Stop, stop a moment! What if the storm should come on dreadfully, and the thunder, and lightning, and rain, and hinder his passage? He can't go past the Crag road, if one shower more should moisten the earth, under the Carrigou-Dhiol. O send it—O Heaven, forgiving Heaven, look at me!" She flung

herself on her knees, clasped and wrung her hands, as she looked upward in a rapture of despair. "Look at me on my knees, and that's where you didn't see me for five years and more, for I dared not to do it, but look at me now, praying to you to send down all your thunders, and your lightnings, and your floods of rain, and keep them two asunder this dreadful night! Do it for your own glory, if not in pity to them or me, for so sure as they meet, there will be blood spilt in your sight!—Red blood that will lie heavy on the shedder's soul! and leave, may be, an angel the less for your bright kingdom! Ha! is that my answer!" she exclaimed, starting from the earth, as a distant clattering of thunder sounded through the silent evening. "My heart does not tell me that my prayer is heard, as it used to do when I knelt in my father's house. My conscience is louder than the thunder, and it says, that I deserve no mercy! What am I to do? I can't stay here—to hear the clock tick, and the wind blow, while my brain is all one flame—I have it—I'll know all. Here Maney, take care o' the child!" she exclaimed, as the tall fellow presented his awkward frame at the door, and dashing fiercely past him, she hurried along the path leading to the Coiner's retreat.

In the mean time, Mr. Segur, Shine, and the trotting guide, Awney Farrel, proceeded on their way towards the forge, which Mrs. Spellacy had indicated, and where a new accident awaited them.

As they approached the building, from which the sound of clanking anvil and hammer proceeded, so as to give intimation of the premises being pre-occupied, Shine observed their guide start and use a gesture of alarm. The action instantly awakened the dormant suspicions of the preacher, who was not oblivious of the conversation on the brass coinage. Awney, however, did not suffer the emotion to remain visible in his countenance or manner longer than was absolutely necessary to establish its existence even for the moment, but carelessly turned his eyes from the door of the hovel.

It was a low, miserable-looking shed, the rafters broken, and the blackened thatch falling in in various places, so as to give free admission to the torrents of rain which were of frequent occurrence on this mountain district, and kept the little undulations of the earthen floor constantly supplied with an abundance of the fluid. As the travellers drew nearer to the place, an elderly-looking, *dressy* sort of man, equipped at all points, to an *agony* of elegance, and standing (a coarse, ill-fashioned block of clumsy vulgarity) in the midst of a blaze of finery, looking like a black ragged cloud in a sunny sky, or a draught of muddy inn-keeper's wine in a gold tankard (traveller's fare), presenting, as he crept out of the midst of a cloud of black smoke, which issued with him through the low battered door of the forge, the most apt illustration that could be desired of the hedge-school doggerel—

"A man without learning and wearing fine clothes,
Is like a pig with a gold ring in his nose—"

such a being—leading after him a fine gelding, caparisoned in the finest style, and looking a great deal more worthy of those fine accoutrements than its master—such a being, attired in a full, snow-white wig, forming a frieze, of which a shining, jet-black, soft-furred hat of the best Limerick manufacture was the capital—a smart, flowered silk waist-coat, and fine green coat, with silver-hilted sword, and tight, plush breeches, the shaft—and a pair of bright, shining, clocked silk stockings, with shoes, and gigantic silver buckles, the pedestal—such a being, so fine, so vulgar—issued, like a meteor out of a bog, from the smoke and vapour of the miniature *Ætna* of this Munster Vulcan.

"That is very odd what you tell me," he exclaimed, in a long county Cork drawl, "but I'm sure it isn't true for you. I don't mean to doubt your word, but you can't say you have told me the truth. I know the rogue is in this neighbourhood, and I'll find him too, you may be sure."

"Where did your honour see him?" asked the smith, suspending his sledge-hammer in the hollow of his sooty arm, while he directed his eyes to the newly-shod feet of the gelding. "Because, if it be long sence, there's but a Flemish account o' the two o' them by this time."

"Hang the fellow and his stupid eyes, they would have imposed upon a Jew, let alone a county Cork grazier. His 'gits,' as he calls them! Wait till I get a vacancy at him, I'll *git* him, so I will.

Forty pounds, sir!" he continued, turning round, in the communicativeness of passion, to Shine, who had just ridden up, and was beginning to listen with a cruel anxiety and interest in his complaints—"forty pounds the fellow cheated me of, for such trash as this!" holding out several ingots, on one of which a quantity of verdigris had collected, which, combining instantly by a vivid association of ideas with Maney's memorable parting leer, showed like a horrid spectre in the eyes of the preacher.

"Have you tried them, sir?" he asked, in a faint and failing voice, while big drops of perspiration began to sparkle on his nose and forehead.

"Try'em!" exclaimed the man of the white wig, "why, sir, look!" and with great agility he whipped a small bottle of aquafortis from his flapped pocket, uncorked it with his teeth, and poured a little on the metal. A sudden simmering, and then a dark steam arising, left no spell to raise the ghost of a doubt upon the quality of the ingot.

"It's not gold," said Mr. Shine, mournfully.

"Gold!" shouted he of the silver buckles; "sir, 'tis not only brass, but bad brass!"

"The same goold that's in the copper kettles," said the smith, grinning through his black lips.

"Who gave it—to—you?" asked the preacher, hesitatingly, his hand wandering fearfully about the pocket in which he had deposited his own treasure.

"Poh! poh! I'm ashamed to tell you—but it was a long stupid fellow, with a story of an old abbey, and his landlord, and his royalty, and I can't know how much trash besides—one Maney O'Neill, the greatest rogue unhanged in Munster, and that's a bold word."

Mr. Shine groaned audibly. He need not have blushed, however, at finding himself fooled by a man, who had, with the same tale, imposed upon men of rank and learning far superior to his.

"A fellow that travels about in company with a Dublin clea'-boy named Awney Farrel," continued the complainant, "a sharp-faced young—ha!—" he paused as his eyes fell on the guide, he stood close at his elbow.

Instead of appearing at all disconcerted, Awney blinked invitingly with his eye, tossed his head back, and beckoned the gentleman of the silver hilt to step aside with him. The latter followed in some brow knitting suspicion and hesitation, which, however, began to dissipate and brighten up under the influence of the information, whatever it was, that the guide was conveying to him with an infinite deal of gesture and grimace. They often looked and nodded their heads towards Shine, who remained fixed in an attitude of as much horror as so fat a man could assume—his globular hands clasped before him, his lips disparted, and his eyes staring heavily on the distance. After a little time the man of the plush breeches laid his finger along the side of his nose, protruding his brow and lips, as much as to say, "I understand you;" and Awney, with one farewell wink, bounded over the ditch at the road-side and disappeared, both Shine and Segur being too much occupied with their own thoughts to observe his desertion.

While the unhappy purchaser of the single ingot remained in a state of suspense, which momentarily approached the verge of agony, the man of the clocked stockings beckoned to a pair of myrmidons in the forge, who presently made their appearance at the door, with red, sulky eyes, and coarse, trim-cut frieze body-coats, buttoned on their stout, squat frames with horn taches, and suffering a gleam of red to appear at the breast, like the ominous streak in the dawn of a gray morn at the equinox. He of the soft-furred hat pointed towards Shine and clapped his own elbow to his sides, signifying to them what course they should adopt, adding some farther hints concerning his amazing strength and agility, which were not lost upon the hearers.

The preacher was just in the act of heaving a profound sigh, when his arms were suddenly pinioned down, one man knocking off his hat, another throwing a small bag, or *Johnny Doe*, such as the carmen fed their horses in, over his head, and drawing the running-string about his neck, while a third ran with a piece of jack-line two or three swift circuits about him, as the hound does about a buffalo at bay, behaving the tether finally in the angle (the only angle that could be found in the preacher's whole person) of his elbow. This done in less time than one might take in supposing it, the man of the wig, leisurely tripped up his heels, and laid the poor culprit, as

they do a huge turtle, on "the broad of his back," on the road where he remained helpless and too utterly overwhelmed with astonishment to give vent to a remonstratory groan. In fact, the whole affair was over before one thought could have displaced another in his mind.

"Now for it! the fox is bagged!" shouted the buck (for such the grazier was allowed to be)—"Ah, ha! I thought so!" as he drew from the pocket of the prostrate, passive, vanquished hero, the ingot, the fatal ingot which was destined to be a still dearer purchase to the buyer than it had already proved.

"Is it brass?" exclaimed the latter, half-stifled by the bag in which his head was immersed, and yet anxiously alive to the investigation which was going forward.

"Indeed, then, it is brass, and you're brass, and bold brass that asks the question," returned he of the green coat. "No use in your talking, sir," he said in answer to the remonstrances of Segur, who made an effort at the liberation of his companion, not being aware that the fine grazier was one of those blockheads who think it manly and becoming to be obstinate, and cling to a misconception with the same sort of fatherly kindness which would induce them to stand by an ugly son in a scrape—"No use in your talking, I have taken the man in *flagrante delicto*, with the goods upon him, and my prisoner he shall remain for this night at least. However, at your desire, as you profess a knowledge of his person, I will remove the blind from his eyes; and if you think you can be of service to him I am going to spend the night at the house of my niece Miss Lilly Byrne of Drumsanlon, on the Crag road."

"We are travelling the same way, at all events," said Segur, "so I will say no more on the subject until we arrive at the means of convincing you of this man's respectability. How he has chanced upon that ingot, I cannot conceive."

"We'll explain all at Lilly's table, at supper," said the man of the buckles, merrily, as they rode off (repaired at all points) together.

"At supper, inagh? An unaisy supper ye'll have of it, I'm thinkin'," said the smith, shaking his head, and slowly re-entering the forge. "That's a bad matter for Suil Dhuv, whoever told the travellers about the shoes, the odds are against him now, any way."

The dinging of hammers, the creaking of stamping-presses, the rasping of files, and the low murmuring of human voices were the first sounds that assailed the ears of poor Kumba on his recovery from the stupor into which he had been cast by the practised hand of Red Rody. He opened his eyes and gazed, still in a state of unconsciousness, upon the involutions of the dense smoke of culm that floated above him, and which, partially illustrated as it was at intervals by the flickering blaze of the furnace, brought to his reviving imagination a thousand vague and wandering images that almost unconsciously referred themselves to his accident, a fatal termination, and an awakening in the centre of the new and fearful world to which his last terrified thoughts had been hurried, even in the agitation of the struggle itself. The illusion was not dissipated by the vision of the white-haired murderer, Rody, who tottered towards him, and remained for a few seconds gazing down upon him with as much steadiness as his palsy would suffer him to assume, and smiling through his chipped and bloodless lips, as the young man, from an instinct of apprehension, checked the returning symptoms of animation, and suffered the half-raised lids once more to close over his eye-balls.

"What would you do if you had done for him, Rody, eroo?" asked a soft voice at the farther end of the room, the tones of which brought a pleasing association into Kumba's mind, as they resembled those which had pleaded for him in the fray with the Coiners.

"O, hugh! Oh, there's many a bit and a sup between him and the undertaker yit," said the old coiner. "I don't know what I'll do here, watchen. Jerry, I wish you went to the cupboard an' brought us the makens of a jug o' pounch. Ah, Jerry, Jerry, ould times, ould times for ever! Get us the dhew till we drink Redmond O'Hanlon in a big bumper. I saw him a week before he was shot in the barn, an' lashed o' keogh we had together, the two of us. As I was.....hugh! hugh! hugh! Eyeh! the voice is gone wit me now, Jerry, and yet I used to sing wanet of a time—only this cough, and my back, O!—"

'As I was sitting in my room,
All in the merry, merry month of June—

I heard a thrush sing in a bush,
An' the song she sung was the jug o' pounch.
Fal law raw li!
Tol di rum day!
Tol fal tiridum! Dum fileum tay!

Hugh! hugh!—I'm afeerd o' waken the dacint lad here near me. How nate I could slip the windpipe now just where he lies, so quite an' easy. Aih, Jerry! look! jest as they does the sheep. I'd give you lave to hang me to that rafter, av he ever gave as mooch as a groan after it. Have yon the pounch ready yit? Give it here! Hould my arm! O this shake! Isn't it droll I usn't uvar to have this cough and shake whin I was in the Small County, and with the lads formerly?"

"How long is that ago now, Rody?" asked Jerry.

"Why thin, as good as thirty years, or from that to forty, and better may be," the other answered, musingly.

"An inch in a man's nose is a great dale for all, Rody!" Jerry returned, drily; "but still, it is a droll thing that a man should have more slements an' things at sixty-eight than he had forty years before."

"Neon o' your fuanen, you young colfen, you!—We can't expect to live always, and though I am't seventy yet, I know I must die soon time or another. Tisn't age that always kills people, Jerry—and a man has no more a lease of his life at seventy than he has at a hoondred—'Ye jovial!—Gi' me the pounch—hugh! hugh!

'Ye jovial fellows that pass by,
Av ye don't b'live it—step in an thry!
Step in an' thry, an' nuvur finch
To dip your nose in the jug o' pounch!
Fal la raw li!
Tol di rum day!
Tol fal ti ridum! Dum fileum tay!

"No, Jerry," he continued, after elevating the fiery liquid to his lips and swallowing a prodigious draught; "I know I'm to have my day as well as another, and I mane to prepare for it too, and that's more than you thought, I b'lieve.

'When I am dead, an' in my grave,
No costly monument will I have—
But let my grave be short and sweet,
With a jug o' pounch at my head and feet!
Fal law raw li!
Tol di rum day!
Tol fal ti ridum! Dum fileum tay!

"I'll wait, Jerry, till I'm just seventy; an' thin I'll turn over a new lave, and be quit o' these doens. I'll go to my Christian duty, an' I'll do like the Christens for the rest o' my days; seeing would I do soomthen for the poor sowl agin she goes, be the dint o' pin-ince; that's what I'll do, an' I'll rise out o' ye, and ye'r coinen an' murderer, all out that's what I will."

"E' then, Rody, since that's what you're after, what should ail you that you wouldn't take a short stick in your hand, and be off at once, slap, like cock-shot agin a barn door?"

"Poh! didn't I say whin I was seventy all out? Tisn't far from me now, and—"

The interlocutors were cut short in their conference by a tapping at the little door. The word passed, and was answered by a female voice.

"Tis the miasmiz herself!" said Jerry, in amaze, as he opened the door.

The woman rushed into the room nearly in the same state of agitation as that in which she left the inn. Her hair, now perfectly dishevelled and dabbled in rain, hung loose upon her shoulders—her brow was torn by the briars and stained with blood—her limbs shaking, and her large eyes wandering in eager scrutiny over every object that was presented to them, as she rapidly hurried from place to place.

"Where's—ha! Jerry—No—not you! Who's this? Rody—ha! blood-sucker! stand aside. Who's this?"

"Hush! hush!" both pointed to Kumba, and made signs to the woman to be silent.

"Who? Mr. Kumba? What! why is he not gone? Ha!

blood, too; Oh! I see it; Up, up, sir, up; you are betrayed and laughed at. Up, and come with me."

"Jerry, darlen, shut the doore, lock it, an' gi' me the key," coughed out Red Rody.

"Jerry, leave the door open until Mr. Kumba and I have passed through, if you value your neck," said the woman, fiercely.

"Deed, ma'am, av I'm a blood-sucker I'll do my duty, I have an old knack that way," said Rody, sulkily hobbling towards the door.

"Blood-sucker, that you are (and it is a riddle to me that you should be stung by another giving you a name that is your own boast,) stand from the door. Do you know me?"

"I know your husband better," growled the ruffian.

"Then, mind me—if you fear his anger, obey me."

"I don't know what rilaahun they have at all, wan to another, your commands and his anger," muttered the palsied wretch, placing his back to the door, and examining the lock of a large horse pistol.

"If you will not release this gentleman, Suil Dhuv shall never see my face again."

"Oh! thin, who knows whether that's what would bring his anger upon us?" the old fellow said, chuckling.

"Ha!" exclaimed the woman, "I thought it, I knew it," and she slapped her hands together like one who had solved an agonizing doubt. "I'm sold; and his friend is betrayed. Thank you husband, I've caught you, sir. Up, up, Mr. Kumba. Right yourself, sir, if you're a man! There's your enemy," and she clapped the startled youth upon the shoulder, and pointed to Red Rody, who maintained his defensive position.

Kumba, whose disgust had been at first strongly excited by the approach of his false friend's wife, was not sufficiently disabled by the effects of the blow he had received to prevent his gathering from the conversation a perfect knowledge of his situation, and of the motives of the Suil Dhuv. The one fired, the other strengthened him. He looked first at Jerry, who stood irresolute, and apparently disposed to neutrality, in the corner; and having satisfied himself that there was no determined opposition to be apprehended from that quarter, he waved his hand to Rody to stand aside: the other, influenced by his natural or acquired habits of violence, and stimulated more highly by the potations in which he had been indulging, refused to obey, and elevated the pistol with a menacing look.

Without bestowing a more serious thought on the chances of a struggle than he would have experienced before whipping a cur from his path, Kumba darted on the old man, caught him by the breast, and sent him spinning round against the press. There was a report of a pistol, a sudden hurrying together of several figures, a scream, a hoarse curse, a crashing of bolts and stamping of many feet, and the place was clear of all but the fair-faced Jerry and the old man, whom he upheld apparently with an effort from the floor.

"'Twas Heaven did it, and not the gentleman," said Jerry;

"how do you feel yourself, Rody, agra?"

"Aih? Oh! poorly, wisha, poorly enough, Jerry, thanky."

"It's late for pinnance now, I'm afeerd, Rody?"

"Wisha, I'm afeerd so, I abn't very well; I abn't meself at all, rightly."

"No wondher, sure. There's a hole in your neck here as big as a button. How coom you to handle the pistil so awkward, Rody?"

"Wisha, I dun know. It went off betune my fingers someway, very foolish. Hould me up a little. There's a great wakeness comen upon me all of a hape, intirely."

"Don't say so, Rody, eroo. Will I run for the priest?"

"Aih? . . . priest? Oh! Eh, Jerry, eroo, what's that in the dark?"

"Where, eroo?"

"Look, agra! Look at Tim Henessy! Look at him, shaken his head at me!"

"Tim Henessy, inagh? Erra, is it the man you murdered that would be there?" said Jerry, in a tone of remonstratory astonishment.

"Not Guilty, my lord and gintlemin, 'twasn't I did it. Was it, Jerry? Aih, Oh, stand betune uz, Jerry, *alanuv!* It's no use for here's Mickey Keys at the other side o' me, grinnen' down on me!"

"Well, that's the crackedest thing I ever heard, Rody. Didn't you shoot him stone dead with your own hand, and now to be sayen' he's there grinnen'. He has soomthen' else to do besides maken' them faces."

"Would you have a loand o' the whiskey bottle you'd give us,

Jerry? Stay! Aisy a while! Oh, the pain, the pain, entirely, you see, that's what's killen' me. I'm getting very could, Jerry. 'Tisn't freezeen' agin, I believe?"

"Freezen'!" shouted Jerry, "d'ye hear what he calls the finest, soft, moist evenen' that? Eh! why, Rody, Rody. I say, agin! what's the matter? Rody! stir up, man. He's dyen', I'blieve, Oh! murder, intirely, he's goen', he's stiff'nen'."

He paused and gazed on the dying wretch, who remained in his arms gasping for breath, while he stared fearfully on the broad black darkness above him, which his memory, now for the first time startled from her sleep of indifference by the baying of the hell-hound Conscience, had peopled with the shadows of his many victims. He shrunk back, shivered, dropped his jaws, which clattered like a pair of castanets, his lips became dragged and livid, his teeth set, and he lay stark and cold in the arms of the terrified accomplice of his crimes and witness of his blasphemies, a horrible spectacle of the sudden vengeance of a long-suffering but wakeful Providence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN LEAFY DOONASS.

LACK sloped the wild arch through the morning—
The black arch of leafy Doonass,
Of memory-haunted Doonass;
And the winds of the north roared a warning,
And the echoes slid low through the grass,
With a weird and a sorrowful warning;
And a year out of Heaven did pass,
To the gulfs whence there comes no returning,
In the yellowing woods of Doonass.

We paused, looking up at the splendour,
And I whispered to white Madeline—
Earth-lost, heaven-wrapped Madeline—
"I heard the dead seasons surrender
Their souls to the Giver divine,
The Giver of all that's divine,
And their voices rose solemn and tender,
As the chaunts o'er funereal wine;
When the death lights flash red on the splen-lour,
Over urns of funereal wine.

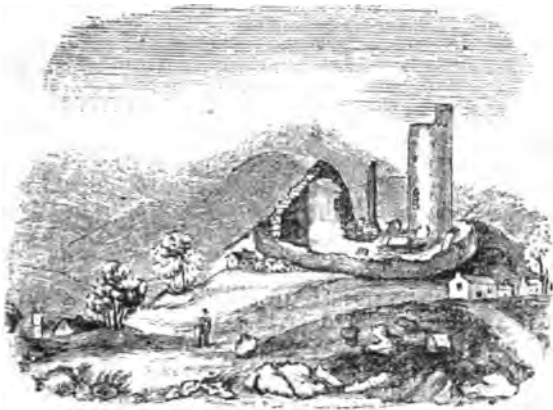
When thou diest, oh dear one, remember
The love we created on earth—
Love having no likeness on earth,
(For the rest is but ashes and ember).
And whenever thou journeyest forth
To the land over head the blue north,
(When thy heart and thy sweet soul dismember,)
Return not to sit at my hearth,
Glide not through the glooms of my hearth,
But in wrathful Doonass, in September,
When the brown leaf is dashed to the earth."

Time loosened her soul's radiant pinion,
And she passed as a star that is not,
As a planet whose place is forgot,
In the limitless, fire-roofed dominion;
Or a white cloud that lies like a blot,
On the west like a crescented blot.
Until sucked down the gulfs of vermillion.
And an exile in Salaat I thought,
Till my brain reeled around with the thought,
Of our vow in the leafy pavilion;
When the woods of Doonass were distraught,
When the oaks of Doonass were distraught.

But she came not with Autumn or blossom,
(And fruitless that waiting of mine—
Unrequited that waiting of mine.)
With the sign of the saints on her bosom;
She came not, half seen yet divine—
Half palpable phantom divine;
So the coral flower dropped from the lossom,
And I cry for earth-lost Madeline,
From Doonass to the wilds of Ardossom,
I wander and shriek—Madeline!

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.

IV.—KILCULLEN, COUNTY KILDARE.



KILCULLEN was anciently one of the boundaries of a district in Leinster, called *Caelen*, comprising parts of the present counties of Kildare, Wicklow, and Carlow; being bounded on the east by the Wicklow mountains, on the south and west by the river Barrow, and on the north by the Liffey and part of the Bog of Allen. In the early ages it was called *Caelen*, *Galon*, or *Coalan*, from its being almost one continued wood; and the name is still retained in Kilcullen, the subject of our present notice, corrupted from *Kil-Coalan*. It is from thence the noble family of Leinster take their motto, "*Crom ill abú*," or, "a district on the crooked water," in allusion to the river Liffey.

The hill on which these ruins are situated rises rather abruptly within about a mile of the south bank of the Liffey. This was also the site of the old town, which was very considerable; at the time Archdall wrote his "*Monasticon*" it had seven gates, one of which had an arch of ten feet span; nothing now remains but a few scattered cabins.

The above engraving gives a view of the hill of old Kilcullen, surmounted by the church-yard and ruins, which comprise one of our ancient round towers, part of the old monastery, and many curious sculptured stones; the whole is enclosed by a circular wall, covering the summit of the hill. That part of the round tower now standing is about thirty-five feet high; the door is six feet from the ground, and the walls appear to be so durable, that many centuries may pass over

"Ere hoary time, with ruthless hand,
Will raze them."

The monastery was founded a little after the introduction of Christianity, for we read that Saint Isernin was appointed the first bishop of it; he died in 469. In 936, and again in 944, the building was plundered and burned, along with the town; and afterwards, in 1460, it was repaired, or, more probably, a new one founded, by Sir Rowland Eustace, of Harristown, many years Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

In 1319, Maurice Jakes built a bridge over the Liffey, and many of the inhabitants left old Kilcullen and went to reside there. Towards the close of the year 1517, Lady Elizabeth Zouch, first wife of the unfortunate Gerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, was buried here near to Allison, mother to the Earl, her husband. Through all his persecutions she was constantly by his side, to cheer him in sorrow and to assist him in danger. She was followed to this, her last resting place, by the neighbouring chieftains and their clans; and yearly it was the custom to cover her tomb with flower-garlands.

In the church-yard is a piece of ancient sculpture, of which the following is a drawing.



It represents a knight in complete armour: it is stated that a female figure, similarly executed, was originally placed by its side, on a large table monument that stood in the chapel of the old building. The stone on which this image is cut is six feet six inches long, and two feet five inches broad; it is broken across below the knees of the figure. The work has the appearance of being well finished, and the relief is still strong. The knight has his head resting on a cushion; he wears a morion, with double cheek-plates, and on this there appears to have been a crest; the body, the thighs, and the arms, down to the elbows, are covered with mail armour; from the elbows to the hands are plate armlets, and his legs and feet are defended with pliable plate armour. He wears spurs, and under his feet is a dog, the emblem of fidelity. A little distance from the stone just described, stands another in an inclined position; it is four feet high by about eighteen inches square, and is curiously divided into compartments on each of the four sides. Some of the figures are shown in the representation beneath.



OSSIANIC POETRY.

IN the year 1760, James Macpherson published his "Fragments of Ancient Poetry," collected in the Highlands, and translated from the Gaelic, or Erse language—a work destined to exert a powerful and permanent influence upon British and European literature. The nature of this announcement implied, that the contents of the book were not to be found in any perfect state in an original form. They were merely fragments collected in the Highlands; the poems of "Fingal" and "Temora," which followed, were, however, given as proper epics, and other compositions were added with very suspicious regularity to the collection. The pretensions advanced on behalf of these poems were of the most ambitious kind. They were represented as the genuine compositions of a poet living in the third century of the Christian era, and narrating personal or contemporary events. The diversity of opinions which arose upon the publication is too well known to require notice here, and it would be tedious to go over its details. Dr. Hugh Blair, a rather credulous critic, wrote a dissertation, which, in the opinion of his friends, demonstrated "with the acuteness of Aristotle and the elegance of Longinus," that Macpherson's "Ossian" was as genuine as Homer, and as full of genius. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was readily deceived by Lander's forgeries against Milton, but who would not have believed anything good of Scotland, though one had risen from the dead, denounced the publication of Macpherson as an impudent imposture. The controversy, as was natural, extended speedily to Ireland, where the same feelings of nationality which had in Scotland raised up defenders of the authenticity of the poems, were arrayed in a strong phalanx in opposition to them. Irish antiquarians maintained that Fionn, or Fin, and Ossian, and Oscar were historically known, and had always been traditionally treated as natives of Ireland; and they regarded the attempt to kidnap and settle them in Scotland as downright robbery, or man-stealing. Another foe of Macpherson's, of no ordinary abilities, arose in the historian Malcolm Laing, who, in Lord Cockburn's "Memorials" is rather ludicrously and unfortunately described as having "a hard, peremptory Celtic manner and accent." Mr. Laing was an Orkney proprietor, with strong antipathies to everything Celtic, and, as a Norseman, he had a natural jealousy of the attempt to represent the Celts as rivaling or excelling the ancient poets of Scandinavia. In the course of the discussion many volunteer communications of Highland poetry were furnished, some of them not more free from question than Macpherson's own; while assertions were made and affidavits sworn, more remarkable for their energy and confidence than for their accuracy and precision. The Highland Society then took up the inquiry. But their report, in 1805, did not throw much light on the matter, and was about as unsatisfactory as reports in general are found to be. Neither was the question settled by the posthumous publication of the Gaelic Ossian from Macpherson's repositories, no ancient MS. having yet been forthcoming, and his opponents alleging confidently that his Gaelic was translated from the English, whenever it was not stolen or borrowed from Irish poems. After much waste of ink, anger, and acrimony, the agitation gradually subsided. The out-and-out defenders of Macpherson became few in number, and, strange to say, were more easily found among the critics of the continent than among those at home. The claims of the Irish were not satisfactorily answered, and, by a general feeling, elsewhere, bystanders came to adopt a sort of compromise between the extreme views of the original disputants. In the course of the investigations which took place under the auspices of the Highland Society, reference was made to the several Gaelic manuscripts as existing in the Highlands, or in the possession of parties connected with Scotland. Is is very probable, if not quite certain, that such MSS. existed, though it is difficult to place implicit confidence in the loose accounts that are given of their contents. But the most important manuscript which was actually seen by impartial persons was that referred to in the report of the Highland Society, who obtained it from one of Macpherson's executors. It has since been carefully examined by gentlemen of high attainments as Celtic scholars, and it is now certain that the Ossianic poems, as they stand in this manuscript, show that they

were composed at least after the time of St. Patrick, and that, according to them, Fingal and his associates were Irish, and not Scotch. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the poem in this MS. :—

"Ossian, the son of Fingal, said—
 'Tell me, Patrick, the honour which belongs to us,
 Do the Fingalians of Ireland enjoy the happy heaven?'
 'I tell thee, assuredly, Ossian, of bold deeds,
 That neither thy father, nor Gaul, nor Ossian are blessed !'
 'Sad is thy tale to me, O cleric,
 I worshipping God, and that the Fingalians should
 be excluded from heaven,' etc.

There can be no doubt that some such lines as those we have now quoted were traditionally current in the Highlands; yet here the lines are found in a manuscript—the only Scotch one that has any bearing on the question. This poem, or dialogue between St. Patrick and Ossian, and some similar one has been long known in Ireland. A translation, nearly corresponding to it, was given in the late Lady Morgan's "Wild Irish Girl," in 1806; and a similar poem is to be found in a volume published by the Ossianic Society of Dublin. Miss Brooke's collection also contains similar colloquies, and the subject seems to have been a favourite one. Several of the Ossianic poems in the Dean of Lismore's MS. relate to events considered historical, and of which the scene occurs in Ireland. It is a singular, but, we believe, undoubted fact, that poems on the battle of Gabhra Aiche, which must be considered of Irish origin, were current in the Highlands until a very late period. They have probably been handed down partly by oral tradition, but possibly, also, by occasional recurrence to written copies.

Reviewing the whole subject, we think that the following propositions may be considered to contain correct results in reference to the subject of the controversy respecting the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian. The Celtic language of Ireland, and that of the Scottish Highlands, is one and the same; and there is the strongest probability that, with various degrees of Scandinavian, Teutonic, or other foreign admixture, the two races are identical. Whatever may have been the early state of the Scottish Highlands, it is certain that, at least from the introduction of Christianity, Ireland possessed a high degree of learning and civilization. The Irish language, from the same early period was carefully cultivated, and continued to be preserved in purity and elaborate forms of poetry or versification were invented and extensively practised by Irish writers. Mythical persons and legends as well as historical characters and events, became from time to time the subjects of Irish poems, which were widely diffused and preserved, partly by tradition and partly likewise in a written form. While it is probable that from the earliest times much intercommunication passed between the adjoining coasts of the two countries, it is certain that, at later periods within the range of history, migrations took place from Ireland to Scotland, by which the learning and enlightenment of the former were conveyed to the Scottish shores, and in process of time the poetry also of Ireland became current in Scotland, and was diffused in the Scottish Highlands by recitation, and latterly were also preserved in manuscript. At an early period within the records of history, whether from native character or from Irish instruction, the resident ecclesiastics of Scotland attained to eminence in learning and piety, and, in all probability, a considerable degree both of genius and of taste pervaded the Scottish Celts, though the evidence of any Scottish compositions of an ancient date is extremely defective, nor does any body of the Celtic manuscripts exist in Scotland, while those that have been preserved in Ireland are very numerous, and reach, at least, to the twelfth century.

The poems published by Macpherson as the compositions of Ossian, whether in their English or Gaelic garb, are not genuine compositions as they stand, and are not entitled to any weight or authority in themselves, being partly fictitious, but partly, at the same time, and to a considerable extent, copies or adaptations of Ossianic poetry current in the Highlands, and which also are, for the most part, well known in Ireland, and are preserved there in ancient manuscripts. Upon fairly weighing the evidence, therefore, we are bound to express it as our opinion, that the Ossianic poems, so far as original, must be considered generally as Irish compositions, relating to Irish personages, real or imaginary, and to Irish events, historical or legendary; but they indicate also a free

communication between the two countries, and may be legitimately regarded by the Scottish Celts as a literature in which they likewise have a direct interest, written in their native tongue, recording the common traditions of the Gaelic tribes, and having been long preserved and diffused in the Scottish Highlands; while, if the date or first commencement of those compositions is of great antiquity, they belong as much to the ancestors of the Scottish as of the Irish Celts. There is still room for inquiring whether in the Scottish manuscript already adverted to, or in other trustworthy sources, Ossianic poetry cannot be pointed out which may be peculiar to Scotland, and of which no trace may be found either in Irish manuscripts or Irish tradition.

With Lord Neaves, to whose interesting paper on the Ossianic question, read before the Archaeological Institute of Edinburgh, some years since, we are indebted for much information on the subject, we think that, with all his errors, a large debt of national and literary gratitude is due to James Macpherson. It is difficult now to estimate precisely the degree of blame imputable to his conduct. Literary forgery, or to give it a milder name, literary embezzlement, was then so frequent as to be almost fashionable. A faithful editor was scarcely to be found. While Chatterton, fabricated literary antiquities wholesale, Percy brushed up his ballads that he might suit them to public taste, and even the excellent Lord Hailes was found clipping the coin which he should have issued in its integrity. Celtic antiquities were little understood, and antiquarian or historical criticism was only in its infancy. Macpherson obviously admired the compositions which he met with in the Highlands; he saw their capabilities, and he put them forward in a captivating dress.

If he varied, garbled, or interpolated them, so as to exalt the country in which he found them, and to which he himself belonged, some indulgence is due to a feeling of patriotism, and a desire to raise the Highlands from the depressed condition to which they had been reduced. Perhaps he believed that Ossian was a Scotch hero and bard; that the Irish people were a mere Scotch colony, and that anything to the contrary was a modern corruption; and if his subsequent conduct was more seriously culpable, it may be traced as much to pride and pertinacity, as to want of principle. Certain it is that Macpherson was the first who saw and appreciated the merits of Gaelic poetry. Assuming these poems, so far as genuine, to be Irish compositions, they had certainly been neglected by the Irish, and allowed to remain unpublished and unknown, until Macpherson brought them to light from Scottish sources. Miss Brooke, Walker, Hardiman, Drummond, O'Reilly, and other more recent writers, have done justice to Ossianic poetry and the genius of Ireland, but it must not be forgotten that the initiative in bringing these compositions to the light of day was taken by James Macpherson.

HAND AND DREAM DIVINATION.



DESIRE to interpret the future has caused some instances of the greatest folly in mankind. Amongst the ancients, from this desire arose the practice of the art of divination, extended so largely through all the nations, and forming so lucrative a portion of the trade of the heathen temples and their attendants. There is no doubt of the visionary nature of the custom, but still, there is no doubt also, that it has been able, under certain circumstances, to establish itself on probabilities. We can easily understand how an adept in the moral sciences can be able to foretell the alterations which may take place in the customs and social constitution of men, at periods of time, more or less distant. One of the capabilities of modern meteorologists is the power to predict the changes of the atmosphere. A very ordinary notice is to be seen in the advertising columns of the daily journals, warning of the coming storm, pointing where its force will be greatest, and indicating its direction. In the sick room, every day, the physician foretells the course and event of a malady, and so, in the more abstruse science of life, those who have given equal labour to its elucidation, and have arranged its facts in methodical order, can use the

same power of prognostication for individual examples. In this way, perhaps, can be accounted for many of those extraordinary presages, which were afterwards fulfilled, but in this way cannot be explained the interest for deception which arose in the resort to sources of divination which are afforded, not in the subjects themselves, but in the power of imposition, possessed by those who availed themselves of their pretences.

In India and amongst the Orientals, the art of divination was always honoured. The Egyptians numbered in their people a host of expert magicians and diviners. The Jews also would appear to have been subject to impostors, for they make the distinction between prophets of the false and the true. There is no doubt that in the old world times, and amongst the early peoples, every species of thing was made amenable to the mania of divination. Each diviner, each magician, made use of his own particular means for prediction. In this way they questioned the four elements, the clouds, winds, and springs, whence came all those various modes of interpreting future and unknown things, such as *Æromancy*, or divination by air; *Arithmancy*, or divination by numbers; *Dactylomancy*, or divination by the fingers; *Oneiromancy*; or divination by dreams; *Chiromancy*, or divination by the hands; and many other modes of this kind. The delirium of prophecy went on so far that prophecy could be found by the head of an ass or the tail of a dog. This rage for divination lasted during two thousand years.

Most of those systems of prophecy, as they were supposed to be, have long ceased to impose upon men. Lingerings remnants of their superstition yet prevail. There may be found still persons who believe in the foresight of dreams and listen to the wise interpreter, as he or she expounds their meaning. But, in the world of far times, these ravings of an incoherent sleep held their greatest influence.

Amongst the men of other ages *Oneiromancy* was a fruitful mine of fortune used by the *Oneiromantic* diviners, *Dioscorides*, *Democritus*, *Apollodorus*, *Antiphon*, *Antipater*, *Chrisippus*, and many others have collected the most extraordinary dreams and composed many treatises upon *Oneiromancy*. It is unfortunate that none of those have come down to us. However, some of the facts which are yet recorded concerning this subject are very striking.

It was *Hecuba* who dreamed that she gave birth to a torch, and the diviner consulted by her, answered that hers should be a child which would cause the burning of *Troy*. This was a strange dream and strangely verified, but there is another which we shall here relate. A wrestler who determined to dispute the prize of the race at the *Olympic* games, dreamed that the earth burned under the wheels of his chariot. Having consulted an *Oneiromantist* upon the interpretation of his dream, he received this answer, "Thou shalt be vanquished because the flames of thy chariot indicate coursers more skilful than thee." The athlete was vanquished as had been foretold.

Another extraordinary dream is that told of the mother of the tyrant, *Phalaris*, who, prior to the birth of that monster, beheld in a dream the statue of *Mercury*, which ornamented her apartment, shedding blood from a wound, and this blood had hardly touched the earth than it flowed in a stream. A diviner to whom she related this tale predicted to her that the infant of whom she was to be the mother, would inundate with blood the city of *Agrirentum*. History has told that strangely coincident dream of *Calphurnia*, the wife of *Cæsar*, who, upon the eve of his death, dreamed that he was assassinated. The Ides of *March* saw its verification. *Sylla*, too, was the subject of a presage of this kind. He dreamed that he beheld the *Fates* calling him, and summoning a soothsayer, demanded of him what that meant. "Hasten! and make your will," he was answered. On the next day *Sylla* breathed his last sigh.

Besides those there were wonderful dreams to which we can only allude in passing. The dream of *Brutus*. The dream of that *Arcadian*, who thought that his fellow traveller was assassinated; the dream of *Chrisippus*—that of *Catherine*, who saw *Henry* the Second perish—that of *Maria de Medicis*, revealing the assassination of *Henry* the Fourth, and a crowd of others remarkable, strange, and prophetic as they are, we must pass by in order to give some of the details concerning the only other ancient system of divination which has not been lost in the shipwreck of time.

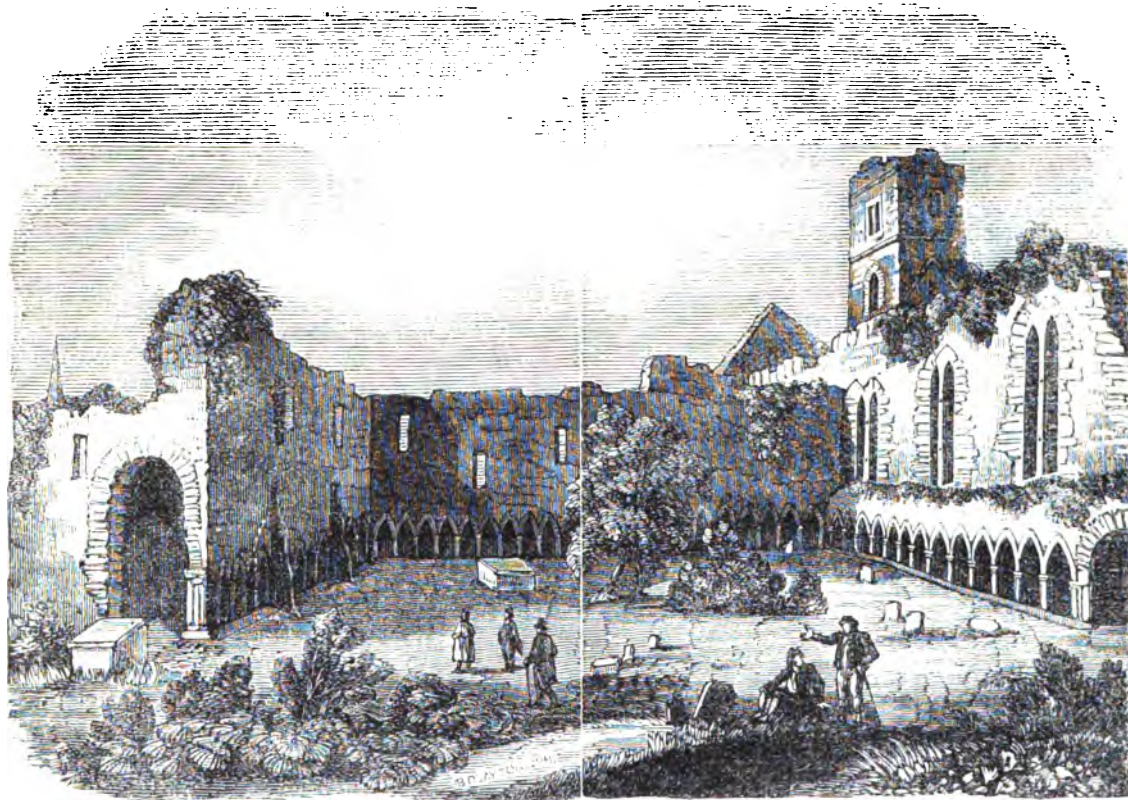
Chiromancy, the art of predicting the destiny of an individual by the inspection of the hand, was practised in the most remote antiquity, and particularly by the *Chaldeans*, the *Assyrians*,

and the Egyptians. The Jewish populace possessed, it is said, thousands of Chiromantists. Job and Solomon even speak of the art as being brought to perfection amongst the Hebrews. The Greeks and Romans made a great use of it; the Emperor Augustus passed for a deserving Chiromantist.

Chiromancy has been written upon by numerous authors who have detailed the most fantastic and puerile things in relation to it, all believing, or feigning to believe, in this means of divination. Aristotle is amongst these; Albert the Great, Scott, Cardinal d'Ailly, Savonarola, Cornelius Agrippa, Avenenna, Father Niquet, and many others. Those are names great enough for such a worthless study. Chiromancy affords some intimate relations with astrology. The hand is divided into many regions, and each region is submitted to the influence of a planet. The thumb, for instance, is placed under the influence of Venus; the index finger belongs to Jupiter; the middle is claimed by Saturn; the ring finger by the Sun; and the little one by Mercury; the eminence upon each side by the Moon; and the palm is the property of Mars.

that if the lines upon it are numerous, if they form ellipses and semicircles, the possessor shall be a perfect lady-killer. The cabalists name those lines the ring of Gyges.

Chiromancy has had its doctors and its illustrations. Since the Chaldeans, amongst whom they say this art took its rise, a host of individuals, up to our days, have pretended to foretell the future; but it is astonishing that a number of enlightened men have consecrated their pens to the teaching of such chimeras! Such is the case, however, and they have found materials for the most elaborate treatises. The learned and prolix Corvoeus has written a work wherein he shows that there exists one-hundred-and-seventy kinds of hands; Patrick Tricassus narrowed the subject by showing that there were four score; Isaac Kemker made out only seventy; Timmerus, forty; Inlagine, thirty-seven; the wise John Cirus, twenty; the sage Compostus, eight; Peruchio, seven; Pamphilus, six; John Belot, only four. Now, all those make four hundred and forty-two different kinds of hands. If to those figures we add nine principal lines, twenty-seven secondary, and sixty-eight



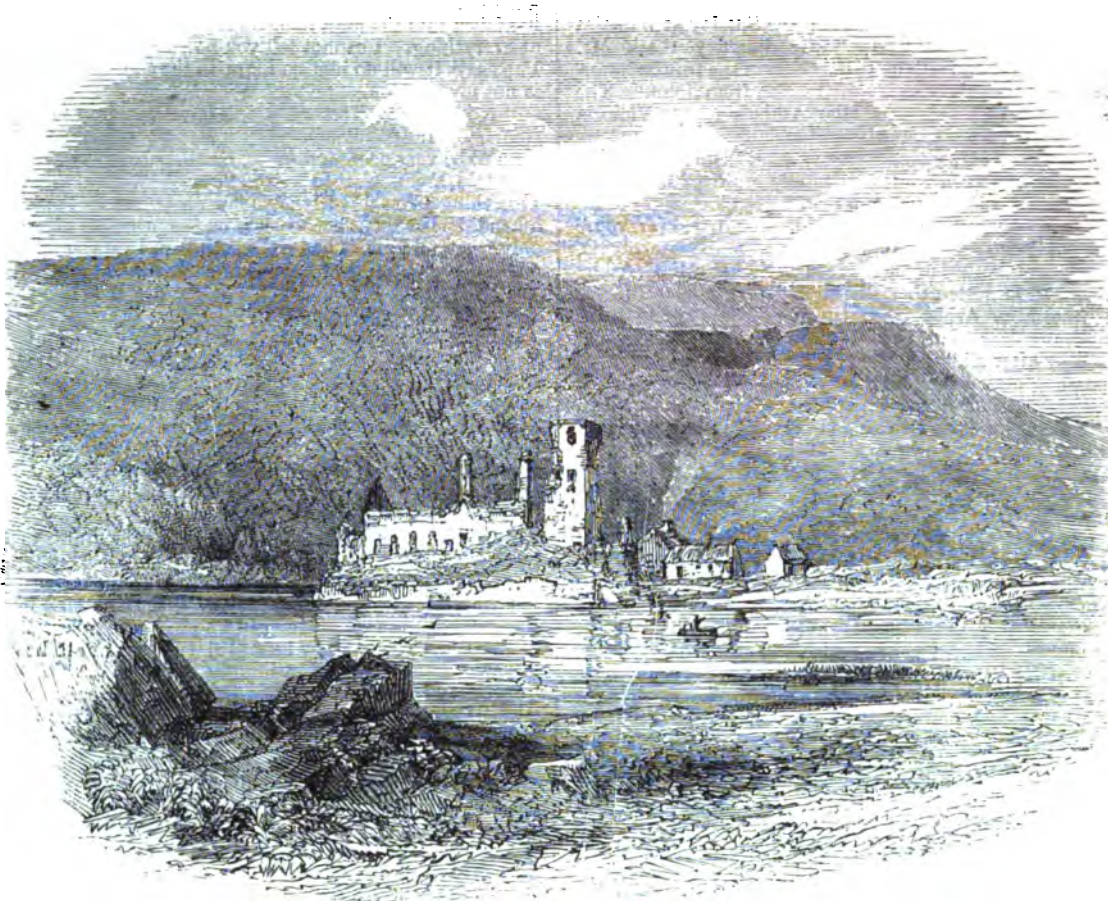
In the palm of the hand we see the great triangle formed by the lines of life—the median and hepatic lines. Those three rule undeviatingly the physical and intellectual functions of the individual. The line of life, placed between the thumb and the index finger, if deeply furrowed and extending, without interruption, up to the metacarpal articulation, is a certain sign of longevity. When the furrow of that line is faintly marked, when it is interrupted in its course, then the shortness of existence is determined. The hepatic line, which forms one of the great sides of this triangle, according to its depth and regularity, announces an elevated soul and a frank and generous character; an interruption in its outline indicates a character which is impetuous; its slowness in depth is an indication of sadness and melancholy temper. The median line, which forms the base of the triangle, if it be distinct in outline, augurs a gay and pleasant character, but rather disposed to luxurious pleasures. The thumb is, according to the most skilful Chiromantists, the finger preferred by Venus. They do not tell us why, and so far keep the mystery to themselves, but still they say,

tertiary, the whole figure comes to five hundred and forty-nine variations in the hand—a necessary study for a good Chiromantist.

However, there is little of reality in the science of Chiromancy; the true art of divining the proclivities of mankind is found in the physiognomy. It is in the forms, the volume, the direction, and colour, that the truth is concealed.

SLIGO ABBEY.

SLIGO Abbey is an object well deserving of the notice of the antiquary. It was originally erected, according to Ware, by Maurice Fitzgerald, Lord Justice, about the year 1252. In 1414 it was destroyed by fire, but very shortly afterwards re-erected in the present style of architecture. It is a picturesque ruin of very large dimensions, divided into several apartments. The first has a beautiful window of carved stone, under which is the altar, likewise of cut stone. Here are two ancient monuments—one bearing date 1616, and the other belonging to one of the O'Connor kings; the latter is in good preservation.



INCHQUIN CASTLE.

THE lake of Inchiquin is situated in the parish of Kilnaboy, barony of Inchiquin, county of Clare, and is about two miles and a half in circumference. One solitary island alone appears on its surface, unless that be ranked as one on which the ancient castle is situated, and which may originally have been insulated, though no longer so. This castle, which is situated at the northern side of the lake, though greatly dilapidated, is still a picturesque and interesting ruin, consisting of the remains of a barbican tower, keep, and old mansion-house attached to it; and its situation on a rocky island or peninsula standing out in the smooth water, with its grey walls relieved by the dark masses of the wooded hills behind, is eminently striking and imposing.

It is from this island or peninsula that the barony takes its name; and from this also the chief of the O'Briens, the Marquis of Thomond, derived his more ancient title of Earl of Inchiquin. For a long period it was the principal residence of the chiefs of this great family, to one of whom it unquestionably owes its origin; but we have not been able to ascertain with certainty the name of its founder, or date of its erection. There is, however, every reason to ascribe its foundation to Tieghe O'Brien, king or lord of Thomond, who died, according to the "Annals of the Four Masters," in 1466, as he is the first of his name on record who made it his residence, and as its architectural features are most strictly characteristic of the style of the age in which he flourished.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XVI.

ASHBY suggested that Namby should be asked to accompany himself and Mr. Faversham to Jamaica Lodge, for the enjoyment of the suburban Sunday to which they had been invited.

Faversham strongly objected to the proposition, and he had reasons for his objection. He was not in pursuit of a lively day at the Lodge. He had no inclination, therefore, to provide himself with a comic companion.

"No, no, Jack, let us have a quiet day. We have enough of Namby and the rest of them in town."

Jack, not being bound on a sentimental journey, was in no haste to reach Jamaica Lodge before the dinner hour.

"Are you going to spend the day over that cravat?" Mr. Faversham asked; "a glorious day like this, and to be moping in these wretched rooms behind smoked glass."

"I like that," Mr. Jack answered, "nineteen times out of twenty you keep me waiting half an hour. Hang it! you might show me a little mercy. Besides, my hand shakes."

Faversham held from that time forward that Jack Ashby was the slowest dresser in Europe.

Considering the result, he held, moreover, that this was preposterous.

"And now for the execution," said Jack, when he had drawn on his gloves, and given his hat that divergence from the perpendicular, which, in his estimation, marked the man of fashion.

The younger scion of the house of Ashby was not too well pleased to hear that Mr. Faversham was to spend the Sunday at Jamaica Lodge. "Oh! mamma," said he, "why didn't you ask Mr. Namby, he's so funny, and tells us all the tricks of the pantomimes."

"We have quite enough of such conversation from John." The reader has guessed that this was Miss Ashby's reply; Victoria laughed; but, then, Victoria was always laughing.

"Your papa invited Mr. Faversham, my dear," said Mrs. Ashby, hugging her youngest born while she mildly reproved him, "because he is a discreet, clever, and quiet gentleman."

"Box his ears, mamma," Victoria said, "or I will for you." Thus she and the young jackanapes had an uproarious struggle, during which they both laughed so loudly that Miss Ashby suggested they had forgotten themselves.

"Hush!" from Mrs. Ashby, then turning to her eldest born, "you are right my dear—but, then, the child has such spirits, and he is a mere baby after all."

A more puzzling person than Miss Ashby was never encountered. She had been gracious, for her very gracious, to Henry Faversham. But how, at this time did she write about him to her bosom friend, Miss Barnaculls?

We violate no secrecy now by printing the letter.

"MY DEAR MARTHA—You were wrong in your prediction: Mr. Shobordes gave two guineas, yes, my dear, actually two guineas to our little fund. I was very proud of my list of subscriptions I can assure you; I quite agree with you that nothing could be more unexpected than the liberality of the Shobordes. But, then, I must tell you Mrs. S— was out when I called; and I talked to Mr. Shoborde by myself. I begin to agree with you that men are more liberal than women. Perhaps it is because they are not so prudent, or, they have more money at their disposal than we have. This is not exactly what I feel, however, and you know how candid I am with you. At all events, their generosity is very unlike ours. A man will give his cheque, my dear, and forget it; but ask him to attend a meeting, or take any trouble, and you will soon find the difference. I know, with my little experience, I have found it. You may put their names on all kinds of committees, and when you do persuade them to attend, how bored they are! I am told that your little Swadlinclow society has progressed à merveille; and I am delighted to hear it, but I am sure that you have encountered the same experience which has sorely perplexed me. If it were not for my constant care my society would have disappeared long ago. We have trustees, and committees, and all kinds of grand officials, but they wince when they are asked to give an hour of their evening to business, as though they were having a tooth drawn. One might as well have so many crotchet needles to represent an institution. It is very good of them, I know, to give their money, but you recollect what we have often talked about—active charity. It is, my dear, the true charity after all; of that I am more convinced, day by day. Some people have no energy, but I find it very difficult, indeed, to respect such people. Then, again, some people mean very well, and have not the courage to act up to their meaning. Papa says that I am too severe in these things, and don't allow for what he calls idiosyncrasy of the individual. I say that people who are truly earnest, are never wanting in energy or perseverance. This he calls lecturing like a professor of philosophy, but I know that I am right. I think I have mentioned to you a Mr. Faversham who comes here occasionally, with my brother John. He appears to have excellent principles, and to be a very thoughtful young man. For a man who lives the life I fear he does, he talks very well. But, my dear, he has no settled principles. He can be as serious as you like for a little time, and lead one to suppose that he is a most Christian young man, leading the strictest life in the world. All the time John is laughing at him, and quizzing him. His life is, I expect, very like that of most young men of the world. He lives in the Temple, and that, I can answer for it, by what I gather from my brother John, is a very wicked sort of life. Papa and mamma seem to like him very much, and poor mamma is so good-natured, and is inclined to like everybody. I confess that I am a little more severe, not too severe, I devoutly hope and trust. He was at Hastings with us for a few days, and was very quiet and proper there. I remember saying to mamma that if he had fallen into good hands, he would have become a most estimable person. Of course, she told this to John, who laughed one of his loud laughs,

and called him the Reverend Mr. Faversham. John, you must know, has fallen into the most dangerous set, who will have their little jest at everything. I cannot tell you how it pains me to hear him talk. Papa says it will do him no harm in the end. This, I need not say, is not my opinion.

"A very curious set of people have come to live a few doors off from us. Independents. We have just exchanged visits. They seem to be very good and quiet, but they have strange manners that, I am told, are peculiar to Newcastle or Sheffield—I don't know which. One thing I remarked, they play an organ in the drawing-room. A handsome one, but constructed on the principle of the street organ, only, they told me, it had a Sabbath barrel that could be fixed to it on Sunday mornings. I have very little new, as you see, to give you. We lead our usually quiet life, and one day is so like the other, that they flow into one another, and the sun sets and rises almost imperceptibly. I hear that John was pleased to say that we were so many eight-day clocks, this is what he calls a sarcasm. He brings his friend Mr. Faversham to dine here to-morrow; I wish papa and mamma would not invite these kind of young men on Sundays. I have remonstrated, but in vain. I confess it jars upon my ears to listen to discussions about this minister's speech in the House of Commons and that law-suit in Westminster Hall. Yet they talk about nothing else; as for a serious and improving conversation, it is entirely out of the question.

The Humdrums have got out of their difficulties, and appear to be as flourishing as ever. I hope they will be more provident for the future: but for all that these girls had new bonnets and mantles on when we saw them yesterday, as though nothing had happened. I was sorry to see this—for you know how people talk. Do write to me soon. You know how glad I always am to hear from you. Mamma unites with me in kind regards.

"Your affectionate friend,

"ARAMINTA ASHBY."

Mr. Faversham and Jack Ashby reached Jamaica Lodge as the family were about to take the walk after church and before dinner, which was taken every Sunday, weather permitting. Mrs. Ashby had just detected her husband committing the serious offence of mistaking his every-day hat for his Sunday hat.

"What does it matter?" said Mr. Ashby, speaking from the depths of his liberal nature.

"All I have to say is that I don't go out with you in that shabby thing."

This was enough for Mr. Ashby. Mrs. Ashby was in the habit of telling her friends that she had not the smallest voice in her own house; and while she made this humble declaration her husband smiled, and at the same time looked firm as a rock, intending to convey to the company that he was a tyrant, but a most amiable one. It is one of the arts of a dominating woman to feign abject submission; Mr. Ashby, who was better, was talked into the faith that he was adamant.

The two young men were cordially greeted.

"Did you bring him in chains," said Miss Victoria, taking her brother's arm as she spoke, lest he should at once escape back to town. Mr. Jack left no room for an answer. "Come, none of your nonsense, Miss Victoria," said he.

"Give the young gentlemen a glass of sherry, and then you will all follow on." Mr. Ashby, with this hospitable suggestion, offered his arm to his wife, and, in measured paces, strode away. Mr. Jack pronounced this proceeding to be "the ticket." Faversham followed into the house, where Miss Araminta was discovered reclining upon the sofa. Mr. Faversham was sorry to disturb her, and suggested an instantaneous retreat.

"Seedy?" said Mr. Jack to his sister.

"Are you unwell, Miss Ashby?" was Mr. Faversham's inquiry.

"I've a slight head-ache, nothing more."

"Wouldn't a gentle walk do you good?"

"That's right, Mr. Faversham," said Victoria, gaily, and coquettishly bowing, as she offered the gentlemen whom she addressed a glass of wine. Mr. Faversham was very sorry to trouble her.

"It's a nervous head-ache," said Miss Araminta.

"Nervous head-ache, is it? then there's nothing like brandy, hot, and no sugar—take my word for it." Mr. Jack was quite serious.

"Nonsense, John."

"Really, it appears to me, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, Miss Ashby, that a gentle walk would relieve you."

This was Faversham's repeated advice.

"Nonsense, Faversham, brandy's the thing." And then, to Victoria, Mr. Jack added, "has the governor left they keys of the cellar? The key of the cellar is the corner-stone of the building."

Persuaded that he had said a very good thing, Jack winked at Faversham and at his sister Victoria, and was urbane enough to swallow his second glass of sherry.

Mr. Faversham preserved his gravity, and neglected his glass of wine. He appealed a third time to Miss Ashby; at last the interesting invalid said: "I'm afraid I should spoil your walk."

This idea appeared preposterous to the gallant Mr. Faversham.

"Fetch her bonnet, and what the women call 'their things,' and she'll come fast enough." Mr. Jack was incorrigible. Faversham was ready to strangle him.

The invalid was equipped by Victoria for her walk. She was pale and languid; and it was Mr. Faversham's privilege to find her, at his invitation, leaning upon his arm.

"Come on," said Mr. Jack, to his sister Victoria, "Let us catch up the governor. We shall meet you, slow coaches, on our return."

And so Faversham was left in possession of the little, pale, serious image that had penetrated the solitude of his chambers, and could not be driven away. If any female eyes have wandered with us thus far (and be it remarked that, if they have, I have not cheated their natural curiosity by the promise of startling incident nor complex tangle,) they brighten, I know, at this point. At last the two are about to come to an understanding. The swain will be nervous, and the maiden's eyelids will droop. He will lead her into the sweet garden of love and bid her mark how fair it is. She will drop

"The whispered 'no,' how little meant,
Sweet falsehood that endears consent,"

and lips will touch softly. We have read Miss Araminta's letter. This is the young gentleman of unsteady principles, the sentimental worldling, who is with serious Miss Araminta. Moreover, the young lady has a head-ache, and, so far as we know, no heart-ache. The gallant, cultivated, easy-mannered Mr. Faversham is out of his element. Let us see how the two get on.

"Am I walking too fast?"

"Oh! dear, no."

A long and awkward pause.

"Dear me! how John and Victoria are tearing along!"

"Your sister has wonderful spirits; so, indeed, has John. I quite annoy them."

"I cannot say that I do. People who are so impulsive seldom act from conviction."

"That is true; but, then, natural impulses are almost always good."

"Do you think so?"

"I hope so. Human nature, at the bottom, is good, surely."

"Certain animals are kind and gentle by nature. We have something more than instinct."

"I fear we are getting into abstruse questions."

"I like them."

No doubt, Mr. Faversham thought that this was strange in a lady with a headache. She tripped on a stone. He clasped her arm to save her. This was opportune. He could not help looking earnestly in her face, and holding her hand fast within his arm.

"Are you hurt?"

"Oh! dear, no. These roads are so uneven."

"Delightful to me, I assure you, after the wear and tear of the smoke and noise of London."

"Yet they are not so very difficult to reach."

"That is very true. You ladies, living in these quiet places, must have a very poor opinion of the taste of us Londoners, who seldom lose sight of the chimney-pots."

"We only suppose that you prefer the chimney-pots."

"There, allow me to say that you hardly do us justice. The battle of life is not to be fought under branching elms, or where the violets grow."

"I suppose not. But your pleasure as well as your business does not appear to lie far from the Temple."

"I was saying you must have a very poor opinion of us. Indeed, I know you have."

The lady was silent; and Faversham was puzzled how to pursue

the conversation. A few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Ashby and party hove in sight. They were returning.

"I'm afraid you must be fatigued. Shall we turn back? I see your papa is returning." The lady allowed herself to be veered round.

"Here is our walk almost at an end." Faversham spoke in a tone of sadness; and Miss Ashby glanced at him.

There was not a touch of coquetry in her manner. Any warmth that was expressed in her eyes came naturally to them.

"It is flattering that you regret it."

"Regret it! But shall I never be understood?"

"Understood?"

The solution was left to Mr. Faversham; who has, I will be sworn, been pronounced an awkward and foolish fellow, by those feminine readers who have tracked the conversation. Where is the man who would not have been just a little awkward under the circumstances? The awkwardness was an unspoken compliment.

"I see that you do not understand me. In all the world there is nobody in whose good opinion I could wish to stand, so devoutly as I wish to stand in yours."

"Indeed!"

Faversham turned towards the partner of his walk, and gazed ardently, but she would not turn to him nor meet his eyes. He pressed her little hand within his arm, and still sought her look. It was something that the hand consented to the pressure.

"If you confound me with all the young men in my position I assure you that you do me a grievous wrong."

"You confuse me, Mr. Faversham. I assure you that you are mistaken. I have no reason to have a bad opinion of you. I——"

Mr. Faversham, enchanted, took the little glove upon his arm in his hand. It was gently withdrawn.

"May I be permitted to feel, to know, that there is some sympathy between us?"

There were two bright red spots upon Miss Ashby's cheeks.

"You might make of me a true, good, earnest man. I have longed, day and night, for this opportunity to speak unreservedly to you."

"We are friends." The little saint trembled as she spoke. Mr. Faversham had now grown bold as a lion.

"Friends!" he cried, "Must this cold word be all?"

"Remember, Mr. Faversham, I have not known you long!"

"Long! Do you think I have forgotten how your kindness cheered me when I was ill, in chambers? Long! But, it is true. And I am of no account in the world, I have done nothing, I am unknown."

Miss Ashby looked gravely into Faversham's face, it was he who did not meet the look now.

"Indeed, I have the greatest respect for you. You must know that I have no great opinion of what the world calls fame."

"And we are friends?"

"I hope so, and shall always be."

"I see you don't understand me now. Yes, it is friendship, cold friendship, and nothing more, or you would understand me."

Faversham was a dolt. It has been said by a woman that men never know how soon they may propose. We must not forget, however, that in this instance the lady was no ordinary woman. If most women have no character at all, she must be admitted as an exception. She belongs to the small minority.

"You puzzle me."

Did that noodle Faversham imagine that the lady would condescend to make love to him? Was she to speak the word? He had vanity enough to wait. But as they neared the gate of Jamacia Lodge, and she was still silent, he mustered all his courage for a last effort, and said:

"I know I am unworthy, but your friendship is not all I ask. I crave your love. Promise me that you will not say no, now?"

"Really, you must remember, how little we know of each other." The young lady trembled, and hesitated; she who had written that very strong-minded letter to her dear Martha. They had reached the gate; and the rest of the party were close upon their heels.

"But I may hope, give me a word."

"Another time."

The hand that Faversham clasped, ere he relinquished it, now returned the pressure, and two earnest, tender eyes met his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NOTABLE ACTOR.



THE times are sadly changed in Ireland, as regards the drama and the enjoyments of its lovers, since the days when Jack Johnstone used to delight his thousands of hearers, in old "Crow street," with his melodious warblings of Irish melodies, and his never-to-be-equalled touches of Irish humour and merriment. It can never be questioned that he was the truest painter of Irish character that ever lived. There was no trait to be found throughout its extensive range, from the accomplished gentleman to the unlettered peasant, that he was not equally master of, and which he did not depict with equal spirit and vividness; and this always in such a way as to make us pleased with the picture of ourselves, and acknowledge its truth, while we laughed at its strange and often ludicrous peculiarities. There was nothing in Jack Johnstone's personation that Irishmen would ever feel ashamed of, or that they would not willingly allow to go forth to the world at large as faithful delineations of their eccentricities and faults, as well as of their drolleries and virtues; and hence, not only is the memory of this genuine Irish comedian honoured by those of the last generation, who were his contemporaries, but his reputation as an actor has even descended with lustre to our own times.

John Henry Johnstone was born at Tipperary, in 1750, and was the son of a small but respectable farmer, having a large family. At the early age of eighteen he enlisted into a regiment of Irish dragoons, then stationed at Clonmel, commanded by Colonel Brown. Being smitten with the charms of a neighbouring farmer's daughter, Johnstone used to scale the barrack-wall, after his comrades had retired to their quarters, for the purpose of serenading his mistress, having a remarkably sweet and flexible voice. He always returned, however, and was ready at parade the following morning. He was much esteemed throughout the regiment for a native lively turn of mind, and peculiarly companionable qualities. Two of his comrades (who had found out the secret of his nocturnal visitations) scaled the wall after him, and discovered him on his knee singing a plaintive Irish ditty beneath the window of his innamorata. They instantly returned to quarters, and were quickly followed by Johnstone. The sergeant of the company to which he belonged eventually became acquainted with the circumstance, but never apprised the colonel of the fact. Shortly after Colonel Brown had a party of particular friends dining with him, whom he was most anxious to entertain; he inquired what soldier throughout the regiment had the best voice, and the palm of merit was awarded by the sergeant-major to Johnstone. The colonel sent for him and he attended the summons, overwhelmed with apprehension that his absence from quarters had reached his commander's ears. He was soon relieved, however, on this point, and attended the party at the time appointed. The first song he sang was a hunting one, which obtained much applause, although he laboured under great trepidation. The colonel said that he had heard he excelled in Irish melodies, and bade Johnstone sing one of his favourite love songs. His embarrassment increased at this order; but, after taking some refreshment, he sang the identical ditty with which he had so often serenaded his mistress, in such a style of pathos, feeling, and taste as perfectly enraptured his auditors. Having completely regained his self-possession he delighted the company with several other songs, which all received unqualified approbation.

The next day Colonel Brown sent for him and sounded his inclination for the stage. Johnstone expressed his wishes favourably on the point, but hinted the extreme improbability of his success from want of experience and musical knowledge. The colonel overcame his objections, and granted him his discharge, with a highly recommendatory letter to his particular friend Mr. Ryder, then manager of the Dublin Theatre, who engaged Johnstone at two guineas a week for three years, which, after his first appearance in "Lionel," was immediately raised to four (a high salary at that time in Dublin). His fame as a vocalist gathered like a snow-ball, and he performed the whole range of young singing lovers with pre-eminent *cclat*.

Our hero next formed a matrimonial alliance with a Miss Poitier, daughter of Colonel Poitier, who had then the command of the military depot at Kilmainham Gaol. This lady, being highly accomplished, and possessing a profound knowledge of music, imparted to her husband the secrets of the science, and made him a finished singer.

Macklin, having the highest opinion of Johnstone's talent, advised him to try the metropolitan boards, and wrote a letter to Mr. Thomas Harris, of Covent Garden, who, on the arrival of Johnstone and his wife, immediately engaged them for three years, at a weekly salary of £14, £16, and £18. Johnstone made his first appearance in London on the 3rd October, 1783, in his old character of Lionel, and made a complete hit, fully sustaining the ten years' reputation he had acquired on the Dublin stage. After remaining several years at Covent Garden, and finding his voice not improving with time, he formed the admirable policy of taking to Irish parts, which were then but very inadequately filled. His success was beyond example: his native humour, rich brogue, and a fine voice for Irish ditties, carried all before him. In fact, he was the only actor who could personate with the utmost effect both the patrician and plebeian Irishman. He next performed at the Haymarket, being one of those who remonstrated with the proprietors of Covent Garden, in 1801, against their new regulations. In 1803, he visited his friends in Dublin, where martial law being then in force, the company performed in the day-time. On his return to London his wife died, and he afterwards married Miss Boulton, the daughter of a wine merchant, by whom he had Mrs. Wallack, who, with her children, succeeded to the bulk of his large property. In the records of the stage no actor ever approached Johnstone in Irish characters. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Callaghan O'Brallaghan, Major O'Flaherty, Teague, Tully (the Irish gardener), and Dennis Bulgruddery, were portrayed by him in the most exquisite colours. In fact, they stood alone for felicity of nature and original merit.

Johnstone died in his house in Tavistock street, Covent Garden, on the 26th December, 1829, at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, and his remains were interred in a vault under the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, near the eastern angle of the building. His will was proved in Doctors' Commons, and probate granted under £12,000 personal property. Rumour gave Johnstone the credit of being worth £40,000 or £50,000. He left a gold snuff-box and a ring to each of his executors, Mr. George Robins and Mr. O'Reilly; a ring to his friend Mr. Jobling, of the Adelphi; and a ring to Mr. Dunn, the treasurer of Drury lane; and, as the latter gentleman was a staunch disciple of Isaac Walton, Johnstone left him all his fishing-tackle. To a female servant, who nursed him during the last eight or ten years of his life, he bequeathed an annuity of £50 a-year. The remainder, with the exception of a legacy of £500, to Mrs. Vining, was left to the children of his daughter, Mrs. Wallack.

A DIRGE.

FROM the woods and heathlands bring
Leaves and flowerets of the spring,
Chesnut tassels, quaint and flush,
Daisies, ripening to a blush,
Golden oxeyes, violets,
Pansies, crimped in purpled frets,
Cool fronds of the scented briar,
Primroses—each cup a-fire;
Wild thyme, brodered sweet with mint,
Snowdrops dusked with rainy rent,
All to strew the bed of sorrow,
Where she lieth till the morrow.

In the rushes of the mere
Half the lilies reappear,
And around the dark death-house,
The ascetic wall-flower blows;
Twist and lay them in her hand;
Turn the glass and turn the sand;
If they flourish till the even,
Her sweet soul is safe in Heaven;
Miserere, miserere,
Brain is sick and heart is weary,
Sitting by the bed of sorrow,
Where she lieth till the morrow.

WHAT MR. MAGUIRE SAW IN THE KITCHEN.



RS. MAGUIRE, wife to Denny Maguire, of the Kilshane Arms, had retired to rest. The church bell was tolling eleven when she took a last look at the room and quenched the candle. It was Saturday night, and Denis, according to immemorial custom, had remained in the parlour to contribute his wit and jocularly to the conversation of a few friends who had returned from a christening, and slipped into the Arms to spend an hour until midnight. The courtesy of her husband was but ill-approved by Mrs. Maguire, who entertained a vague suspicion that the house was haunted by the fairies, or descendants of fairies, who formerly occupied the rath on which the Kilshane Arms was built. Her fears, it is only just to admit, had some foundation. Night after night, when every one was in bed, and only Bill, the watch-dog, was up and abroad, supernatural noises proceeded from the kitchen. Now there came a sharp clatter, as

if jugs, and plates, and delft tea-pots had come to grief in a simultaneous collision; and anon, a jingling which foreboded destruction to every wine glass, tumbler and decanter on the dresser. Denis had repeatedly listened with eyes a-stare, and mouth open, to those supernatural manifestations, but, however alarmed he felt, he always contrived

to allay his wife's apprehensions by such exclamations as—"Musha, the dickons take that cat!" or, "Will them mice never be aisy?" Consoled by the practical philosophy of such words Mrs. Maguire would draw a long sigh, insinuate, in her blandest tones, that "luck never came of meddling with the good people," and so commit herself to the heaven of sleep.

The church clock struck three, and Mrs. Maguire awoke. "Much she marvelled," as the old ballad has it, that Denis should have prolonged his carousals to so unseasonable an hour. Her astonishment was increased when, on listening attentively, till the silence tingled in her ears, she could not catch the sound of a single voice or the jingle of a solitary glass from the room in which she had left the revellers. To arise, to light a candle, and descend the stairs in search of Denis, was but the work of a few moments. On reaching the ground floor, what was her surprise to find that individual, with his back propped up against the kitchen door, his head sunken on his chest, and a broken pipe scattered in fragments by his side, seated fast asleep on the ground.

"Dinis," she exclaimed, "Dinis, get up iv ye've any shame left, yo flamin' drunkard;" and with these words she seized him by the collar, and gave him one of those shakes with which a mastiff sometimes honours a spaniel.



Denis lazily opened his eyes, and rapidly reclosed them. "I consint," he muttered, "I consint, though it goes hard against me, mind yez."

"Musha, alanna, do yez hear him? the unfortunat man that has no more business takin' a dhrop than an omadhaun! Consint, yerra! come, come, ye'll get yer death o' could, sittin' here, you foolish crathur."

Denis received a duplicate of the first shrug, and again unclosed his eyes. "Didn't I tell yez," he exclaimed, with no small show of bitterness, "didn't I tell yez that I consinted—and what more does yez want. Ai! ai! gour that, you desaver," he continued, addressing his wife, who was suddenly startled by his altered manner. "Be off wid yer, ould man—do; have yer choice, an' more luck to yez. Arrah, what kem across yez that yez didn't fut it to the North Pole, ai?"

"Oh! then, what is he dhramin' of?" asked Mrs. Maguire, in a voice of tremulous expostulation, "who is the ould man, and what is he sayin'? Lord betune us an' harm iv the North Pole! He's crackt, crackt entirely, so he is," and she raised her hastily-donned gown to her eyes, and began crying.

"I'll bell it all over the parish," groaned Denis, who now sat more upright, and was, to all appearances, rational enough. "Show yer nose

at the cross if yez dare, and there's not a girl from the post-office to the tay-shop, but'll pin a tin kittle to yer tail, da-a-r lint!"

"Oh! thin, Dinis, Dinis, alanna."

"None o' yer Dinises to me," screamed Mr. Maguire. "Hould yer tongue, yeh, yeh—gour that, I tell yez," and he shot his fist fiercely at his wife.

"Come out iv this, Dinis, dear, and don't be ravin' like a mad man—come."

"Yis, av coorse; cock yez up, ai! Arrah, then, may be I be bowld to ask yez where's the little lord, ai?—the nate little lord, with the hump betune his shoulders, and the hape of a pimple on his nose. Be the mortal frost, but yez was a purty pair, wasn't yez? Lave the house this minit, and be off wid 'im; lave the house, and never darken the doore again."

"Dinis, darlint, ah, thin, what's comin' over yez, to thrate me in this way," sobbed Mrs. Maguire, as she retreated from her husband who compelled her, with repeated threats, in the direction of the door.

"Will yez be off, or say yez won't; will yez?"

"I'll do anything, Dinis, to plaze yez."

"Thin, show us your back, and keep yer face to yerself 'till 'tis wanted. Out wid yez—out wid yez," and so saying, Mr. Maguire ejected his wife over the threshold into the village street.

"Ye'll be sorry for this, Dinis," exclaimed Mrs. Maguire, turning back for a moment.

"Will yez take yerself to the lordheen?" replied Dinis, "shure, he'll want some one to straighten his hump for him, and who'd do it better nor his wife, ai, my jewel?"

"The Lord forgive yez, Dinis."

"That's more than yez desave yerself, at any rate. Top o' the

mornin' to yez," and, with this polite wish, Mr. Maguire closed the door and disappeared.

Mrs. Maguire, completely mystified by her husband's conduct, and wondering what serious change could have deprived her in one night of the burthen of his affections, turned into the house of a neighbour, and seated herself dejectedly on a three-legged stool, or "creepeen," by the side of the turf fire. She was rocking herself to and fro uneasily, whilst her tears came thick and fast, and her sobs almost choked her, when the mistress of the house, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, returned from the bawn and discovered her.

"Why, thin, Mrs. Maguire, is it yourself's afore me. Oh! the poor woman cryin', I declare cryin'! Why, thin, is there anything gone wrong over the way?"

"Himself—'tis himself!" groaned Mrs. Maguire.

"Himself, jewel! Arrah, thin min are always crazy when they take a drop or two over night, and 'tis a fool ud mind 'em. My jintleman 'll miss you afore 'tis dark, believe me. He didn't bate yez; did he?"

"No, Mistress Shaughnessy, I'll be bowld, he didn't. He sez to me, says he, go off wid your lordheen, for a bite or sup ye'll never take agin wid me, sez he."

"A lordheen, inagh. Gondoutha, what put that in his head, I wondher?"

"Thim fairies, devil shoot thim," replied Mrs. Maguire. "Shure, I often said, if he had luck or grace he'd lave 'em alone, and not be meddlin' or makin' with thim that didn't consarn him."

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy looked mysterious, and shook her head in token of assent. "Thim ould places doesn't answer Christians, anyhow. I wouldn't sod a lark out iv 'em if there wasn't another green spot in the barony. Here, lave off now, for there's the min comin to breakfast and we'll have our tay when they shows their backs, so we will."

Somewhat cheered by the prospect of the non-inebriating cup, Mrs. Maguire hastened to indulge her sorrows in the privacy of an inner room. The labourers soon arrived, and she listened intently to their conversation in order to satisfy herself that the scandal of which she was the victim had not spread through the village. Nothing occurred to alarm her, however, until one of the men, whose mouth, judging from the thickness of his articulation, was embarrassed by the presence of a lump, exclaimed:

"Dick Boulster was done out of his sudden death,* this mornin, sure, and sorra the one could spake to him, he was so down in the mouth."

"Begor," remarked another voice, "he must be goin' to the wall entirely, when he'd pass by Dinny Maguire's without paying his respects to the native."

"Faith its toight enough wid him," observed a man with a north Tipperary accent. "Didnt we see him on Friday, standing on one fut at Mick Lalor's bulk, whilst he was gettin' a thieveenf on the other."

"He has a great back in America, dough," said a man, with an exceedingly weak organ. "De girls send him home hapes o' money—I wish he was tirty pounds in my books dis morning."

"Musha, talk sinse," exclaimed the first speaker, "an don't be runnin away wed yourselves, like goms,† I tell yez that the raisin he hadnt his dhrop is, bekase he couldnt get it, and the raisin he couldnt get it is, bekase Dinny wouldnt open the doore, he's getting so holy, gondoutha!"

A roar of laughter succeeded the sarcastic comment implied in the last observation. The men soon afterwards rose and left the house, and Mrs. Maguire was preparing to emerge from her hiding place, when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy exclaimed, in a half whisper:

"Be as mute as a mouse, for himself is comin' up the paddock."

"For the love of God, don't say I'm here, or there'll be ructions till Michaelmas!"

"Aisy, now be aisly, till we hears what he sez for himself. Be quiet, alanna, and who knows but its all for the best?"

So saying, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy throw herself into a posture of affected inattention, and was merrily humming a milking song, when Dennis Maguire entered the house, looking pale and haggard.

"God bless all here!" he said, with a slight quaver in his voice.

"And you too, Dinis. How's all at home wid yez?"

"Purty middlin', begor; we can't complain, ma'am."

"Won't yez sit down and rest yerself, Dinis?" said the lady,

* Glass of raw whiskey, † Patch of leather. ‡ Fools.

driving the cat from a hay-bottomed chair, and handing it to the visitor. "Is herself fine and strongly?"

Dennis groaned. "Consarnin' her, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, I'm afereed I've put my fut in it."

"Fut, agra! that's a quare thing!"

"Mortal quare, ma'am, intirely. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, I'm the manest, ungratefulest baste in crayation."

"Is the man dhramin' wid his eyes open?" asked the good woman, suspending the operation of washing a butter tub, and looking at the speaker.

"Faith, they're open wide enough now, ma'am. If you saw this this mornin' airly, 'tisn't that ye'd say, I be bail."

"Cobwebs, after the night, yez mane?"

"Dust, ma'am—fairy dust that tuk away my five sinsis to the other world, and put me beyant meself, and made me turn Biddy out o' doore—made a pote—a rale, live pote o' me intirely, ma'am!"

"The dickens take it, sure yez wasn't as bad as all that, Dinis! Pote, inagh. Shure thim niver has wives or houses, and yez has both, God bless 'em!"

"And I don't desearve 'em, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, for I'm a baste, and no mistake, to turn out that kind-hearted crathur on the cowl world, without a bit o' breakfast, or a tester in her pocket, av a mornin' airly;" and so affected was the speaker by the pathos of his own discourse, that he buried his face between his hands and wept audibly. Mrs. Maguire who was a breathless listener to all that passed, in the next room, imitated his example with that rare facility for which the female eye-ducts are celebrated, but she took care to drown her sobs in the folds of her cloak, lest her grief should betray her.

"Tut, tut, man, come, don't be killeen yerself that way," insisted Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, in a voice of the kindest sympathy. "The threst couple on the face iv the earth will have their thrials and fallin'-outs. But Dinis, I'm completely bothered to make out the raisin that came over yez, all of a hape, to malthreat poor Biddy. Was she throublesome?"

"Herself throublesome! An angel playin' on a harp o' goold isn't her aiquil for civility, ma'am. Oh, that dhrame, that dhrame!"

"What dhrame?" asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

"Musha, sit down, and ye'll hear the whole of it."

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy followed the direction, and, after many introductory "bems" and "haws," and several apparently ineffectual efforts to clear his throat, Dennis began:

"You must know, ma'am, that last night, it bein' Sathurday, two o' the boys dropped in, betther nor an hour afore midnight, to have a weeny dhrop afore they should lave for home. My mimory may disave me (that's an ould thrick wid it), but I'd be afereed to say that I tuk more nor six or seven glasses with a dash o' spring wather in each iv 'em, to cool them a bit, you know. Howsomer, the boys went, and I barred the doore, and I tuk the candle from the hob, and, just as I put my foot on the first step, what do you consave should I hear but the rattlin' and tearin' of spoons, the new spoons we bought at the pattern iv Bruff, and the greatest divarsion of cut glass in the kitchen! Well, my hair stood on an end like a shafe of bulrushes, and my knees knocked together for all the world like a pair o' dale clappers. "What does that mane, at all, at all?" sez I, to meself. Nobody answered, av course, but, instead o' that, the glasses, man alive, fell to rattlin' agin and agin, and the spoons fell to kicking up the most unmarciful ructions. As I was sayin', I cocked my ear like a hare, and hearkened to the fun that was goin' on inside, and all at wanst, I heard an ould man coughin' and crowin', and three or four more ould men, too, I be bail, laughin' as if they'd split their sides wid the divarsion. I tuk my fut off the stairs, and the kitchen door bein' a taste open, I clapped my eye to it and looked in. Holy jewel, if you saw thim! A lump of mate, with a double hedge of yellow fat—a hump you couldn't cram into a skiagh, was on the table; one ould man stood forinst me, dressed in blue knee-breeches, and whited darned stockings, and a rale swallow-tail wid goold buttons, shinen' like a clane candlestick, and a hat for all the world like Tom Lacy's caubogue, only it was turned up at the sides; his white hair was all rolled up in a ball with a skiver stuck behind in it; and he had a bottle of the best Jameson's (two shillings, and every farthen iv it, a pint) to his mouth, guttin' away, ma'am, as iv he'd swallow Poul-a-phouca, the Lord save us! Betune him and I there was a laddo upon one knee, decantin' a bottle iv somethin' or another, like the big bottle in Dr. Skoane's window;

this laddo wore boots up to his knees, and such a cambric handkercher underneath his ould chin! The fire was blazin' betune the hobbs, as if they was bint on manufactherin' an anvil, and forinst it was sated an ould codger, wid a jug of hot punch in his hand, and snap-pin' away wid his fingers, like wilkfire, to the chune o' the 'Limerick Lasses.' The flure was all a spread of rale chainey, and lashins o' feedin', ham, and pork, and beef, and cabbage, and mate o' that sort. But what opened my eyes, intirely, intirely, was a murtherin' queer thing betune a frog and a buttherfly, fluttherin' and flying around the room, and divartin' himself, wid his legs up to the ceilin', as if he was a rale fly. Some o' the min were cuttin' capers in the dancin' way, wid the wimen. Arrah, to see thim—such dandies as thim was, wid wings, *moryagh*, stuck out o' their shoulders, and castles iv cock's feathers growin' out iv the tops o' their heads. But 'twas the courtin' and *colloqueing** that put me pipe out completely, for there was sated forinst me an ould buccen wid a hump, as big as a churn on his back, and his ould arm, if yez plaze, around a young lady in a high-cauled cap, and a turkey-red handkercher. 'Faith,' sez I to myself, 'I'll have an eye to yez, my darlint,' and so I kept it on 'em, until the lady turned round her purty head, and, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, I'll take my book-oath on't, the lady—the lady, mind yez, was, (here the narrator spread out his legs, twirled his thumbs rapidly, and continued in a hoarse whisper,) the wife! When I saw her, sated on the barrel, *colloqueing* wid the ould Cromwellian of a villyan, I tried to make a haul at the pair, and twist his head off iv him, but the dickons resave the step the legs would go, and I had to stand there in the cowlid like a piglarlic, seein' Biddy divartin' herself wid the good people. All at wanst the music caysed, and the laddo with the skiver in his head sez, sez he:

"That Maguire is the scum of a vagabond—he's the sworn inimy of the ould stock," sez he, 'an', if I had my own way, I'd open his eye whilst yed be sayin' Jack Robinson.'

"Thrus for yez, Harelip, avic," says the man that was bottlin' the medicine, 'thrus for yez,' sez he, 'and the pookah take him an' his breed, an' every stick and stone belongin' to thim.'

"The laddo that was dancin' wid the paycock lady, here opened his mouth and sez he, 'Teranages, but his wife's a gim, a rale gim, and its the dickons iv a shame that she should be livin' wid that monstherosity. Min,' sez he, to the fellows that might wear a tailor's thimble for a waist-band—"min,' sez he, 'I moves we whips her off and marry her to Lord Plumtop.'

"Right," sez Skiver, 'right. I was pondherin' over that meself, and sorra' better way I sees,' sez he, 'of punishin' the spalpeen.'

"Before the boy's tongue had time to get into his cheek, the humpy back, that was sittin' alongside Biddy, turns about, and immedgiately I got a sight of a pimple as red as a bantam's comb, perched atop of his nose. 'Have I always thrated yez dacently,' sez he.

"Iss, my lord," says the whole o' the pinkeens, bowin' and scrapin' until they'd pick a pin iv the flure with their eye-lashers—"Iss, my lord," sez they.

"Thim," sez he, 'by the honour and glory of the Plumtops, I swear on the top and bottom iv the griddle to have the gim for myself—I'm king o' the castle,' sez he, and the pimple grew reddher and reddher, 'and who dare rassel?'"

"Be the hoky," says the Skiver, 'my lord is gotten' as stiff as Bill Italy's dog, that swallowed a whole stone of starch, and a blue-bag, into the bargin. Yez may lead me if it plazes yez,' sez Skiver, bouldly, 'but I'd see the whole stock of yez hanged, dhrawn, and quarthered, before I'm dhruv.'

"The ould man that was engravin' his shins afore the fire, here got up, and sez he, taken out his handkercher, 'I blush for yez, Skiver, I blush for yez. If yez have any rimint of dacency in yez, go down on yer binded knees, and beg his lordship's parding.'

"Arrah, woman alive, to hear Skiver laughin' at that would do you good for a shrovetide. He cocked his head, he cocked his eye, 'One man is good as another,' sez he, 'barrin' he's a lord or a duke—begor, barrin' he's an earl, for all that. And if his lordship,' sez he, standin' on his toes, and looken down on Plumtop, 'sez to the contrary, let him keep on his jacket and I'll dust it for him.'

"Plumtop, heerin' iv the discourse, tuk a pinch o' Cork snuff, and when the sneezin' was over, he sez, "Skiver, are yez bint (*ash-thee*, the sneezin' wasn't over), are yez bint on kickin' up a rucshin in my

* Whispering.

dominions? Yer pinance is,' sez he, 'to go down on yer (*ash-thee*, *ash-thee*),—that snuff is murtherin' strong—yer four ugly bones, and all the min and wimen in the rath walk over yer ugly carcass.'

"Up jumps Biddy, as live as a lark, my dear, and sez she, 'If the thrubble's about me, put an ind to it, for I'm promised to Lord Plumtop, here an' I wouldn't change my mind for the best grocery in Caherconlish,' and sayin' this, she turned up her mouth and kissed the pimple on the lord's nose, begor—may I niver see another Sunday, but she did.

"Stand out," sez Skiver, squarin his fists for the divarashin. "If I'm to be thrated like a baste, I'll be a baste," and wid that he up wid his fist and knocked down the lordheen. There was the hape of a pillulu on the head of this, the scrawlin* became general, but faith, my bowld Skiver flaked them right and left, min, wimen, and childrin, as they was, until the physic man up wid a decanter and laid him as flat as a pancake. In the manetime I looked around for Biddy, and, shure enough, there she was, sittin' on the barrel, breakin' her heart cryin', and tlein' up the lordheen's head with a shally shawl I bought her the Sathurday night afore. The physic man kum up to feel his pulse.

"Only wan thing 'I cure him," sez he, takin' out a watch as big as a pot-lid, and cocken it to his ear. 'He'll be as stiff as a herrin' afore five minutes if its not administered.' "And what's that?" sez Biddy, in a heart-broken voice. "Ai, what is it?" "A weddin'-ring," sez the docthor, 'boiled down in a pot of goat's milk. Haven't yez a ring yerself, my lady.'

"Begor, thin, I have," sez she, 'an' here its for him, if 'twas goold tin times over.'

"So she whipped off the ring, ma'am, and when Physic sez, 'What'll Dinis think o' this when it kums to his ears?' sez he.

"Will you hould your jaw, and don't be bottherin' me about the spalpeen. I've somethin' else to consarn me?"

"Well, the milk was boiled, and no sooner did the lordheen swal-low it, then he got up and marched about the room as grand as a paycock.

"Does yez love me, Biddy?" sez he.

"I dotes on you," sez Biddy, 'shure,' sez she, 'a nater pimple was never seen than that on yer lordship's nose.'

"What'ud Maguire give for such a lump of grandher?" sez the lordheen.

"The two eyes out iv his head," sez Biddy.

"When will we be married, Biddy?" sez he.

"Faith, as soon as its conveynant," sez she.

"Where 'il we be married, jewel?" sez he.

"Why, thin, where but at the North Pole?" sez she.

"We must have Dinis's consint, Biddy," sez the old scoundrel.

"Will it be aisy to find him?"

"There he's behind the doore," says she. 'Hurrah, hurrah, sez the lordheen,' wheeling his stick around his head. 'Min,' sez he, 'drag in that quadruped and ask him if he consints to my marryin' Biddy?' and, sure enough, before I could lift a leg they had me off iv my pins and planted in the middle iv the flure.

"Biddy," sez I, 'Biddy, the Lord forgive yez!'

"Musha, hould your ugly mouth," sez she, 'and don't be cacklin like a gandher.'

"Does yez consint?" sez the lordheen, with a scrame like a wild crane; 'does yez consint to separate from yer wife and give her to them that can support her dacently?'

"No," sez I.

"Pull off his hair, one-by-one, min," sez the lordheen, 'we'll taich him manners afore he's much ouldher.'

"So the pinkeens kem around me and they pulled away until I put my hand to the top of my head, roarin' all the time wid pain, and saw I had only three hairs remainin'. Begor I was frightened to think of wearin' a wig, and as all the hair was goin' I thought best to keep the seed of a new crop, so sez I, 'I consint,' and hardly were the words out o' my mouth when I sits up and sees Biddy afore me. 'Get out iv the house this minute, sez I,' and wid that I planted her in the middle iv the pavement, for I couk'nt consaive I had been dhramin'. Arrah is'nt that her cryin' away in the room there?" said Denis, suspending the story and listening."

"Tis herself, then, poor woman," said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy; here go in an' make friends with her."

Denis went, and returned in a few minutes, holdin' his wife by, the hand.

* Fighting.

"Twas all a dhrame, ma'am, an' she forgives me, an' I'm going to take the pledge to-morrow."

"An' when you do," said his wife, laughing, "I'll run off with the lordheen."

"Are yez at it again?" said Denis, catching and kissing her, "the dickons take him for a lordheen, any how!"

THE SIMPLICITY OF SCIENCE.



NATURE presents us with numerous instances of minute subdivisions, which utterly baffle our powers of conception. Thus, human hair varies in thickness from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch, and yet, each one is a capillary tube. The fibre of the coarsest wool is about the 500th part of an inch in diameter, and the finest only the 1,500th part. The silk line, as spun by the worm, is about the 5,000th part of an inch thick; but a spider's line is, perhaps, six times finer, or only the 30,000th part of an inch in diameter, inasmuch, that a single pound of this attenuated, yet perfect substance, would be sufficient to encompass our globe.

Animalculæ are so small, that many thousands together are smaller than the point of a needle. Leewenhock says, there are more animals in the milt of a codfish, than men on the whole earth, and that a single grain of sand is larger than four thousand of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalculæ has been found, by a calculation, to be as much less than a globe of 1-10th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is less than the whole earth. He states, that a grain of sand, in diameter but the hundredth part of an inch, will cover 125,000 of the orifices through which we perspire; and that of some animalculæ, 3,000 are not equal to a grain of sand.

It is ascertained by the microscope that the smallest insects with which we are acquainted, are themselves infested with other insects as much smaller than themselves, as those are smaller than the larger animals that they infest. How inconceivably small, then, must be the parts of such organised creatures! But, by analogy, we may carry our reasoning still further, by conceiving that even these creatures may again be infested with others proportionally smaller,

till we are as much lost in the scale of descent, as we are in that of ascent through the regions of the universe.

Hence, this part of the creation, and the laws or organization confound the inquiries of men even more than the vastness of the universe; for our most powerful microscope enables us to magnify with effect only 40 or 50 thousand times, whereas the atoms concerned in producing the phenomena of nature, are, doubtless, millions of times less than the smallest object which can be seen with the naked eye. Odours are capable of a much wider diffusion, if we are to ascribe their action to the radiation of atoms, and not, as many suppose, to any affection of the medium by which they are surrounded. A single grain of musk has been known to perfume a room for the space of twenty years.

A piece of wire, gilt with eight grains, or the sixtieth of an ounce of gold, may be drawn out to a length of 13,000 feet, the whole surface of it still remaining covered with gold. A grain of gold may be beaten to cover 50 square inches, which is then only the hundred-thousandth part of an inch thick; and still maintains its qualities as gold. If a grain of gold be melted with a pound, or 5,760 grains of silver, and a single grain of the mass be dissolved in diluted nitric acid, the gold, though only the 5,761st part of a grain, will fall to the bottom and be visible; while the silver remains dissolved in the acid. A grain of silver may be beaten till a microscope shows 1,000 distinct parts; if one of these be then dissolved it will tinge 18,000 grains of water; a grain is, therefore, divisible into 18,000,000 sensible parts! A pound of cotton has been spun so fine, that it would extend 168,000 yards, or 25 miles. A quantity of vitriol being dissolved and mixed with 9,000 times as much water, will tinge the whole; consequently it will be divided into as many parts as there are visible portions of matter in that water. If a candle be lighted, it will then be visible about two miles round; and, consequently, were it placed two miles above the surface of the earth, it would fill with luminous particles a sphere whose diameter is four miles, and before it had lost any sensible part of its weight.

It is not, however, to be hence presumed that the space is filled with luminous rays, for rays of light travel 200,000 miles in a second, and 20 per second produce continuous vision. Hence, if we divide the circumference, 12 miles, or 7,200,000 tenths of an inch, there will, at one time, be but 1,440 rays emanating from the candle, so as to produce distinct vision two miles distant in every tenth of an inch. The effect of colours may be similar. Indeed, a candle fixes oxygen while it parts with light.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER IX.



HE black speck which the Coiner's wife had indicated in the red evening sunlight, was now a broad mass of vapour, darkening the region of the tempests from one point of the horizon to the other, and presenting, in the swift gradations of its progress from insignificance to grandeur, a magnificent and terrific

emblem of the spreading dominion of crime in the human soul, from the slight neglect of a wandering thought in devotion to the awful and tumultuous blackness of impenitent despair itself. The first thin sheeted flashes of a reddish lightning had begun to quiver and play on the gloomy expanse, revealing at fitful intervals the jags and unevennesses of the otherwise undistinguishable fragments of vapour in a thousand fantastical images. Our travellers, who had advanced little more than a mile from the inn before these changes began to make themselves visible, looked upon them with no little anxiety, originating however in very



THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

different conditions of feeling and situation. The old Palatine, whose determination to proceed appeared to increase in proportion to the obstacles which amassed on his route, and the arguments which were employed to dissuade him, observed a profound silence; and, except by an impatient glance or gesture which he used on every trifling pause made by his companions, seemed almost unconscious of their presence. Mr. Shine, whose spirits had not yet recovered the shock which the discovery of Maney's cheat had occasioned him, remained pinioned on his pony, riding between both the "*robineen redbreasts*," as the gentleman of the wig and buckles termed his myrmidons — the little canvas bag, or John Doe, hanging down over his back in the fashion of a hood, and fully prepared, in case of any attempt to recover his liberty, of which the Cork grazier appeared singularly apprehensive, to be restored to its ancient use by a slight chuck of the string which was suspended from his neck. The fine gentleman was the only talkative person of the party. He rode on—hung back—trotted from side to side—made an unheeded observation in the ear of the pensive Segur on the state of the weather—intimated to Shine in a menacing way the utter fruitlessness of any corporeal resistance against his captors, whispered his men to be on their guard, for that big fat man was the strongest "*warrant*" at a hurley, and the best leaper in all Ireland—

then, having exhausted every subject that might be suggested by the circumstances of each of his companions, without eliciting any considerable portion of information, he fell back as a last resource upon himself—arranged his wig—adjusted his sword belt, looked up at the heavens—loosened the string of a tightly-packed *laddy*, or great-coat—and trembled for his head-gear—gave a history in detail of the lives, characters, fortunes, and fashions of all the master tailors in Cork—struck off by a bye road to the price of pigs and cattle—convinced the passive Shine by the most unexceptionable syllogisms that twenty geese would consume, to a blade, as much grass as any cow—that bony pigs were always the best to buy on a fattening speculation—that bog dust was a fine manure for red soil—that it was the greatest mistake to say the Limerick girls were the handsomest in Ireland—that the lightning was perfectly innocuous, as long as it maintained its reddish hue—that Puritanism, particularly as regarded certain holidays, was everything but a reasonable creed—[the only point on which he obtained the semblance of an answer from the preacher]—that Dean Swift would be hanged, as sure as there was a cottoner in Cork, and there were plenty, sure, and good ones too—that he himself was the most fashionable personage in the south of Ireland—and Lord Cartaret, the best Lord Lieutenant that ever lived before or after the Flood—and a thousand other *thats* with which the necessities of our tale will not permit us to encumber the reader's mind.

On a sudden a blue straggling light darted across the heavens, and a deep, rending crash of thunder seemed to tear the region from one extremity to the other. The unchecked and absolute blackness which ensued, left the party in so benighted a condition that all stood short, as if by a sympathy of intelligence. The horses, startled by the suddenness of the transition, chafed, demi-volted, and finally remained stock still under their riders, snorting and champing the bit in the impatience of strong terror. A moment after, as if the windows of heaven had been opened for a second deluge, a torrent of thunder drops was poured upon the travellers, so dense, so sudden, and so unflinchingly continued, that each particular individual in his own square foot of space received as much as would have served him for a bath.

The terrors of the storm now commenced in all their magnitude and grandeur. The thunder bellowed, howled, and clattered; the lightning flared, and darted in wheeling circles and angles of painful brilliancy, before and about them. Sometimes a strong bolt, launched from the black womb of the vapour in which it was generated, hissed fiercely through the sparkling rain, and breaking with a rapid violence into a thousand lines of blue and dazzling splendour lit up the vaulted vase of darkness into a momentary noon, which was as suddenly changed to a gloom as dense as that which was made palpable in the lands of the Egyptian spoilers. Then there was a silence of a second, deep and terrible, a hush of all nature, unbroken even by the breathing of the pale and anxious wanderers, and immediately after, a rattling close above their heads, at first, quick, harsh, and jarring, like the clatter of a musket volley, and gradually deepening and swelling as it receded, till its echoes boomed in the abyss of distance like the roar of a million parks of artillery.

"Whish! hoo!" the grazier exclaimed, placing his hand above his ear and endeavouring to check the plunging of his steed; "did any body hear a 'holloo' behind us? Ha, there it is again!"

"'Tis the wind that's splitting itself upon the Carrig-ou-Dhiol," said one of his retainers.

Another thunder clap drowned the reason of this conjecture, and, in the intervals of its expiring peals, the distant and long-protracted cry of a man's voice proved to be an erroneous one.

"I have my reasons," said the Palatine, with a gesture of alarm, laying his hand on the grazier's arm, "for not delaying an instant. Let us dash forward, in the name of Heaven!"

Again the imploring cry, renewed at a much more audible distance, seemed to appeal against this selfish counsel to the good feelings of the party. It was not altogether the influence of mere good feeling, however, which induced the obstinate gentleman of the sword and buckles to enter his *rescuer* against the old Palatine's proposition. The slighting taciturnity with which the latter had treated him during the journey had predisposed him to adopt the contrary course, whatever it might be, to any which should be recommended by the old man. He plucked his arm pettishly away from the grasp of the latter, and instantly reined up his steed. Either unwilling

to persevere in what appeared an unkindly procedure, or acting under the guidance of that piercing sagacity which enables some men to discover in a glance, a tone, a gesture—nay, in the very manner of an affection itself, a tolerable indication of the whole machinery of the characters of those with whom they come in contact—acting, say, under this influence, and perceiving the absolute hopelessness of any attempt to overweigh the dogged resolution of the blockhead with whom he travelled, the old Palatine made no further effort; carry his own wishes into effect, but suffered their pursuers to approach.

"They're at the top o' the hill already! I hear the tramping of the horse's feet—Whisht! Dash along! Naught was never in danger. Take care how you fall. Never welcome the thunder; will it never have done bellowing, and let us hear the people?"

"Hoo—hoo—ee—hoo—hoo—ee!"

"Hoo—hoo—ee! here, lad! Halt! ho! Will you never stop—ha! the fair sex—Fong a foil! Where are you—?"

The query was cut short by the sudden onset of a large, stout-limbed horse, which dashed furiously through the group covering the dandy grazier and his prisoner with a profusion of the mud struck by the concussion of the animal's broad hoofs from the well-worn ruts of the old and broken road. As they swept thus fiercely through the group, the horse chafing, snorting, and furiously contending against the restraint of the tightened rein, the rider by voice and action using every possible endeavour to restrain him, the gentleman of the wig and sword execrating him in the purest Gaelic, and the poor discomfited Shine patiently moaning within his compressed lips at this new misfortune; while these relative sounds, we say, proceeded, a sudden rent was made in the cloud immediately above them, and a volume of electric light was poured upon the spot, so intense and brilliant, as for a few seconds to enable each individual of the party to peruse in minute detail every portion of the person and accoutrements of the rest. For those few seconds the Palatine, whose eye was fixed in all the keenness of an acute curiosity upon the new comer, was enabled to discern the figure of a young man keeping a firm seat on the wild steed, which it seemed to require an exertion almost as much of strength as of skill to govern, and endeavouring at the same time to uphold from the earth the crouching form of a female who sat before him, whose low, hurried, and agitated moans, mingling in the pause of the thunder peal, produced a strange admixture of involuntary pity and terror on the mind of the hearer.

"Murther, murther alive! only see where he has the female!" ejaculated the Cork gentleman.

"'Tis he! 'tis they! Join them and hasten, sir, for heaven's sake," said the woman, clinging to her protector, and gathering her turned-up wrapper hood-wise about her face for the purpose, as it seemed, of keeping off the heavy rain which poured in torrents upon her, and shading its features at the same time from the strong light.

"A bad night, gentlemen," said the young man, wishing to assure himself of the identity of those whom he addressed.

"If you'd tell us news, we'd thank you," returned the *buck*. "And pray, what was your business with us, or who are you at all? We have the right of challengers, by all the rules of right tactics. Witness the catechumen's proverb—"

"Who goes there?"

"A grenadier!"

"What do you want?"

"A bottle o' beer!"

"Where's your money?"

"In my pocket."

"Where's your pocket?"

"I forgot it."

Answer speedily, sir, lest you become liable to the application of the catechist's concluding octo-syllabic—

"Gid-a-gone, you foolish blockhead!"

"You are the merriest man in a thunder-storm I ever saw, said the new comer; "but I think, if you are disposed to proceed, we may as well dash forward. Your merriment will do little to wring the drenching rain from my poor fellow-traveller's slight dress—"

"Oh—hush! hush!" whispered the woman, "do not speak of me. I feel nothing. I am used to this. But, for heaven's sake, spur on your horse! They will follow."

"I don't know what may be the customs of the ladies of Limerick," placidly returned the *buck*, "but in the county Cork it would be considered an instance of questionable taste to select such an evening as this for an excursion. Here, sir," tossing his *loody* to the young man, "the choice is between a female and my new wig, and, as I'm an Irishman, I'd rather have it hanging as lank as a cow's tail down my back in the morning, than that one curl of the humblest creature that ever wore bonnet should receive a section from a single drop of such a torrent as this."

"The *buckeeny* has a sparkle o' the gentleman in him, for all!" observed the taciturn Able Switzer, (the first, remark by the way, for which we have been enabled to afford him space during the entire day.)

"Do you travel on the Crag road?" inquired the stranger, after he wrapped the coat about his suffering *protégée*.

"As far as Drumsanlon, where I can make as many welcome as the house can accommodate—Ay, and more too, for poor old Byrne usn't—"

"We may as well, I think, be riding forward as we talk," said old Segur.

"If we stay this way," added Abie, "there'll one of us be roasted for the rest for supper."

"Whoever that woman is, sir," continued the Palatine, "it would be as well if she turned on the other side, for the wind blows on that."

"The blessings of a broken heart fall on you!" murmured the woman, as her protector took the old man's hint.

"Bless him, does she? Why, she did not so much as say 'thanky kindly,' to me for the loan o' my coat!" muttered the grazier, as he shrugged his shoulders, and felt the rain already penetrating his green broadcloth.

The whole party proceeded as rapidly as the starting, rearing, plunging, and *shying* of their steeds would permit. The lightning flashes, which still continued momentarily glancing at various degrees of brilliancy upon their path, forming a very sufficient apology for the contumacy of the animals.

"I was saying," said the Cork gentleman, "that poor Byrne usn't to limit his invitations to the dimensions of his house. Many and many a night; you don't hear me, sir?" he continued, pressing close to the young man, "many a pleasant night, after tiring down every girl in the hall at a slip-jig, I've stretched myself abroad in the hay-loft as comfortable as could be, and the Blaneys of the Hill in the cow-house under me, with such joking and laughing. The fowl-house was a great place for us too, I remember. Old Missiz Hasset (that was hardly young Mrs. Hasset then)—and by the way, talking of her, she's at Drumsanlon to-night, moreover, or ought to be—used to have the ticks and quilts brought out o' the cars, and made up snug and cosey among the turkeys, and the rest o' them, for the neighbours; and sometimes we'd have little Lilly herself—Hirrup, sir! keep your horse steady, if you please!—we'd have little Lilly Byrne herself, a fine little curly-headed rogue, 'little merry-eyes,' as I used to call her, coming out o' the door, and laughing. Poor Lilly! I recollect saying to her, one day, while I was tossing her on my toe, and she laughing, and crowing, and her hair flowing about her, and her cheeks as rosy as a rose itself, I remember saying to her, says I 'the day will come yet, when a lock o' that hair will be a prouder gift for a young man to wear, than a coat of Buckmaster; the day will come,' says I, and I looking at her this way, in the face, 'the day will come when that eye will make many a gallant heart ache, and many a young man's cheek grow pale,' says I, and I looking at her, thinking of it—and when that lip that's there, so innocent, will have the word of life or death upon it—isn't that great?' and she laughing, not understanding a word of what I said, and sure 'twas all true for me."

The grazier did not know what a sincere and agonized assent his words received in the heart of the poor young man who rode by his side.

"I think," continued the talkative bore, who wished, indeed very pardonably, to divert his attention from the now perfectly piteous condition to which he felt himself reduced, by the exercise of a tongue

"As true as truest horse,
That yet would never t're,"

"I think," said he, "Lilly will verify my prophecy, if she has not done it yet. But, poh! what's the use of talking? I saw her when I came this way the other day, and 'twould puzzle the Dames to tell what was come over her. Her cheek, sir—her plump, ripe cheek—that you might play a hand of fives against, so worn down and pale-looking—and her little hand so damp and cold as she put it into mine; and such a death-like, religious smile about her sweet lips; and then, instead of meeting me with a jump, and a hop, and a laugh, and that little merry 'hoop!' that used to come from between her lips, as sweet as love itself, sir, and as fine as a gold thread, she met me as her mother might have done—standing upright on both her feet, putting one before the other when she walked—and having no more of the merry hoyden that I knew, left about her, but only all her sweetness. You'd wonder to look at her. I didn't take my eyes off her for as good and better than an hour. Her eyes were a little red, too. 'I would move you, sir, if you were to be looking at her,'"

"It does! it does!" replied his companion, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Sir, I'm sure you're a gentleman," said the grazier, warmly, at once attributing to the influence of his own pathos in the narration all the effect which the circumstances themselves had produced upon his auditor—"I'm sure you are, and I like you. The fact, however, may be naturally explained, as in honest truth, her mother did account for it to me in a confidential way. Talking of confidence, by the bye, I'll not tell you what she said, for these things, however trifling they may appear to men of sense, are not likely to be servicable, when spoken of to the class of unmarried girls. And, after all, it is but a girlish fancy, which will go off with the next fine weather. In the affections, as in grazing, the autumnal produce is always the sweetest. A girl's first love is too sud len, too luxuriant, sir—it is parched and dried up in its own fire, there's no health about it, but mow that away with a few months' absence—let the heart be trampled a little, let the soft showers of disappointment fall upon it, and then you have it as fresh, and kind, and gentle as a field of upland clover."

"A thorough grazier's sentiment," said Kumba, almost involuntarily, within his own heart. "When was this, sir?" he asked, aloud.

"A few days since, I was at Drumsanlon. I made Lilly laugh at last, reminding her of the time when I used to bring her the *barren brac* and tell her the story of the 'wee-wee woman and her bunch o' black-berries.' By the way, they were expecting the priest there at that time; for you must know, Lilly is grown so pious, that they're beginning to think she'll make a fair run for a convent some fine morning. But we'll talk more o' this by an' bye. We'll be late for supper, I'm afraid."

The party quickened their pace.

There is a proverb current among the Irish peasantry, which, as we have not been in the habit of obtruding these aphorisms of vulgar wisdom upon him hitherto, the reader will excuse our transcribing. It runs, in English, something in this way—"Carry a goat to the chapel, and he never will stop until he mounts the altar." The truth of the axiom is more frequently exemplified in the annals of Irish crime, than, perhaps, in those of most other nations. The reason of this may be found in the simple fact, that Irish crime, like Irish virtue, is not the creature of the mind but of the heart. They are a people more frequently betrayed into guilt by the impulses of strong feelings than the cold suggestions of conventions; and in proportion to the violence of the stimulus applied, will be found the depth and atrocity of the outrage that is committed. For the same reason also, it appears that instances of a cold-hearted attachment to guilt, having no more immediate motive than habitude, are, proportionably to the extent of crime existing, very rare. The ruffian who has been lashed, through his course of blood and outrage, by the hand of circumstance, is liable, when the scourge is withdrawn, and a pause is left him for reflection, to sudden accessions of self-detestation and remorse, which would seldom be experienced by one whose guilt was determined before it was acted, and whose career had been the election, in any degree, of deliberate reason. By following in the steps of the unhappy wretch, whose *alias* has furnished us with a name of this tale, through the following pages, the reader may find

an illustration of both of the idiosyncrasies we have attempted to account for, the capability of utter abandonment of all moral principle and liability to a sudden change of feeling in the very head and front of the criminal's offending:—a hue of national character which is only wanting in wretches so completely regenerated in depravity as the white-haired murderer—Red Roddy.

We should also have called the reader's attention to the fact which is perfectly observable at the present day, as we may suppose it to have been at the period of which we write—that when those Irishmen, who live by a mis-appropriation of the goods of others, meet together for the purpose of agitating an excursion in the way of their vocation they do not confine themselves to a solitary outrage, but calculate upon effecting all that may be accomplished within the period to which they limit their absence; insomuch, that robberies, and perhaps murders, sometimes take place on the same night at places so remote from each other, that it would almost appear sufficient to prove a man's identity as a partner in the one, to enable him to enter an *alibi* on the other offence.

Suil Dhuv and his three companions had more to accomplish on this evening than the reader has already been made aware of, and one, the first act of violence which they proposed committing, was of a peculiar and more startling nature than any in which the Coiner had yet been engaged.

He had accorded an instant and even eager assent when the proposition was first made by one of the gang, Mun Maher, the fellow whose insolence he had checked by so summary a procedure in the hold of the gang. He had then, however, only considered the advantage which was to be derived from it, namely, the acquisition of a sufficient quantity of silver for the purpose of carrying on their illegal toil. Upon the means he had not bestowed a single thought, after he had once satisfied himself of their practicability.

As he rode, however, along the country with his companions, a new train of circumstances conspired to shake him from the indifference in which he had fortified his spirit. The very agitation of the contemplated enterprise in which his personal wishes were chiefly interested, was calculated to prepare the way in his breast for the admission of a gentler tone of feeling than he usually carried about him on such expeditions. The district which they were approaching, and which speedily began to spread its well-cultivated and partly-coloured surface before their eyes, was the soil in which his childhood had been passed; and memories of childhood hours—whether those hours have been spent in darkness or light—in showers or sunshine—are the truest key that can be found to draw forth from their rugged prison the yet surviving tenderness of the human heart.

As they wound along the side of a craggy hill, composed of a brittle, culmy soil, Suil Dhuv drew up his horse, as if for the purpose of making some observations, but in reality with the view of indulging himself in a musing contemplation of the quiet evening landscape, which, independently of any associations, presented a picture sufficiently alluring to account for the action, had *that* been its only motive. Immediately beneath them, on the right, and extending far into the distance, lay a well-nurtured and fertile champagne, rich in all the glorious hues of ripening summer—the dark green potato-field; the already russet meadow—the golden rape—the bearded barley, billowing in the light wind and receiving from the reddish sunlight a variety of light and shade, such as that which charmed the bright eyes of the Dublin beauties, when first the master of the chain and *filling* conjured from his loom, in all its shadowy magnificence and chameleon-like insecurity of hue, the now forlorn and neglected *tabinet*—these, together with the glitter of cottage windows through the bowering and close mantled hedges of black briar—periwinkle, primrose, hawthorn, and red-blossomed snuff-weed, the virgin meadow-sweet, wild strawberries, wild heart's ease, and dog-roses; the wreathing of the light blue smoke through the humble chimney, which gave an involuntary feeling of comfort to the spectator—the flax garden, with its delicate stems and pale-blue flower—the ridges (drills were then unknown) of early white-eyes, already delighting the eye with their white, purple, and peach-coloured blossoms—all refreshing the organs of smell with a sweetness which (but, perhaps, *that* was the result of association)—we have vainly sought to mate among the exotics of Kensington—these, I say, presented a beautifully variegated and gigantic tablet, over which many a mountain stream unrolled its sparkling scroll, intersecting the superfiice at a thousand fantastic angles.

On the other side lay a bog on which many groups of peasantry were observed at work—some *footing*, or raising the *sods* of turf on end, for the purpose of drying more rapidly; some cutting the material fresh from the mass with their *slanes*, others shaping *sods* from the soft, pulpy soil with their hands, others again tossing the dry turf into a *raill*, a sort of vehicle fastened in a *car* (or cart), for the purpose of having it conveyed home, and built up into a snug reek as a provision against the winter—while the driver stood near the horse's head, lazily looking on, his cord-whip tied sash-wise across his shoulder, and whistling “the keen-the-cawn,” in a loud, full, and melodious tone, to the drooping and weary animal, who expressed his pleasure at the attention, by a gentle oscillating motion of the ears, as he mused over a handful of soil plucked from the nearest hedge, a kindness which, in all probability, he appreciated still more highly than the music.

The occasional shrill scream of a nesting snipe, startled from its rushy hiding-place by the too near approach of some hostile footsteps—the merry barking of the curs of the hamlet, as they gambolled; in feigning warfare, in the sunshine—the “thrup, thrup!” of the milk-maid, as with *spancel* and can in hand, she summoned the cows from their distant pasture, to deposit their evening tribute at the farmer's door—the kindly lowing of the docile animals, as they turned from their fodder, and with matronly and gentle pace, obeyed the well-known voice of the summoner—the occasional snatch of a wild and merry ballad from some pleasantly disposed individual of the laborious group in the bog—the loud though distant peal of laughter that cheered him in his exertions—the shrill and solitary cackling of some forlorn goose, that had lagged, like a *micling* urchin, behind the flock, and now lost sight of its companions—the droning sound of the little boy's reed cut from the green corn stems, and slit in the manner of a flageolet—the plaintive and monotonous cry of some wren's-man or yellow-hammer, that, compelled to forsake its nest, tainted by the touch of some prying school-boy, mourned its desolation on some lofty thorn—the occasional shrilly shouting of a group of sturdy boys at their game of evening *goal* or *hurl*—the sweet murmuring voice of the peasant girls on the side of the distant stream, some washing the *skeogh* (or boat-basket), full of potatoes for their evening meal, and sometimes, in a merry mood, shaking the *crusheen* with a gesture of menace at the lads on the other side; others beetling their linen on a smooth stone, and others, again, spreading the already whitened garments upon the yellow and blooming furze bushes—those formed the principal points of sight and of sounds which were scattered over the face of the landscape, while the whole was spanned by a soft blue sky chequered with flakes of white and crimson vapour, and rendered still more lovely by the loaded serenity that was in the air.

Touched by the tender beauty of the scene which lay before him, and still more by the recollections which it awakened within his soul, Suil Dhuv prolonged his pause to a degree which at length excited the impatience of his companions.

“They're not beginnen to light up the fires yit,” said one.

“What fires?” inquired Mun Maher.

“Why, the fires upon the mountains and places, in regard of St. John's Eve. Sure this is the twenty-third—the Eha-na-Shawn. 'Twill be a bad evenen for it, I'm afeerd. Do you see the swallows how low they're skimmen? and, *fioch-e-shin*!—look there, the dog eating the grass.”

“Come, sir! Suil Dhuv! Don't you hear uz? 'Twill be late with uz, I'm thinken, sir. The chapel is in the glin over, a good start from uz yit.”

“Have you the wrench and hammer?” inquired their leader, in a low tone.

“Safe enough, I'll be bail—Look at thim!”

“It is a fair evening for so foul a deed!” thought Suil Dhuv, but he *only* thought it, for he was too well aware of the temper of his men to hazard anything like an inclination of distaste for the enterprise they were engaged upon.

“There is no use in tiring all the horses,” he said, as they descended the hill, and approached a cross road. “Mun, you and I will do this first business together, and, my lads, ye may as well stop here for us, or ride round the road and meet us at the Hill o' Drumscanlon.”

Both the men touched their hats in token of assent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AMONGST THE FLAT-HEADS.



MOST noteworthy amongst the Indian tribes of North America, as they exist at the present day, is that distinguished as the "Flat-Heads." About five years since Paul Kane, an American artist of very considerable ability, in a spirit of professional ardour started on an expedition from Canada to Vancouver's Island and Oregon, through the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and back again. The notes of his wanderings are full of adventure and interest, and afford us a full insight into the manners and customs of the various Indian tribes, or rather remnants of tribes, whom he encountered, and whom the progress of civilization—as the aggressive advance of the white man is termed—has for many and many a year been gradually but surely sweeping from the domains of their forefathers. But a short time longer, and their existence will be but a mere matter of history.

The Flat-Head Indians are met with on the banks of the Columbia river, from its mouth eastward to the Cascades, a distance of about 150 miles; they extend up the Walhamette river's mouth, about thirty or forty miles, and through the district between the Walhamette and Fort Astoria, now called Fort George. To the north they extend along the Cowlitz river, and the tract of land lying between that and Paget's Sound. About two-thirds of Vancouver's Island is also occupied by them, and they are found along the coasts of Paget's Sound and the Straits of Juan de Fuca. They are divided into numerous tribes, each having its own peculiar locality, and differing more or less from the others in language, customs, and manners. Those in the immediate vicinity of the Fort are principally "Chinooks" and "Klickataats," and are governed by a chief called Casanov. This name has no translation; the Indians on the west side of the Rocky Mountains differing from those on the east in having hereditary names, to which no particular meaning appears to be attached, and the origin of which is in many instances forgotten.

The chief of the "Chinooks" and "Klickataats" is a man of advanced age, and resides principally at Fort Vancouver. Previously to the year 1829, Casanov was considered a powerful chief, and could lead into the field a force of one thousand men, but in that year the Hudson's Bay Company and emigrants from the United States introduced the plough for the first time into Oregon; and the locality, hitherto considered one of the most healthy, was almost depopulated by fever and ague. His own immediate family, consisting of ten wives—for the Flat-Heads are no monogamists—four children, and eighteen slaves, were reduced in one year to one wife, one child, and two slaves. Casanov is a man of more than ordinary talent for an Indian, who has maintained his great influence over his tribe chiefly by means of the superstitious dread in which they hold him. For many years, in the early period of his life, he kept a hired assassin to remove any obnoxious individual against whom he entertained personal enmity. This bravo, whose occupation was no secret, went by the name of Casanov's *scoocoom*, or the "Evil Genius." He finally fell in love with one of Casanov's wives, who eloped with him. Casanov vowed vengeance, but the pair for a long time eluded his search. One day, however, he met his wife in a canoe near the mouth of the Cowlitz river, and shot her on the spot, and at last procured also the assassination of her lover.

A few years before the arrival of our artist at Fort Vancouver, the gentlemen who was then in charge heard from his office the report of a gun inside the gates. This being a breach of discipline, he hurried out to inquire the cause of so unusual a circumstance, and found one of Casanov's slaves standing over the body of an Indian whom he had just killed, and in the act of reloading his gun with apparent indifference, Casanov himself standing by. In explanation of the occurrence the latter said, with an apology, that the man deserved death according to the laws of the tribe, who, as well as the white man, inflicted punishment proportionate to the nature of the offence. In this case the crime was one of the greatest an Indian could be guilty of, namely, the robbing the sepulchre canoes,

Sacred as the Indians hold their burial-places, Casanov himself, a short time after this occurrence, had his only son buried in the cemetery of the fort. He died of consumption, a disease very common amongst all Indians, proceeding, no doubt, from their constant exposure to the sudden vicissitudes of the climate. The coffin was made sufficiently large to contain all the necessaries supposed to be required for his comfort and convenience in the other world. The chaplain at the Fort read the usual service at the grave, and, after the conclusion of the ceremony, Casanov returned to his lodge, and the same evening attempted the life of the bereaved mother, who was the daughter of the great chief generally known as King Comcomly, so beautifully alluded to in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

It is the prevailing opinion of the Indian Chiefs, that they and their sons are too important to die in a natural way, and whenever the event takes place, they attribute it to the malevolent influence of some other person, whom they fix upon, often in the most unaccountable manner, frequently selecting those the most dear to themselves and the deceased. The person so selected is sacrificed without hesitation. On the above occasion Casanov selected the afflicted mother, notwithstanding she had during the sickness of her son been one of the most assiduous and devoted of his attendants, and of his several wives she was the only one he most loved. It is, however, the general belief of the Indians on the west side of the mountains, that the greater the privations they inflict on themselves the greater would be the manifestation of their grief, and the more pleasing to the departed spirit. Casanov assigned as an additional motive for his wish to kill his wife, namely, that as he knew she had been so useful to her son, and so necessary to his happiness and comfort in this world, he wished to send her with him as his companion on his long journey. She, however, escaped into the woods, and next morning reached the Fort imploring protection; she was accordingly secreted for several days, until her relations conveyed her to a place of safety. The following painful occurrence may serve to illustrate this peculiar superstition of the Flat-Heads. A chief dying, his widow considered a sacrifice as indispensable, but having selected a victim of rather too much importance, she was unable for some time to accomplish her object; at length the nephew of the chief, no longer able to bear the continual taunt of cowardice which she unceasingly heaped upon him, seized his gun and started for the Company's Fort on the river, about twenty miles distant. On arriving he was courteously received by the gentleman in charge of the Fort, a Mr. Black, who expressed great regret at the death of his old friend the chief. After presenting the Indian with something to eat, and giving him some tobacco, Mr. Black turned to leave the room, and while opening the door was shot from behind by his treacherous guest, and immediately expired. The murderer succeeded in escaping from the Fort, but the tribe, who were warmly attached to Mr. Black, took revenge upon themselves, and hunted him down. This was done more to evince their high esteem for Mr. Black, than from any sense of impropriety in the customary sacrifice.

The Chinook Flat-Heads do not appear to have any traditions as to their former origin, although such are common amongst those on the east side of the Rocky Mountains. They do not believe in any future state of punishment, although in the world they suppose themselves exposed to the malicious designs of the *scoocoom*, or "Evil Genius," to whom they attribute all their misfortunes and ill-luck. The "Good Spirit" is called the *Hias Socha li Ti-yah*, that is, the "Great High Chief," from whom they obtain all that is good in this life, and to whose happy and peaceful hunting grounds they will all eventually go, to reside for ever in comfort and abundance.

The Chinooks and Cowlitz Indians carry the custom of flattening the head to a greater extent than any other of the Flat-Head tribes. The process is as follows:—The Indian mothers all carry their infants strapped to a piece of board covered with moss or loose fibres of cedar bark, and, in order to flatten the head, they place a pad on the infant's forehead, on the top of which is laid a piece of smooth bark, bound on by a leathern band, passing through holes in the board on either side, and kept tightly pressed against the front of the head, a sort of pillow of grass or cedar fibres being placed under the back of the neck to support it. This process commences with the birth of the infant, and is continued for a period of from eight to twelve months, by which time the head has lost its natural shape,

and acquired that of a wedge. The front of the skull is flat and higher at the crown, giving it a most unnatural appearance.

It might be supposed, from the extent to which this is carried, that the operation would be attended with great suffering to the infant, but, strange to say, it seldom cries or moans, although frequently the eyes seemingly start out of their sockets from the great pressure. From the apparent dulness of the children, whilst under the pressure, it is to be presumed that a state of torpor or insensibility must be produced, and that the return to consciousness occasioned by its removal, must be naturally followed by the sense of pain. This unnatural operation does not, however, seem to injure the health, the mortality among the Flat-Head children not being perceptibly greater than amongst other Indian tribes, nor does it seem to injure their intelligence. On the contrary, the Flat-Heads are generally considered fully as intelligent as the surrounding tribes, who allow their heads to preserve their natural shape, and it is from among the Round Heads that the Flat-Heads take their slaves, looking with contempt even upon the whites for having round heads, the flat head being considered as the distinguishing mark of freedom.

The Chinooks, like all other Indians, pull out the beard at its first appearance. Slavery is carried on to a great extent among them, and, considering how much they have themselves been reduced, they still retain a large number of slaves. These are usually procured from the Chastay tribe, who live near the Umqua, a river south of the Columbia, emptying near the Pacific. They are sometimes seized by war parties, but children are often bought from their own people. They do not flatten the head, nor is a child of one of them (although by a Chinook father) allowed this privilege. Their slavery is of the most abject description. The Chinook men and women treat them with great severity, and exercise the power of life and death at pleasure.

No combination of our alphabet sounds could, by any possibility, convey an idea of the horrible, harsh, spluttering sounds, which, form the language of the Flat-Heads, and proceed from their throats, apparently unguided either by the tongue or lip. It is so difficult to obtain a mastery of their language, that none have been able to attain it, except those who have been born among them. They have, however, by their intercourse with the English and French traders, succeeded in amalgamating, after a fashion, some words of each of these tongues with their own, and forming a sort of patois, barbarous enough, certainly, but still sufficient to enable them to communicate with the traders. Their common salutation is "Clak-hoh-ah-yah," originating, according to some facetious individual, in their having heard in the early days of the free-trade, a gentleman named Clark frequently addressed by his friends, "Clark, how are you!" This salutation is now applied to every white man, their own language affording no appropriate expression. Their language is also peculiar in containing no oaths, or any words conveying gratitude or thanks.

The costume of the men consists of a musk-rat skin robe, the size of our ordinary blanket, thrown over the shoulders, without any moccasins, or leggings. Painting the face is not much practised amongst them, except on extraordinary occasions, such as the death of a relative, some solemn feast, or going on a war-party. The female dress consists of a girdle of cedar-bark round the waist with a dense mass of strings of the same material hanging from it all round, and reaching almost to the knees. This is the sole summer habiliment. They, however, in very severe weather, add the musk-rat blanket. They also make another blanket from the skin of the wild goose, which is here taken in great abundance. The skin is stripped from the bird with the feathers on, and cut in strips, which they twist so as to have the feathers outwards. This makes a feathered cord, and is then netted together, so as to form a blanket, the feathers filling up the meshes, rendering it a light and very warm covering.

The country which the Chinooks inhabit being almost destitute of furs, they have little to trade in with the whites. This, coupled with their laziness, induced by the ease with which they procure fish, which is their chief subsistence, prevents them obtaining ornaments of European manufacture, consequently anything of the kind is seldom seen amongst them. In comparison with some of the tribes on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, the Chinooks evince very little taste in ornamenting either their persons or their warlike or domestic implements. The only utensils Mr. Kane saw at

all creditable to their decorative skill were carved bowls and spoons of horn, and baskets made of roots and grass, woven so closely as to serve all the purposes of a pail, in holding and carrying water. In this they even boil their fish. This is done by immersing the fish in one of the baskets filled with water, into one of which they throw red-hot stones until the fish is cooked; fish are as expeditiously dressed this way as if done in a kettle over a fire. The only vegetables in use among them are the camas and wappatoo. The former is a bulbous root, much resembling the onion in outward appearance, but is more like the potato when cooked, and is very good eating. The wappatoo is somewhat similar, but larger and not so dry and delicate in flavour. They are found in immense quantities in the plains in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver, and in the spring of the year present a most curious and beautiful appearance, the whole surface exhibiting an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultramarine blue from the innumerable blossoms of these plants. They are cooked by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of hot stones, covering them with dry grass, on which the roots are placed; they are then covered with a layer of grass, and on the top of this they place earth, with a small hole perforated through the earth and grass down to the vegetables. Into this the water is poured, which, reaching the hot stones, forms sufficient steam to completely cook the roots in a short time, the hole being immediately stopped up on the introduction of the water. They often adopt the same ingenious process for cooking their fish and game.

During the season the Chinooks are engaged in gathering camas and fishing, they live in lodges constructed by means of a few poles covered with mats made of rushes, which can be easily moved from place to place; but in the villages they build permanent huts of split cedar boards. Having selected a dry place for the hut, a hole is dug about three feet deep, and about twenty feet square. Round the sides square cedar boards are sunk and fastened together with cords and twisted roots, rising about four feet above the outer level; two posts are sunk at the middle of each end with a crotch at the top, on which the ridge pole is raised, and boards are laid from thence to the top of the upright boards fastened in the same manner. Round the interior are erected sleeping-places, one above another, something like the berths in a vessel, but larger. In the centre of this lodge the fire is made, and the smoke escapes through a hole left in the roof for that purpose. The fire is obtained by means of a small, flat piece of dry cedar, in which a small hollow is cut, with a channel for the ignited charcoal to run over; this piece the Indian sits on to hold it steady, while he rapidly twirls a round stick of the same wood between the palms of his hands, with the point pressed into the hollow of the flat piece. In a very short time sparks begin to fall through the channel upon finely frayed cedar bark placed underneath, which they soon ignite. There is a great deal of knack in doing this, but those who are used to it will light a fire in a very short time.

The only native warlike instruments amongst the Indians are bows and arrows; these they use with great precision. Their canoes are hollowed out of the cedar by fire, and smoothed off with stone axes. Some of these are very large, as the cedar grows to an enormous size in this neighbourhood. They are made extremely light, and, from their formation, are capable of withstanding very heavy seas.

The principal amusement of the Chinooks is gambling, which is carried to great excess amongst them. You never visit their camp but you hear the eternal gambling song of "He-hah-ha," accompanied by the beating of small sticks on some hollow substance. Their games are few. The one most generally played amongst them consists in holding in each hand a small stick, the thickness of a goose-quill, and about an inch and a half in length, one plain, and the other distinguished by a little thread wound round it, the opposite party being required to guess in which hand the marked stick is. A Chinook will play at this simple game for days and nights together, until he has gambled away every thing he possesses, even to his wife. They also take great delight in a game with a ball, which is played by them in the same manner as the Cree, Chippewa, and Sioux Indians. Two poles are erected about a mile apart, and the company is divided into two bands, armed with sticks, having a small hoop or ring at the end, with which the ball is picked up and thrown to a great distance; each party then strives to get the ball past their own goal. There are sometimes a hundred on each side, and the play is kept up with

great noise and excitement. At this game they bet heavily, as it is generally played between villages or tribes. They have tolerably good horses, and are fond of racing, at which they also bet considerably. They are expert jockeys, and ride fearlessly.

Such are a few of the more striking features in the life of the Flat-Head Indians of Vancouver's Island, a locality which the discovery that its soil was a veritable treasury of auriferous deposits, has brought thither a vast mining population. Every material for civilization is now there but one—the scarcity of the fair sex. The miners have already expressed their eagerness to pay handsomely for them, and we would not be surprised to shortly hear of some enterprising speculator undertaking a venture with a cargo of the required matrimonial commodity. As it is, British Columbia has at present a white population of nearly 100,000, and affords many inducements to intending emigrants. The soil, both of the island and mainland, is rich and fertile; the climate is said to be superior to that of countries in the same latitude, (between the fifty-fifth and sixtieth parallels,) on the other side of the Rocky Mountains; its fisheries are most valuable; vast tracks of pasture land exist, available for breeding cattle on any scale; its timber is the finest in the world; coal is supposed to abound, and its mineral treasures, exclusive of gold, are undoubtedly very large. In many years to come, capital and muscle will find plenty of occupation in this new market of the Pacific.

FROM THE WINDOW.

REACH over reach of slated roof,
Moss-encrusted and broken tile,
A grey bell swinging from hour to hour,
Potted chimney-stacks, pile on pile;
Mighty splendours of faded brick,
Dripping eave stones, with blotch and flaw,
And gables rotten with yellow smoke,
Out from the window sill I saw.

Sometimes, 'twixt noon and three o'clock,
The sun would shine on the bricks and tiles,
Fill the old rooms and shattered panes
With dusty glories and wrinkled smiles;
Touch the belfry and, sliding down,
Slantwards fall on the slated flats,
Where, in the hush of the twilight time,
Fluttered the owls and wheeled the bats.

High up, high up! In the street below,
The children's chatters at night would rise.
Or the oysterman, with pipe in mouth,
Howl of his fish to the vacant skies.
Cocks that never had tweaked a spear
Of wholesome grass in the country green
Would crow—such crows!—about twelve o' night,
Telling the people 'twas all serene.

Looking down thro' the patchy glass
Of our frowzy neighbours over the way,
At times we saw them deject and sad,
And sometimes boisterously gay.
They rose about noon, broke bread at four,
Dined, lord knows when, or where, or how,
Perhaps they lived on a meal a day—
This is conjecture, anyhow.

By Jove supreme, I had nigh forgot
The vagrant sparrows upon the eaves,
Sooty scoundrels that rose with the sun,
And got to bed with the folding leaves;
Afront, around the window sill,
They wheeled and whistled, the while there beat
Ringing anvils and fluffy drums,
Underneath in the drowsy street.

MAN.—Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away far above the world, amidst the melodies of Heaven.

GLENDALOUGH.



THE valley of Glendalough, commonly called the Seven Churches, is situated in the barony of Bal-linacor, twenty-two Irish miles from Dublin. It is very spacious, being between one and two thousand yards in breadth, and about two miles and a half in extent, having lofty and precipitous mountains hanging over it upon every side, except on that by which it is entered between Derrybawn on the south, and Broccagh mountain on the north.

The visiter passes up the valley, through which a stream winds, for about half a mile, and ascending an eminence in the road, sees before him, at a quarter of a mile distance, the site of the Bishopric and Abbey of Glendalough. Nothing can be more grand and interesting than this view—interesting from the association of ideas connected with these ruins—interesting from the wild and sublime character of the scenery around. The principal ruins stand on a green eminence that slopes down gradually from the breast of a mountain ridge, separating two deep glens, and terminating in a rich verdant swell just above the churches; the vale to the left is that of Glendalough, that is, the glen of the two lakes; that to the right neither so extensive nor so deep, nor surrounded with such precipitous mountains, contains some rich lead mines, which are now in full work; at the foot of the eminence on which the ruins stand, the streams, flowing from the glens to the left and right, unite and form the river, which running down by Lara, falls into the Ovoca.

The ruins of Glendalough are more interesting from their grouping and position than from any grandeur in their separate parts. Here is a lofty and perfect round tower, and also one of the old stone-roofed buildings, similar to that on the Rock of Cashel and at St. Douglough's, near Dublin, which is called Kevin's kitchen. From the round tower there is a full view up the two glens and down the valley towards Lara. The churchyard surrounding those buildings was entered by an old ivied Saxon arch, which now only kept from falling by the ivy that surrounds it. The extraordinary position of those buildings, in the midst of the lonely mountains, placed at the entrance of a glen singularly deep and secluded, with its two dark lakes winding far in gloom and solitariness, and over which deep vale hang mountains of the most abrupt forms, in whose every fissure, linn, and gorge, there is a wild and romantic clothing of oak, and birch, and holly, is peculiarly interesting. On the southern side of the vale are the hills of Derrybawn and Lug-duff, in the latter of which is St. Kevin's bed, a natural excavation in front of a perpendicular rock, thirty feet above the surface of the lake.

The late Rev. Cæsar Otway thus described his visit to it; and as more than one of the names which he mentions as having been recorded upon its sides have, since his time, been obliterated, we give the author's own words: "By this time we had rowed under St. Kevin's Bed, and landing adjoining to it, ascended an inland stratum of rock to a sort of ledge or resting-place, from whence I and some others prepared to enter the B.d. Here the guides make much ado about proposing their assistance; but to any one who has common sense and enterprise, there is no serious difficulty; for by the aid of certain holes in the rock, and points which you can easily grasp, you can turn into this little artificial cave, which, in fact, is not bigger than a small baker's oven. I, and two young men who followed me, found it a very tight fit when crouched together in it. At the further end there is a sort of pillow and peculiar excavation made for the saint's head, and the whole of the interior is tattooed with the initials of such as have ventured to come in. Amongst many I could observe those of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Combermere, etc., and we were shewn the engravings of certain blue-stockings—*as, for instance, Lady Morgan, who had made it her temporary 'boudoir.'* The names of Thomas Moore, Maria Edgeworth, and of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, also occur. We were informed that not long ago an adventurous Scotch earl chose to spend the night in this singular bed with his son, a young child, and that his lordship did not get a wink of

sleep, being kept awake, not by the interference of any visitor from the other world, not by the hardness of his couch, nor the breaking of the waves immediately below, but by the snoring of his over-tired companion."

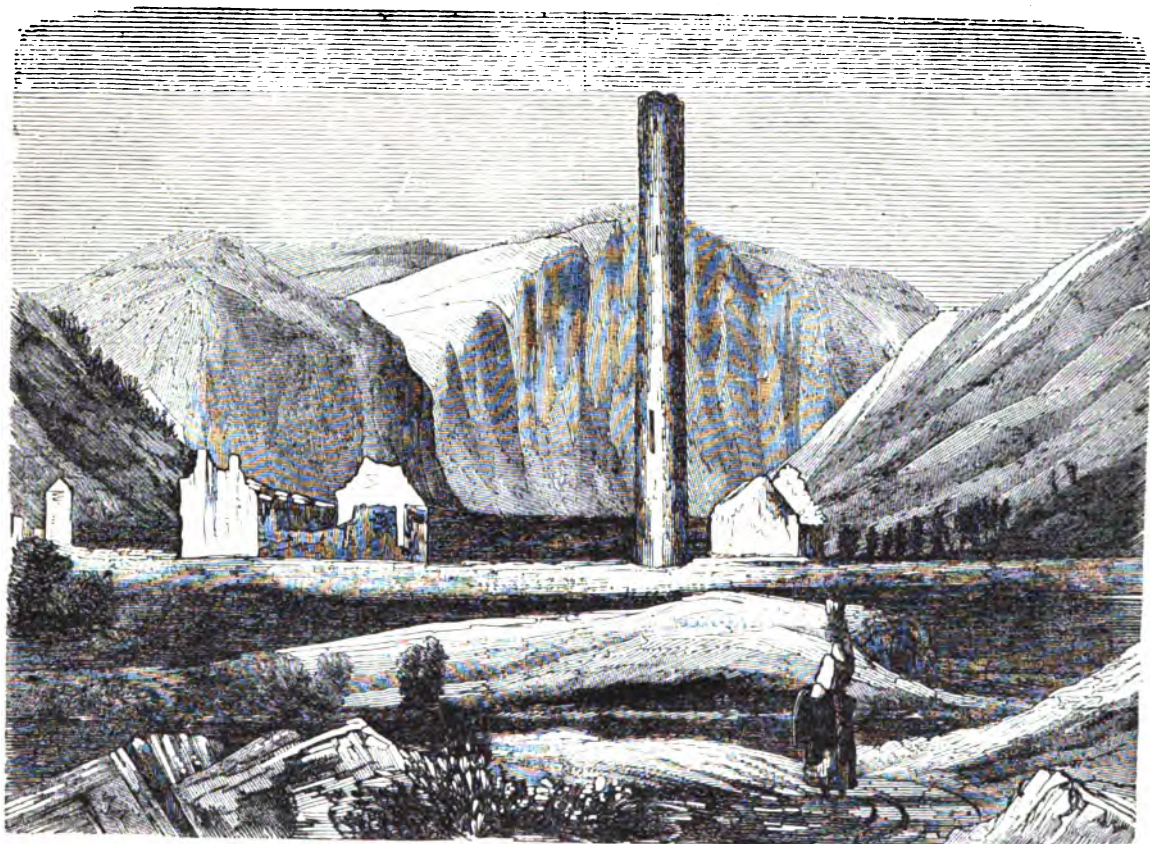
The city, proper, of Glendalough was anciently surrounded by an immense wall or cashel, the chief gateway of which, until lately, remained perfect. It consisted of an outer and inner archway, truly Roman in character, and which in any other country would have been carefully preserved. The great archway for many years was in a tottering condition, and it was easy to see it must come down.

St. Kevin's Kitchen is now the most perfect of the Seven Churches. It is roofed with stone, and has a steeple at one end, a perfect miniature of the round towers. It was lighted by one window, the architrave of which was of freestone, richly sculptured, but want of good feeling and of good taste permitted this enriched moulding

summit. The roof of the church, which is still perfect, and very curious, is comprised of thin stones or flags, neatly laid, and with a very high pitch; the ridge of the roof is thirty feet, while that of the double building at the east end is only twenty.

Beneath the dark, frowning cliff of Lugduff, on a little patch of arable land, almost inaccessible, except by water, are the ruins of a church, called Teampull-na-Skellig—i.e. the Temple of the Desert or Rock; it is also called the Priory of the Rock, and St. Kevin's cell. Here the saint used to seclude himself, and spend his time in penitence and prayer.

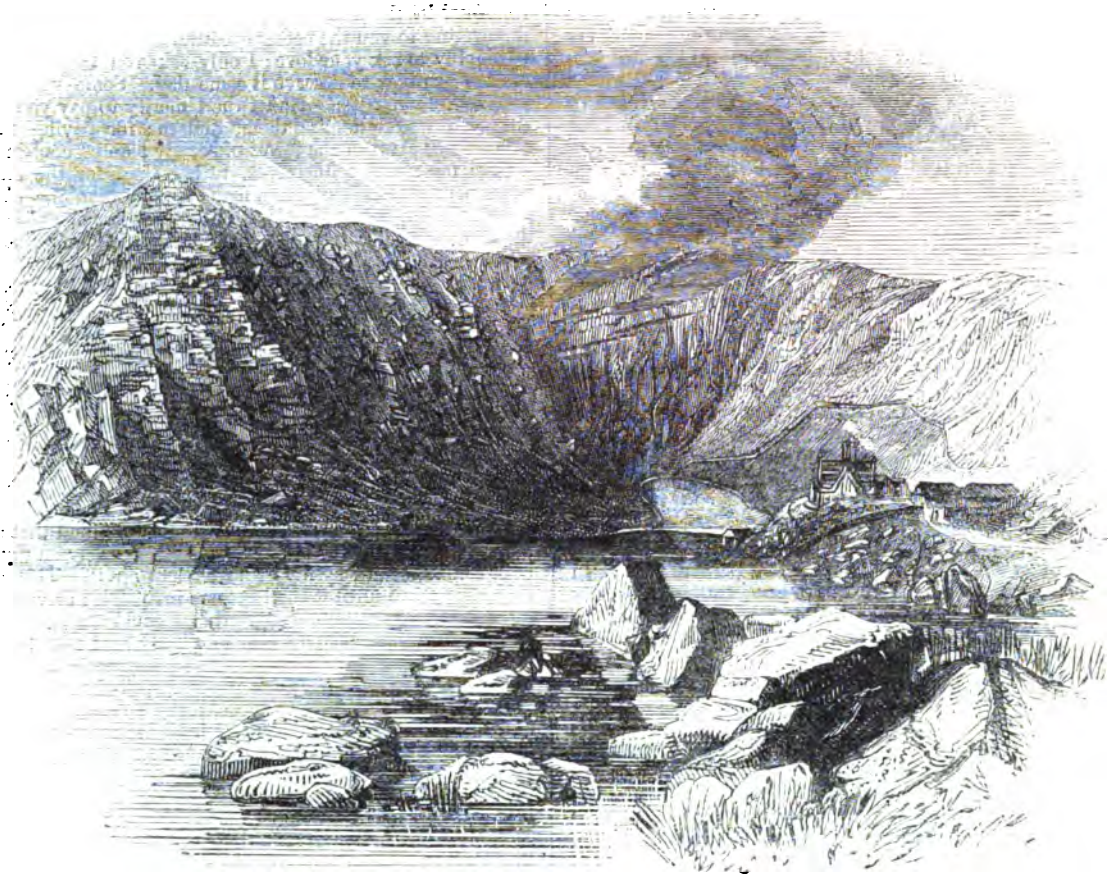
The most eastern church, perhaps the most important, and which is nearest to the entrance to the vale, is generally called the Abbey, and was dedicated, like the cathedral, to St. Peter and St. Paul. St. Kevin's well lies near the pathway leading from the Rhefeart church to the Abbey. The Abbey appears to have been the most masterly specimen of architecture amongst this ex-



to be carried away and triturated into powder for domestic purposes. The interior measures twenty-two feet nine inches in length by fifteen in breadth; its height is twenty feet, and the thickness of the walls three feet six inches. At the eastern end, an arch, the chord of which measures five feet three inches, opens a communication with a smaller chapel, ten feet six inches in length by nine feet three inches in width, having also a small eastern window. The several lower courses of the walls are of a coarse mountain granite; their thickness is three feet, and height about twelve; the door is six feet eight inches high, two feet four inches at the top, and four inches wider at the bottom, the stones running the entire thickness of the wall.

The belfry, which rises from the west end of the church, is a round tower, about fifty feet in height; it is accessible by a small aperture in the ceiling, over which, between the cove and the roof is a large dark void; it was lighted by a small loop-hole near the

tensive collection of ecclesiastical remains. It originally consisted of two buildings parallel to each other, and of curious and beautiful workmanship; the eastern window was ornamented with rich sculpture. Several of the carved stones were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of the bridge at Derrybawn, but some very curious devices are still to be seen; on one is an engraved wolf, with his tail in his mouth, the whole figure within a triangle. The wolf was an old inhabitant of Glendalough, and not totally extirpated until 1710; the triangle may have some reference to the Trinity. On another stone two ravens are represented pecking at a skull, a mere emblem of mortality. Runio knots may be discovered on several stones; on one is seen a wolf, the tail of which is entwined in the hair of a man's head; and on others wolves, or rather wild beasts in general, are represented devouring human heads, all simple emblems of mortality. These specimens are quite unique in Ireland.



LOUGH BRAY.

IT is beyond a question, that there is no city in the British empire exhibiting around it such a variety of picturesque beauties as Dublin. We have the villa-studded, pastoral plain—the spacious bay, with all its variety of coast, from the sandy beach to the bluff sea-promontory—the richly-wooded valley with its limped river—the lonely mountain glen with its cataracts and tiny trout-streams—the purple heath and the solitary tarn, or pool—the rural village and the gay watering-place; while in addition to all these, the interest imparted to natural scenery, by remains of ancient times, is everywhere present. In short, there is no class of scenery which the poet, the painter, the geologist, the botanist, or the mere man of pleasure, could desire, that may not be reached in a drive of an hour or two from any part of the city. Nature has showered on us, with a generous hand, her various riches—the riches derived from her and our Creator.

Lough Bray is situated near the head of the beautiful vale called Glencree, in the county of Wicklow, into which it sends a stream, which, subsequently uniting with the Glenislcoreane river, is called the Dargle and Bray river, and falls into the sea to the north of Bray Head. Though the name is generally used in the singular number, Lough Bray properly consists of two lakes, called Upper and Lower; but the lower is the principal one, both in point of beauty and grandeur of scenery, as well as in extent of surface, its area occupying a space of thirty-seven acres. It is nearly surrounded by mountain precipices, in which eagles are wont to build, and has very much the character of the crater of an extinct volcano.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY DEAR MISS ASHBY—I am afraid that before you have read much of this letter you will be surprised—perhaps offended—by its audacity. I have been at a loss for words all day. I have made a beginning again and again; not that I might write a fine letter, full of what the world calls eloquence, but that I might reach something like a fair expression of that which I feel, and which will permit me no rest, until I have communicated it to you. These are not days when even friends indulge in long letters. We seldom take the trouble to write merely what we feel to our dearest relatives. We communicate facts, our incidents of travel, our good fortune or misfortune. But the interchange of emotions, the exchange of ideas, the communication of sentiments—all this is put aside as the cloudland of Germany. The usages of the world interpose when our human soul would speak frankly and fully to another. I confess that I have been so much in the world, and have become well accustomed to the harness of it; and feel wild and awkward when I endeavour to throw it off. I have been taught to run in this harness. My life has been spent in the society that looks upon its own customs as so many laws, which may not be broken without bringing condign punishment on the culprit. I have been often tempted to withdraw myself from this artificial world of mine. It has satisfied neither my heart nor my understanding. But I have remained weak. ‘Firm resolve’ has never taken the van with me. I am confessing, I fear, that which will tempt you to despise me.

"I began by saying that I feared you would condemn this letter for its audacity, perhaps, for its prolixity also, before you had read half of it. I cannot forbear. I must even dare your enmity, in my anxiety to place myself in a true light before you. I am not possessed by any phantom of yesterday. I am not inspired with a boy's romance, a romance natural to, boyhood, but which has no deep seat in the heart. All this may surprise you; I can only hope that it will not. If I could satisfy myself that your feeling would be one of astonishment on reading this letter, I should tear it up, and you would never see it. The mortification and pain would be great, but I should save myself the pang of being ridiculous in your sight. I know that you are incapable of giving a cruel reply to a genuine expression of feeling; but you may be unconscious that the feeling exists, and, in your candour, you may write that which would hurt more than any deliberate cruelty. I tremble as I write. Over these last few words I have hesitated, walking up and down my room, thinking of every moment I have passed in your society; calling to mind every tone of your voice, every expression of your face. Your few letters lie before me. I have tortured their meaning. I have endeavoured to place myself in the position of a third person, asking this imaginary third person how he would interpret them. This has not helped me, it has rather added to my difficulty. Yours are letters that one person little interested in another might write. For a moment they inclined me to set myself down as a vain and presumptuous coxcomb, and not to offend you with what I had written. But I have again yielded to the insurmountable inclination that is in me, and I continue. I am, perhaps, wrong in making this full confession, since, as I have said, my weakness may lead you to despise me. Let the blow come whence it may—from your contempt or indifference—I must endure it. No sentence can be so severe as this suspense is.

"It is with the humblest spirit, I assure you, that I set my unworthy life before you. It has been a life of unredeemed promises. I have wasted whole years. I have set myself many tasks. I have not completed one. To you only, among your sex, would I make this humiliating and dangerous confession. Again, you see, I tempt you to despise me. I should not put myself in this perilous position if my faith in your generosity and charity were not without limit. I may fall a martyr to my faith, but I shall always rejoice in the recollection of the days when I held it. Our conversation has left an indelible impression on my heart. The hopes I gathered from the kindness with which you listened to me have given me new life. I have wasted years. I am now resolved not to waste another day; since the whole energy of my mind and body shall be devoted to the delightful task of making me worthy of your regard. I fear that I should best consult the dearest interests of my life by waiting and working in silence, until I could show some good object achieved—some way made in the world. But it is my delight to put unbounded trust in your charity. Waif as I am, I dare believe that one who has passed a life, good, and useful, and Christian as yours has been, may, in her infinite kindness, regard me with more feeling than is given to an ordinary guest. May I know that you do not rank me with the herd? If there be truth in the gentle intonations of a woman's voice, if there be a language in her eyes, I am certain that I did not misinterpret you during our walk. I am writing pages where a few words might suffice. It is a sweet circumlocution, and I trust it will not prove too tedious in the reading. I should like to convince you that there is a basis of earnestness and good resolve in me, worth cultivating. Your example would be a beacon-light for ever warning me that I must be up and doing. It is a courageous and devout soul like yours that has been wanting in my existence. I am prone to fall in with the habits and to accept the opinions of people about me—a dangerous weakness, that should urge him who possesses it to consort with the noble and the good. Such a creature cannot be too fastidious. Thrice happy shall I be if you, in your mercy, will let me turn to you as my example, my monitor, and my friend, that, in some day to come that shall not be so far hence, I may, elevated by your friendship and your kindness, ask for a nearer and dearer place in your pure and holy heart.

"I wonder whether you have read thus far? I am certain that you have.

"Yes, I know you have since you have felt that there was sincerity in my words. You see that I do not write a conventional letter to you. I write the truth that is in me without a thought of the

world. I ask you to permit me to approach you; that I may be improved by the proximity; and that I may have opportunities of discovering to you the better qualities of my nature. I value you too highly to ask your love: I only ask you that you will permit me to learn how to deserve it some day. Some women are won by compliments. Had I the temerity to pay you any, I know that you would despise them, and me for paying them. I have reputed the slave of the forms of society; and I confess that I have a taste for social refinements, rather than for the bluntness and coarseness which often give a man a reputation for philosophy of deep thought, while they are only the natural expressions of an uncultivated mind. There are deeper and holier feelings than those which manifest themselves in drawing-rooms, or in the ordinary meetings of men, and these I hold to be beyond the reach or scope of conventional laws. Every heart that is true, should speak that which is in it without reserve: flowers may run wild upon the hedge-rows, but they will never offend the eye. I have often thought that a conventional love-letter was like the barbarism we see sometimes in gardening, trees cut into coves, or carved in the form of chessmen. Art, not Nature, is apt to offend. Mine is the hope "that soareth from the dust;" and I must express it as it rises, freely and without reserve.

"I might enlarge on my worldly prospects. I know, however, that these, were they brilliant, would not commend me to your regard. It happens that they are very modest; and that any hope of holding a fair place in the world is based entirely on my resolve to be of some account, by my own exertions in it. This resolve you may strengthen until it shall become invincible; or you may destroy it. Should you elect to disregard it, I could not blame you, since what claim can I make on your sensibility? I ask everything, and can give nothing, save always promises for the future.

"I have wandered over this paper, impelled by the thoughts that have bubbled up one upon another; and now find that I have not expressed one half the meanings I intended to convey, when I set out. But I hope that I have conveyed some impressions that will lead you to think of me with kindness, and open for me the vestibule to your heart. I tremble like the neophyte who passes the threshold of the temple, craving permission to enter. I desire the smile that shall give me courage to ask admission, and to do the good works that shall assure the assent to my request. I am abashed by your goodness, and my soul is filled with the worship of it. The contemplation of you carries me out of this hackneyed world in which I live; and I feel as though I had travelled, by magic agency, to some land of great delight, where innocence, and beauty, and worship, kept an even holiday for the heart. Will you destroy this dream? Will you cast me back upon myself, and take from me this, the first strong incentive I have felt that is powerful enough to correct the follies of my nature, and endow me with a perseverance that shall accomplish a happy and successful career for me. Your image before me, my best friend, and gentlest, and holiest counselor, I shall labour to be worthy of its presence. Men have need of such elevating pictures. Did not the money-lender, when about to indulge in scandalous usury, turn the picture of his favourite saint to the wall? May I not plead in vain for an inspiring image that shall look down upon all my actions, and by the holy light of her eyes guide them aright? My dear Miss Ashby, your devoted friend,

"HENRY FAVERSHAM."

When the postman pulled the bell at Jamaica Lodge, and dropped the above fine letter from Mr. Henry Faversham in the box at the gate; and when "the hope of the family"—in other words the greatest nuisance in it—withdraw the letter from the box, and flourished it round Miss Ashby's head; and when Miss Ashby, having looked at the envelope, quietly put it into her pocket, as something that would keep, the writer thereof was wandering about Hampstead Heath, watching the sun set over the broad and varied landscape. School-boys were frolicking in the gravel-pits, nurses were chattering as they walked, and holiday-makers were enjoying pence-worth of most uneasy locomotion upon the backs of asses. Faversham sought the most retired spot, as far as possible removed from the interruptions of nursery-maids and donkey-boys, where he might lie and ponder the situation in which he had placed himself. As he picked the pebbles at his elbow and cast them wantonly at the flowering furze, his hopes and fears tormented him. "Clifton is right," said he, "when in a state of doubt—walk."

But Faversham was a very poor pedestrian, who feared dusty boots and a limp collar. So he lay upon the grass tormenting himself. Espied by a gipsy from afar, he was soon asked whether he would give her a little sixpence to have his fortune told. By way of inducement, the old crone told him he had a wicked eye, and that he was destined to make great havoc with them among the ladies. Faversham smiled, and the gipsy, emboldened, approached him. Gipsies know how to please. Why men should be pleased, and women also, when told that they have wicked eyes, is a question that might lead us far. Innocent little girls accosted at pic-nics with this compliment giggle, and are mightily rejoiced. It suited Faversham's mood to banter about fortune. "Come, good gentleman, a bit of silver to cross my hand. You are destined to see many things. You will have a little trouble, but many years of happiness. You will cross the seas. There are two ladies who are interested in you, a fair lady and a dark lady. A large sum of money will be left to you unexpectedly."

"The old story," said Mr. Faversham.

"Let me iron your hand with a little bit of silver; there's a sweet gentleman. The lady you love will be very happy."

Mr. Faversham gave the woman a shilling, and held out his hand. The gipsy was examining it with her hypocritical attention, and was repeating the jargon with which she had elated a nursemaid not half an hour ago, when the pair were startled by a loud burst of laughter. Faversham turned round and met Clifton.

"Well, what says Fortune to you, Faversham?"

Faversham was confused, and dismissed the gipsy, with a shrug.

"How came you here?"

Clifton had heard from Ashby that Faversham had gone for a walk to Hampstead, and, wanting a stretch himself, had followed. "I hope I am not in the way?" Clifton was in his pleasantest mood, and declared that he would see what the old harridan could do for him.

"How many lies for a shilling?" he asked. The old woman laughed—so well she might, and protested that she told only the truth. She informed her second customer that he was very unhappy about a certain lady. He was fickle in his love, and would not yet marry the lady who would marry him. This fortunate one was beyond the seas. She was a widow, but was still very young, and would bring him plenty of money.

Mr. Clifton concluded his interview with the seer by telling her, that if he did his duty, he should hand her over to the police.

"No, sweet gentleman, you couldn't be so cruel." The old woman put on her most engaging smile, dropped her knees, and hobbled away.

"This is all very wrong," quoth Mr. Clifton. "These are the women to get into areas, and rob houses, or make servants rob their mistresses."

"And make the mistresses play false to their husbands."

"It's wonderful how educated women believe in them. A guess made by a harridan, to some woman who is sensible enough on most points, comes true, she predicts an approaching misfortune, and a death happens. From that time forward the foolish woman is a fast believer in fortune-telling. Hundreds of people who have met such an easy coincidence, inoculate their friends with the silly faith, and so the harm spreads. An ignorant person, once in the clutches of a woman like that, might be led into a crime."

It was Mr. Clifton's habit to argue on any incident of his life.

"After all, Zadkiel is only a gipsy in a printing office," said Mr. Faversham. "A fellow who reads the stars for halfpence!"

This conversation carried on, along the pretty lane between Hampstead and Highgate, was a relief to Mr. Faversham's mind.

"How goes the book?" Mr. Clifton asked. Not an hour had elapsed since Jack Ashby had informed him that the quires of paper at Faversham's chambers were almost as clean as when they lay in the stationer's drawers.

"Don't ask. The beginning puzzles me. I'm afraid there's not so much in the subject as I thought there was."

"Ah, my boy, take my advice, and stick to your profession. What's to come out of a novel? You amuse the drawing-room, and are slyly read in the nursery. The master of the house frowns at your three volumes, and wonders how his wife can allow such trash to come into the house. In serious neighbourhoods, your favourite Peckham, for instance, you are voted a trifler, if not a

fool. What do you think Jack's serious sister would say if he took her the three volumes, fresh from Great Marlborough-street?"

Faversham coloured. How could Clifton tell that he was hitting the nail full on the head?

"Look at the novelists!" Faversham protested. "Take a Bulwer, Disraeli, Scott, Lever, Warren; they have not done so badly. Government has smiled on them all. Theodore Hook had his brilliant chance, and it was his own fault that it was of no use to him."

"Your old mistake. These are exceptions, and I maintain that a novel is a very bad stepping-stone. If you are to be a barrister, you must study law. You want to escape the hard fight by a brilliant flank movement. I don't say that you'll not succeed, but it's too risky for me."

These were not palatable reflections to Faversham. He walked silently along, and was glad to bring his journey to a close. The reference to Jack's serious sister was a thorn that pricked in Faversham's side; and when he returned to his chambers he was so disgusted with himself that he tore the page upon which part I. chapter I. was written into twenty pieces.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FANCIES.

BLOW wind from the misty pastures,
That spread to the quiet skies,
Flecked with a hundred shadows,
Bordered by foggy meadows,
Stretched to the vast horizon
Where the mournful daylight dies.

I hear the wail of the brooklets—
Wandering brooks that run,
Where the marigold of the marshes,
And the stems of the phantom larches,
Beckon, like hands of darkness,
Farewells to the sinking sun.

Blow wind and bring me the quiet,
That breathes from a darkening west;
There's peace in an ended story,
Though grief may swallow its glory,
For the tongue of the teller is silenced,
And the wearied listeners rest.

CYSMOLOGY AND METEOROLOGY.



NE of the arts upon which the ancients prided themselves was that of being able to foretell the coming of earthquakes, storms, inundations, and famines, and in such high reverence was the power held that its possession was alone to be found amongst the sacerdotal class, with some few exceptions. The studies on physical and natural history, which this class pursued incessantly, and in which they exercised their adepts, and chiefly the more intelligent of them, leave no doubt that they were the most learned body of men in ancient society. In this way it may be understood that they might from observation and rule have arrived at a considerable knowledge of those events, and the order which ruled them. The history of the Brahmins, the Magi, the Diviners, and Philosophers, is fruitful of those kinds of prognostics which were realised in the majority of cases. Thus Pherecides, the first preceptor of the celebrated Pythagoras, after having examined attentively the water of a well, and having tasted it, told the Samians that the day should not pass without their experience of a cysm, or earthquake. On that evening many shocks were clearly perceived, and on many points

of the island the earth opened and vomited forth sulphurous vapours.

At Lacædemonia, the philosopher Anaximander predicted an earthquake which should occasion the fall of a quantity of the rocks of Mount Taygetus. This prediction was based on the hoarse and formidable sound which preceded, by some hours always, the violent shocks and eruption of a crater. Those men who have wished to draw power from all natural circumstances, to terrify their species, have said that it was the voice of the divinity of the place who was incensed, and consequently they built temples upon the spot.

It is recorded that at Bologna, in the year 1695, the water of the wells and fountains was disturbed and became lukewarm precisely on the eve of an earthquake. The same phenomenon took place in Sicily, in February, 1818, in like manner, on the evening before a terrible eruption of Etna. Some similar phenomena have given occasion to many learned men, of a past age, to fix the day and even the hour of many earthquakes. M. Cadet, of Metz, announced publicly, five days before, the terrible earthquake which ravaged Calabria. In 1828, a French savan predicted, with equal fidelity, a fortnight in advance, the frightful convulsion of the earth which destroyed Lima, and spread its ravages as far as Martinique.

More easily accessible for study even than this, since they manifest themselves more frequently, are those meteorological phenomena, which were at all times a fruitful source, from whence Thaumaturgy sprung. Zoroaster, and the principal chiefs of the sacerdotal class of antiquity, cultivated with more or less success this important branch of science, and rendered it available, in order to give to the peoples a high idea of their mission. However, amongst all the heathen people who aspired to teach in the times of antiquity, we must say, to the praise of the Greeks, that their philosophers rejected those naughty pretensions, and used their meteorological knowledge only in a most laudable purpose. They seem to have made it available for the enlightening of the masses, and for learning every individual, gifted with reason, that all in creation follows a fixed and certain order, and that it is not given to any to have the power to alter the course of things. Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, and many other great thinkers of those ages, announced to their compatriots, with the disinterestedness which characterises true philosophy, that it was necessary to fortify themselves against a year of famine always, and to prepare their caves and their granaries in order to receive an abundant supply.

It is in this way we notice the great difference which existed between the priesthood of heathendom and the philosophers; the former turned science to their personal profits, whilst the latter applied it to the instruction and happiness of the people.

The art of meteorological foresight runs naturally from the study of celestial phenomena; thus, that of which we speak, pursued with perseverance give a great importance and a certain precision to the meteorological art. The diviners, augurs, haruspices, and philosophers, often prognosticated truly from the inspection of the heavens. Empedocles, after his initiation in the mysteries, was taught secretly the means of trammelling the winds, of exciting or allaying tempests. The Druidesses of the British Isles claimed the power of unloosing hurricanes, and of being capable of re-establishing calm on the agitated sea. The Egyptian priests were very skilful in foreseeing events of this kind, the mariners coming to consult them before departing for the sea. Thales, who derived his knowledge from the Egyptians, composed a short treatise on the signs announcing atmospheric variations. Thus, for example, the appearance of a small, white cloud on the horizon, when the heavens are clear, announces a shower preceding a gale of wind. The traveller Brard, who sojourned a long time in Egypt, affirms, from his personal observations, that this prognostic is almost infallible. At the Cape of Good Hope, hurricanes are equally preceded by a little cloud in the horizon, which the sailors have called a bull's eye. It is likewise on the coast of Guinea, small, dusky clouds scattered over the sky like stains announce a tempest which shall burst ere a long time elapses from their appearance. Great sultriness and great frosts, storms and calms, have equally their signal precursors. Dioscorides predicted rain for the next day whenever he beheld on the evening firmament a dark cloud forming a curtain on the horizon. He was never deceived. He predicted also a storm, more or less violent, when amid great heats the sky was rayed with luminous bands. The historian Pausanias states that he saw some of the adepts of the Pagan temples turn away an enormous hail-storm which would very

probably have ravaged the country upon which it should burst. Their mode of proceeding was, he states, to raise towards the clouds great poles ornamented with phylacteries. The same process against hail was put in practice anew in the seventeenth century. The physician Bertholon proposing hail stops somewhat like those of the ancients. Indeed, it is not many years since a memoir on hailstops was read in the most scientific assembly in Europe, the Institute of France; and a most interesting account upon this subject is to be found in the Transactions of that body.

There existed of old, just as there exists to-day, a popular species of meteorology practised by country folk. This meteorology, the fruit of many years of experience, rarely deceives the observing peasant. The story of Sir Isaac Newton and the herd-boy is one of the reminiscences of this fact. It can, of course, occur that the prediction of a peasant may not be strictly exact—that, in place of rain it might blow a gale of wind, and *vice versa*; but some change is certain. A great *savan* tells us that once being travelling along a country-road he met a labourer, who remarked to him that the sky, which was then of a pale blue flecked over with minute white clouds, which were stationary and presented an irregular and torn appearance, prognosticated a great storm, either in the evening of that or on the day following at furthest. On that evening his prediction was verified, and continued three days. The writer who tells this incident relates that he knew many of the peasantry who could foresee, by means of this weather lore, dry or damp seasons, thunder storms, frosts, and all the general variations of the atmosphere. This faculty arises from a spirit of observation and from its tried experience.

In the ancient times this knowledge of atmospheric and terrestrial changes was regarded as the gift of the gods, and those who possessed it took to themselves the credit of this belief, in order to gain honours and profit. Now, we can understand, in the spread of a better knowledge, and under the influence of a religion which aids and serves that spread by its wise revelations, that out over all creation there are visible signs and symbols by which the processes of nature are interpreted to us, if we only read them aright, and seek the profit which Providence has designed for us, when the great volume of his Handiwork was spread first before the wondering eyes of man.

THE POT OF MIGNONETTE.

HE asked for flowers, and we were poor,
She babbled of familiar nooks,
Of chesnut shadows, country brooks,
What time there surged apart our door
The storms of Dublin, vast and black.
Her mother wept, and shunned replying,
And I was dumb from grief, for she,
Our love, our only one, was dying.

She raised her fingers, white and wan,
And beckoned me beside her bed,
Thrice kissed my brows and faintly said:
"Dear heart, have all the daisies gone?"
"Poor love, they'd die amid the smoke,
And miserable Dublin shadows;
Where, in this wilderness of brick,
Would one find daisy-beds or meadows?"

But, from the window sill, I brought
A red-hued pot of Mignonette,
Which in the spring her hands had set
Upon the stone. Her dim eyes caught
The holy flowers which matted lay
Within the rim—a fragrant sadness;
She placed her thin hand mid the leaves,
And, dying, almost wept with gladness.

And, in my dreams at night, I saw
Our Ellen sitting in the skies,
Amid the angels, whose great eyes
Looked upwards in exceeding awe.
A bunch of shining Mignonette
Was folded in her saintly bosom;
The heavens themselves distilled the breath
Of Mignonette in leaf and blossom.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.

V.—ROSCOMMON ABBEY AND CASTLE.



PERHAPS, in all Ireland, there is not a town so inconsiderable in itself, and yet possessing two such remarkable mementos of its former greatness, as Roscommon, the assize town of the county of the same name. On one side, towards the north, stretch the ruins of its magnificent castle; and, on the southern side, in the midst of rich green meadows, and embowered in large old ash trees, stand all that remains of the once beautiful abbey, founded here in the year 1257, by King Phelim, for ecclesiastics, with the tomb of its royal but ill-fated founder still to be seen on the right of the high altar; he died 1265. On comparing the above sketch with that taken by Grose, and published in his 'Antiquities,' it will be found that since his time much of the walls have crumbled away, though it must be confessed that the trees which have risen in the interim fully compensate the old building for whatever it may have lost otherwise. There are no remains of a southern transept visible, and the window in the north, which, in Grose's time, retained a good deal of its tracery, is now quite denuded of that ornament; in the great east window, however, enough remains to show that at one time the finishing must have been beautiful; the Gothic mullions of this window, as seen from the inside, present a strikingly handsome appearance, standing out in bold grey relief from the deep close background of ivy, with which the whole outside of that gable is richly and exuberantly clothed. The choir seems to have been lit also by a number of tall narrow windows, some of which are still visible under the coat of ivy.

Of the castle, of which the following is an illustration, there is



nothing standing but a part of the outer shell, no portion remaining

roofed except one of the round towers, that to the left of the view, in which there is still a spacious oval apartment, the height of the structure, and vaulted over head, said to have been a council chamber. At the earliest periods a castle stood on this site, which, being in ruins, in the year 1268, was then rebuilt, in its present shape, by John D'Ufford, Justiciary of Ireland. The walls surrounded a spacious area, now converted into a paddock, and were immensely thick, as may be seen from some massive fragments which lie scattered around. A large Norman tower stood at each angle, but the one alluded to is the only one in the building in anything like preservation. Tradition says that this once splendid structure was not utterly ruined until the period of the wars between James and William.

GOLD AND SILVER.



OLD seems to have been employed by the monarchs of antiquity in much greater quantity than any of the modern nations have been accustomed to. It appears that Solomon received twenty seven tons of gold in one year, and the same authority informs us that "all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold; and all the vessels of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold, none were of silver; and it was accounted as nothing in the days of Solomon." The lavish employment of gold by the nations of antiquity is recorded by Rollin and other early historians.

Gold forms alloys with almost all other metals, and is very seldom seen in a pure state. In jewellery it is mixed with a small portion of copper, which gives it an additional hardness and durability, and in guineas, sovereigns, etc., there are twenty-two parts of pure gold to two parts of copper. Such gold is called "gold of twenty-two carats fine." Such is the ductility of this metal that it has been calculated it would take fourteen millions of films of gold, such as is on some fine gilt wire, to make up the thickness of one inch, whereas fourteen million leaves of common printing paper would occupy *three quarters of a mile*; and that one ounce of gold is sufficient to gild a silver wire of more than thirteen hundred miles long.

Although gold possesses this superior ductility to all other metals, such is its tenacity, that a wire, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, will support a weight of five hundred pounds. As no acid can possibly dissolve gold it is often used to solder the joints of platinum stills for mineral acids. It was formerly used in medicine under the name of "potable gold." In those days of credibility it was generally prescribed to patients who could furnish the apothecary with gold enough to make as much of the medicine as he should pronounce sufficient to insure the cure. Fulminating gold is a precipitate of this metal, and when dried on a filter forms a powder which detonates by heat or friction. A shocking account is given by Maquer of a person losing both his eyes by the bursting of a phial containing fulminating gold, which exploded by the friction of a glass stopper against a minute quantity that adhered unobserved to the neck of the bottle. Another instance of its destructive power occurred in the London Post-office about thirty years since; a person thoughtlessly put a letter into the office containing a small quantity of the powder, which he wished to transmit to a friend; in placing the office stamp upon the letter the contents exploded, blowing away the hand and arm of the clerk stamping it. Unlike most other things in nature, gold is not diminished or evaporated by heat; Gustavus Clavius put one ounce of pure gold in an earthen vessel into that part of a glass-house furnace where glass is always kept melted, and continued it there in fusion for two months together; and Knuckle mentions a like experiment made in a glass furnace of the Duke of Holastia, in which the gold was exposed to the fire for thirty weeks; these continued and vehement degrees of heat it sustained without any sensible alteration or diminution of quantity. One of the principal advantages in the use of gold is that it does not oxidize, as iron and many other metals do. If iron be exposed to the air, and water, in the way of damp or rain, be

allowed to touch it, it will decompose the water, and, combining with the oxygen contained in it, forms what is commonly called rust, and chemically, *oxide of iron*; but neither air nor damp will effect any change on gold, which still preserves its wonted lustre and brilliancy whether in a dry or humid atmosphere.

The Sonah Wallah (which signifies in Hindustanee, "the gold fellow,") or itinerant goldsmith of India, is famous for his ingenuity. Rude and simple as are his tools, he far exceeds European workmen in the production of delicate and intricately formed trinkets; his small, taper, and flexible fingers more than supplying the place of the numerous varieties of implements which the mechanic of Birmingham or Sheffield finds indispensably necessary. Indian chains of gold and silver have been ever celebrated for the beauty and complication of their structure; and although the Sonah Wallah may be considered to excel particularly in this branch of his art, yet he still must be admitted to surpass, or at least equal, the European even in the manufacture of finger rings, bracelets, and armlets. We may add that much of the superior ingenuity of the Indian goldsmith may be attributed to the divisions of the people into castes, or sections, by which fundamental law the same profession is carried on by the same people or family through countless generations; the *Shastra*, or code of Hindú laws, forbidding the mixture of the castes, or interference with any business or profession not carried on by their progenitors.

There are four integral divisions of the people. The first caste, the Brahmans, are said by the Hindú scriptures to have issued at the creation from Brahma's mouth; they are set apart for the priesthood and legislative departments of the state. The second are the *Chhatryas*, who form the armies. The third, the *Vaisyas*, are merchants. The fourth, the *Soodras*, are considered the most ignoble, and to them are left the mechanical arts; amongst these are the goldsmiths.

Silver was in very early use amongst the ancients; the first notice of it we find in Genesis, where "Abraham weighed to Ephron, in the audience of the sons of Seth, four hundred shekels of silver." This was 1800 years before Christ, and eleven hundred before the foundation of Rome. Pliny says, such was the luxury of the Romans, that it was simply reckoned a piece of *elegance* (not extravagance) to consume in the ornaments of coaches and the trappings of horses, metals which their ancestors could not use, even in drinking vessels, without being astonished at their own prodigality. Nero and his wife shod their favourite horses with gold and silver. Silver was formerly of more value, when compared with gold, than it is at present; Herodotus tells us that, in his time, the relative value of gold and silver in Greece and Persia was thirteen to one. Plato, who flourished fifty years after him, says the value of gold in Greece was to that of silver as twelve to one; and Meander, who wrote about three hundred years after Christ, estimates the value of gold to silver as ten to one. It is generally supposed, that when metal was first employed as an instrument of barter, those who wished to purchase goods carried a mass of it about with them from place to place, and provided themselves with instruments to cut off a sufficient quantity for their purpose; but they soon felt the necessity of having pieces ready cut and weighed; and as knowledge increased, men found a way of enriching themselves by amalgamating silver and gold with less precious metals; and it is probable that, to prevent frauds of this kind, the rulers of different states placed their stamps on these pieces of metal to attest their purity.

Silver is about ten times as heavy as water; and is found either in a native state, as ore, or combined with other metals; and is chiefly brought from Mexico and Peru, though it is found in every quarter of the globe. The silver mines of Mexico and Peru far exceed in value the whole of the European and Asiatic mines; for we are told by Humboldt, that in the space of three centuries they afforded 316,023,133 pounds troy of pure silver; and he remarks that this quantity would form a solid globe of silver 91,206 feet in diameter. Many are of opinion that the Andes, if properly examined, would afford silver enough to overturn our present commercial system, by making silver as common as copper. Notwithstanding the immense quantities which have already been extracted from these mines, they still continue to repay the miners' toil; but instead of finding the ore near the surface, as formerly, the workmen are obliged to descend to prodigious depths to obtain it. So poisonous are the exhalations which arise from them, that the cattle grazing on the outside are affected by their pernicious fumes, and many

thousands of Indians have perished in them; nevertheless, such is the effect of avarice, that prodigious numbers of them are still sacrificed year after year. Although the exhalations of the mines are so poisonous, silver is thought the most wholesome of all the metals, and therefore forks and spoons are made of it. Native silver is mostly found in the mines of Potosi. In the museum of the Academy of Science at Petersburg, there is a piece of native silver from China, of such fineness, that coins have been struck from it without its having been passed through the crucible. Silver has been found in many parts of the United Kingdom; in Aberistwith a mint was established, in the year 1637, for coining Welsh silver.

Silver is the most brilliant metal we have, nothing surpasses its splendour except steel when highly polished; it possesses more hardness than gold, tin, or lead, but it is softer than iron, platinum, or copper. In ductility it is next to gold, fifty square inches of silver leaf weighing not more than a grain; the silver wire used by astronomers being no more than half the thickness of a fine human hair. Gold thread is only silver wire gilt; an ingot of silver, usually about thirty pounds weight, is made into a roll an inch and a half in diameter, and about twenty-two inches long. From one to two ounces of gold leaf are sufficient to cover this cylinder: but this thin coat of gold must be yet vastly thinner; the ingot is repeatedly drawn through holes of the several irons, each smaller than the other, till it be finer than a hair, every new hole diminishes its thickness, but what it loses in circumference it gains in length, and consequently increases in surface, yet the gold still covers it. How great must be the ductility of both the gold and silver, when the latter is drawn by this process into a thread nine hundred times less than it was at first, and the gold still covers it! Silver readily combines with sulphur: those who rob the public by diminishing the current silver coin expose the coin to the fumes of burning sulphur, by which a black crust of combined sulphur and silver is formed, which, by a smart blow, comes off like a scale, leaving the coin so affected, that the operation may sometimes be repeated twice or thrice without much hazard of detection.

Silver is, like gold, a *perfect* metal—that is, it is not volatilized by heat, some of it having been kept in a glass-house furnace two months, with a diminution only of one-twelfth in weight; it has, however, been proved that, if heated in a stream of oxygen gas, the whole may be volatilized. All the *imperfect* metals may be either volatilized or reduced to a calx by heat, and thus is virtue spoken of as "gold or silver tried in the furnace." Silver is used chiefly for domestic utensils and current coin, but for these purposes it is generally alloyed with copper, without which it would not have sufficient hardness to sustain much wear. Our standard silver is formed of about thirty-seven parts of pure silver, and three parts of copper; and one pound of standard silver is coined into sixty-two shillings. The indelible marking ink, usually sold by druggists, is composed of silver and nitric acid; and the lunar caustic, which is the most active escharotic known, is also prepared from silver. There is likewise an article called fulminating silver procured from it, of so dangerous a character, that a minute quantity only can be made at a time with safety, and even that could not be removed to a phial without the utmost risk of shattering the glass into ten thousand pieces.

CRUMBS FROM A WALLET.



IN passing through D'Olier street, city of Dublin, a few weeks ago, the observant eyes of the present writer were struck with the appearance of a professional female mendicant, standing at a hotel door, and balancing a pair of well-to-do babes in her arms. The infants, as a humorous friend observed, were got up regardless of expense, particular attention being paid to their heads, which were decently clothed in the whitest of white caps. Naturally of a benevolent turn, the writer was about to bestow an alms on the interesting trio, when the aforementioned friend caught his sleeve, and whispered in his ear, "You're a flat!"

"A flat!" quoth the owner of the aleve, elevating his eye-brows and striving to look indignant. "A flat! Sir, is it possible for a man, possessing the slightest sympathy with his suffering kind, to behold, unmoved, poverty associated with the utmost cleanliness? Look at these babes! By Jupiter, I could kiss them for those dear white caps!"

"Credulous to a fault," was the reply. "Do you not understand this woman's game? Knowing that want is considered inseparable from filth, and therefore despised, she acts like an artist, she catches your eye with a display of clean linen, (mind how carefully she conceals all but the heads of her charges.) She absolutely levies contributions for soap and starch—she picks your pocket with a quilling, and washes your purse out with a bit of soap."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the writer, "my dear sir, my dear sir—"

"Hush!" interrupted the judicious friend, "hush! The heaviest curse which society voluntarily takes to itself is indiscriminate charity. Plead goodness of motive if you will, but do not forget that you increase a malignant evil whilst you minister to your self-complacency. When you have anything to give away, recollect that there are poor-boxes and public charities. Do not suffer yourself to be gulled by the exhibition of an ulcerated leg or a humped back. Both are frequently produced by artificial means."

"You astonish me!"

"Some thirty years ago," continued he, "there sat daily upon Ball's Bridge, in the city of Limerick, a venerable beggar, with an incurably sore leg, the hideous appearance of which moved the passers-by to compassion and alms. That leg was worth the owner a clear hundred a year!"

"Come, I say, come—"

"The authorities made a descent upon his house one night, and found the mendicant supping off grilled steaks, which he washed down with bumpers of steaming punch. On examining his cupboard, they found £1,300 stowed away in a secure corner—the thirteen years he spent on the bridge divided into which would leave an annual income of £100 per annum!"

"Marvellous!"

"And further, it was found, that the ulceration by which this enormous fraud was sustained, was kept up by the constant use of irritating applications."

"You astonish me; pray, proceed."

"There is a comic as well as a serious side to begging. It may amaze you to hear that it also rejoices in melo-dramatic features of the highest order."

"Indeed!"

"As an example, take the got up 'destitute room-keeper.' She goes out, generally, between twelve and three, dressed in a faded gown and cloak, a thick cap, and an unexceptionable apron. To perfect her appearance, she carries a large door-key on the forefinger of the left hand. She keeps her eyes on the ground, and moves her lips as if in prayer. Her appeals are commonly of a retrospective nature—she has seen better days, and remembers, she tells you, the time when she could afford to send the children to school. Beware of her! That woman has no house, probably no children. Give her a few pence, by way of experiment, and follow her to the next public-house; the chances are ten to one that you shall find her quarrelling with the barman, insisting that the whiskey with which he has supplied her is not No. 1, or, as she terms it, 'the real thing.' This is your indigent room-keeper."

"Ha! ha! Good!"

"Is it not Addison that tells how a blind and a lame man occupied a begging post for many years opposite his lodging? The blind man carried his lame brother home on his back, the latter acting as pilot to his sightless companion. The spectacle was exceedingly pathetic; but one morning Mr. Addison rose with daylight, and, looking across the street, saw the lame man running down the pavement with most unprofessional celerity. He returned in a few minutes with a glass of gin which he handed to his colleague, who, holding the liquor between him and the light, examined it with a critical glance, and was heard to exclaim: 'My eye! vy its pure Genivy.' Are you aware that mendicants hire children for the purposes of exhibition? I once overheard a conversation between two women who were resting themselves on my door-steps:

"Ah, thin, how much a-day does she charge yez for them?" asked

one of the women, pointing to a pair of dirty-faced boys who were evidently in the other's custody.

"Musha, more than enough, avic. I pays her eightpence a-day for them, an' they're no bargain."

"Eightpence a-day!" exclaimed the other, with a look of agonised astonishment. "Eightpence a-day! arrah, woman alive, doesn't she lend out lords for half the money?"

"Lords," I interrupted; "lords!" what did she mean by lords?"

"Deformed children—hump-backed."

"Oh!"

"Perhaps the most defiant, slatternly, impudent, aggressive, beseeching, and abusive swarm of beggars on the face of the world are to be met with in Kilrush. I once stepped from the steamer to the quay, and was instantly surrounded by a cohort of those wretches."

"The poor woman wid the five childer, yer honor," said one.

"Sure yer not goin' away widout lavin' the seven orphans a pinny," screamed another.

"Ah, wisha, look on the poor widdy, captain, ye'll niver miss it, and blessings be wid you," shouted a third.

"Seeing that their importunities were of no avail, for I strode away in the direction of the town, one cried out, in a tone unmistakably intended for my ears, and those of the bystanders,

"Biddy, Biddy, be considherate, and don't be persecutin' the poor boy. Sure, if he hasn't it for himself how could he have it for others, ai, omadhaun?"

"What impudence," I exclaim. "Let me hope you chastised the wretch's audacity."

"My dear fellow, if you have the least concern for your peace of mind, never engage in a contest of words with a mendicant. He or she is sure to have the best of it. Accustomed as they are to public speaking, they choose their language judiciously, they abound in epigrams, pointed allusions, and sarcasms, which have the notoriety of vulgarity to recommend them. Against such weapons, of what avail are your polite deprecations, and gentlemanly censures? Your opponent is sure to make herself understood, whilst you are condemned to speak Greek to the monkeys. Not that our beggars are more persistent or shameless than their fellows in the neighbouring kingdoms. Take London, for example. When frost and fog set in, troops of beggars patrol the streets in the guise of disemployed workmen, and bearing a banner on which is inscribed the words—'We've got no work to do.' From morning till night their monotonous chant assails the ears, until you are half convinced that the universe is going to pieces for lack of employment.

"We've got no work to do—oo,
We've got no work to do—oo,
Provisions dear, and lodgings high;
We've got no work to do."

"But, of all beggars, recommend me to the Spanish. I am astonished that Quivudo, in his 'Vision of Hell,' does not mention them—an immunity which they enjoy in common with married men. Cervantes quips you a mendicant now and then with the grotesque humour for which he is famous; but it is in the fugitive literature of the Peninsula that they shine with astounding brilliancy. Away from the stores of my library, I do not pretend to be correct in names or data, but I shall be able to remember one or two strange anecdotes. There is a Spanish beggar who tells his own story, which is something in substance like the following:—'He was apprenticed in early life to a scrivener, by whom he was half-starved—indeed, so much so that his joints, when moving, rattled like castanets, and his skin became so transparent that a candle placed at his back illuminated his chest. In the agonies of hunger, he used to appease his appetite by gnawing at mouldy parchments, and on one occasion succeeded in eating off an entire codicil from an important will. The scrivener's house had the reputation of being haunted by a demon in the shape of a serpent, and this circumstance our future mendicant turned to capital advantage. Having ascertained that the supernatural visitor was a mere delusion, he assumed the part himself by marching and countermarching over the house at night, whilst he alarmed the inmates by the most diabolic hissings. He succeeded so well that he was enabled to ~~form~~ the larder and eat to repletion. When this pleasant

trick had gone on for some months, the scrivener was awakened one night by the hissing of the serpent in the apprentice's room. Our poor beggar was performing in his sleep, and his master, assured that the reptile was at last in his power, belaboured the bed so soundly with a cudgel that the apprentice sprang up and was glad to rush from the house with a broken arm. We next find him as director to an old blind beggar-man, who lived sumptuously and was never tired of grumbling against the decrees of Providence. They generally dined by the road-side. The beggar held the wine bottle, permitting the director one sip therefrom to five of his own. This was not fair treatment, so the director, who now assumes the name of Gomez, procured a long straw through which he contrived to suck as much wine as it pleased him. The old man was not slow to suspect that he was the victim of foul play. By listening attentively, he guessed at his comrade's stratagem, discovered him in the act of pilfering, and beat him unmercifully for his misconduct. Bruised and defeated, Gomez arose and led his master to the banks of a deep but narrow rivulet which it was necessary for them to cross. The plan usually adopted by the beggarman was to take a run, spring from the ground at a given signal, and leap over. When they reached the edge of the stream, he explained his plan to his companion, who promised to render him every assistance.

"Jump across, boy, and direct me, and when you have landed shout."

"Gomez sprang to the other side. 'I fear this place is too dangerous,' he said; 'come up further.'"

"I've leaped it a dozen times, I tell thee, boy."

"Aye, aye; but now the banks are fretted, and might give way—follow me."

"The old man complied, and Gomez led him up the stream till they came to a ford stone on his side of the bank. By a variety of manœuvres, he managed to place his friend exactly opposite it, and there addressed him:

"A sweeter bank thou hast never alighted on than this. Step straight backward a dozen paces, run forward for the same number and spring, and God aid thee!"

"Am I fair, boy; am I fair? Does the bank promise firm footing, lad?"

"Delicious," replied Gomez. "Cheese! venerable sir, cheese! no alop here, or I deserve perdition!"

"Forward, you say, boy?"

"Forward, sir. Let your gallop be as straight as an Andalusian ladle, and I promise thee thou shalt not complain of my judgment."

"Then, catch my wallet, lad, and prithee, keep thy fingers from the roast kid, and do not meddle with the doubloons, if thou prizest fair bones and a whole skin. Jago!"

"And with this exclamation, the unfortunate man sprang from the bank and dashed his head to atoms against the ford stone."

"How awful!" I observe.

"Poetical justice, sir," replies my friend. "I presume you never heard the story of the three lazy beggarmen of Chapelizod. Once upon a time, as the old formula goes, there lived in the village three beggarmen, universally celebrated for their lazy habits and plump persons. A gentleman, desirous of judging for himself, visited the worthies and found them reclining against a hay cock in the sunniest corner of a large field."

"Come," cried he, 'I shall give a crown to the laziest amongst you.'

"Two beggars, elated by the prospect of the money, sprang to their feet, and declared they were the idlest, laziest vagabonds in the world, whilst the third merely opened his eyes, looked languidly at the visiter, and closed them again."

"The crown is yours," said the visiter. 'Incomparable idler, you have well deserved it.'

"The lazy beggar merely yawned and took a turn on the hay."

"Come, have the money, my friend," cried the gentleman, offering the coin."

"Can't yez put it in my pocket?" asked the mendicant."

"Do you remember the beggarwomen, whom poor Banim describes with such inimitable truth, in the chapters of 'Father Connel?' The wretches lived gloriously—for, not content with the simple flavour of tea, they took care to adulterate it with whiskey mingled with cream. By the way, about the year 1823, there sat daily at the North Strand turnpike, a blind beggarman, famous for his striking resemblance to the reigning sovereign, George IV. He died shortly after that monarch's visit to Ireland; crowds used to visit him for the purpose of comparing his features with those of his royal prototype; and it is said that the shape which the public curiosity assumed at the time was highly displeasing to the king."

"Well, well," I said, musingly. "Well! of course, after this you will dine with me at the 'Planet.' Denis, grilled steaks and anchovies for two."

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SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER X.

AND there's no fear, sir, of the travellers' getting the start of uz?"

"Make yourself easy on that head—I drew the charges myself, and saw Maney filing the clenching of the hoof-nails, with my own eyes."

"Oh, if that's the case, we may count

it done; Maney's was the sure finger if he touched them. I see him at work at 'em meself the other day, an' he grinnen like a horse aten thistles; the day of the blind man, you know, sir, in the glyn below."

Suil Dhuv started and turned pale. The recollection of the act to which the man alluded had often before occurred to him, but never in a similar state of feeling. He put spurs to his horse, and rode on with Mun Maher, the last speaker and his companion remaining on the spot, and looking after them with some surprise.

"He's afraid he'll be late at the chapel," said one to the other—"but let us ride



THE FATE OF SUIL DHUV.

round, fair an aisy, as he says; and, stay, we have time enough, we'll just step into the shebeen-house over," pointing to a little wretched cabin, in the exterior of which no further indication could be discovered of its claims to the consideration of a caravansary, than the broken bottle which was stuck in the thatch, and a little piece of turf wrapped in a brown paper, and dangling from one of the *scollops* over the low doorway. "There'll nobody see uz there, an' I'm so dhry I could drink faster thin a lime-burner's bag."

When once a certain train of feeling has been laid in the soul, it is extraordinary to observe what a slight accession of circumstances are required to stimulate and strengthen it until it has acquired a mastery over the judgment and the will itself. Every new sight, every new sound, that arrested the sense of the Coiner as he pursued his route with his companion, served to confirm him in the disposition to mournful retrospection which the simple accident of a fine sunny evening, and the revisiting a soil untrod by him for many a year, had occasioned within his heart. The corn-fields, yet in ear, where he had been stationed, while yet a child, to terrify, by the clattering of two flat stones, the dark-plumed plunderers of the neighbouring rookery from his patron's tillage—the very meadows in which he had assisted at harvest time in filling the load of sweet hay on the car, for the purpose of stacking in the *haggart*, the pad-

dock to which he had been despatched on many an evening as fine as this, with an armful of grass for the weanling lambs, and a pot of milk and hay-water for the young calves—the very sally-grove where he was accustomed to walk and chat with her whom he had lured from her father's door (a door that had opened so hospitably to him in his necessities), and whom he was now preparing to desert; all these objects acted like fire upon the remorse that was already beginning to fester within the bosom of the guilty wanderer.

A crooked and (still) broken-up avenue leading to a farm house near the road side, was the next object that caught his eye—and he again involuntarily slackened his pace, for the purpose of gazing upon the dwelling. The place was as familiar to him as his own home would have been; indeed, it was a house in which a very considerable number of years of his unsettled boyhood had been spent; but it was sadly changed in appearance from what it had been when he first beheld it in his young days. It was then a sweet cottage, embowered in foliage and fragrance, with all the indications of rural comfort and content about it. It had now a desolate and uninhabited air. The neat plot before the door was half converted into tillage, and the remainder disfigured and turned up by the grunting burgesses of the adjacent piggery. A muddy pool had settled under the front windows, in which a few meagre-looking ducks were dabbling and diving in silence. The hedge which encompassed the plot was broken and torn up, and, at one spot, had completely given way, blocking up almost half the avenue with its ruins. The alder tree, beneath which he had constructed a summer-seat which he often shared with the pretty daughter of his host, was now reduced to a stump. The house itself was stripped of its decent garment of rough casting—the thatch beaten in at several places—and the chimneys dismantled; these emblems of decay, together with the silence that reigned over the place, struck new feelings of melancholy into the young man's spirit.

"All was still

But the lattice that flapped when the wind was shrill;
Though raves the gust and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again."

A single poplar which stood erect in its graceful slenderness of form in the centre of the little plain, like a gnomon on a dial-plate, flung its lengthened shadow in a direct line toward the front door. The coiner started unconsciously as he observed it, for that was the indication of the expiry of the sixth hour in the afternoon. Breathing a short quick sigh, he checked the reins of his steed, which was making advantage of the meditative disposition of its rider, to drop a mouthful of herbage from the hedge over which he was gazing, and hurried forward with a spirit still more disabled than it had been before his arrival at this spot, for the dreadful task to which he had endeavoured to bend up the energies of his nature.

He was doomed, nevertheless, to experience still farther and more heart-shaking disquietudes. As he approached the spot which was destined to be the scene of the first act of the guilty drama of the night, his attention was directed, by his companion, to a little fort on their right, which Mun pointed out with a grim smile and nod of the head as much as to say—"Twas a good job that was done there, sir." The situation of the spot was such as might, without farther explanation from the speaker, have intimated the nature of that "good" deed. As Suil Dhuv raised his head, in obedience to the light tap of his companion's whip, and looked around him for the first time since he had left the cottage, he was chilled and startled by the sudden alteration which appeared to have taken place in the face of the country, and the stern and sullen contrast which the scene he now beheld presented to that on which his fancy and his memory had been luxuriating a short time before. The verdure, the beauty, the sights of promise and of plenty, and the sounds of mirth and light-heartedness, had vanished as completely as if the wand of a malicious wizard had been laid over the face of the picture. Before the travellers, at a few perches distant, lay a long, deep, straggling glen, covered with heath, bramble, short hazel bushes, alder trees, wild crab, and other stunted and dark-looking individuals of the family of underwood. A brown, boggy stream crept, then bounded, now rippled, then roared, and again murmured at various points of its winding progress through the sullen cleft—its dark waters, in several instances, narrowing and chafing against the ledges of crag,

into a snow white foam, little masses of which floated down the black stream, like solitary virtues on the gloomy river of a bad world's history. The sun, which had chequered with so many sweet varieties of light and shade, the landscape he had left behind, served here only to increase the dreary dullness of the scene. A flat boggy plain or *lack* (a plot of level ground lying near the marge of a rivulet)—covered with a long tabid grass, which is indigenous to such a soil, and assumes the appearance of hay already dry, while it is yet in the act of vegetating, spread its dusky tablet on their left, at the foot of a rocky eminence, while the stream, forming a small semicircle around it, cut it sharply away from the base of a steep and bare cliff, over the summit of which, adorned with a coronal of the red-berried mountain ash, the heavy sunlight darted its sloping rays, which, corrected as they were by the mistiness of the place to a still more hazy faintness, threw an air of slight and softening indistinctness over the rugged outlines of the scene. Near the base of this cliff, in a dark angle on which the light had a still more limited influence than on the more exposed features of the picture, stood a thatched chapel, a plain oblong pile with a small iron cross fastened at the top of the gable, into which the door, an unpannelled plane of timber, marked with the same scored symbol in red paint, was made to open. A narrow road, winding down the hill, formed the approach to this humble temple—and a straggling path, presenting a short cut in this road, from the spot where the Coiner stood, ran almost under their horses' feet. This was pointed out by Maher, who dismounted, and flung the stirrups over the high pommel saddle of his horse, as he observed it. Suil Dhuv followed his example, and threw the reins of his steed to his companion:—

"Remain here until I return," said he; "and if any danger should approach, do not forget, for your life, to give me the token. Where are the things?"

Maher handed him a wrenching iron, a bundle of picks, a file, and a small hammer.

"It's a droll thing if they were left there," the Coiner continued. "Wouldn't they be safer in his own chest?"

"Is it Father O'Regan's? No, indeed—I heard Watty the clerk say meself, that he was afeard o' 'em there, in regard o' the Dillons that he denounced from the altar o' count o' their night-walken. There's no harm in tharyen at any rate; and besides, the priest puts great trust in the chapel above all other places—for, as he said himself, though there's a power o' villyans goen, there's few o' them that are wanten both in the fear and love o' God together."

"Ha! ha! he did not know you or me, Maher," said Suil Dhuv, striving by a painful exertion to laugh away the dark remorse that made the perspiration stand and glisten upon his brow. "Walk the horses softly here, and I'll be with you in ten minutes." And bounding over the stile, he hurried along the path towards the road.

"That's the queerest laugh I ever heard him laugh yit," said Mun Maher, in soliloquy as he gazed after the ruffian; "I wonder now, could it be anythen that would be comen over him, afther all? Isn't it greatly he was thinken all along the road?"

Something, most assuredly, was "coming over" the young man in question, some (to himself) unaccountable state of feeling, a distress, an alarm, an uneasiness, which he could trace to no possible external influence, and which went on deepening and fastening upon his spirit in proportion to the violence of the exertions which he made to shake it off. He thought of his past crimes with pain and deep remorse; but it was not of that healthy kind which induces a longing after the peace of penitence, and casts a stumbling-block in the way of a guilty purpose.

On the contrary, the deeper and the fiercer the pangs were, which every reviving recollection struck into his heart, the more he raged and chafed, the firmer and more daring his resolution became; and even while his limbs shook with fear at the thought of the retribution he had already earned, he burned with the eagerness of his desire, to cast another yet heavier debt than all into the already fearful account. His soul might be supposed, in this respect, in a state of disease analogous to that which induces the patient who is suffering under the affliction of an acute nervous attack, to fling himself on the fire, dash his head against the wall, or use any other violent means of counteracting, by a different, though still more terrible excitement, the anguish of that which is already preying upon his frame.

As he passed the fort which had been pointed out to him by his companion, and which lay close to the path he was pursuing, he started, shivered with an emotion like fear, and then stamped his foot against the earth, and uttered a furious oath against his own weakness. He raised his hand over his eyes, and attempted to hurry forward, with his face turned another way, then suddenly stopping short, and meditating for a moment, he set his teeth hard, and said: "It was an ugly deed after all. The old dark man that couldn't defend himself, nor know what was coming upon him. It was a coward's blow that drew his blood." This was spoken something like the manner of self-condemnation which a sportsman might be supposed to feel, who had shot a hare sleeping in its form. "He was kind to me too, when I wanted kindness badly enough. But," (fiercely)—"what hurt? He blotted all from my mind, when he took from me the only friend I had." Then, with a sudden and hurried self-recollection—"Eh? what am I doing here? Well, to be sure, see this! and the sun going down already, and all I have to do before I meet him. Think o' that, why!" And once more assuming an appearance of steadiness and settled energy, he rushed from the fort.

He did not long, however, retain possession of this accidental firmness. As he placed his foot on the little stile which connected the foot-path with the hill road, an old, palsied, white-headed woman, her hair gathered up in a roll under her decent white kerchief, a few sods of turf and faggots in her check apron, and a string of large horn beads in her hand, met him at the other side. Raising her aged head as if with an effort, and expanding her sunken eyes as they fell upon his figure, she stopped short, and broke in upon the litany she had been telling, to wish the stranger a "good evenen kindly." Strangely moved by the contrast in the designs and occupations of both, the Coiner paused, and gazing fixedly on the old woman, returned her greeting with a degree of tenderness in his voice that arrested her attention, in turn. Perceiving that her route lay over the hedge, which was no slight obstacle for old and sapless bones like hers to surmount, and acting under the influence of one of those unaccountable sensations to which his present state of agitation rendered him liable, he stepped back for the purpose of suffering the devotee to pass first over the stile.

"Goen to pay your rounds at the chapel, over, this evenen, I'll be bound, you are now—a lanna-um-chree?" (child of my heart)—she said, as she placed her withered and bony fingers (from which the rosary still depended) on the wall.

"Going to the chapel, indeed, a-vaneestha,"* replied the Coiner, smiling, in an access of fresh and stinging remorse, upon her.

"E then, may all that you do there be remembered to you at the day o' judgment, in the last o' the world, an through all eternity, for uvur, av you'll only just gi' me the hand till I get over this place it's so cross, entirely, my old bones will be broke in my body within."

Without paying any attention to, indeed almost without hearing, certainly without considering, her kindly meant benediction, the Coiner raised her in his arms with as much ease as he would have done a child, and placed her gently on the soft path at the other side, after which he continued his course, along the road.

"Milha buehus,† thin!" exclaimed the pious old creature, "and the Lord keep his eye upon you this blessed night, and hear the prayers of his holy Saint John, upon his own eve, that you may ever an' always continue in grace, and as well inclined as you are this moment, for it is a good sign o' you to help the poor old widow, and to be goen to the chapel on the Eha-na-Shawn, while many another boy oulder than yourself is at the goal playen, or in the publican's, this way."

So much for appearances!

The act of gentleness which he had done, once more contributed to throw Suil Dhuv upon the interrupted mood of retrospection which had been growing upon him throughout the evening. The little green spot, also, before the chapel, brought many an old and peaceful remembrance to his mind. He recollected the many summer mornings when the bright Sabbath sun beheld him hastening down the wild path, his neatly frilled white linen shirt lying gracefully on his open bosom; a small, carefully tendered "Path to Paradise" in his hand; his black and shining curls combed into a beautiful and closely-clustered mass; his shoes, a luxury only allowed him on occasions, when a special decency of appearance was deemed requisite, glistening in the sunshine; a little bottle thrust

* Old woman. † A thousand thanks.

into his side pocket, which was given him by the old woman who had dressed him up, for the purpose of having it replenished from the can of holy water at the altar's foot—in this Sunday trim he had often hurried over this very ground, his heart, in its innocence of feeling, trembling with anxiety lest he should lose the benefit of the Mass, an evil which is regarded with a peculiar fear, in Irish humble life, even among those whose principles, unhappily, are lax enough in many other respects.

He paused, to gaze upon the little turf-sent where the pastor of the rural flock was accustomed to sit in the sunshine, to talk familiarly with the cottagers on their domestic affairs, or hear the confession of a penitent. He recollected the time when he had knelt on the green sod by the side of the holy man, his heart sinking within him with fear, as he meditated the humiliating disclosures of some boyish offence, an infraction of the Sabbath, or a word spoken in anger to some playfellow, and the gentle monitory voice of his adviser seemed once more to murmur in his ear.

His thoughts naturally reverted to his present condition, and he almost unconsciously put the question to his own heart, how different and how dark, in the comparison, would be the account which he should now have to render to the same minister of peace, if he were to rise from the quiet grave, in which he had long been sleeping the sweet sleep of the blameless, and resume his ancient place on this humble tribunal. The last fancy startled him. As a celebrated divine, with that insight into the machinery of the human heart which characterized a great portion of his writings, has said, that long habit of self-willed contempt for, and obstinate resistance to the truth of religion is often apt to substitute a mechanical superstition in its place; so it might now be observed of the stained and hardened soul that stood, with the purpose of the last of human offences, black, daring, deadly sacrilege, before the door of the temple, that the fouler and fiercer his resolution became, the more weak and nervous was his frame, and the more fearfully active his memory and his imagination. The short, quick breathings of the wind through the dry thatch made him start and tremble, while sudden forms, of he knew not what or whom, seemed to flit before and about him, through the evening gloom. Again his memory conjured up new sights and sounds of terror from the familiar spot on which he stood. He beheld the buried clergyman, robed in the sacred vestments of his office, lifting his hands above his head, and pouring forth, as he had once done, the denunciations of the fearful judgment of the impenitent, from that awful text, the words of which had made the young blood of the Coiner curdle in its channels, when he had first heard them uttered—"I go my way, and you shall seek me, and you shall not find me, and you shall die in your sin!" The recollection of this occasion completely unhinged the courage of the unhappy wretch. He trembled violently, flung himself unconsciously on his knees—struck his breast rapidly and violently with his clenched fist—muttered a hurried snatch of the half-forgotten rosary—and yet, by some strange influence, amid all this agitation and remorse, the thought of desisting from the crime, which he meditated at that very moment, scarcely once occurred to him.

Vague and general notions of an amended life, not in any instance assuming the vigour or sincerity of a positive intention, glanced across his spirit at intervals, while he busied himself in preparing his instruments, and examined the door and windows of the building. The very security which seemed to attend his undertaking, the absence of all human obstacle, the facility which the loneliness of the place itself presented, the slight resistance which the door seemed likely to oppose to his entrance, all furnished him with matter for new distrust. He paused before the building, with that feeling of fearful suspicion which chills the heart of the bravest soldier, when he finds a position totally silent and undefended where he expected to meet with an opposition worthy of its importance.

The sullen dash of the waters behind him began to boom upon his hearing, like the sound of distant thunder. He struck fiercely at the lock of the door, then started and trembled as the many echoes of the blow came back upon him from the rents and hollows of the cliff and glen, and again repeated the strokes with double vehemence. At length, flinging the hammer away, he stepped a few paces back, then dashing himself furiously against it, he sent it crashing round upon its hinges.

We dare not follow the sacrilegious wretch through all the detail of his impieties in the interior of the building. The whole proceed-

ing, from this moment, was one of such absolute delirium, that he could hardly be said to have acted it with consciousness. He rushed to the recess in which the object of his search—the silver chalice or ciborium was kept, forced it open, flung himself on his knees once more, clasped his hands, prostrated himself on the earth, started to his feet, snatched the sacred vessel, dashed the contents, the sight of which almost maddened him, upon the altar—and fled in an abandonment of utter fear along the aisle, panting heavily, crossing himself, and striking his breast, and muttering prayers and curses blended—while his sight swam and wandered wildly over the place, his ears seemed to ring with the din of mingled thunders, hymns, and laughter; flakes of whitish light darted with throbs of anguish from his eyeballs; the air about him grew hot and suffocating; the darkening vault of the night seemed to press with a horrid weight upon his brain; and his conscience, rising like a buried giant, from beneath the mountains of crime he had cast upon it, revealed, and almost realized the Pandemonium which his slighted, though unforgotten faith had pointed out to him, with a warning finger in his days of early innocence.

The same red sun which had lighted the old Palatine and his party on their road by the Carrig-on-Dhiol, beheld the Coiner's accomplice, Mun Maher, pacing impatiently up and down the road near the *fort*, the *sugan collar* of his own, and the bridle of his leader's horse, both resting on his arm, while he busied himself in keeping peace between the animals, a question having arisen as to the right of property in the nutritious succedaneum which encircled the head of Mun Maher's charger, and which, in the opinion of the better appointed steed, was capable of being appropriated to a more gratifying purpose than that of a mere symbol of subserviency.

Mun Maher would have been much the fitter person (for the purposes of the gang) to have sent on the enterprise which the Suil Dhuv had undertaken. He was one of those happy characters who are relieved by Nature from the evil of either thinking or feeling deeply on any subject, and whose vice or virtue is the result altogether of accident and habit; who take whatever little ideas they may possess altogether upon trust, and live, as one of the most independent of the tribe of independent thinkers bitterly expresses it—"upon the alms basket—on scraps of begged opinions."

Maher's tone of mind or feeling, in consequence, was always formed by the company into which circumstances had thrown him last. He was ferocious after he had conversed for an hour with Red Rody—spirited, fiery, and ambitious while in the presence of Suil Dhuv—given to *crusheening* when he and Jerry got into a corner together—and he never left the room where Maney O'Neil sat, without a passion for roguery and low cheating.

Neither was this chameleon-like quality of imitation confined to the moral composition of the man. He generally assumed, with the tone of mind imparted by those into whose society he was thrown, the gesture, the voice, and even the very air of the features. By a singular flexibility of countenance, similar to that which, even in these days of the Drama's disgrace, enabled a Mathews to collect around his green cloth and lamps, a laughing circle of her once-generous patrons from the world of the Exclusives themselves—by such a capability was Mun Maher enabled, even without the intention or consciousness of it, to adapt his face and manner entirely to those of his companions—changing occasionally from Jerry's soft, open, gaze, to the hard-knit brow and fixed stare of Suil Dhuv—the stupid, foolish eye of Maney, and even, occasionally, to adopt the palsied agitation of Rody himself. He was certain, moreover, to remain in the condition of mind in which he had been last placed, until some new archetype was presented to him, for (like the bird of the American forests, that is songless in itself, yet can become the pupil or even the rival of the nightingale) he might be said to have no positive or original existence of his own, but to present at all times the *double* of some neighbour or acquaintance, playing the same part in the world which a loser plays at a game of forfeits, who is condemned to receive and retain an attitude from each of the company in turn.

The same feeling, moreover, which would render such a one impatient at being left for any considerable time in the same position, made Mun fret and chafe at a great rate whenever he was left long alone. He remained for some time after Suil Dhuv left him, with his arms folded and his eyes fixed musingly through his gathered brows upon the ground, then led his horses slowly up and down, wondered at the long delay made by his companion (a considerable

time before the latter had reached his destination) and at last, taking from his coat pocket a bundle of smoke-stained, whitened-brown papers stitched together in the form of a book, in which the print composed of a strange jumble of types of all shapes and sizes, was scarcely discernible in the gloom (a species of confusion of which our London readers may be enabled to form some idea by walking as far as the dead-wall in Oxford-street, or any other dead-wall where those elegant specimens of typography from "Pitt's and Son, at the Seven Dials," flutter on their pack-thread in the dusty street gale, and where, with reverence be it spoken, in the friendly hours of our literary noviciate in the great Babel, we were wont to charm away the remembrance of many a cold repulse and many a stinging disappointment), taking, we repeat (craving the reader's indulgence for our long parenthesis) taking such a book from his coat pocket, and turning over a few of the well-fingered and dog-eared pages, he selected, from a number of ballads, one which their habits had rendered very popular among the gang, and which he adapted to that exquisitely passionate air which our tuneful fellow-countryman, Moore, has since graced with no less exquisitely passionate words. The reader, however, is requested to keep those out of his recollection while he follows Mun through *The Lamentation of Ellen Maguire, or the Angler's Deceit*.

"Phoo! where is it at all for one song? Eh?—No—*The Red-haired Man's Wife—the Colleen Rue—the—Hah!* you animal, you—will you be quiet, there—Is it to ait me horse's collar upon bet you mane, this evening? You're like your own master, you tyrant, wanten to have uvury thing to yourself—*John M'Goulderick's trial for the Quaker's daughter*—and that's a moven song too, and a dale o' tenderness and fine English in it. How is this it goes?—hum!.....

My name is John M'Goulderick,
I never will deny—
They swore I was a Ribbonman,
Condemned I was to die—
As soon as my dead letter came,
My sorrows did renew—
Sayen, for to die
I do deny—
Brave boys—what shall I do?"

There's a hole in the ballad—I'm not able for that at all, to-night.—You won't let that sugan alone, again? *Sheela-na-Guira—A'then,* joy be with you in a bottle o' moss, Mary, wherever you are this evenen, 'twas you that used to turn that nate :—

'I, trembling, approached this beautiful dame—
And in great confusion I asked her name—
Was she Flora?
Aurora?
Or great Queen Demira?
Says she, I am neither—I'm *Sheela-na-Guira*.'

Well, pass to the next—that's too moven—it puts me in mind of old times and things, intirely—Oh, here it is at last—'As I went—' Yes—oy—that's it—' and clearing his voice by a "hem" which made the neighbouring valleys ring, he commenced the *Lamentation* in a truly lamentable key, dwelling with a due degree of tremulous vehemence upon the semi-breves, and prolonging the key-note from the ferocious, ear-piercing loudness of a trumpet, to the buzzing indistinctness of the echo of an echo's echo.

'As I went a walken, one mornen in June,
To view those gay flowers whin spreaden in bloom,
I spied a young faymale, quite handsome and fair,
She had me enamoured—young *Ellen Maguire*.

She far exceeds Phœbus—Luna, the moon—
Her breath is far sweeter than roses in June—
I have travelled this nation—I vow and declare,
But I never could aiquil young *Ellen Maguire*.

At length I slept to her, and this I did say—
'Your modest appearance has led me astray—
Both you and blind Cupid has me in a snare,
I hope you'll rilase me, young *Ellen Maguire*.'

With this modest answer, then, she told her mind—
'If I could rilase you, I'd be well inclined—
My heart is entangled, af you're in a snare—
So that is your answer from *Ellen Maguire*.'

Gondoutha, wisha! And he murdered her, after all the love—oy, indeed—

'Now, I'll conclude, and let you understand,
May this be a warning to every young man!
To the lapboard of Sligo I straight must repair—
And die for the murder of Ellen ——'

"Maguare," he would have said—or sung—had not the quatrain been cut short in a manner which seemed almost to threaten the vocalist with a fate similar to that of the unhappy heroine of his monody. This was neither more nor less than a well-aimed blow, which took him on the middle of the crown and laid him sprawling, book and all, upon his face and hands in the very centre of the high road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE MONTHS.

APRIL.

"Next came fresh April full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds;
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolick fluds;
His horns were gilded all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
Which the earth brings forth." SPENSER.



APPARENTLY Nature feels most keenly and most thoroughly the genial influence of Spring, in the changeful but exquisite beauty of wayward April, whose face, indeed, half smiles, half tears, has a capricious loveliness of its own, which the poets have not failed to sing of. And well may they chaunt the praises of April, for it flings from its fertile bosom, in prodigal love, the daintiest of blossoms, and warms with new life the young corn, which cold, stern March had somewhat chilled. We love the April; we love its shifting skies, its snatches of warm rain, its burst of glorious sunshine, its fresh cheery mornings, its cloudless nights. We love the month to come because it is the promise of the ripe, golden Summer, as yet standing only upon the threshold, and looking in upon us with a genial face. The character of the month has ever been that of fickleness. It has its soft balmy days, when the brightness of the sunshine is tempered by a dewy mist that sweetly blends earth and sky, and adds new beauty to the tender green of the one, and the celestial blue of the other; but it has also its days of wintry rigour, and of chilling showers, which appear doubly unpleasant by the contrast. Amidst those alternations of weather vegetation advances, and the bursting of buds and opening of flowers appears to fully establish for the month its right to the name of April, from the Latin verb *aperire*, to open, because it opens or unfolds the Spring. Philologists, however, will differ on the derivation of the word. Some ascribe it to the Greek *Venus*, *Aphrodité*; others assert that the month is so called in honour of the mother of *Æneas*, while many are in favour of the theory that the Latin *aper*, a wild boar, is its radix. However, we are disposed to incline to the first-mentioned etymology. The Saxons called April "Eostur-monath," after one of their goddesses who was called *Eostre*, and to whom, in that month, they celebrated singular festivals.

The first of April is, we need scarcely remind our readers, consecrated to the goddess of Folly, when jokes, whether offensive or inoffensive, are supposed to transform the individuals whom they annoy into "April-Fools."

"'Twas on the morn when April doth appear,
And wets the primrose with its maiden tear;
'Twas on the morn when laughing Folly rules,
And calls her sons around, and dubs them Fools;
Bids them be bold, some untrod path explore,
And do such deeds as Fools ne'er did before."

The custom is a senseless one, and yet both ancient and general, the origin being unknown, although the amusement itself is carried on in many of the countries of Europe, and there are traces of it in Asia and America. Among the Hindus, a festival is held at nearly the same period, called the "Huli Festival," when a similar kind of merriment to that indulged in amongst ourselves is carried on; people are sent on errands and expeditions which end in disappointment, and every one is seeking to raise a laugh at the expense of his neighbour. It would appear that high and low join in it, and that a Mussulman of the highest rank has been known to be first and foremost in making "Huli Fools." The joke is carried so far, that letters are sent making appointments in the names of persons who it is known must be absent from their houses at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given. This festival is said by some to have been of Persian origin, it having been, in ancient times, the practice to celebrate with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, which was, at that period, the commencement of the Persian year.

The origin of the custom is assigned, by Jewish legends, to the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the ark before the waters had abated, on the first of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand. Dr. Pegge thus speaks of the custom: "It is a matter of some difficulty to account for the expression, 'An April Fool,' and the strange custom so universally prevalent throughout this kingdom, of people making fools of one another on the first of April, by trying to impose upon each other, and sending one another, upon that day, upon frivolous, ridiculous, and absurd errands. The name undoubtedly arose from this custom; and this, I think, arose from hence: our year formerly began, as to some purposes and in some respects, on the 25th of March, which was supposed to be the Incarnation of our Lord; and it is certain that the commencement of the new year, at whatever time that was supposed to be, was always esteemed a high festival, and that both amongst the ancient Romans and with us." Brande, in his "Popular Antiquities," observes on the custom: "There is nothing hardly that will bear a clearer demonstration, than that the primitive Christians, by way of conciliating the Pagans to a better worship, humoured their prejudices by yielding to a conformity of names, and even of customs, where they did not essentially interfere with the fundamentals of the gospel doctrine. This was done in order to quiet their position, and to secure their tenure; an admirable expedient, and extremely fit, in those barbarous times, to prevent the people from returning to their old religion." In imitation of the Roman "Saturnalia," was their "Festum Fatuorum," or Feast of Fools, designed to expose the pretensions of the Druids to scorn and derision.

To make an "April Fool," in Scotland, the plan usually adopted is, to send a person from place to place, by means of a letter, inscribed:

"On the first day of April
Hunt the Gowk another mile;"

in other words, as similar missives in Ireland have conveyed, "Send the fool further." "On the first of April," writes Hone, "1712, Lord Bolingbroke stated to parliament that in the wars called the 'glorious wars of Queen Anne,' the great Duke of Marlborough [so unjustly defamed by Macaulay, the most brilliant of essayists, but most untrustworthy of historians] had not lost a single battle; and yet, that the French had carried their point—the succession to the Spanish monarchy, the pretended cause of these wars." Dean Swift, rightly enough, called this statement "a due donation for All Fool's Day." The custom of making "April Fools" prevails all over the Continent. Among the French a guy made on the first of April is termed *un poisson d'Avril*, that is, a mackerel, or silly fish, and their customs are similar to ours. On the first of April, 1810, Napoleon the First married the Austrian Archduchess, Maria Louisa, on which occasion some of the waggish Parisians called him *un poisson d'Avril*. The marriage was certainly not a happy one, nor even its political results what the great conqueror anticipated. A very good story was told some years since of a Parisian lady carrying the joke of making an April fool too far. She carried off a watch from the house of a friend, which was felt to be so littl-

like a mere act of pleasantry, that she was arrested and taken before the correctional police. Her defence was, that it was an April trick, "*un poisson d'Avril*." When asked whether the watch was still in her possession she replied in the negative, but upon a message being sent to her apartments, the article in request was found, whereupon the fair time-keeper declared she had made the messenger *un poisson d'Avril*. The joke, however, did not end so pleasantly, for the lady was recommended to remain in the house of correction till the first of April on the following year, and then be dismissed as *un poisson d'Avril*—an "April Fool."

"Maunday Thursday," which occurs on the 17th of April, and is the day immediately preceding Good Friday, has its origin variously explained. Many assert that it was so termed because our Saviour suffered for the redemption of mankind on the Friday, and that the preceding day is hence called "Maunday Thursday," as being the last day of the *commands* of our Lord. Others affirm that the day in question is so named from the *maunds*, wherein were formerly contained gifts, which the English monarchs were wont to distribute on that day, to a certain number of poor persons at Whitehall. The Saxon word *mand*, is the name for a basket—French *manne*, and by consequence for any gift, or offering, contained in the basket. Formerly it was the custom for the kings and queens of England, as well as for persons of high estate, to perform their "Maundy," that is, to wash—by a sort of proxy, however, be it understood—the feet of a certain number of poor people—frequently twelve, in imitation of our Saviour washing the feet of his disciples. James II., was, we believe, the last sovereign who personally paid any observance to the custom, which is still preserved in the Greek Church, and is accompanied by many gorgeous ceremonials.

Good Friday, (April 18th,) is a day which, from the earliest records of Christianity, has even been held as a solemn fast, in remembrance of the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. The custom of eating on this day buns marked with a cross, is a remaining fragment of the many peculiar observances of our ancestors connected with the day. Cecrops, one of the kings of Greece, about sixteen centuries before the Christian era, is said to have first offered up to the Divinity the sacred cross-bread called a bun, (Greek *bow*, from the representation upon it of the two horns of an ox,) which was made of fine flower and honey. It is a remarkable fact, that at Herculaneum were found two small loaves of about five inches in diameter, marked with a cross, within which were found other lines, and so, we are told, the bread of the Greeks was marked from the earliest period. Similar loaves were discovered in a bake-house at Pompeii. We see, therefore, that the cake or bun of the ancient Greek, crossed, to represent the horns of the ox, which was sacrificed, as well as for the purpose of more readily breaking it, was adopted by the Christians, and used as the only food on the day of the crucifixion, because it preserved, ready at hand, a symbol of that awful and solemn event.

The sixth of April is known as "Old Lady Day," when the presentation of "Easter eggs" commences. The custom of making presents of eggs—much interesting information respecting which will be found in our eighth number—on particular occasions, is of great antiquity. Ornamented Easter eggs were not only considered as offerings of friendship, but chargers filled with eggs having been presented at the church on Easter eve, and duly consecrated, a sacred character was imputed to the gift, which greatly enhanced its value.

If Good Friday is kept as a day of solemn fast and humiliation, Easter Sunday is no less one of joy and thanksgiving throughout all Christendom, as being set apart for the commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection from the dead. It was anciently called the "Great Day," and the "Feast of Feasts," and is the most important in secular transactions of the moveable feasts, inasmuch as the day on which Easter falls regulates all the rest. In some parts of England there are still vestiges of a custom which was once prevalent throughout all ranks of society, called "Heaving" or "Lifting," on Easter Monday and Tuesday. It was generally performed in the open street, though sometimes submitted to in the house. A chair, decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours, was provided, and the person to be lifted seated in it, when the chair was hoisted three several times from the ground. The person lifted was then expected to present a fee to the lifters, after having received a salute from each of the party. On Easter Monday,

between the hours of nine and twelve, the men performed the ceremony towards the women; on Tuesday the women did the same for the men. There is reason to believe, from an old record of the paid on the occasion, that Edward I. submitted to this ancient ceremony, and was hoisted in the prescribed manner, by a party of ladies of honour. The old custom of eating tansy pudding at Easter was done in remembrance of the bitter herbs used by the Jews at the paschal supper. It was formerly the custom for corporations to go in full procession, at Easter, to some convenient spot, where they joined in playing at ball with many of their townsfolk; and there is a custom in several places of the inhabitants of towns and villages still annually playing the game on Easter Monday.

The fourteenth of April is known as the "first cuckoo day," being the first day on which, in general, the cuckoo is heard. It sometimes appears late in March, but may fitly be ranked among the followers of April, as various old country-ryhmes indicate.

"In the month of April
He opens his bill,"

says an old proverb, while the poet Heywood indulges in the stanza:

"In April, the cuckoo can sing her song by note;
In June, often she cannot sing a note;
At first, koo-coo, koo-coo, still can she do;
At last, kooke-kooke-kooke; six kooke to one coo."

The twenty-third of April is the anniversary of St. George, the patron saint of England. Divested of the many ridiculous legends and incredible stories that have been related of him, the true history of "St. George of Cappadocia," called by the Greeks "the Great Martyr," appears to be that he acquired a large estate in Palestine, and entered into the service of Dioclesian the Tyrant, who, in ignorance of his being a Christian, gave him command of a legion, and a seat in council. On the breaking out of a persecution against the Christians, St. George quitted the emperor's service, and openly distributed his whole fortune in their support and assistance. Dioclesian would have recalled him, but finding that neither offers of aggrandizement, or the threats of death, could make him abandon his faith, at length, after putting him several times to the torture, caused him to be ignominiously dragged through the streets of the city of Lydda, and, finally, beheaded on the 23rd of April, 299. He is patron of the Order of the Garter, which was founded by Edward III., in the year 1349. The twenty fifth of April is the festival of St. Mark the Evangelist, who, on that day, in the year 68, suffered martyrdom in the city of Alexandria.

As it has been well remarked, if the study of plants served no higher purpose than to people solitary places with pleasant thoughts, and render every way-side and hedge-row reminiscent of some foregone pleasure, the pursuit would be sufficiently compensatory. But what most claims our investigation is the almost countless varieties of the vegetable kingdom, their equally varied forms, not merely of foliage and efflorescence, but of roots, leaves, stems, and fruits: their wonderfully diversified places of growth; for nature leaves no nook of earth, from the superficies of the barren rock, to the margin of the oozy sea, unpeopled by them; not one variety of which but has its use, "if men would diligently distil it out." Most deserving of our commiseration, indeed, is anyone to whom

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

To us, as Wordsworth has beautifully said:

"The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

Ere the smiling and tearful April has come to an end, we find it justifying its title to the character of the "opening month of the year." The wild-flowers begin to be more freely scattered, and we find blossoms opening faster than we can mark their appearance. The best way, perhaps, is to select a few examples of flowers that particularly attract our notice, and so get a little group, held together as it were by family ties, and, therefore, the more interesting objects of study. The "Speedwell" family is now very numerously represented. The ivy-leaved Speedwell (*Veronica*

Hedera hederifolia.) grows in cultivated fields, as well as in woods. It is an annual plant, flourishing from this period to December. The flowers are small, of a pale, blue colour, diversified with lines of a deeper hue. The blunt-fingered Speedwell (*Veronica triphyllos*) receives its name from the fingerlike divisions of its leaves. The plant is three or four inches high, and is branched at the base, when the leaves are undivided and opposite each other, while at the top they are divided into three or five segments. The flowers are deep blue. The Speedwell family belongs to a tribe of extremely beautiful but suspicious plants, many of which are fatally poisonous, that is the Fox-glove tribe, to which belong the curious Monkey-flowers, (*Minulus*.) Slipper-flowers, (*Calceolaria*.) Snapdragons, (*Antirrhinum*.) and many other well-known plants. The Monkey-flower is an extremely handsome, profuse flowering plant, with singularly shaped and brilliantly coloured flowers, which are distinguished by their rich and strikingly beautiful marking. Seed sown in Spring makes fine bedding plants for Summer blooming, while seed sown in Autumn produces very effective early flowering choice green-house plants. The *Calceolaria* are plants of a highly decorative order, indispensable for the ornamentation of the flower-house and garden. The *Antirrhinum*, commonly called the Snapdragon, is one of our most showy and useful border plants; amongst the recently improved varieties of this valuable genus are large, finely-shaped flowers of the most brilliant colours, with beautifully marked throats. The prevailing colours are, white, crimson, scarlet, orange-scarlet, carmine, purple, and yellow. While the rose-tinted blossoms of the crab begin to adorn the hedge-row, and the sloe or blackthorn hides its leafless stalks beneath a profusion of white blossoms, and while the gardens present the opening bloom of the apple, peach, nectarine, and apricot, the scent and bloom of lowlier blossoms are not wanting to grace the close of the month. The Cowslip (*Primula veris*.) and the Oxlip, (*Primula elatior*.) those beautiful relatives of the common Primrose, are favourite flowers with our poets. Perhaps the most fanciful description of the Cowslip is that contained in the following lines, where Shakespeare makes it subservient to the Queen of the Fairies :

"And I serve the fairy queen
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The Cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be freckles, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours;
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every Cowslip's ear."

Ground Ivy, (*Glechoma hederacea*.) which flowers in this month and in May, is a creeping plant, with purple blossoms. It may be easily recognised by these as they grow in threes between the stock and the leaf. It has been thus graphically described :

"And there, upon the sod below,
Ground-ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of Crusader knight,
Their anthers' cross-like form of light."

The leaves are roundish, and notched at the edges, and the whole plant has a strong, but not unpleasing, smell. It belongs to the Mint tribe, and was called by the Saxons "Ale-hoof," because it was a chief ingredient in their ale. A decoction of this herb is still drunk by many persons as a purifier of the blood, and the old writers tell us that it is also a fine strengthening eye-water, removing inflammations, smarting, and "any grief whatever." Two species of Scorpion Grass (*Myosotis*) may also now be noticed. These are members of the same family as that truly beautiful and favourite plant the "Forget-me-not." The species now in bloom are the early Field Scorpion Grass, (*Myosotis collina*.) growing in dry pastures, in sandy and gravelly soil, and on wall-tops, with spreading flower-stalks, and small blue flowers; and the yellow and blue Scorpion Grass, (*Myosotis versicolor*.) so named from having a small blue blossom with a yellow throat. The name "myosotis," given to this family, means "mouse-ear," and is taken from a fancied resemblance of the leaves to the ear of that animal.

That beautiful and delicate little plant, the Wood Sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella*.) perhaps the most elegant of all our wild flowers, also

flowers in April. Its trefoil leaves are of a bright emerald hue, tinted with crimson beneath; its stem and root of that transparent carmine tint which adorns the red-stalked rhubarb, and the stalks of both flowers and leaves are of an extremely slight and fragile character. The seed vessel, when ripe, bends downwards, so as to be completely hidden by the leaves, a peculiarity of structure thus noticed by a poet :

"Wood-sorrel hangs her cups,
Ere their frail form and streaky veins decay,
O'er her pale verdure; but parental care
Inclines the sheltering stems, and to the shade
Of closing leaves her infant race withdraws."

The expressed juice of its leaves forms the poison known as "oxalic acid." This is obtained by soaking them in water, when in the sediment they deposit in their decay are found small crystals, which are the pure oxalic acid. It is used to remove spots and iron-moulds from linen, and Gerard, the old herbalist, says of it : "Apothecaries and herbalists call the wood-sorrel 'alleluya,' and 'cuckowe's meate;' either because the cuckowe feedeth thereon, or by reason when it springeth forth the cuckowe singeth most; at which time, also, alleluya was wont to be sung in our churches." The species "Oxalidaceæ," is a charming and beautiful class of plants for rockwork, old stumps, etc., in sunny situations, also for baskets, vases, or pots, for indoor decoration; their brilliant and richly coloured flowers,

"Veined with fine purple streaks,"

and dark green foliage give them a strikingly attractive appearance. Now, too, we begin to observe in moist situations the early flowering species of a very remarkable tribe of plants, the Orchis tribe. The singular form of their flowers may have made them familiar to most of our readers, especially as some of the species have attracted special notice, under the names "Bee orchis," "Butterfly orchis," etc., on account of the likeness to those insects exhibited in the lower lip of the flower. The species which blossom in April are the Male Orchis, (*Orchis mascula*.) and the Spider Orchis, (*Orchis aranifera*.) From the tubers of the former the nutritious substance called "salep" is prepared. Dr. Lindley speaks of the Orchis tribe as containing decidedly the most curious and beautiful plants of a European flora, and adds : "But it is in tropical countries, in damp woods, or on the sides of hills in a serene and equal climate, that these glorious flowers are seen in all their beauty. Seated on the branches of living trees, or resting among the decayed bark of fallen trunks, or running over mossy rocks, or hanging above the head of the admiring traveller, suspended from the gigantic arm of some monarch of the forest, they develop flowers of the gayest colours, and the most varied forms, and they often fill the woods, at night, with their mild and delicate fragrance." The Butterbur, (*Tussilago petasites*.) whose flowers appear during this month, is a singular looking member of the Colt's-foot family. A spike of pinkish flowers garnishes the top of each thick, spongy stalk, of a whitish colour, the whole not rising above eight inches in height. When the flowers have died away, the leaves rise, and are recognised by their large size, as well as their being dark green above, whitish underneath, and standing singly upon their hollowed footstalks of a white, purple, or green hue.

A VOICE.



MID a nunnery of dewy flowers,

Walked the moist morning, many years ago;
The pulses of gray fountains notched the hours
The dial reddened in the broadening glow.
And one came to me, thro' the garden paths,
Pausing amid the scented lavender,
Under the lilacs, steeped in purple baths,
And rooted deep in golden moss and myrrh.
And, lifting up an amber viol, she
Sang to the sun and heavens and dying dusk,
"Till all the fruit trees breathed of thyme and musk,
Till the green peaches burst their fragrant musk,
And hung like jewels upon branch and tree.
And I awoke to hear in saintly sighs,
A sweet voice rise and fade into the skies,

ARDGLASS.



THE ancient castle of Ardglass, county Down, popularly known by the name of the King's Castle, was a fortress of considerable size and strength, but is now much dilapidated. A second castle here is called Horn Castle; and a third, Choud Castle; but the origin of these names is now unknown, nor is the period recorded at which any of those castles were erected. Of the remaining fortresses, the most remarkable is that called Jordan's Castle, which, though inferior in size to the King's Castle, is yet constructed with greater elegance than that, or any of the other buildings of the kind, and was a place of considerable strength. It is situated in the centre of the town, and appears to have been the citadel. This castle is memorable for the gallant defence made by its owner, Simon Jordan, who, in the Tyrone rebellion, held it for three years, till he

in much obscurity. The ancient English family of the Savages are generally supposed to have been the colonists of the place, and the founders of most of the castles remaining here, to whom a good part of Lecale, as well the Ardes, anciently belonged; for it appears by an indenture, in the public records, dated the 31st of May, 28th of Henry VIII., made between Leonard Gray, Lord Deputy, and Raymond Savage, chieftain of his clan, that it was covenanted—"That Raymond should have the chieftainship and superiority of his Sept, in the territory of the Savages, otherwise called Lecale, as principal chieftain thereof, and that Raymond should give to the Deputy, for acquiring his favour and friendship, 140 fat able cows and a horse, or 15 marks, Irish money, in lieu thereof, at the pleasure of the Deputy." But, however this may be, it is certain that this southern part of Lecale originally belonged to the Magennis; and the historian of the county, Harris, is of opinion that the Savages were only intruders, of a rather recent time; "For," he adds,



was relieved by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy, on the 17th June, 1601.

Ardglass is picturesquely situated on the shore of a little harbour of the same name, in the barony of Lecale, seven miles north-east of Downpatrick; and though now a mean village, with very few inhabitants, ranked, anciently, as the principal town of trade, next to Carrickfergus, in the province of Ulster. Its harbour, however, which is iron-bound and full of rocks, is only fit for fishing vessels to enter; for which reason the out-trade was, for the most part, carried on in Killough harbour, from thence called by Speed, the haven of Ardglass. Its antiquity is very great, as a church was founded here by St. Patrick. It is said to have been a borough, though on its ruin the privilege of returning members to parliament went into disuse; in the reign of Henry VI. it was a corporation, governed by a Portrieve. So late as the beginning of the reign of Charles I., the duties of the Port of Ardglass were let to farm. The history of this interesting town is involved

"there is a tradition in these parts that when the Savages had formed a strong body of men, in order to oppress the Magennis and other Irish families in Lecale, the latter were obliged to call for the assistance of the Earl of Kildare, and promised him one or two townlands, according to the extent of their territories, and by that means, that noble family got Ardglass, and other lands thereabouts. When the earl had marched as far as Ballykinlar, the Savages submitted, and so the quarrel ended."

During the various civil wars of Ireland, the castles of Ardglass frequently changed masters. About the year 1578 they were taken from the O'Neils, after a stout resistance by Sir Nicholas Bagnal, Marshal of Ireland, who placed here a strong garrison; and they again fell into the possession of the Irish in the memorable war of 1641. Ardglass formerly gave the title of Earl to the family of Cromwell, and afterwards that of Viscount to the family of Barrington.



IRELAND.

I.

I saw one, pale and stricken, by the sea,
Where the tide laps the crags, and cloudy stars,
Rising and falling through the endless night,
Light the black beaches and the sandy bars.

II.

Around her mournful brows, were interlaced,
Garlands of rosemary and shamrock leaves,
And on her cheek the wan bloom lurked that falls
From moonless heavens, upon Autumn eves.

III.

So sad, so sweet, the passion of all time,
The heritage of conquered race to race,
Immortal grief, intensified despair,
Sat in her closed eyes and drooping face.

IV.

Yet beautiful withal. The mystic charm—
The sense of loveliness unspeakable,
That wrapt her, as the gray mist wraps the morn,
Breathed of the paradise from which she fell.

V.

And, leaning on a broken harp whose strings
Answered with discords to the ocean wind,
She sat—the hopeless Future spread before—
The rayless Ages thronging thick behind.

VI.

For, with the echos of the caverns, came
The full-voiced generations of the past,
Prophet, and priest, and seer, and warrior,
The field's bright ensign, and the galley's mast.

VII.

And there were cries of triumph on the shore.
And shouts of fighting men upon the brine,
And thundrous peans from exulting hosts,
Wafted round beakers, beaded red with wine;

VIII.

Which died away in sullen glooms and calms,
In whose great hearts, the voice of tumult woke—
Clashing of hostile swords and ringing shields,
And banners, reeling in the battle smoke.

IX.

Lo! as I gazed, there came the sound of prayer,
And pealings of sweet bells, for conflict ceast,
The blackened beach blushed roses to the mere,
The fair sun topped the vapours of the East.

X.

And, listening for the dewy note of morn,
From the four corners of the breaking skies,
I heard the voice of prophecy exclaim
"God's Faithful One, thy griefs are past—Arise!"



UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

FROM the first written chapter of man's history, as one of the most agreeable of our modern lady writers has observed, and that "forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world," the sylvan portion of creation has held a very prominent place in various events connected with it. Local legends, and authentic history combine to render the subject an interesting one, even apart from its natural and botanic claims to our regard. Passing over those scriptural and Miltonic trees of life and knowledge, "high, blooming, ambrosial fruit of vegetable gold," we find the dove—whose weary flight over the inundated face of earth is said to have given rise to the after practised "ornithomaney," or divination by birds—returning to the Arkites with a leaf of that tree which is still the symbol of peace and safety. It was under a tree that Abraham pitched his tent upon the plain of Mamre, and entertained celestial visitants; and so early as the death of Sarah, when the first recorded sale of land occurred in the patriarch's purchase of the field of Ephron for a burial place, we find that not only the field and cave, (the natural catacombs of antiquity,) but the "trees that were in the field,

that were in all the borders round about, were made sure," a circumstance that, even in these primæval times, proves that they were considered valuable.

It is a curious circumstance, in connection with the after history of this tree, that the oak, even in the days of Jacob, appears to have been regarded with peculiar veneration, when, in his terror at the probable consequences of his sons' vengeance on the Canaanites, he fled to Bethel, purging his household of the strange gods that were amongst them, and the ear-rings which, like the sons of Ishmael, they wore, he hid them with the images under the oak that was by Sechem, the very tree where afterwards Joshua set up a pillar under its shadow on the plain. There was the "oak of weeping," also, where Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried, and the angel which Gideon saw sat beneath an oak which was in Ophrah. Whether the sacred groves of the heathens consisted of this tree we know not; but it is certain that in after years the ancient Gauls worshipped Jupiter under its form. The Druidical superstitions with regard to the oak are too familiar to require mention; but it may not be so generally known that, till comparatively modern times, it was accounted unlucky to fell them, and in the "Magna Britannia" it is observed that at Norwood, which is said to have consisted wholly of them, there was one which bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut for gain, selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving one branch to sprout out. But they, it continues, proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and the other lost an eye, notwithstanding which, in the year 1678, a certain man, though he was warned against it, upon account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. "To fell oaks," it adds, "hath long been accounted fatal, and such as believe it, produce the instance of the Earl of Winchester, who, having cut down a grove of oak, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea by a cannon-ball." In these expressions we can fancy a trace not only of the Druidical superstition relative to the sacredness of the oak, but a mingling of the Grecian fable of the Hamadryads, nymphs which were said to people them, and to be born with and die with those trees.

It was anciently believed that the souls of the dead dwelt in thick groves and forests, as well as that the gods occasionally made them their habitations; the natural gloom and silence of those leafy aisles, in vast tracks like the Hercynian forest, favoured this idea, and hence the custom of sacrificing and building altars in them, and under every green tree, as the Mosaiical phrase is with regard to the worshippers of idols. Poetry, in later days, has fabled them the haunts of the muses, and Virgil speaks of

"Narcycian woods of pitch, whose gloomy shade
Seems for retreat of heavenly muses made."

The Romans carried their admiration of certain trees to a re-

markable pitch of extravagance. Pliny mentions, amongst others, the lotus—six of which was estimated at three millions of sesterces, or upwards of twenty-four thousand pounds. The plane was also a favourite. Horace speaks of it, and Plato makes the scene of his "Dialogue on Plants" a pleasant spot on the banks of the Ilissus under the shade of plane-trees. Virgil also mentions it as being used for convivial meetings on account of the shelter it afforded, and it was, perhaps, on these occasions that its roots are said to have been nourished with wine. The most singular example, however, of the estimation in which they were held is the anecdote which Tacitus relates of Valerius Asiaticus, who, when on his way to execution, requested that the funeral pile on which his body was afterwards to be burnt might be removed farther from the adjacent wood, lest the shade of the trees might be injured by the smoke.

Laurentum, re-baptised in Christian times as Saint Leger, received its ancient name, according to the Æneid, from the circumstance of a laurel which Latinus found on its site and dedicated to Apollo. Jupiter was also the patron of this tree, because it is said that lightning does not blast it. Hieroglyphically, an oak writer tells us that it signifies honour, conquest, triumph, favour, and preservation. Hence it was the custom of the Roman generals, when sending the senate an account of a victory, to wrap the letters in laurel leaves, a crown of which tree was decreed them on their triumph. With us it is still figuratively used in this sense when we speak of poets and great men as winning laurels.

Formerly, court-leets, as they were called, (a court held by the lord of the manor, wherein all offences under high treason were inquired into,) were frequently held under trees in England. At Singleton, in Kent, there stood in the highway, in 1718, a great old oak tree, beneath which the court was holden, and which retained the name of "Law-day Oak." Court-tree, in the Isle of Sheppey, received its name from a similar circumstance, and open seats of justice still traditionally exist. In Brande's time, there remained in the environs of Wolverhampton what were called "gospel-trees," a name sufficiently indicative of the purpose for which the shade had been used; and the boundaries of parishes and rural districts were commonly distinguished by trees. The Totworth chestnut, celebrated by Cowley, is supposed to have been a boundary tree in the reign of King John; and Sir T. Lauder observes, that he has met with other accounts which place it in the same honourable station as far back as the time of King Stephen.

According to Evelyn, the chestnut is next to the oak in the quality and endurance of its timber, and it appears to have been anciently almost as much used both for ordinary purposes and building. In the reign of Henry II., one Fitzstephen, who wrote a description of London, speaks of a very noble and large forest of Spanish chestnut trees spreading at that time on the *boreal* part of the city; and it is certain, from what the author of "The Sylva" tells us, that a great number of the houses of the London of his day were built of this wood. Not only Camden and Lambard, but other later topographers, assure us that forests of those trees were common in England, especially in Kent, in the natural history of which they are set down as indigenous. The cultivation of the Spanish chestnut has, however, declined in England.

The pleasant shade of trees, which made them in the palmy days of Greece and Rome the haunts of pleasure and the schools of learning, for many of their philosophers taught in groves, or made their gardens their academies, has rendered them in our own country (as in every other) the natural rendezvous of rural sports, and holiday fairs were very frequently held in the vicinity of remarkable trees, of which Fairlop is an existing illustration. Gilpin tells us that the traditions of the county trace, this interesting oak hill way up the Christian era; forty years ago the shade of its eleven vast arms covered an area of three hundred feet in circuit, and no booth was suffered to be erected beyond the extent of its boughs. The fair originated in the annual practice of a Mr. Day, of Wipping, dining with his friends under its leafy canopy, on rustic fare, beans and bacon comprising the only dishes admitted at the simple feast, but they were sauced and powdered with such appetite and good humour as the fresh summer air and lovely scenery of the forest afforded them. That tree, hallowed to this day by the genius of Shakspeare and the wit of the "Merry Wives," the hunter-haunted oak of Windsor Forest, is another instance of the embalming process of association, and the spells which poetry and romance have woven around those children of the woods; nor must

we forget, in our brief category of *sylvan memoir*, the famous oak in the neighbourhood of Wolverhampton, in the shady arms of which Charles the Second saved himself from his pursuers, after the battle of Worcester. The wearing of oak leaves on the 29th of May, and the decking of houses with its branches in commemoration of this event, is not yet wholly exploded; though from a courtly compliment it has degenerated into a vulgar usage. Tyrrell's Oak, as it is traditionally called, still marks the spot where

"Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bled in the forest, like a wounded hart."

Penshurst Park, in Kent, boasts also its legendary tree, said to have been planted on the birth of Sir Philip Sidney, and rendered classic by the poets Ben Jonson and Waller.

APRIL.

THE day is dim, white cloudlands pass
Between me and the tearful skies;
And all around from grove and brake,
The melodies of Spring time rise.

The daisies, loved of childhood, lift
Their snowy clusters in the mead;
And cowslips, bright in hawthorn gloom,
Are hung with many a trembling head.

From happy groves, I hear the songs,
Ah! vainly syllabled in words;
The chrystal pipes and twitterings
Of sun and flower-awakened birds.

Between the rain and purple mist,
That phantom-like o'er hangs the rills,
A stream of yellow sunlight falls
Along the reaches of the hills.

And, looking far apace, I see
Bright villages and homes of men,
And blue smoke curling to the south,
From river bank and pleasant glen.

Or westward, where yon cloudy arm
Its rain across the landscapes drops,
At times I hear, distinct and loud,
The woodman's axe within the copse.

Save which no sound of life, except
The birds' songs by the brooks and floods,
Floats upwards from the universe,
Of shining fields and blowing woods.

DALKEY SIXTY YEARS AGO.



THE little rocky island of Dalkey forms the south-eastern extremity of the Bay of Dublin, as the bold and nearly insulated promontory of Howth forms its north-eastern termination. It is separated from the mainland of the parish from which it takes, or to which, perhaps, it gives its name, by a channel called Dalkey Sound, which is about nine hundred yards long, three hundred and eight yards wide at its south entrance, and two hundred and nine yards wide at its north entrance; the soundings in mid-channel varying from ten to five fathoms. This channel was anciently considered a tolerably safe and convenient harbour, and was the principal anchorage for ships frequenting the little castellated seaport town of Dalkey from which merchandise was transferred to Dublin, as well by boats as by cars. Hence also, the harbour of Dalkey was frequently used in former times on state occasions for the embarkation or landing of the Irish Viceroy and other state officers. The Lord Deputy, Philip de Courtney, landed here in 1386, and Sir John Stanley, the deputy of the Marquis of Dublin in the following year. In 1414, Sir John Talbot, then Lord Furnival, and afterwards the renowned

Earl of Shrewsbury, landed here as Viceroy of Ireland; and in 1488, Sir Richard Edgecombe embarked at this harbour for England, after having taken the homage and oaths of fidelity of the nobility who had espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel. Here also landed Sir Edward Bellingham, Lord Lieutenant, in 1548, and Sir Anthony St. Leger, in 1553; and it was from this harbour that the Earl of Sussex, in 1558, embarked a large body of forces to oppose the Scottish invaders at the isle of Rathlin; and lastly, again, it was here that the unfortunate Sir John Perrot landed as Viceroy, in 1584. The conversion of this sound into an asylum harbour was at one time contemplated by government, and a plan for the purpose was proposed by the Committee of Inland Navigation; but from certain objections which were made to it, the project was abandoned. The situation would certainly have been a more imposing and magnificent one than that ultimately chosen.

The Island of Dalkey is of a nearly oval form, having a very irregular surface, in part rocky, and in part consisting of a fertile salt marsh, very valuable for the cure of sick cattle, who by feeding on it quickly recover and fatten. It is five hundred and twenty-eight yards long from north to south, and three hundred and eight yards wide from east to west, and comprises about twenty-nine acres of pasture. Its shore is rocky, and in some parts precipitous, and it commands the most beautiful views of the bays of Dublin and Killiney. Among several springs of fresh water on it, one on its south-west side has long been considered to possess sanative properties. On the same side there are the roofless walls of an ancient church dedicated to St. Benet, or Benedict, the patron of the parish; and at its south-eastern extremity there is a battery, and a Martello tower which differs from all the other structures of this class erected on the Irish coast, in having its entrance not at the side, but on its top. It is traditionally stated that during the remarkable plague which visited Dublin in 1575, many of the citizens fled to this island for safety.

Dalkey island has several smaller ones contiguous to it, one of which, Lamb Island, is covered with grass, while the others present a surface of bare granite. Of the latter islets one is called Clare Rock, and another the Maiden Rock, an appellation derived from a tradition said to be of twelve hundred years antiquity, that twelve young maidens from Bullock and Dalkey having gone over to this rock to gather *duilisk*, they were overtaken by a sudden storm so violent as to prohibit assistance from the larger island, and all miserably perished. To the north of these islands is situated the group of rocks called the Muglins, extending one hundred and thirty-two yards in length, and seventy-one in width. On those rocks, in 1765, the pirates Mac Kinley and Gidley were hanged in chains for the murder of Captain Glass.

It does not, indeed, require a very great age for many Dublinians to remember when the country along the southern shore of our beautiful bay, from Dunleary to the land's-end on Dalkey Common, presented a nearly uniform character of wildness and solitude—heathy grounds, broken only by masses of granite rocks, and tufts of blossomy furze, without culture, and, except in the little walled villages of Bullock and Dalkey, almost uninhabited. The district known as the Commons of Dalkey, which extended from the village to the eastern extremity of the bay; the "Sound," or channel lying on its north-east, and the rocky hill of Dalkey on its south—this in particular was a locality of singularly romantic beauty, a creation of nature in her most sportive mood, and wholly untouched, as it would appear, by the hand of man. Giant masses of granite rocks, sometimes forming detached groups, and at others arranged into semicircular and even circular ledges, gave the greatest variety and inequalities of surface, and formed numerous dells of the greenest sward, so singularly wild and secluded that the elves themselves might justly claim them as their own. To these natural features should be added those of the rocky iron-bound coast, with its little coves, commanding from its cliffs the most delightful views of Killiney Bay, the Sound, the Island of Dalkey, and the Bay of Dublin. These latter features still remain, and can never change; but of all the others which we have noticed, what is there left? Scarcely a vestige that would remind the spectator of what the locality had been. The rocks have been nearly all removed, or converted into building materials for an assemblage of houses of all kinds of fantastic construction, surrounded for the most part by high and unightly stone walls; and, except in the views obtained from some spots in it, the picturesque beauty of Dalkey Common is gone for ever.

We must not forget that our subject requires of us a notice of festivities of a very different character, of which Dalkey was in former times the scene—when Dublin and its suburbs poured forth their crowds to enjoy the fun and drolleries of the crowning of Dalkey's insular king—when Dalkey, its Common, its Sound, and its Island, on a June day, annually for several years, presented a spectacle of life, gaiety, good-humour, and enjoyment, such perhaps as was rarely ever exhibited elsewhere. What a glorious day was this for the Dunleary, Bullock, and Dalkey boatmen! Generous fellows! they would take over his majesty's lieges to his empire for almost nothing—frequently for nothing; but, being determined enemies to absenteeism, they would not allow them to depart on the same terms, but would mulct those with taxes *ad libitum* who desired to abandon their country. And, again, what a glorious day was this for the jingle-drivers of the Blackrock, the noddry-drivers, and the drivers of all other sorts of hired carriages in Dublin. Has it never occurred to the Railroad people to revive these forgotten frolics? What a harvest they might reap! But what do we say? The thing is impossible. The mirthful temperament, the thoughtless gaiety, the wit and humour that characterised the citizens in those days, are gone for ever. The Dublinians have become a grave, thoughtful, and serious people—we had almost said, a dull one. Their faces no longer wear a cheerful and happy look; the very youths of our metropolis seem to be ignorant of what merriment is, or at best to suppose that it consists in puffing tobacco smoke!

Ah! very different were the notions of their predecessors, the nobility and gentry of his Majesty the King of Dalkey! Smoking would not at all have suited their mercurial temperament: it would have been the last thing that they would have thought of to have had their tongues tied and their mouths contorted into ugliness in the ridiculously serious effort to hold a cigar between the lips, and look absurdly important! These fellows thought that mouths were given for a very different purpose—to sing the manly song, to throw forth, not clouds of tobacco smoke, but flashes of wit and humour; and we are inclined to think they were right.

The day selected for the festivities was a Sunday in the end of August or beginning of September; the landing of his Majesty and nobles from the royal barge under a salute of twenty-one guns, the band playing "God save the King," and the assembled multitude rending the air with their acclamations! Then the ceremony of his coronation, and afterwards his journey through his dominions, attended by his nobles! At an early hour the monarch and his court proceeded in ludicrously solemn procession from the palace to the church—at the present day a roofless ruin—in which the ceremony was performed with a mock gravity which was, however thoughtlessly profane, still irresistibly humorous. The nobles, with painted faces and a profuse display of stars and ribbons, had their titles and appropriate badges of office. There was the grand chamberlain, with his bunch of old rusty keys—the archbishop with his paper mitre and his natural beard of a month's growth! The very titles of these great personages were conferred in a spirit of drollery, and made characteristic of the peculiarities of the individuals who bore them. Thus there was a Lord of Ireland's Ey—a grave-looking gentleman who had lost one of his visual organs; a Lord Posey—a gentleman who was remarkable for his habit of carrying a bunch of flowers at his breast; and so on. All the nobility were wits, orators, and generally first-rate vocalists, and the royal visitors were similarly gifted. Charles Incedon, the prince of ballad-singers of his time, here sang his "Black-eyed Susan" and other charming ditties, and John Philpot Curran, the greatest wit of the world, set the table in a roar with his meteor flashes. But the prime spirits of the court were his Majesty himself, Stephen Armitage, his Lord High Admiral Luke Cassidy, and his archbishop—Gillespy. The long coronation sermon of the latter was one of the richest treats of the day, and produced effects such as sermon never produced before.

During this august and imposing ceremony, the church was not only crowded to excess, and its ruined walls covered with human beings, but it was also surrounded with a dense mass of anxious listeners. As to his Majesty himself, he was at times the gravest, and at times the merriest of monarchs, much of his humour consisting in the whimsical uncertainty of his movements, for there never was a crowned head more capricious or changeable in disposition than the King of Dalkey. He would set out attended by his court on a journey to some distant region of his dominions, change his

mind in a minute, and alter his route elsewhere, and again change in a few minutes; and all these mutations of purpose were most loyally approved of and sympathised in by his majesty's nobles and subjects. Another trait in King Stephen's character was his love for song; and when the word ran through his empire that at the royal banquet his majesty had commenced or was about to commence his favourite "Love is my passion and glory!" there was scarcely one of his subjects, male or female, who did not make a rush to get within ear-shot of him. Peace be with thee, Stephen! thou wert a king "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy;" and although thy reign was short and thy dominions small, thou mad'st more of thy subjects truly happy than many monarchs whose reigns were as much longer as their possessions were more extensive! The general outline of the proceedings, as given in that admirable little work, "Ireland Sixty Years Ago," was as follows:

The king landed in state, and was saluted by ordnance on the island. He assembled the most convivial members of the society under the names of his principal officers, and the other guests as his subjects, and in a mock heroic speech resigned his crown into their hands, and desired them to elect a successor. A re-election always followed, and his majesty, in a second speech, expressed his gratitude, was anointed with a bottle of whiskey, and crowned among the plaudits of the people. He then received their petitions and complaints, which were tendered and spoken upon with comic gravity. The members were all of the popular side in politics, and the entire proceeding was made the groundwork for squibs on the political topics of the day. Then followed a sermon from the chief of the Druids and primate of Dalkey, preached in the ruined church, which was called the Cathedral of Dalkey. This latter proceeding was often not a little objectionable, in treating with levity sacred subjects. An ode, composed for the occasion, was then sung by all the people, and the whole ceremony concluded by a feast on the rocks, after which his majesty and his officers of state again embarked in pomp, and were followed by his people.

The last president of this curious society was a convivial Dublin bookseller, named Armitage, who reigned under the title of "King Stephen the First." There is a cluster of rocks near Dalkey, called the Muglins, and another called the Maiden; there are also some small islands—one called Magee, in the bay, and the others, Ireland's Ey and Lambay, on the north of Howth. The king's title united dignities derived from all these localities, in the following form:—His facetious Majesty, Stephen the First, King of Dalkey, Emperor of the Muglins, Prince of the Holy Island of Magee, and Elector of Lambay and Ireland's Ey, Defender of his own Faith, and respecter of all others, Sovereign of the illustrious order of the Lobster and Periwinkle." Another illustrious member was "My Lord Tokay," a wine merchant. The office of primate was filled by a Mr. Gillespie. Besides filling the columns of the "Dalkey Gazette," the proceedings of the society attracted so much attention and were considered to be conducted with so much humour and cleverness, that their annual meetings were recorded in most of the Dublin papers, among the remarkable news of the day.

The politics of "Cooney's Morning Post" were very democratic, and the "Dalkey Gazette," of course, were of the same tone. Its merit consisted in being a serio-comic record of the proceedings of the society, and in satirizing the political events of the day, by means of this mimic kingdom—much in the style of a Christmas pantomime. It must have been indebted for its popularity greatly to the feelings of its readers. The paper is now difficult to be met with.

In imitation of the order of knighthood founded by the government, the king of Dalkey founded the order of Druids. The president was furnished with a large medallion, representing the bust of one of those mysterious persons, which he wore on state occasions suspended from his neck.

Among the persons who took part in the convivialities of the kingdom of Dalkey, was the celebrated T. O'Meara. As the times became menacing, and Ireland infected with French principles, the Lord Chancellor Clare was vigilant in watching every society which was formed, and, among the rest, the kingdom of Dalkey and its Druids attracted his notice. O'Meara was personally known to him, and supposing he could enlighten him, Lord Clare sent for him.

"You, sir," said the chancellor, "are, I understand, connected with the kingdom of Dalkey."

"I am, my lord," said O'Meara.

"Pray, may I ask what title are you recognised by?"
 "I am Duke of Muglins."
 "And what post do you hold under the government?"
 "Chief Commissioner of the Revenue."
 "What are your emoluments in right of your office?"
 "I am allowed to import ten thousand hogsheads, duty free."
 "Hogsheads of what, Mr. Commissioner?"
 "Of salt water, my lord."

The chancellor was satisfied without further question.

O'Meara was an attorney well known at that time, as many of the same profession were, for his conviviality, spirit, wit, singularity, and good nature. Among other anecdotes told of him was one very characteristic. An Englishman of rank and fortune visited Ireland, and accidentally met him at dinner at a friend's house. It was then the hospitable custom for every person who met a stranger at a friend's house, to ask him to dinner, and show him every attention. This was done with more than usual attention by O'Meara, who attached himself to the Englishman, invited him to his house in the country, and, in the display of his good nature and sense of hospitality, gave up his time and business to make the visit agreeable and instructive to his acquaintance, who left Ireland with many expressions of obligation, for the kindness and attention he had received. Soon after, O'Meara for the first time visited London, and being a total stranger there was well pleased to see one day his English acquaintance walking on the other side of Bond-street; so he immediately crossed over, and with outstretched hand declared how delighted he was to see him again. The gentleman was walking with a group of others of a high aristocratic cast, and dressed in the utmost propriety of costume; and when he saw a wild-looking man, with soiled leather breeches, dirty top-boots, not over clean linen, nor very close shaven beard, striding up to him, with a whip in his hand and the lash twisted under his arm, he started back, and with a look of cold surprise, said—

"Sir, you have the advantage of me."

"I have, sir," said O'Meara, looking at him coolly for a moment—"I have, sir, and by — I'll keep it;" and turned from him, casting such a look of contempt and superiority, as the other did not think it prudent to notice.

The last anniversary of the kingdom of Dalkey was, as we have mentioned, held in August, 1797, if we except a miserable attempt to revive it made a few years since.

The concourse of spectators on the shore and island on that occasion was estimated at not less than twenty thousand. The popular interest excited by the proceedings of the society, and its free political sentiments, were considered dangerous in the then excited state of the public mind; and to avoid being suppressed by the strong arm of the government, its meetings were, during the disturbed and alarming crisis of 1798, discontinued.

The odes composed for these commemorations had various degrees of merit. The following are two verses of the ode of 1793:—

"Lord of all Dalkey lands,
 Chief of our jovial bands,
 Are you not man?
 With you though peace doth reign,
 Nor blood your isle doth stain,
 Nor famine here complain,
 Are you not man?"

What though the realms rejoice
 In your melodious voice:
 Kings are but men!
 And while each subject sings:
 'God made us men, not kings!'
 With echo Dalkey rings:
 'Kings are but men!'"

As we have already remarked, the last meeting of the convivial society of which the King of Dalkey was the president, and which formerly attracted so large a portion of public attention, was held on the 20th of August, 1797. The ode of that year is believed to be from the pen of Thomas Moore, who was a faithful and most convivial subject of his facetious Majesty, and we regret, from the interest attached to it as one of Moore's earliest poetic efforts, that the space at our disposal prevents us reproducing it here.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.

VI.—INCH CASTLE, COUNTY KILDARE.



INCH Castle is situated about three miles north-east of Athy, in the barony of East Narragh and Rheban. It was built by De Vesey, in the reign of King John, and afterwards enlarged by the sixth Earl of Kildare, about 1420. There is but one of the towers now remaining, yet, from the extensive foundations, it must have been a place of considerable importance. The land in the neighbourhood lies remarkably flat, with the exception of two ridges that run nearly parallel northward from the castle, with a marsh lying between them.

It was on those heights the armies of Ormond and Mountgarrett, in 1642, marched in sight of each other the evening previous to the battle of Kilrush; that of Ormond on the high grounds of Ardsclull, Fontstown, and Kilrush; whilst the forces under Mountgarrett, and attended by the Lords Dunboyne and Ikerrin, Roger Moore, Hugh Byrne, and other leaders of Leinster, proceeded in the same direction, along the heights of Birtown, Ballyndrum, Glassealy, and Narraghmore. Mountgarrett having the advantage in numbers, and anxious for battle, out-marched Ormond's forces, and posted himself on Bullhill and Kilrush, completely intercepting Ormond's further progress to Dublin; a general engagement became unavoidable. The left wing of the Irish was broken by the first charge; the right, animated by their leaders, maintained the contest for some time, but eventually fell back on a neighbouring eminence, since called Battlemount; where, after a determined resistance, they at length broke and fled.

The country for miles around Inch Castle has many historical connexions; to the east may be seen the much spoken of Rath of Mullaghmast, the ancient Carmen, or the enclosed place, which was the *Naasteighan*, where the states of the southern parts of Leinster met. It is situated on a high and gently sloping hill, and near it are sixteen little conical mounts, on which, it is supposed, the chiefs sat in council. Carmen was anathematized in the sixth century, and the place of assemblage of the chiefs was then removed to the present Naas, one of the shire towns of the county. It takes its present name, Mullaghmast, or *Mallach Mastean*, (the moat of decapitation) from the perfidy of some adventurers in the sixteenth century, who having overrun part of the neighbouring country, were resisted by the Irish chieftains who had properties on the Leix (Queen's county) side of the river Barrow. However, in order to have a final settlement of their differences, it was proposed by the adventurers, that a conference should be held at Carmen, which was agreed to; and on New Year's day, 1577, the chiefs of the Barrow side repaired to the place, where they were treacherously made prisoners and beheaded.

A little to the north of the castle is also to be seen the Moat of Ardsclull, Asclull, or Arstoll, anciently *Rath-ais-Deal*, corruptly Rath-sclull. In 1315, the Scots, under Robert Bruce, gained a battle here, and plundered the neighbourhood. The rath stands

where the battle was fought, and commands a great extent of country. Hammond le Crose, Sir William Prendergast, and John, Lord de Bonneville, on the part of the Irish; and Fergus Andressan and Sir Walter Murray, of the Scottish party, were slain in this battle, and buried in Athy.

JONATHAN SWIFT.



HEN Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels," he attained a position among the world's celebrities. He created a book which possessed the principle of vitality, established the reputation of its author, and secured a lasting popularity for itself. Tainted with gross corruption as it is, the story is most original in conception, and careful in execution; for, of all English writers, Swift is the least chargeable with imitation or plagiarism. The real life of the Dean of St. Patrick's bears some resemblance to that of his imaginary Gulliver. He knew what it was to find himself surrounded by Lilliputians, and to be at the mercy of Brobdingnagians; to encounter every description of obstacle and disappointment, and the antitheses of his style are not stronger than the contrasts of his life, about the early part of which there is much obscurity. The place of his birth is undetermined; he was either born in Hoey's Court, Dublin, or at Leicester, in England; but in which place is a doubtful question, inasmuch as he never attempted to solve it. At any rate, he was Irish by education, as he went to school at Kilkenny, and was afterwards admitted to the University of Dublin.

Here Swift's troubles began. He obtained a degree by special favour, or, in other words, without any special qualification. It is a fact that he was suspended from his degree of B.A., for exciting disturbances within the College, and insulting the Junior Dean. He and another were sentenced by the Board to ask pardon publicly of the Dean on their knees, as having offended more atrociously than the rest. These facts afford the true solution of Swift's animosity towards Trinity College, and account for his determination to take the degree of M.A., at Oxford; and the solution receives confirmation from this, that the Junior Dean, for insulting whom he was punished, was the same Mr. Owen Lloyd—afterwards Professor of Divinity and Dean of Down—whom Swift has treated with so much severity in his account of Lord Wharton. During this time he was supported by his uncle, Godwin Smith, whose death in 1688 rendered it necessary that his nephew should resolve on his future course of life. He found a patron in Sir William Temple, with whom he resided two years, and by whom he was introduced to King William III., and by that monarch he was initiated into the art and mystery of cutting asparagus in the Dutch fashion, and offered a commission in a cavalry corps. As a protégé of Sir William Temple's, Swift was employed to lay before the king the strongest arguments which could be adduced for triennial parliaments. This commission he accepted, feeling the utmost confidence in his own power—an argumentative Brobdingnagian, who shrank into a Lilliputian in the presence of the king's majesty.

Although Swift's mode of life at this time was singularly regular, he was, during his residence at Moor-Park—the seat of Sir William Temple—affected by continued attacks of giddiness and deafness, for which he had been recommended to take exercise, and therefore he made it a rule to run half-a-mile up and down a hill every two hours. He had fixed hours of study, and improved every opportunity, resolving to eradicate his disgrace at Dublin by obtaining fairly a degree at Oxford. But, however agreeable Swift may have found this sort of life for a time, he at length grew weary of it. The hospitality of Sir William Temple became burdensome; and, as there was no money to be had, he left in discontent. The situation of Deputy-Master of the Rolls in Ireland, which Sir William obtained for him, and for which he was eminently disqualified, rendered him still more anxious to enter a profession. The church seemed to him the only road to advancement; he therefore chose it, but found it everywhere beset with thorns. As Prebend of Kilroot, he obtained one hundred pounds a-year; but he resigned this post at the suggestion of his old patron, with whom he again

took up his abode, and continued to reside until Sir William's death. He had hoped that the King would have bestowed on him some clerical appointment, but in this, as in everything else, he was disappointed; and he, accordingly, accepted the office of private secretary to Earl Berkeley, accompanying that nobleman to Ireland. On his arrival in Dublin, he found that he had been supplanted by a man named Bush, a clergyman not being a proper secretary; but, as Derry was in want of a dean, and the preferment in Earl Berkeley's gift, Swift expected to obtain it, and was intensely indignant at only receiving a couple of livings in the diocese of Meath. He was disappointed in every way. He had written some verses, and Dryden, on seeing them, had remarked, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." At Laracor, one of the livings bestowed on Swift by Earl Berkeley, he is said by Johnson to have performed all the offices of his profession with great exactness; but it was thither he invited the unfortunate Stella, about whom so much has been said, and concerning whom so little is known.

Swift was no precocious genius. Before he wrote at all he learned to exemplify his own definition of good writing—that is, placing proper words in proper places. His first work, except a few poetical essays, was entitled, "Discussions in Ancient Rome," and was not published till he was thirty-four years old. Three years later he wrote the "Tale of a Tub," the authorship of which he never owned, although he lost by it the chance of a bishopric. In the year 1710, Swift began the busiest and most important part of his life. He emerged from the obscurity in which so much of his genius had been hidden into the broad area of political strife. He became the intimate of Harley. He was foremost in pamphleteering controversies on the conduct of the war, and was the first to point out to the people how they were being duped by Marlborough, and exhausting their wealth without any personal advantage—how much the Allies were accomplishing for Dutch interests, and how little for the aggrandizement of England. It was about this time that, according to his own showing, he lost his power of sermon-making, and was able only to "preach pamphlets." The place-seeker was now turned into the place-giver. His interest with the government was well known; and every man who had any claim, or who chose to imagine that he possessed such a claim, besieged him for preferment. He was in a Lilliputian world, and the Lilliputians swarmed about him in a manner which was, at the same time, gratifying and annoying.

In 1731, he was appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick's. But in the midst of the excitement of public life, he was ill at ease; he no sooner acquired popularity than he pined for repose. The man-mountain yearned for congenial society; and, surrounded by the wits, scholars, and the statesmen of the age, he sighed for the quiet rectory of Laracor, and the society of the beloved and suffering Stella. When the Tory party broke down, and Whiggism came into power, Swift sheltered himself in obscurity; he proceeded to his deanery, and was, according to one authority, received with respect, and, according to another, was pelted by the populace. This circumstance may, however, refer to a later period of his life. At all events, he was not well received, and soon discovered that the repose he had so agreeably anticipated, was incapable of affording the relief he sought; he was soon pamphleteering as fast as ever, and maintaining a running commentary on the affairs of state. He felt himself an exile—he was an Irishman against his will—the Brobdingnagians were acting as they pleased towards him; his canonicals were fetters—his deanery a prison; and his spirit chafed at the constraint which he was compelled to bear. He sought society—threw open his house to visitors twice a week. He became avaricious—used to say he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland who ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach. He married Stella, but kept the matter secret; and they continued to reside in different houses, making no change whatever in their mode of life. But Swift could not long remain in retirement. The duties of his deanery were not enough to occupy him; he could manage the revenues of his church with exact economy, be careful to maintain the excellency of his choir, rigidly perform the functions of his office, and still have time for other employment. His condition was unenviable; his tyrannical peevishness was chronic; and in rendering those about him uncomfortable, he made himself doubly miserable. To a kind heart he joined a rigorous temper; to a charitable disposition, an exterior naturally rough. His habits were so peculiar as to appear

studiously eccentric; he complained that one of Lord Orrery's servants committed fifteen faults while serving at table; he stowed his pockets with all sorts of coins to give away, but never gave more than one piece at a time; he lent money to the peasantry, and sued them for its recovery; he insisted on Gay and Pope receiving half-a-crown apiece, as they refused to sup or take wine, saying that he was resolved to gain nothing by them; he sought admission into aristocratic society, and yet affected to despise the manners of the great; he wanted nothing but seclusion when at the zenith of popularity, and nothing but popularity when hidden in obscurity. He reiterated his complaints about his Irish exile, till Bolingbroke offered him an English living, and then he rejected that proposal and retained the pleasure of complaining.

In 1724 Wood's patent, empowering him to coin halfpence and farthings for Ireland, produced the "Drapier Letters" from Swift's pen. In these letters the author pointed out the folly of changing gold and silver for coin worth not one-third of its nominal value. The panic was universal; the coin was refused. The pamphlet which had occasioned the refusal was denounced as highly criminal, and three hundred pounds were offered for the discovery of the writer. Swift had only entrusted the secret to his butler, and the man was faithful. In 1727 Swift published his great work, "Gulliver's Travels," "a production," says Johnson, "so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of admiration and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the first edition was exhausted before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and the illiterate." But, with his new reputation, fresh trouble came. He fell ill at Pope's residence, and left with little ceremony, intimating that "two sick friends could not live together." He returned to a home of sorrow to find poor Stella sinking into the grave; he stood beside her in her last moments, and offered, when it was too late, to acknowledge her openly as his wife. She had loved him deeply, and he had wronged her cruelly; she died a victim to the caprice of the man to whom she was devotedly attached, but who had never treated her as a wife. After her death the unhappy temperament of Swift increased. He was more severe, more exacting, more exasperating than before; he wrote occasionally, but produced nothing of lasting importance; he quarrelled with all his friends, and wondered why he was deserted. His mind gave way at length, and he became insane. Familiar faces were unknown to him; all that he was or had been vanished from his memory. He grew ill, and was afflicted with an inflammation in the eye, which occasioned him excessive torture. When that subsided it left him lethargic and heedless. He passed one year in total silence, and died in October, 1744, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

THE world has gone searching for the philosopher's stone, but no one has ever found it. It is a question grave enough for consideration, if, in our days, any one knows the meaning of the term which once charmed kings, princes, nobles, sages, and charlatans, with its pleasing jingle. The history of a thing which occupied such a remarkable position in the minds of mankind is worthy our consideration.

The philosopher's stone was a pulverulent substance, named powder of projection, which was said to possess the strange virtue of effecting the transmutation into gold of divers metals, and particularly of mercury. This powder—the object of researches as assiduous as obstinate, consumed the life and fortune of very many individuals. Beyond all other periods, it was in the commencement of the fifteenth century this study became violent to the degree of insanity, and a great and ordinary passion. In those times we see men of the first desert, occupying themselves and their knowledge in this foolish enterprise. Furnaces, charcoal retorts, alembics, and cressets—every costly utensil of the laboratory, absorbed enormous

sums of money from them, without any good result. Clever schemers pretended, that they possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone, and wasted in a little time, all the wealth of those credulous persons who had the weakness to supply the means for their operations.

The name of Alchemist was given to those biased searchers after the marvellous powder. It ought, however, to be remembered, that their discoveries, frequently unexpected, prepared the way which chemistry opened up, at a later period—chemistry, that wondrous science, which, in multiplying every day the resources of industry, increased as well the happiness of society; chemistry to which modern civilization owes its immense progress, and which has, so to speak, changed the face of the world.

The number of men distinguished by their knowledge, who have pretended they possessed the philosopher's stone, or who have given their belief to transmutation, is sufficiently elevated. We shall cite a few of the most memorable.

Raymond Lully was, it is said, the first who gave himself up to the search for the philosopher's stone. His great wealth is attributed to this talisman; but the true source of his riches is the impost upon wool, which he established and which he fixed. Arnold de Villeneuve was a great physician and a clever alchemist: his practice and the favour of the Popes resident at Avignon, were sources of his wealth. The vulgar pretended that by the means of his philosopher's stone, Arnold made gold by heaps. Nicholas Flamel passed in the eyes of his contemporaries for a learned alchemist, who possessed the secret of transmutation. The immense fortune which he acquired in becoming the secret intermediary between the Jews, driven from France, and their debtors, caused the belief that he understood the composition of the philosophers' stone. Cornelius Agrippa allied the Cabala to medicine, and attempted to explain the apocryphal books of Hermes. This enthusiast gave himself up from his youth to the study of the magical and cabalistic sciences. He asserted that he had at last discovered the secret of the great work, and arrived at the invention of the philosopher's stone. From this reputation he passed in the eyes of his contemporaries for having the power to make gold. Paracelsus, great and gifted as he was, ranks the first amongst the alchemists. Endowed with a wandering imagination, we find in his works that he places the most miserable puerilities beside subjects the most grave. Presumptuous and vain, he vaunted that he had discovered the philosopher's stone, and the universal elixir. He proclaimed also with the effrontery of a charlatan that he could extend the duration of human life at his pleasure by means of the universal elixir. Michael Sendivogius and Antonio Bragadine, obtained great reputation as alchemists. It was said of them that they made gold with as great facility as a smith forges steel. Cardan and Pic de la Mirandola, Van Helmont and Sennert are also amongst the persons celebrated as professors of this art; of each of them there are testimonies to their ability to fulfil the pretences upon which they traded. It is a question, indeed, how far they themselves were not the dupes of their hopes, and the excited imagination to which those hopes gave rise.

There is no doubt that intellects the most enlightened of their time, and men of the most exalted station, became dupes of the tricksters in the art of alchemy. Martin d'Anvers, for instance, a professor of philosophy, eminent for his learning, was for a long time the enemy of the adepts. It is related that as he was disputing with warmth one day against the philosopher's stone, one of his adversaries brought before him some lead, a crucible, and a furnace. When the lead was melted in the presence of all who were listening to the philosopher, he poured in the powder of projection, and the base metal became changed into gold. Then, addressing Martin d'Anvers:

"Answer," said he, "that argument!"

From that day Martin d'Anvers became an alchemist. Another remarkable instance of this trick took place at Prague. The Emperor Frederick the Third, being at that city in the year 1648, was an ocular witness of the transmutation of three pounds of quicksilver, by one grain of the powder of projection. The man who worked this transmutation was called Rixhausen. For the deed he obtained a revenue and the title of baron for recompense. The Emperor caused a medal to be struck made of this philosophic gold. On one side of the medal was represented a young man having above his head a rising sun, on the other was read the words: "The divine metamorphosis made at Prague, January the fifteenth, 1648,



in presence of the Emperor Frederick III." This Rixthausen, an artful and skilful man, sold to the emperor and to many of the nobility the secret of the powder of transmutation. He afterwards decamped carrying with him enormous sums of money. The new possessors of the powder wished to make gold, but in vain, nothing was accomplished by their labour. Rixthausen was sought for but he had quitted the country; then, at length, they perceived that he had audaciously deceived them.

Jean Gauthier, Baron de Plumerolles, was presented to the king, Charles IX., as being able to make gold by transmutation. The king caused one hundred thousand livres to be given him for expenses, and the alchemist went to work, but after seven days of fruitless labour, he was nowhere to be found, and the money of the monarch was departed also. The police were put upon his track, and he was captured. The gibbet put an end to his philosophical researches.

Guy de Creusembourg received twenty thousand crowns to work in the Bastille at gold manufacture. Many great noblemen came to assist him in his labours, of which the result was the imperfect transmutation of mercury. One night he fled, carrying with him his twenty thousand crowns, and appeared no more in France.

A philosopher possessing the Hermetic science presented himself to Henry, the first Prince de Bouillon, and sold to him the alchemic secret for forty thousand crowns. This adroit labourer had purchased at Sedan all the litharge which the apothecaries of the village of Sedan possessed. Then he placed an injunction on them to sell it back to any one requiring it at a low price. Whilst he had the litharge in his possession he had mixed it with some ounces of powder gold. The Prince de Bouillon having operated on the litharge succeeded in obtaining gold from it. But when all the litharge of the apothecaries of Sedan was exhausted, and that it became necessary to purchase it elsewhere, the powder of projection lost its transmuting power. The adept had in the meantime vanished with his forty thousand crowns. The Prince de Bouillon perceived he had been robbed, and could only enjoy the benefit of his experience by swearing he should never be taken in again.

In this way, for five hundred years, during which this mania for the philosopher's stone continued, a number of knaves of this kind, wasted the wealth of the greedy and avaricious rich, in order to augment their own. It was long, indeed, until the tricks which they put into practice, were understood: but their manner of effecting them was discovered at last. They removed the metals which they

pretended to transmute with spatulas, or wands, filled with gold, which thus mingled with the melted metal. They cast into the crucible, powdered charcoal, mixed with oxide of gold. They employed crucibles with a double bottom; in the lowest compartment they placed the gold, and in that above it was melted the other metal. When the fusion was complete, the liquid was poured on, the contents of both parts of the crucible flowing out together, the spectators of course beheld the transmutation. They also used crucibles whose inner wall, lined with an amalgam of gold, detached itself by the heat, and fell to the bottom, to form an ingot. These are some of the ways by which they effected their purpose of deceit, but they varied the trick so as to deceive the most clear sighted. Besides this, in order to give a recondite air to their vain science, the alchemists used a hollow jargon, which is perfectly unintelligible now.

Amongst the alchemists as everywhere else, there were to be found men of good faith, and soundrels. The believers in this art who passed their lives in the depths of a laboratory, far from attaining the end of their desire, always arrived at their ruin, whence came the proverb: "Alchemy is an art without art, of which the beginning is falsehood—the middle, labour and pain—and the end beggary."

Perhaps, out of all this night of intellect, a conclusion may be drawn, not without its instruction. The terrestrial globe is formed of simple bodies, and complex bodies, but man cannot produce a simple body—for in order to produce it, it is necessary to create it, and to create is beyond human power. Gold being a simple body, it is absurd, that is to say, it is an absolute impossibility, to seek to produce it by other mineral substances. Thus, that which has been said about the famous secret of the philosopher's stone being known to some alchemists is completely false, and ought to be only left in the domain of fable.

TO OUR READERS.

We regret to have to inform our readers that in consequence of the non-receipt of any manuscript from MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD, we are necessitated to discontinue his story of "FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME." The fault rests solely with the author, who, by his agreement with the Publisher of this Journal, undertook to furnish the necessary amount of copy, but has not adhered to his stipulation.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SUIIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER XI.



THOUSAND vague suspicions and surmises identified with the peculiar superstitions of the night—the power of the secret ministers of evil—the dark and sudden phoooca—the wanton Sheevrie—the soulth (bodiless spirit), or the dhina-mahua—

(good people) as mischievously inclined, notwithstanding the conciliatory appellation which is given them, as any among the host of malicious spirits who are supposed to make holiday on those sacred vigils—and be gifted with a power almost unlimited over all who, unprotected by the shield of a secure conscience, are found wandering at sunset in lonely places—a thousand surmises of this nature flashed in indistinct and hurrying masses upon the mind of the prostrate Maher, and, for a time, prevented him from lifting up his eyes, as he would very speedily have done under any other circumstance, to ascertain from what cause or with whom the aggression origin-



THE PENITENT'S RETURN.

ated. His doubts on this subject, however, were solved by the sound of a shrill voice, the tones of which, though not heard during the lapse of many a long day before, were most familiar to his ear:—

“*Millia buehus—agus millia gloria!* you contrary boy! have I found you at last? get up wit you, an coom along home wit me this minit, I tell you, agin!”

Mun raised his eyes cautiously, and beheld, standing above him, with the fragment of an ashen bough in her hand, and the rosary transferred from that hand to her neck, the old woman to whom Suil Dhuv had been so civil when he met her in the glyn.

“Aih, mother, is that you that’s there?”

“D’ye hear him for one rogue? ’Tis thin, I that’s there—get up an coom along with me now. Ah, you ingrateful rebel—you that I rared and cared for, and that I thought would be spreaden a bed in heaven for your old mother, yit—to go after sech coorses as them! Whose horses are them you’re houlden?”

“My own and the Suil Dhuv.”

“The Suil Dhuv!” the old woman exclaimed, dropping the bough, and clasping and wreathing her bony fingers in strong terror. “Oh, Mun, a boughleen dhown! is that the company you’re keepen now, darlen?”

“What else would I be doen?”

“Stayen at home, to be sure, minden the ould widowed mother, you thief o’ the world—look! look over! Do you

see that fort beyont, with the black hazels stirreit upon the edges of it? and do you know what was done there! Eh—the gentle Heaven preserve us, may be 'tis to one o' themselves I'd be talken this way! Answer me, eroo, wor you one o' them that did that deed, in that place, that night?" and the old woman moved back from him with some distrust.

"Ax me no questions, mother," said Mun, enjoying, for a moment, even the unenviable kind of superiority which the horrible suspicion of his worthy parent gave him—and affecting a degree of gloomy and mystical importance—"ax me no questions, an' I'll tell you no stories. There are some people in the world that are obliged, sometimes, to do things that other people arn't to know anythen about. Do you think," he added, bending on her one of his leader's dark glances—"do you think you are able to judge that deed, whether it was good or bad? did you ever hear tell of the bunch of *loghero*?" (rushes.)

"The bunch o' *loghero*! eroo—" said the old widow, quite bewildered.

"Coom, sit down a-near me here on the ditch—an' I'll tell you it while the Suil Dhuv is away. *Siedh shus!* here. The moryil of it is that you arn't to say anythen is wrong when you jedge be yourself, and can't for the life o' you see the inward meaning o' what's done. Listen to me.

"A holy and a good man, but too much troubled with doubts, Father Dennis, was awoke in the middle of a dark December night by a great noise outside his window. He got up, threw open the shutters, and looking out, he saw two men, one of them striving to kill the other with a hatchet, and the other endeavouring to save himself as well as he could. Just as the Priest was going to cry out a thousand murders, he heard a heavy crash, and a groan, and then a great fall, and then there was a silence, so he knew all was over.

"He held his tongue, and waited to see what would become of the murderer. 'I shall now know to a certainty,' said the Priest 'whether there is a Providence or no.'

"Opposite to the Priest's house was a sweet cottage tenanted by a young couple who had been married only a few months, and were the admiration of the whole village for their fondness. To this house he saw the murderer drag the body—he laid it near the cottage door, and placing the bloody hatchet on his breast, he went his way.

"The Priest never returned to his bed that night, but stood at the window waiting for daylight, to see what would become of the murdered and the murderer. 'If there be a Providence,' says the Priest, 'the murderer surely shall not be suffered to escape.'

"Day broke—there was very little light—scarcely so much as might serve to guide a man upon his road; for the moon and stars had gone down, and it was long—long before sunrise. He saw the cottage door open—and the man of the house—a young, hale, handsome man come out. He stumbled over the dead body, and fell;—not knowing the cause, he was greatly surprised on rising, to find himself dabbled with blood. He startled and trembled from head to foot—stooped and touched the corpse, taking the hatchet in his hand, and after making certain that the man was dead indeed, he ran towards the high road, scarcely knowing what he was about to do. At the gate he was met and hailed by a neighbour.

"'Ho! you're early rising this morning, sir,' said the strange man—'where to, now?'

"'I'm going—I don't know—I want help—there's murder has been done.'

"By whom? Not by you I hope—what brings the blood upon your vest and face—and what business have you (Lord save us!) with the bloody hatchet in your hands. Show me the body. What? at your own door too? In the name of the great Lord, and of the king of the land, I take you a prisoner for this deed."

"'Surely,' says the Priest, 'if there be a Providence, this innocent man won't suffer for the deed he never shared in.' The young man was sent to gaol, and the Priest staid all that day praying in his own room, that if there was a Providence, it might be made known to him in that business.

"The next morning he was roused from his knees by a wild shrieking and clapping of hands in the street. He went again to the window, and he saw a young woman, fair and well formed, standing on the roadside, crying bitterly, wringing her hands, and now and then looking, like one that is crazed, along the road, giving a loud

cry, and clapping her hands, and shaking her hair over her shoulders. Father Dennis looked along the road in the same direction, and he saw red coats, and horses prancing, and guns and swords glittering, and a crowd of people pressing round a car, in which, after the whole procession came a little nearer, he saw, sitting, very pale—and looking now and then at the straw that covered the hangman near him—the young man of the cottage—his neighbour. Then the Priest started, and determined, before matters went further, to put an end to the matter, by telling all he knew. He got up, and was about to leave his room, when he was struck senseless in a fit.

"When he came to himself, he saw one through the curtain of the bed sitting by him, and watching for him to awake. Supposing that it was his clerk, he asked if the execution had passed?

"It is over," said the man; 'I saw the dead man with my own eyes!'

"Then," said the Priest, starting up in bed, 'I have cast away my life in prayers that were never heard—for there is no Providence!'

"Take care how you say that too speedily," said the man, drawing back the curtain, and looking him straight in the face. It was the murderer himself.

"Father Dennis felt his heart faint away within him; but he could not speak, neither was he able to deny the man, when he walked towards the door and bade him follow. He got up, put on his old hat, took his stick and breviary in his hand, and away with him into the fields, the murderer still going before, and now and then beckoning him on, until they came to a lonely, quiet place, where there was a bunch of *loghero* growing in the middle of the fields.

"Do you remember," says the murderer, 'a young man of your parish that was spirited away into these wild places and never heard of after?'

"The man was going to be married," says Father Dennis, 'to the same young woman that is now a widow, mourning for the innocent man that was hanged yesterday.'

"Did you mark how he started and trembled when he felt the blood upon his hands, and saw the bloody weapon? Take this spade and dig there?'

"The Priest put the spade into the earth, and turning up some loose sods, there he saw the body of the young man they were speaking of, as fresh as ever, with a deep gash on one side of the head.

"Take the hatchet that is on the breast," said the murderer.

Father Dennis took the rusty hatchet, and there, sure enough, he found out upon the handle, the name of the man that had been hanged that morning.

"There is a God then," said a voice above his head, 'and a just and a good one.'

"Father Dennis looked around for the murderer, but he was no where to be seen, and there was no bush nor place where he could hide himself. At last, looking up, he saw, floating in the air above him, a glorious angel, with bright wings waving, and white garments flying, and a smile on his lips like the dawn of the May morning.

"I am he that brought you here," said the angel; 'Return to your house and believe. You can see now that your doubts were daring and guilty, and that it is not what man thinks evil that is evil in the sight of God.' So that's the way wit you, you see, because you can't see the reason why Segur should be murdered, an' he dark, you think it must be wrong done, surely. Ha! what's that—murder! murder! how he runs! O they're chasen him, surely—He's pinned, an' we'll be all hung together on a string, like onions. Go along, mother, and hide yourself—Here he is, an' they hunt him."

"Who is it, Mun, eroo? Aih, darlen?"

"No matter, mother dear, run for your life—sunuher to me, (though that's no great curse) if you won't be kilt av you stop a minnit—"

"I'll not stir till you come along wit me now, Mun—"

"O, d'ye hear this? I'll go to you to-morrow now—see! that I mightn't sin af I won't! I'll be at your table by the hob with the first light in the mornen, or else, may I never die in sin! That the two hands may go to the grave wit me av I don't. That the head may stick to me, now—murder! only see how he flies like a greyhound over the ditches. He'll be atop o' you in a minnit—"

"Mun, I won't lave you now I have you, for I know it's the last that talks to you it's them you'll be said by."

"O then, see this, why! What am I to do at all with you, after all the cursen! I tell you I'll not stop more than this night with him, and isn't that enough?"

The old woman's answer was cut short by the arrival of Suil Dhuv, who bounded clear over the stile behind them, and seemed about to continue his headlong flight yet farther, when Mun laid hold on his arm.

"Ha! hold off? Who takes my arm?" he cried in a convulsion of fierce terror, while his eyes, staring and dilated, wandered over the person of his accomplice (scarcely less terrified), his hair stirred upon his forehead, which was pale as marble, although bathed in perspiration. "What—Maher? Where are the horses?"

"Here! sir, what's the matter? Are they after us?"

"They are! they are! O blessed night! I'm burning!"

"Who are they?"

"All that's evil, I think! Mount and be off—Don't you see 'em, and hear 'em, and feel 'em? I do, if you don't—There—there!" he added, dashing the chalice at Maher's feet, while the latter started back—"there's what they're all of 'em screeching after, and what I brought through the midst of 'em all—take it, you, and bring it along."

The old woman, at sight of the sacred cup, clasped her hands and uttered a scream of horror. Suil Dhuv looked upon, and instantly recognised her. At the same instant too, the recollection of her intended benediction, to which he had paid no attention at the moment when it was spoken, and which seemed to have been preserved hitherto in the mere avenues of the sense, now forced its way with all its original distinctness into the understanding, and froze him with horror. "*May all that you do there be remembered to you at the day o' judgment, in the last o' the world, and through all eternity for ever!*" The solemnity of the anathema, the more fearful as it was most innocently meant by the speaker, and seemed to be altogether the voice of Providence unconsciously transmitted to her, pealed with a stunning influence upon his heart and brain. That very innocence of intention, moreover, served only to increase his rage against the poor woman. He rushed furiously upon her, and would, most probably, have shook the unfortunate creature's bones "out of her garments," in spite of the vigorous resistance which was made by Maher, had not a new subject of alarm suddenly struck his sight. He relaxed his hands, which were clenched hard upon the throat of his accomplice, and remained for a moment silent, and staring fixedly over his shoulder, on the distant hills.

"Light he's gotten, surely," said Mun.

"A judgment from Heaven!" exclaimed his mother.

The Coiner continued gazing on the distance, and muttering, between his teeth—"Ay now—there 'tis—it's really coming now through—Look—look at all the fires breaking through the earth—Look!—Look!"

Mun turned, and beheld indeed a sight which showed him there was some ground for the wild words of the Coiner. The mountains and the plains on all sides around them were lighted up with numberless fires—the red lustre of which, during the space of time consumed by their conversation, had supplanted that of the heavy evening sun.

"'Tis the Eha-na-Shawn, sure," says the old woman.

"Is it St. John's fires you'd be wondheren at, that way?" asked Maher.

Suil Dhuv paused a moment, breathed heavily, then sprung into the air, stamped both feet against the ground, and shaking back his hair that was damp with perspiration, he snatched the reins of his horse and was mounted in an instant.

Maher was about to follow his example, when his mother bent forward and laid her hand entreatingly upon his arm. "Mun, Mun, darlen? O Mun, a lanna ma chree!"

"To-morrow, mother—to-morrow mornen I'll be in my father's house agin, but I must be good to my word to-night. Take care o' the chalice, for I wouldn't touch it," said Maher, as he rode after his leader, the tramping of whose horse's hoofs were already heard in the distance.

"Heaven speed that morrow, then!" exclaimed the old woman, clasping her hands once more, and turning up her old eyes in fervent prayer—"Heaven keep my child out of sin and blood this dreadful night! Ah! see where they left the chalice, the two of 'em." And plucking some dock-leaves, which she reverently wrapped about the sacred vessel, taking care not to pollute the consecrated

silver by her touch (an impiety from which it needed not the remembrance of the fate of Oza to warn her)—she carried it between her hands, with many a genuflection, and many a sigh, and many an "Allilu! O hone! mavrone!" to her own humble dwelling.

The reader may possibly remember some allusions made in the early part of this narrative to a fair friend of Robert Kumba, whose name has afterwards frequently occurred under circumstances which it was intended should be interesting, although the original construction of the history has rendered it difficult for us to introduce the lady personally to his notice before the present moment. The story of her love and her disappointment is so brief, and at the same time (owing to peculiar circumstances in her disposition and education) so unfrequent, that we are sure of obtaining his indulgence if we venture to arrest, even in the zenith of its middle bound, the main action of the story, for the purpose of claiming for one, whose happiness or misery is most closely entangled in its results, that portion of his attention which she deserves, and which, we can assure him, she would be very unwilling to solicit for herself.

A clear, open forehead, beautifully rounded off beneath a cluster of that dark (*not* black) and shining hair, which is so general as to be almost characteristic among Munster maidens, and which parting easily in the centre of the forehead, formed a darkening semicircle on the pure marble of the slightly hollowed temples, and fell in waving curls upon the shoulders—a fashion which was then very popular among those younger members of the gentle sex, whose years had not yet entitled them to the womanly honours of a *tête*—a masque of a full, yet delicate and tapering outline—and a chin sharp, sweet, and small as those which the great father of the English school of portrait painting seemed to look upon as the cæstus of female, or at least of infantine beauty—dimpling to every smile, and scarcely inferior in expressive sweetness to the exquisitely curved and "wee bit" lips above it—a cheek which combined the mossy tenderness of the rose bud, with the delicately vigorous hue of its expanded petals—a nose (it is an awkward feature to introduce into a mere description—but if ever there was a nose that looked well in prose or poetry, that nose was Lilly Byrne's) a nose then, we say fearlessly, which would have safely braved even the critical eye of that renowned Italian magnate whose perception was so acute that he could observe a fault which in reality did not exist, and an improvement where in reality none had taken place; a fine well-opened eye, over which the long quivering lashes played with an influence which at the same time tempered and heightened the fiery sweetness of the light-blue sparklers beneath them; teeth, convex, close set, and pearly; a neck and gorge which, as the curiously fanciful writer of *Arcadia* might have expressed it, formed the most delightful isthmus that could be wished for, between that lovely peninsula, her head, and that most fair continent, her person—and which presented the most exquisite model that even he could desire, of that exquisitely delicate sharpness of outline which characterises the most lady-like of Laurence's portraits; which is no less characteristic of real elegance and gentle descent in the sex of Lilly Byrne, than the curling hair and acquiline nose is in the other, and which, moreover, seems to depend on such a hair-breadth nicety of touch, that nothing less than absolute instinct or accident in the painter can enable him to accomplish it—round, yet narrow shoulders, which were connected by a fine conchoid with the slope of the neck, and from which the arms fell into a position of infinite ease and concord, confined by the closely fitted sleeve of the gown (as was the fashion of the time) as low down as the elbow, where the silk was cut out from the hollow of the arm, leaving a graceful lap over the softly rounded flexure, and suffering the remainder of the limb to continue revealed, in all its tapering softness—its elegant diminutiveness of wrist, its daintiness of finger, and polished convexity of nail (there is nothing like being particular), to the admiration of the beholder, unless, perhaps, on certain occasions when its beauties were "covered, but not hid," by the mist-like shadowing of a half-handed silk net glove; a waist squeezed up into a cruelly delightful littleness, such as would have satisfied the charming Lady Mary Montague herself—confined within a peaked body, which was on state occasions ornamented with a stomacher of small brilliants, and for the most part with the narrow ribbon work of the stays, which were left exposed by the opening of the gown in front, that sloped upward and revealed just so much of the white neck as was consistent with the feminine

modesty of the period—and that was very little indeed (we don't mean the modesty, but the neck)—for

"Y que ques Hidalgas son,
No solo no nos dan pechos,
Pero ni pechos, ni espaldas;"

was a prohibition more in favour with our fair Hibernian ancestors than among the heroines of *Las Armas de la Hermosura*; or we will dare to say, the young and beautiful of our own day: a small foot, confined within a sharp-pointed, high-heeled satin shoe, ornamented with rows of gold or silver spangles, and glancing from beneath the richly quilted green silk petticoat—(to use an adaptation of Sir John Suckling's celebrated simile)—like little gold-finches, fluttering among the summer foliage of a scyamore; an ankle, the glossy whiteness of which was qualified, not concealed, by the thin, faint flesh-coloured checked silk stocking, and which formed the most perfectly finished termination in the world to the classically large and easily fashioned person: these constituted the claims of Lilly Byrne to the title which was given her of the village beauty, and if, after all the pains we have been at in detailing them, the reader should refuse to have those claims allowed, we can only say that we wish him a better taste.

But the portrait which we have just presented was that which a painter might have taken with advantage, when Lilly Byrne was younger and happier than she was on this day; when the hope of authorised affection lived in her heart, and breathed in every movement of her frame; when she loitered and listened with a cheek alternately flushing and whitening with the gentle tumultuousness of expectation for the approach of her accepted lover, mistaking the creaking of the iron yard-gate for his pattering summons upon the brazen rapper of the hall-door, nibbling her pretty lip in anger at the disappointment, glancing towards the window, and along the elevated lawn by which he was to approach, fidgetting and quarrelling with her work, talking of everything but the subject, and blushing even to the fingers' ends, when she found herself detected in the midst of her manoeuvres by the experienced eye of her mother, or the sudden loud laugh of her father, as their glances met—when the day was consumed between the lovers in those unmeaning words and actions, which, between lovers, have so deep a meaning—in jests which were laughed at, and not worth being laughed at, and those tantalizing annoyances, by which even the most sincere and the fondest among the gentle tyrants of the hours of courtship delight in manifesting their power over the great awkward fool who is lying at their feet—a power, indeed, which, considering how very short-lived it is in general, it would be an act of naughty supererogation to take from them; when light heart and merry word was the order of the day, when Lilly Byrne could do nothing for Robert Kumba, who was hiding her balls of cotton and her bobbin, and pulling the thread out of her needle, and Robert protested it was Lilly herself that was so idle, and mamma remonstrated, and wished that Mr. Robert Kumba would mind his own business, so she did, and let her daughter mind hers, and Robert said Lilly was a spiteful little tell-tale, and the old gentleman said they were all a parcel of fools together, and—but if we say more, we shall come in for share of the censure.

Few love-matches, commencing under such circumstances, so blameless and so seemingly prosperous, were ever so suddenly deranged and overclouded as this was.

The affair proceeded far beyond that limit within which the prospects, at least, if not the feelings of a girl may be said to remain secure. Those little privileges of address, which are not even allowed to the accepted lover, until all is believed to be as certain of accomplishment as if the ceremony had already passed, and which perhaps it were well for the peace and happiness of many a forsaken heart to have altogether prohibited, until the very possibility of a disappointment had been removed, had been long accorded to Robert Kumba. The envied and (what was more) enviable position by her side on all occasions—the solitary evening walk—the tête-à-tête in crowds—the certainty that he imparted pleasure while he whispered welcome nonsense in

"The soft labyrinth of the lady's ear,"

and a thousand other harmless intimacies which the memory of

those who have been, the consciousness of those who are, and the imagination of those who wish to be, lovers, will save us the pains of recounting—were, for a long time, freely granted him; and the consequence was, that he had at length become completely wound up, and entangled with all the joys, the sorrows, the hopes, and the fears of the young and ardent girl, that it should be as reasonable to look for the survival of her happiness after he, its heart had been snatched from her, as to suppose that her material frame should continue uninjured in any of its functions after the great organ of life had been torn from her bosom. She died this moral death, however; for her lover was snatched from her—and so suddenly, that the ruin reached her spirit even before a single fear could prepare her for its approach. The manner of the "break off" was so strange and rapid—so utterly unlooked for—so startling and dream-like, that all was past and gone before she could even imagine the possibility of her desolation.

The lovers had been taking their usual evening walk, and were occupying their usual position on the strait-backed, strait-armed, chintz-covered sofa (or settee, as it was then called), Lilly complaining pettishly of fatigue, while her lover untied the strings of her gypsy-fashioned white chip hat, and laid aside her scarf—while Mrs. Byrne sat knitting a gray worsted stocking by the clear turf fire, and a clean sleek tortoise-shell cat sat on her knee, in that beautiful position for which it is almost proverbially celebrated, purring its monotonous song of pleasure and contentment—and while Mr. Byrne, who had manifested a degree of reserve in his manner to Kumba throughout the evening, which was attributed by the latter to the accident of some disappointment in his farming affairs, continued walking slowly back and forward from the corner near the cupboard to the corner near the window, jingling a handful of halfpence behind his back, and humming the popular air, the burthen of which runs:—

"Dholinashin cruiskeen, lawn, lawn, lawn,
Dholinashin cruiskeen, lawn,
Dholinashin cruiskeen
Slauntha gal ma vourneen
Bohumilum a cooleen dhuv no bawn."

On a sudden the old gentleman stopped short, and said:

"Robert Kumba, who were those people I saw on the grounds, over, to-day?"

Kumba let Lilly's hand go, and reddened slightly, with the angry consciousness of one who conceives that a "liberty" is about to be taken with him.

"They were—poh!—they were fellows from Mr. Rose, sir."

"I thought so. Where are the little *vaugh* of black cattle that you were so proud of, that you had in the east meadow a week ago, Robert?"

"O then, sir, I'm sure I don't know, they're gone, sir," said Kumba, in increased displeasure.

"Sold?"

"Poh, yes," with an impatient laugh.

"By you, Robert?"

"By the driver, sir."

"I am sorry to hear it, they were a great loss."

"O, I'm sure I don't want any body to tell me that. They wouldn't go if I could help it."

"Don't speak so impatiently, Robert, to your friends. 'Tis in kindness I speak, believe me. Your uncle James says that you could have helped it."

"My uncle James," said Kumba, vehemently, "never interferes in my business from any kind or generous motive. I wish he would spare his censures, since he can afford nothing else."

"I don't know, but a timely censure may be a very good thing," said Mr. Byrne, in a fair and easy way; "and I should like to hear you show that this was undeserved, before you get into a passion about it."

"O, well, there has been enough about it now," said Kumba, turning to Lilly, whose agony during this scene may be well imagined; "Come, Lilly, will you play a game of chess?"

"Indeed sir, there has not been enough about it," replied the father; "and I am determined to have a great deal more about it before Miss Byrne either plays chess or plays the fool."

"Miss Byrne!" Kumba could not help echoing, unconsciously, in a murmur of perfect astonishment.

"I give myself great blame," continued the old gentleman, his warmth gradually increasing as the subject became more fully developed, "that I did not take care to make myself aware much sooner of all the circumstances that I have heard to-day. Lilly, go to your room."

"Whatever you may have to say to me, sir," said Kumba, taking Lilly's hand, which trembled in his, and smiling, though with a quivering lip, upon her—"may be said in *Miss Byrne's* presence. Our interests are single."

"Not yet, thank heaven!—Do you hear me, madam?"

Lilly, who knew the extremities of anger which her father was capable of indulging, looked entreatingly towards her mother.

"Perhaps you were misinformed, my dear, interposed Mrs. Byrne, gently.

"I was misinformed, my dear," said her husband, passionately; "I was misinformed when I took a spendthrift and a prodigal into my house—a wasteful, extravagant wretch—(don't stop me, woman!)—that is sitting there now with his mouth open looking at me, after having squandered the beautiful property that was left him not four years since, and plunged himself over head and ears in debt, while I thought he was clearing off those left by his father."

Mrs. Byrne uttered an exclamation of surprise and dismay, and and poor Lilly's heart sunk as low as if the whole world were forsaking her.

"You were much mistaken, sir, if you supposed that it was ever my wish or intention to avail myself of your ignorance on that head," said Kumba, spiritedly.

"I wish I had known that sooner," retorted the father.

"O, 'tis never too late for repentance, sir," said Kumba, springing quickly from the sofa. "I permit no intermeddling in my affairs."

"Young man!....." Mr. Byrne exclaimed—his aged brow flushing, and his frame trembling with anger—"but no—pish! no—" checking his anger by a violent effort—"this is not altogether my affair. Hear me, sir. You shall not enter these doors again for six months. If, during that time, you——"

"O, my good sir, you deceive yourself very egregiously," said Kumba, with all the pride of voice and manner which he was capable of assuming—"my course, my conduct, my fortunes and my misfortunes are my own. You cannot point my way, sir. Undeceive yourself, if you please."

"Very well said, sir," replied the old gentleman, smiling and bowing—"you are your own master, and a fine scholar you have, sir. But suppose I said your way lay there, sir?" pointing to the door.

"I could find it without giving you the trouble, sir," said Kumba.

"The sooner the better, sir," the father continued, smiling and bowing him out affectedly.

"As soon as I get my hat," said the other, snatching it at the same moment, with a degree of levity which, though in accordance with all his character, the poor stupified Lilly could not help feeling was unkind almost to heartlessness, and muttering, as he returned her father's ironical smiles, something about "the old man's *prudence*," and his own "misfortunes."

"Quit my house, ruffian!" and the old man now broke forth in a paroxysm of fury, while his wife and daughter flung themselves with cries of terror about his neck—"quit my house, ungrateful scoundrel that you are, or I'll fling you out of the window."

Kumba, perceiving at once all the impropriety of his conduct, used an action which seemed as though he wished to say something in extenuation, when he was prevented by Lilly, whose displeasure (for she could be displeased on occasion as well as another) had been strongly roused by the last insult to her parent.

"Begone, sir!" she exclaimed, drawing up her head, with a tone and look of virtuous anger, before which Kumba's own pride crumbled into dust—"I did not know you until now. We want neither your presence nor your apology. You have deceived yourself, sir, if you suppose that any interest you may possess in my affections can make me insensible to the duty I owe my father. How dared you, sir," she continued, panting with agitation—"how could you use such coarse terms to my father—and in my presence? Go, sir, your apology can do little!"

In a few seconds the hall door had closed on the rejected Kumba, while the old man gathered his daughter to his bosom with murmured praises and kisses of affectionate admiration. This access of

tenderness, however, was the most injudicious course that could have been used in the present condition of our little heroine's feelings. It softened and let down the strings of her generous nature, and unhinged the proud consciousness of injury by which she had been sustained. She sunk from between his arms in a fit of convulsive grief, succeeded by fainting and renewed hysterics, which it required all the usual expedients of ether, burnt feathers, and cold affusions to subdue.

For many days after this occurrence had taken place, Lilly could not persuade herself that all was in reality at an end between her and her lover, and that the scene which she had witnessed was other than a dream. All passed so suddenly, so swiftly, so unexpectedly! she could not believe that the beautiful and glittering fabric which her young and sanguine heart had constructed with so much pains and self-gratulation, should thus, at the very point of its completion, be utterly hurried from her view, passing as rapidly as the rushing of a summer wind, and leaving no trace of its existence more evident than the dreary sound of its departing glory. She still listened while at her work for the knock of her lover—suffering under an agony, in which all the fever of protracted expectation was combined with the sullen and barren stillness of despair. Every approaching footstep startled her with a sudden hope, which was awakened only to be again struck lifeless by the pang of a disappointment quite as sudden. Her parents no longer received from her that devoted attention which, in the security of her youthful affection, she had been accustomed to pay them. When she knelt before them and bent her head to receive the parental benediction at morning and evening, the once sweetly murmured "Blessing, father; mother, blessing!" was hurried over almost unconsciously; and the affectionate prayer of the old couple, that "God would bless her, and mark her to grace!" fell with the influence of an unmeaning sound upon her ear. Her more secret devotions, too, were distracted and unsatisfactory. When she detected herself in the midst of a train of wandering reflections, it was in vain that she reproached herself, knelt more erect, clasped her hands more firmly, and attempted, by gazing steadily upward, to raise her thoughts above her own worldly interests, and still the unsettled throbbing of her heart, by striving to lay all its feelings at repose in the lap of a pious confidence. The form of Robert Kumba, with his angry, rude, and selfishly passionate look, would come floating on the eye of her memory through the upper air, and then every word and action, no sound or gesture omitted, of the scene which had taken place would steal silently through her brain, her heart would swell and throb with a new tumult, to be followed by a new self-recollection, a new effort at resignation, and again a new distraction and a new distress. Her little domestic arrangements, also, were conducted with less care and diligence than formerly. The tortoisecat (before mentioned) had holiday times in the pantry, the door of which, notwithstanding all Mrs. Byrne's agonized remonstrances, was repeatedly left ajar, and the good lady was once heard solemnly to affirm, that she had found the animal actually lapping the milk at one side of the *peck*, or *keeler*, while Lilly was skimming at the other. The *full-bound* [firkin] of butter, home-made, which formed one of Lilly's own housekeeping perquisites, remained unfilled, although the fair of Cork was fast approaching, and uncle Cuthbert, the grazier, had repeatedly offered to dispose of it along with his own, which was always first quality, because the butter-taster was a particular friend of his; a series of advantages, the possibility of losing which, made poor Mrs. Byrne's heart ache with apprehension.

Her daughter, however, continued to neglect the fair of Cork—her fine uncle—the full-bound—the tortoisecat and the pantry-door, in spite of all her lectures. Her fits of abstraction and absent acts and words continued to grow and fasten the more upon her manner in proportion as they were observed, and her melancholy, which at no time presented violent symptoms, was silently wearing a channel in her heart, which deepened so rapidly, as, at length, to endanger the foundation of her health itself. "Dry sorrow baked her blood." She would frequently gaze for a long hour together upon the sunny lawn before the windows of the house, with a fixed and tearless eye, absorbed in a fit of intense abstraction—from which, if roused by her mother after many unheeded calls, she would start (like one who had been surprised in slumber,) with a thousand hurried apologies; if by her father, with a sharp and peevish shortness of reply, which was most foreign to her character, and which made the old man's heart bleed.

She never smiled; but very frequently, when passing to her room at night, she would pause in the middle of the long and narrow flagged hall—the candle elevated in one hand, while the other gathered her thin night-dress about her bosom—and remain motionless as a statue, her eyes rivetted on the ground, her lips parted as if in astonishment, and her whole being apparently suspended, for several minutes, until at length the conviction of her desolation came back upon her, and biting her nether lip, while she uttered a low, tremulous, and murmuring scream of anguish, she would rush along the passage to her own apartment, and fling herself on the bed in a passion of tearless grief, which wasted itself in short sobs, shiverings, and muttered sounds of suffering.

Mrs. Byrne could not "tell what to make" of all this. She could not form a conception of any ill affection of the frame which was unconnected with a positive disease—and though grief might possibly affect a young girl a little, in the manner of Lilly's complaint, it could not possibly be grief, for Lilly cried a great deal less than she did herself. Her father seemed by his silence to understand the matter better—but, as he saw no remedy, he did not think there was any use in contesting the point—and held his peace therefore, when Mrs. Byrne, arguing from the hot and dry skin of the patient, pronounced a sentence of typhus fever (the plague of Ireland). Strange to say, nevertheless, although Mrs. Byrne was wrong in her premises, she was right in her conclusion, and her diagnostic was confirmed by the physician of the neighbouring village.

The old man was now really terrified. He loved—he doated on his daughter, and the actual conviction of her danger burst upon him with the influence of a sudden and deep misfortune. He would have given the whole farm, live stock and all, to hear that the doctor was wrong (and "sure" that would be no such miracle neither); but the doctor in this instance was right—a typhus fever he pronounced the complaint, and a typhus fever poor Lilly had—a fever that wasted and sapped her brain, and brought her to the very gates of freedom. As the illness proceeded, and the doctor's face lengthened in sympathy with his bill, the old man's agony became absolutely phrenetic—he usurped the mother's place and the mother's offices by the bedside of the sufferer—mixed the saline draughts, administered the medicine with his own hands, and spent long nights in sleepless anxiety by her couch.

"I'll tell you what'll come of it," the servants said to one another in the kitchen, "the poor darlen 'll die—Lord save her—an' 'himsel' 'll be fit to be tied, with lightness afther—that'll be the way of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCIENCE OF THE ANCIENTS.



only a few, and this cause is most likely the source of the hindrance which they experienced, whilst the arts were carried to a perfection which the moderns have never been able to surpass. As an exposition of the divisions of science which the an-

MODERN civilization has arrogated to itself the fame and merit of the knowledge of physical sciences. This is not wholly true. Certainly in the times of antiquity they did not attain the high degree of perfection which they have reached in our times. Yet the discoveries of the older order of society deserve our admiration, and the men of genius amongst the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Greeks, who served to make them, by their labours and research, merit our gratitude. Mathematics were very little inferior in correctness and extent in those times, to their position in our own, and as men usually are most easily attracted to the occupations which are rendered facile by the means of which they are possessed, so we find that it was in astronomy and mechanics chiefly they were engaged with most enthusiasm. Pythagoras and Archimedes are the most celebrated names of scientific antiquity. Archimedes performed in mechanics some prodigies of which we shall make mention in the course of our details. Notwithstanding this, the sciences which are to-day public property, were in those epochs the privilege of

cients cultivated with success may be interesting to the readers of the Dublin Journal, as showing the progress of ages which we look back upon, as being the time of the infancy of the human race, we shall give an account of the principal branches in which they directed their labours.

Optics takes a pre-eminent place in this summary, as it was very progressive amongst the Egyptians and the Greeks. They understood the construction of mirrors which they formed of different capacities. Some of those multiplied objects, others exhibited them reversed, and others placed in a particular position reflected no more. They possessed conic mirrors, convex, concave, and magic mirrors. They used the prism for the decomposition of the solar ray, they understood the *camera obscura*, had the magic lantern, and served their purpose of spreading the vulgar illusions which prevailed by all these catoptric constructions which have since become toys for amusement. Suidas relates that wonder workers of his time were very skilful in the art of fascinating the sight, of giving to some the most attractive forms, and to others the most hideous. Pomponius Mella attributes to the Druidesses of Sena the power of transforming men into animals. All this can only be produced by optical illusions. It was so in the cases of Memphis, of Saïs, of Eleusis, and other celebrated places where initiations took place. There, the adepts were submitted to proofs in which pyrotechny, phantasmagoria, and ventriloquy, played a great part. Cicero, Seneca, Iamblichus, Aulus Gellius, and many other authors have explained in their works the means taken to magnify objects and render them visible at great distances. Indeed, the researches of distinguished archaeologists leave no doubt about the various optical means in use amongst the ancients, such as concave glasses, convex, and others shaped of all kinds. The hydraulic microscope, as well as a particular kind of magnifying glass and telescopes, were also employed to magnify objects and shorten distances; some authors have considered the famous burning mirror of Archimedes as being fabulous. A short description of it is a proof that many discoveries, attributed to the moderns alone, were perfectly known to the ancients.

The burning mirror with which Archimedes consumed the Roman fleet besieging Syracuse, has been treated as a real invention by many historians. Tzetzes expressed himself as follows in description of it. "Archimedes burned the vessels of Marcellus, by the help of a burning glass, composed of small mirrors, which moved in every manner, by means of hinges, and which were exposed to the solar rays, and directed upon the ships, reducing them to ashes at the distance of an arrow shot."

Anthelmus of Tralles, in Lydia, a celebrated architect and learned mechanist, gives a long dissertation on this famous mirror in his treatise called, "Mechanical Paradoxes." Not only does he admit its existence, but he gives himself the model of a mirror which could inflame wood at a long distance. Lucian Tonara, and Vitellius, state positively that, at the siege of Syracuse, the Roman fleet was burned by the mirror of Archimedes. Proclus afterwards constructed a mirror on the same plan, and burned the fleet of Vitalian, at the siege of Constantinople. Eustathius, in his commentary on the Iliad, says, that Archimedes, by a catoptrical invention burned the Roman fleet at the distance a bolt would carry shot from an arbalest. In this way and by such evidence, there is no historical fact better proved than this. Indeed, Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, wishing to verify this fact, constructed an immense mirror composed of thirty six smaller mirrors, of which the focus fixed the sun's rays on the same point, and he found that the reflective power of this immense mirror could fire a plank of pine at the distance of twenty five paces.

We can understand by this relation, that optical science was far advanced in those early days; but the research and inventions of the ancients are as remarkable in mechanical art as the history of the Greek and Roman civilization testifies. The instruments of war, for instance, were colossal in size, and by three or four platforms surpassed in height the most lofty ramparts. Upon the summit of these moving towers was placed a flying bridge, which they let down on the ramparts of the besieged city, in order that the besiegers could easily descend into the place. Below those machines an immense ram was suspended, capable of battering down the thickest walls. Those enormous machines, constructed by the architect of Demetrius, gained for that prince the name of Poliorcetes, or the Taker of Cities.

A mechanist of the city of Alexandria, then besieged by Julius

Cæsar, invented a machine as vast as it was complicated, which pumped up a prodigious quantity of sea-water, and hurled it with violence upon the besiegers. Those artificial inundations incommoded the Roman troops to such a degree, that they would have raised the siege without the energetic will of Julius Cæsar to prompt them in its continuance.

It was, above all, in the temples of Egypt and of Greece that the most learned mechanicians were to be found. The immense instruments which they employed in the ceremony of proofs for their initiations—the phantasmagoric appearances of all kinds, reuniting every prodigy of statics, hydraulics, optics, acoustics, etc., should necessarily be constructed by men very skilful, and profoundly versed in those sciences of which they made the application. Of all the men illustrious in mechanical art, none can be compared with Archimedes. This great genius, if we desired to relate marvellous inventions which issued from his creative brain, would furnish matters for many columns. It is a writer, whose works will endure as long as the English tongue, who said of him:—"This great man has placed the first foundations of almost all the sciences and inventions which our age makes its boast to have brought to perfection." There is no scholar who has not read that Archimedes defended by himself the city of Syracuse when it was besieged by all the power of Rome, and defended it with success! When the vessels of the enemy approached too close to the walls of Syracuse, an enormous windlass grasped them with an iron hand by the prow, and lifting them high in air, roughly hurled them down again, breaking them or plunging them in the depths below. The enemy, stupified, believed that the gods alone could use and hold such power. If, then, they removed their vessels from the walls, to elude the grasp of the iron hand, the burning mirror, directed by this master mind, gave them to the flames, which destroyed them without mercy.

Archimedes constructed a colossal gallery for the King Hiero, his patron and admirer. There were in this gallery apartments vast and sumptuous; gardens set over with flowers, promenades planted with trees, with a wealth of shade; rivers, with pools full of fish; in fact, every comfort and luxury which King Hiero could require. Archimedes produced so many marvellous things, executed labours so gigantic, that they are almost incapable of belief. It was his vast knowledge of sciences and his confidence in the power of machines which made him declare "Give me where I may stand, and I shall move the world."

After Archimedes, Ctesibius is cited, who invented a system of hydraulics very ingenious; and the mathematician, Hiero, who constructed clepsydra, or water-clocks, very ingenious, and of great exactitude, also windlasses of extraordinary power, and air balloons. Archytas acquired a great renown by his artificial pigeon, which flew like a living one, soared around, and returned to perch upon the finger which he presented to him. Many other mechanicians rendered themselves renowned by their inventions and their labours. From all this it is seen that the ancients made immense progress in mechanical art. Of this the historical documents and the monuments, eaten away by the destructive tooth of time, are sufficient evidence. In the last century there was a celebrated mechanician, whose works at least equalled those of Archytas. Vaucanson, a Frenchman, constructed many automats of the most perfect finish, amongst others a flute-player and a duck. This duck showed in his interior the mechanism of those viscera destined for the functions of digestion and nutrition. The play of all the parts necessary to those functions was exactly imitated. He bent his head in order to peck at the grain which might be presented to him by the hand of a by-stander; he swallowed it, digested it, and disposed of it in all the ordinary movements of life in such fowl. Every gesture of a duck which gobbled with precipitation and redoubled with quickness the movements of his gullet in order to make the food which was eaten pass into his stomach—all was rendered in his action with a similarity mocking nature in its truth. As soon as the aliment was introduced into the stomach it passed there through all the processes of complete digestion, as in the living animal, and with the same fidelity to real existence.

It must be observed that Vaucanson did not attempt to make this digestive action of mechanism in order to supply all the functions of a perfect digestion capable of supplying blood; he had only desired to imitate the mechanism of digestion, and illustrate the changes of the food. It was necessary to overcome great

difficulties in order to arrive at this astonishing result, and Vaucanson succeeded in a wonderful degree, never before equalled, and certainly fixing his reputation as a great mechanist. The duck he constructed drank, quacked, shook his wings, raised himself on his webbed feet, walked, and executed all the actions of a living duck. The second *chef d'œuvre* of Vaucanson was a flute-player. He was dressed in the costume of a shepherd, as we see him upon the stage, and played twenty airs, minuets, rigadoons, and country dances. He played a flageolet with one hand and beat a tambourine with the other. The automats of the skilful French mechanist were equal to the pigeon of Archytas, the Greek.

There was yet another art beside those of optics and mechanism which was brought to great perfection amongst the ancients. The power of increasing, diminishing, and returning sounds, of charming and startling the ears, was perfectly known to them. They knew that the voice or a sound driven through a tube with widening passage acquired a greater volume and intensity, according to the degree of its relation to the force of the impulse. They knew that sound reflected itself as light does, and thus produces the phenomenon named echo. They knew also that a sound reflected once can be reflected again if it meet surfaces which will return it, and give place thus to multiplied echoes. The persons attached to the temples, and the affiliated, for initiations, cut into hills, dug out caverns, and rounded vaults, whose reflective properties augmented or diminished sounds, in order to produce astonishment, joy, or fear. In the presence of the numberless secrets of acoustics put in play by the Thaumaturgists, and which history has preserved to us, we are forced to avow that they had to give long study and great skill to reach such perfection in its practice. The echoes of Thessaly, of Thrace, of Eleusis, and above all, of Delphos, were remarkable for their magnifying power of sounds, and by their tripled and quadrupled repetition of them. At the period of the Persian invasion, the temple of Delphos was preserved from pillage, and the city was partly saved, thanks to the echoes which the priests had constructed in Parnassus. Some hundreds of men, dispersed in the hills, shouted with right energy, and their voices increased in volume and multiplied, which the echoes returned singly, producing thus a noise so formidable that the startled enemy did not advance, and withdrew their forces.

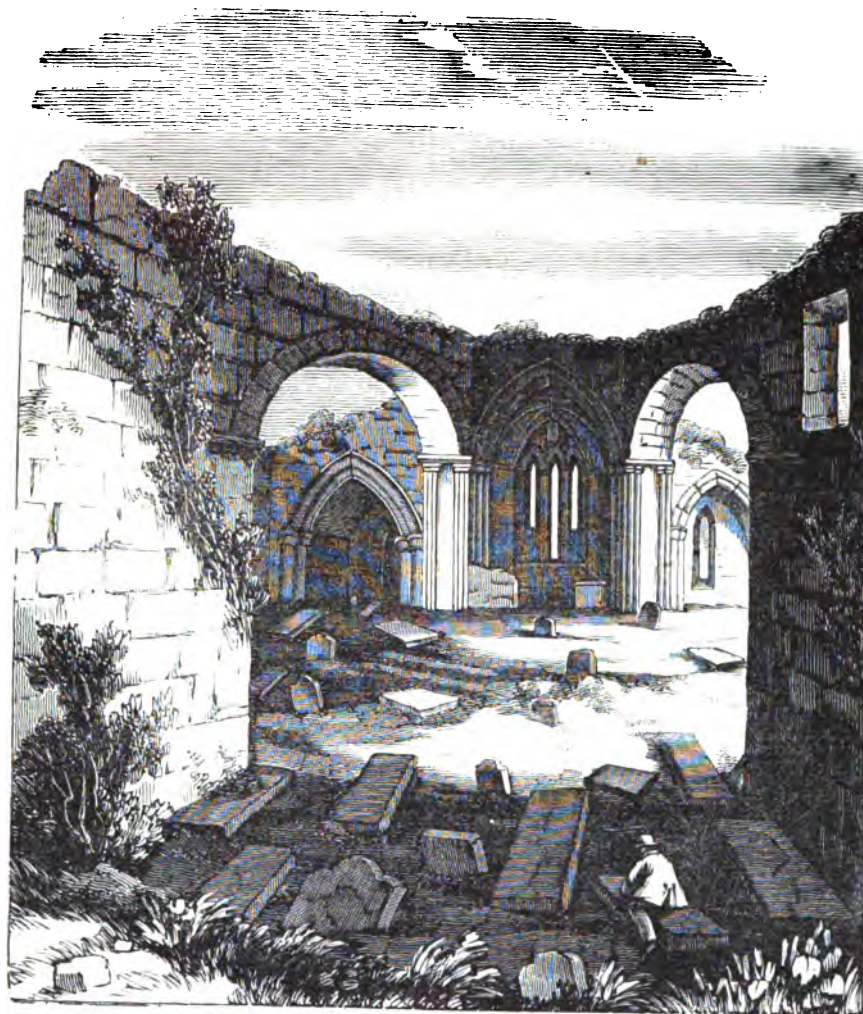
In the temples and the recesses where the mysteries passed, there was always a hall disposed in a manner productive of astonishing acoustic effects. The weakest sounds acquired the intensity of the strongest. Sometimes they were repeated with surprising variations. They withdrew, dying in the distance, then returned again with their former intensity, and finished by being lost in faintness. Sometimes they were sweet, soft, and charming to the ears. Sometimes the piercing sound of trumpets bounded from echo to echo, to thrill the listener with its rough clangor, and then became soft and flute-like in tone. Those echoes were constructed with admirable art, so much so that it is certain the ancients were more advanced than we in its mysteries and practice.

In the labyrinth of Saïs, in Egypt, the noise of a closing door was not heard by any one who stood near, whilst that any person who was withdrawn from it many hundred paces would believe he heard the rolling of thunder. The caves of Eleusis were also remarkable by the effect of many parabolic vaults. The voice of the Hierophant, hidden behind a recess in an immense hall, came sometimes powerful and terrible, and sometimes mild and soothing to the ears of the adepts grouped at the extremity of the cavern. This illusion of acoustics depended upon certain apparatus, which was fixed or withdrawn at pleasure.

Cressus erected a tomb to Metella, his wife, near a hill, where a Greek architect constructed an echo which repeated five times the sound which reached it. In the valley of Eurotas there exists still an echo which repeats words of six syllables very distinctly. This echo arises from many excavations made by the hand of man, but whose purpose is unknown. Amongst the most famous natural echoes are cited those of the villa of Cysicus, which repeated four times distinctly any sound which struck it. The subterranean hall, called the Prison of Dionysius of Syracuse, gave to the weakest noise a great intensity, which terminated by an explosion. The aqueduct of Claudius carried the sound of a voice or any other tone to many miles distance. There existed lately, near Verdun, two towers which produced an echo that reproduced sounds four times over. Bar-

thus speaks of an echo, situate near Coblenz, which reproduced a noise twenty-seven times. Kircher and Schott, in a curious description of the echo of Simonetti, at the old chateau, say that, in placing themselves at certain aspects of the building, the cry made by them was repeated forty times. Addison has heard an echo more strong than all those. He asserts that, in a gorge of the Appenines, his cry was reproduced, without interruption, fifty times over. This fact resembles fiction, and has a spice of Gascon wit about it native to the old Garonne.

In the "Memoirs of the Academy of Science, of 1692," mention is made of an echo offering this peculiarity, that the person who spoke heard nothing, whilst whoever listened heard the voice with surprising variations. The voice seemed first lost in distance, and then returned again, suddenly, with great loudness. There exists many churches in Spain in which there are halls with elliptical arches performing the duty of sound boards. The tones which strike on one side of the vault are reflected on the other in such a manner that those persons placed at two opposite extremities, and speaking in a low voice, hear each other very distinctly, whilst those who were in the middle of the hall could not hear any of their conversation. Much more could be related of the curiosities of acoustics, but that which we have detailed is sufficient to show the knowledge and practice of the science is not confined to modern times, and that in optics and mechanics, also, the elder civilization of the world was as renowned as for arts, and poetry, and eloquence. It enjoys a reputation still undisputed and unequalled by modern society.



CORCOMROE ABBEY.

THE Abbey of Corcomroe is situated in a lonely winding vale in the barony of Burren, and county of Clare. It was anciently called *Corcamruadh*, from the Irish *Cor*, a district, *Cam*, a quarrel, and *Ruaidh*, red, and was also denominated the abbey "*De Viridi Saxo*," or "*of the Green Rock*," from the amazing fertility of the mountainous and stony land around it. Even the interior of the abbey at this day presents a surface of nothing but rugged stones.

The ruin of Corcomroe Abbey is one of great splendour. In the engraving the spectator is supposed to stand near one of the angles

at the western end of the nave, immediately under the square steeple or belfry. Before him is the choir, exhibiting a groined arch, inferior to none—that of Holycross, in the county of Tipperary, excepted—and the north and south transepts, opening to the right and left by large plain circular arches, through which are visible two small chapels, situate on either side of the choir. This fabric stood in the centre of a square plot of land containing about six acres, and which was enclosed with a wall ten feet high. The entrance was by an arched gateway and gatehouse opposite to the western end of the abbey.

Corcomroe was, in the year 1088, thrice plundered by Roderic O'Connor and Dermot O'Brien. According to the red book of Kilkenny, in 1194, Donald, King of Limerick, founded a sumptuous monastery here for Cistercian monks, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, while other authorities assert that his son, Donogh Carbrac, was the founder, in the year 1200.

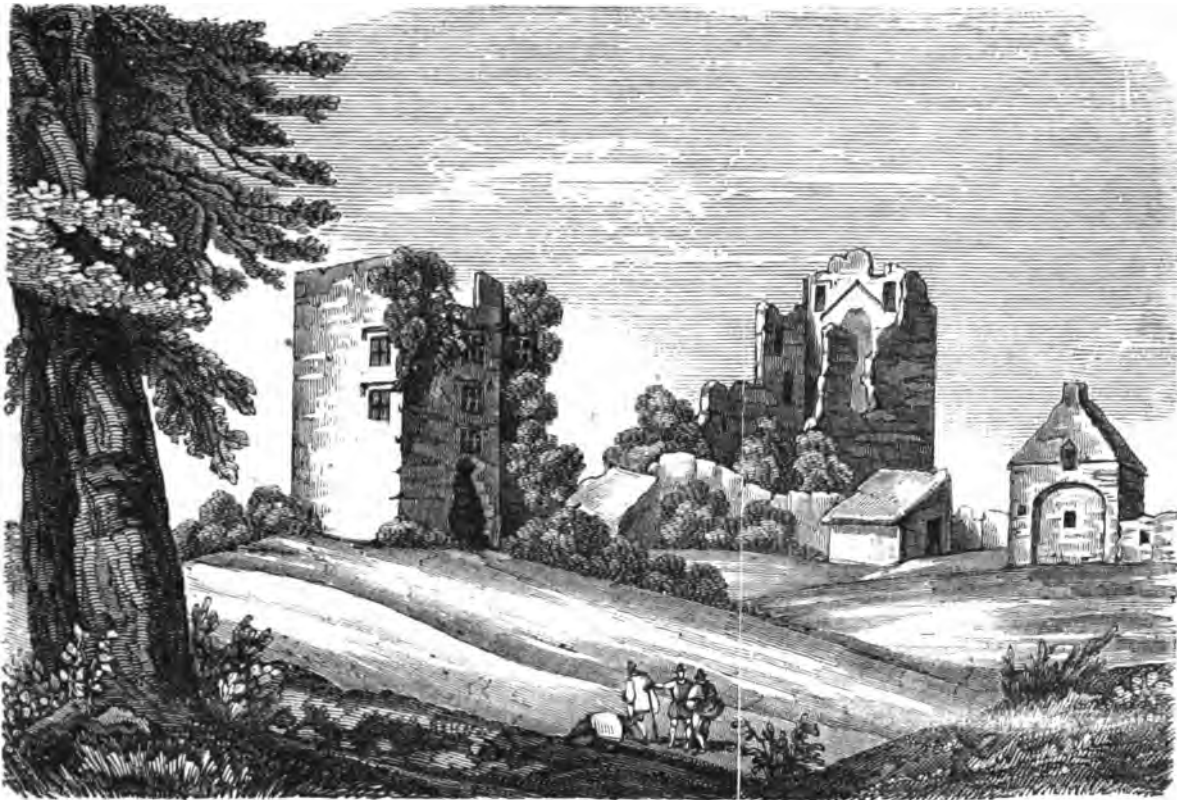
This abbey was an adjunct to that of Suire. It was afterwards made subject to the celebrated abbey of Furness, in Lancashire. The cell of Kilsinna, otherwise Kilshanny, was some time after annexed to this house.

In 1267, Donogh O'Brien, King of Thomond, was killed in the battle of Sindaine, in this barony, and was solemnly interred in the abbey, where was erected to his memory a grand monument, the remains of which are to be seen at the present day. It is placed in a niche on the north side of the choir.

A great battle was fought near this abbey in 1317, in which many of the principal O'Briens fell. Amongst the slain were two sons of Brien Ruadh, (or the Red,) King of

Thomond, viz., Teigh and Murtoigh Garbh, or the boisterous, from the latter of whom it is probable the neighbouring village of Murtoighclogh takes its name. The ground where this battle took place lies along the bottom of the hill between the village of Murtoighclogh and the abbey, which is now called the Hill of the Gallows.

John, abbot of Corcomroe, was, in 1418, made Bishop of Kilmacduagh; and Archdall reports that the abbey, with eleven quarters of land in Corcomroe and Glcamnagh were ultimately granted to Richard Harding. Notwithstanding this grant, it appears that this religious establishment was not forsaken by the Cistercian monks as late as 1628, and that it was subject to the Cistercian Lord Abbot of Holycross, whose predecessors were mitred abbots and peers



BALLEEN CASTLE.



ABOUT two miles north west from the little town of Freshford, county Kilkenny, stand the imposing ruins of Balleen Castle. Situated on ground of considerable elevation, though of rather gradual ascent, they overlook a country of beautifully diversified appearance, in fine cultivation, and interspersed with numerous interesting remains of antiquity. Once a principal strong-hold of the noble house of Ormond, this castle was of considerable importance, as is sufficiently attested by the extent of the ruins, and the elegance of those parts of the building that have escaped destruction. Of the original structure but two towers at present remain. The north-west tower seems to have been erected in the course of the fourteenth century, and was the keep of the fortress as it then stood. It contained four floors, one of which was arched; a fine stone staircase in one of the angles that is now nearly destroyed, together with fire-places and the other usual appendages to a building of the kind—all now in a most dilapidated condition. The other remaining tower is obviously of less antiquity; and were we not possessed of the real date of its erection, we would immediately attribute it to the middle or termination of the fifteenth century. The windows of this tower, with their graceful label-mouldings, mullions, and transoms, some of which are overhung and interwoven with beautiful and exuberant ivy, are of elegant construction; over one of them is the date A.D. 1455, showing the erection of this side of the castle to have taken place in the time of James, fifth Earl of Ormond, who possessed great power, and was a favourite of Henry VI., who conferred on him the additional title of Earl of Wiltshire.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XVIII.



MISS ASHBY, in due time, read Mr. Faversham's letter.

"Your letters seem to keep, my dear," Mrs. Ashby had remarked. Mrs. Ashby being on "thorns" to know what the letter contained. Miss Ashby silently pursued her work; nor did she tear the envelope until she reached her room, and was alone.

"What a strange girl she is!" said Mrs. Ashby, to her younger daughter.

"And always was," responded Miss Victoria.

Miss Ashby remained so long in her room that her sister was sent to inquire whether she intended to make her appearance at the tea-table. Victoria found her severe elder sister writing.

"How flushed you are, dear!" said Miss Victoria.

Miss Ashby replied with a request that some tea should be carried to her room. She had two or three letters to write.

"Letters!" Victoria chirped, laughing over her sister's shoulders. "Why, this one is as long as a sermon."

The letter was a long one, even for a lady to write. It cost some trouble in the composition. Miss Ashby did look flushed. The most placid and serious young lady cannot be expected to receive a love letter, without betraying the flutter it has made at her heart.

"MY DEAR MR. FAVERSHAM," Miss Ashby wrote, in reply, "I confess that I am greatly moved and astonished by your letter, which I shall endeavour to answer at once. I agree with you with all my heart, in deploring the want of sincerity that prevails at the present day. We undervalue interchanges of feeling. How often we hear even brothers say, they have nothing to write about to their sisters; even children to their parents. I cannot see, however, how the world interposes to prevent one person speaking frankly and fully to another. You must permit me to remind you that there are many, *very many*, people, who have not felt what you call the harness of the world, as you have felt it. I know how mere worldly society deadens the heart, and bears away the mind from things worthier of its contemplation than dress, and operas, and plays; and I am glad that you tell me that you have often been tempted to withdraw yourself from your artificial world. You are wrong, and you do me injustice, when you fear that I shall despise you for confessing your weakness. We are all weak, and full of resolves, which we seldom carry out, or we carry out badly. I am, indeed, proud of the confidence you are kind enough to place in me.

"Your perturbation and distress, alarm me. How am I to understand you? I am most flattered, I assure you, for the deep interest you take in my unworthy self; and that you find pleasure in my sincerity. I hope I may continue to deserve your good opinion. But why should you be ridiculous in my sight? I have read this part of your letter again and again; and I own, I have no doubt you will think me *very dull* and foolish—I own I cannot thoroughly understand it.

"I am, perhaps, a prosy little body. It is true that I have never before received a letter couched in the warm language in which you address me. There is a most flattering interpretation to which your words are open; but it would be folly to give them such interpretation, since we know so very little of one another. Yet you set your life before me, that I might judge it. Such judgments are not for us, nor for this world. I am sorry that you have wasted so much time, but your education and abilities will enable you, I fervently hope, to redeem the past, and to take that position in the world to which you aspire. You call your confession of weakness humiliating. It is the best part of your letter, and has touched me more than the rest. You speak of my generosity and charity. I wish you would not flatter me. I am no better than my neighbours, and only hope I am no worse. If I have striven to be of service here and there to a few poor fellow-creatures, I have only done my duty, and that barely. Rank you with the herd? My dear Mr. Faversham, you prove how little you know me when you address such phrases to me. You allude to our walk. I confess, with a candour which you will not misinterpret, that I derived *very* great pleasure from it. This pleasure may have expressed itself in my eyes and voice, but I am much afraid you misunderstood the expression, or gave too much importance to it. We had an agreeable walk, and we were happy. I am always pleased when a gentleman will forget all the small, and, to my mind, humiliating compliments which are generally held to be gallant and well bred, and will be content to talk rationally and audibly to a female companion. I should have been more content had there been fewer compliments in your strange letter. You must not write to me nor talk to me about my courageous and devout soul. Its truth and strength are for a higher judgment. You then crave my mercy. This is really too absurd. I am to be your model of excellence—your shining light. It is monstrous. I am inclined to laugh, and I *should* laugh if I did not see plainly that you were in earnest. You say that I am not a phantom of yesterday, but I fear that I am exactly so much, and no more. You are to be improved by approaching me! Since when am I a great teacher and professor of everything? Every word that follows convinces me that you labour under some hallucination in regard to me. Close application to some study, or travelling, would do you more good than the advice of a Solon.

"You are the strangest correspondent. I am told in one line that I hate compliments and despise a flatterer; and then my correspondent falls to write whole baskets of sugar plums, and nearly suffocates me under them.

"Where you are really serious, and where you speak of the world and its vanities, I find that we think very much alike, and I am pleased to find this. There are *indeed* deeper and holier feelings,

as you say, than those which manifest themselves in drawing-rooms. I have always had a horror of ball-rooms from my childhood. Dancing is not, to me, the amusement of a rational creature. It is natural in children, for it conduces, I am told, to the healthy development of their bodies. The quiet, sensible conversation of good and educated people is amusement enough for every well regulated mind.

"Again, you say that every heart should speak without reserve. This is *quite* true. Are you *quite* sure your letter is that of an entirely candid writer? I can only say, for my part, that I find it a very hard lesson to master the meanings of it. I am most delighted with its earnestness; and, where it refers directly to my humble self, I should not be a woman—I should not be human, if I did not feel some gratification.

"But you fly about in a most unaccountable manner. From flowers and hedge-rows, and hopes soaring from the dust to your worldly prospects; that these are modest is no misfortune to my mind. They who are not content with a little, should themselves make that little more. You appear to be ambitious, and you tell me that you want strength of character. I fear you overrate my powers when you appeal to me, a weak, inexperienced woman, who knows little or nothing about the world, (nor cares to know,) to give you courage. Reflect how you impose a responsibility on me, when you declare that I may destroy all your courage—all your prospects! I! a creature you have not seen half-a-dozen times in the whole course of your life! We live in railroad times it is true, but we may surely afford some few months at least to consider requests of the nature you address to me. I feel naturally flattered by them, as who would not? Still, give me leave to say that, so short and trivial is our acquaintance, and so unused am I to such a letter as yours, that I am puzzled.

"My mother and father, who are at tea down stairs, wonder what I can be writing about all this time; and I feel anxious, for I am not satisfied that I am right in holding this correspondence with you. You have deeply disturbed and unsettled me. What a young lady of the world would say, in reply to a letter like yours—who can say? I am sure, nobody in this house. You see, you desire, if I understand you, to escape from the conventional trammels of society, while I almost regret that I don't know more of them. Perhaps I ought to disguise my sentiments, and be very formal; this part I could never consent to act. I can only hope that you will not misunderstand me. I own frankly to you that I am proud of your confidence, and shall endeavour to understand how to value it. I am constrained to admit that I feel an interest in this correspondence which I cannot describe. Pray, don't mistake me. I mean no more than I write.

"You say, will I destroy your dream? It is a dream that has death in the very heart of it. I cannot bear to read the conclusion of your letter a second time. I remember all our walk, every word you said, how completely I was interested. All the evening it dwelt happily in my memory.

"I am afraid that you will not quite understand this rambling note. Believe me, I shall think of you, and pray for you. Your sincere friend,

"ARAMINTA ASHBY."

Miss Ashby's letter was admirably adapted to confound and perplex a man of Henry Faversham's temperament, and did confound and perplex him accordingly. The lofty gentleman was crest-fallen under the criticism of the young lady, to whom he had addressed his flowing sentences. His images and conceits had gone for naught. The lesson was not a useless one. We shall see presently how Faversham profited by it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ERROR AND PREJUDICE.—What renders man unjust? Are not errors and prejudices the causes of the abuse of power? If you really wish to prevent the commission of injustices, you must first remove error and prejudice. Any one entrusted with power will abuse it, if not also connected with the love of truth and virtue, no matter whether he be a prince or one of the people.

IN A CHURCHYARD.

I STOOD to day
Mid the ruins gray
Of a church, with ivied crest,
'Twas carpeted with greensward fair,
It had a silent, solemn air,
As if all nature's music there
Was hushed that the dead might rest.

The hand of Time had fallen on much,
But with a light and wayward touch,
As if even he felt with awe.
The church had scarcely felt his rage,
The tombs, 'tis true, were bent with age,
But the memories scrolled on each marble page
Were there without a flaw.

Those letters did appear to me
Like to the faith of infancy,
Upon our spirits wrought;
When we bend and grow hoary with care and with years,
When each friend, and each scene, of our youth disappears,
That faith remains with our joys and tears
Till we sleep in the hope that it taught.

RAMBLES AFTER WILD FLOWERS.

"Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair were driven,
That unto Earth, though cursed with thorns,
The little flower was given.
That Eve when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade."

Mary Howitt.



THE love of flowers is a sacred feeling; it is felt and acknowledged by the savage as well as by the philosopher; in earliest infancy as well as in extreme old age; and the poor and humble derive as much pleasure from it as the great and wealthy. The universal heart of man, indeed, as has been well observed, blesses flowers. They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Cupid of the ancient Hindûs tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange flowers are a bridal crown with us—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hung in votive wreaths before the Christian's shrine. This love of flowers is totally independent of the abstruse classifications of science. It is not according to their systematic arrangement in orders, their number of leaves and petals, nor their peculiarities of growth; it is for themselves alone—in their exquisite forms, brilliant colours, and delicious odours. Rousseau has truly said, though at first sight it appears rather paradoxical, that a man may be a good botanist without knowing the name of a single plant. We do not, by any means, desire to underrate the advantages of science, but merely to impress our

readers with the conviction that the cultivation of flowers is not the occult mystery that many take it to be. "If delight may provoke men's labour," says Gerarde, "what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered work, set with orient pearls, and garnished with great diversity of rare and costly jewels! Give me leave to tell you that God, of his infinite goodness and bounty, hath, by the medium of plants, bestowed almost all food, clothing, and medicine upon man." Mrs. Hemans has beautifully said:

"Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine."

Let us ramble for a while into old hoary woods, among gray rugged trees, and thickly matted hedge-rows; over green fields, beside silent waters and, amid Spring's plenitude of wild flowers. Here is our old friend the daisy, which we love for its simple beauty, and cherish for its sweet name. What a lovely suggestion: "the eye of the day," or as old Chaucer called it, the "ee 'o the day"—the day's eye, just waking at the first blushes of the dawn, and struggling with a few silent tears which make it blink; and then laughing in very joy at the glory of the sun, greeting the lark after the first breaking of the morn, with its sparkling star-like form. Old Chaucer's heart gushed with joy at the first budding of Spring. His blood began to stir with new anticipations. He was up betimes in the morning, before the daisies were well rid of their tears. His books were dead letters then—there were better books without; he went to hear the birds sing, to see the flowers blow, and to inhale their hallowed fragrance. He tells us that he loved the daisies above all flowers that grew, and under the shade of the great oaks at Castle Donnington, he would sit and contemplate their starry blossoms.

"—I am up and walking in the mead,
To see this flower against the sun spread.
When it upriseth, early on the morrow,
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, that when I have presence
Of it, to do it all reverence,
As she that is of all flowers the flower,
Fulfilled of all virtue and honour,
And ever alike fair and fresh of hue.

And ever I love it, and ever alike new;
And ever I shall, till that mine heart die;
There loveth no one hotter in his life,
And when that it is eve I run blythe,
As soon as ever the sun sinketh west,
To see this flower how it will go to rest,
For fear of night—so hateth she darkness.
Her cheer is plainly spread in the brightness
Of the sun—for there it will unclothe."

In Chaucer's time the daisy was called "Marguerite," and was considered an emblem of constancy and love. It is called by this name at the present day in France; the word in French signifying a pearl. It was the device of the unfortunate Margaret of Anjou, and, while prosperity surrounded her, her nobles wore it in their hair, and her maids had it embroidered on their bodices. The significance of the name was well understood by Francis, I., who called his devoted sister, Margaret of Valois—the companion of Erasmus, she too who had the daisy-flower worn in her honour—his "Marguerite of Marguerites." Its botanical name, "Bellis Perennis," "Unfading Beauty," is highly poetical and suggestive.

In the mutations of languages substantives and adjectives undergo the fewest changes; and those which refer to the appearances of nature have a remarkable permanency. The English word rose may be traced up to the old Persian, and will then be found identical with the modern word, and signifying red. In the French the word is *rose*, in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish, *rosa*; in the German and Danish *rose*, in the Dutch *roos*, Swedish *ros*, Armenian *rosen*, Irish *ros*, Welsh *rhôs*, Greek *rodos*, from the root of red or ruddy. Rosemary is formed of a compound implying sea-rose; in the Welsh *rhos mari*; Irish *bath ros*, a sea-rose.

Our old friend the buttercup has an especial charm in its name. We remember when we went into the lawns and meadows, and gathered such armfuls of the glittering blossom, that our little arms were well wearied with their load. And then the great charm so inseparable from buttercups, of ascertaining which of our young companions were most fondly attached to butter, by holding the flower beneath the chin; we were unfortunately much given to studies of philosophy in our younger days, and on these occasions always had a sly intuition that the flower would reflect its golden light without caring for the individual's love of butter. The little celadine is a near neighbour to the buttercup; it is sometimes called small-wort. In Lyte's "Herbal," which was "first set forth in the Almaigne tongue in 1578," the greater celadine is called "Chelidonium," that is to say, swallow tribe; because, as Plinil writes, "it was first found out by swallows, and hath healed the eyes and restored sight to their young ones, that had harme in their eyes, or have been

blinde." The author tells us that the lesser celadine was so called because "it beginneth to spring and to flower at the coming of the swallows, and withers at their returne." Of the same tribe is the pheasant's eye, so called on account of its close resemblance to the eye of that bird. It was called by Gerarde "rose-ae rubie," in allusion to its brilliancy; it has also the classic name of Adonis, from the ancient fable which states it to have sprung from a drop of the blood of Adonis. The sweet anemone is another of the same class; its name in Greek signifies "wind" or "spirit." Its English appellation of wind-flower is a poetical name, and characteristic of its fragile beauty. The elegant clematis is a member of the same extensive family. Old Gerarde claims the honour of having given it its poetical name of "traveller's joy," on account of its "decking and adorning waies and hedges where people travel":

"On wilding rose-bush apt to creep,
O'er the dry limestone's craggy steep,
There still a gay companion near,
To the way-faring traveller."

All these flowers are comprehended in one extensive family, having the *ranunculus* as the type of the whole, and termed "*Ranunculaceæ*," from the Latin root, *rana*, a frog.

The many appellations which some plants have received, and the many plants to which the same name is sometimes applied, renders it exceedingly perplexing to the reader of the older poets to understand all the allusions that are made to flowers. One of the prettiest names which occurs in English poetry, will serve to illustrate this. Sir Walter Scott has applied the name to the traveller's joy, as the following lines would indicate:

"On the hill
Let the wild heath-bell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine."

In another passage he bids a lady twine a wreath of eglantine for her brow, but we cannot admit the prickly briar—the eglantine of the old poets—in such a case, as a wreath of thorns could add nothing to the charms and graces of beauty. Milton makes a similar error; in the following couplet he appears to allude to the honeysuckle:—

"Through the sweetbriar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine."

Spenser and Shakspeare do not commit such mistakes; they are both careful to preserve the old poetic names of flowers, and a botanical connection in their floral groups. The true eglantine of the olden writers, is the prickly sweetbriar rose, one of the most lovely children of the woods and green lanes, and which, during the whole Summer, exhales the most delightful perfume from its leaves and flowers. It is the "*Rosa rubiginosa*" of modern botany, and the "*Rosa eglanteria*" of the olden time.

Of the flowers which have obtained the special notice of the poets, the violet stands almost first. Like the eglantine, however, the name has been applied to several distinct plants. In old times, the snowdrop was often called the narcissus violet; the wall-flower was called the Garnesee violet, and in French, *violette jaune*. The periwinkle was anciently called *du lisseron*, or, *violette des sorciers*, and our own violet was termed *violette de Mars*. Not to modern poets alone do its beauties belong, for scarce a poet from old Homer down to Wordsworth has failed to sing its praises, and fables without end have been invented, to account for the origin of its name. We can find no better etymology than that which derives it from the Latin *viā*, by or on the wayside, where it grows to cheer the wayfarer with its odoriferous breath. The sweet little heart's-ease, or pansy, is of the violet tribe! What an endearing name is that! Ease for the heart. Who can tell how many sorrowing hearts may have found solace in that lovely flower, how many weary spirits may have seen in the soft, loving smile of that little blossom, a new world of joy, a new source of life and comfort. The heart's-ease has been the subject of some grotesque appellations; herb-trinity, three-faces-under-a-hood, love-in-idleness, and numerous other strange compounds have been applied to it. In the "Midsummer

Night's Dream," where Shakspeare describes the uselessness of Cupid's aim at the heart of the Fairy Queen, he thus refers to it:

"Yet marked I, where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with Love's wound,
And maidens call it, 'Love in Idleness.'"

There is a bewitching beauty in the simile, equal to any floral metaphor which has emanated from Shakspeare's genius.

A little group of pansies, mingled with marigolds (called *Souris*, cares) is a common offering of friendship in France. The fond lover frequently presents them to his mistress, with the motto, "May they be far from thee."

The classical beauty which characterizes many of the botanical names of our field flowers renders the study of botany particularly charming in a literary point of view. The deadly nightshade is a pleasing instance; its botanical name of "*Atropa belladonna*" is very suggestive of its history and properties. *Atropa*, one of the Fates, was endowed with the privilege of cutting the thread of life. The wasting disease termed atrophy is named after the fatal deity. The specific named belladonna, signifying a beautiful lady, conjoined with the generic tense, serves as an admirable symbol of the plant—Death embalmed in beauty, a blighting poison lurking beneath a lovely form. Shakspeare is supposed to allude to the plant in "Macbeth," under the name of the *insane* root. The origin of the name of hyacinth is another beautiful instance. The ancient poets tell us that the flower received its name from Apollo, who, having the misfortune to kill his friend, the elegant youth Hyacinthus, changed the blood that was spilled into that flower. In sooth, it is a sweet fancy to be embalmed for ever in regenerative beauty—to live again, from season to season, in undying loveliness. The flower would consecrate his memory, and keep his gentleness enshrined.

The naming of the Andromeda is a very noteworthy incident in the life of the great Swedish naturalist, Linnæus. It is cheering to watch the footsteps of a genius like Linnæus, departing from beaten tracks and time-honoured usages, striking out into a new pathway, and by it arriving at some of the grandest truths of nature. In the wide field of natural history, he walked as a conqueror going on to triumph; tracing out new analogies, founding new systems of classification, and illuminating, as with the wand of an enchanter, beauty, harmony, and light, from a dark and dingy chaos, throwing chains over the great Proteus at the instant when he slumbered, and, by his genius and imperturbable determination, forcing him to reveal his mysteries. In traversing the bleak uncultivated wilds of Lycksele, Lapland, whither, while yet in his youth, he was sent by the Royal Society of Upsal, he found this plant in great profusion, decorating the wide and desolate marshes with its myriads of lovely blossoms. The plant closely resembles one of the heaths (*Erica dabocia*) and is extremely beautiful. The buds are of a blood-red colour before they expand, but when fully blown, the colour is a flesh-colour. In contemplating its chaste beauties, and it is just such a plant as might have bloomed in Eden, the imaginative mind of the great naturalist was struck by a fancied resemblance, in the general character of the plant, to the story of Andromeda, as related by the poets. He went on over snows and moors, and the sweet flower still shed its holy light upon him, to cheer him on his way. All the details of the fate of Andromeda occurred to his mind, and he thought that if the mythologists had intended to symbolize the plant, they could not have devised a more appropriate fable. Andromeda is represented as a virgin of exquisite beauty, chained to a rock in the midst of the sea, and exposed to dragons and venomous serpents; the flower always grew on some turf hillock, amid the wild swamps, where the water bathed its roots, as the sea washed the feet of Andromeda. The unhappy virgin was assailed by sea-monsters; the abode of the flowers was frequented by various reptiles. The poets fable that Perseus came to deliver the afflicted maiden from all her dangers, and to chase away her foes; and so, too, thought Linnæus, does the Summer, like another Perseus, come to give men light and hope to all things, drying up the water which surrounds the plant.

These elegant ideas, and poetical allusions in the writings of Linnæus, have done as much for the advancement of natural history

as his deep and penetrating inquiries in matters of pure science. The picture is a cheering one, of the solitary traveller refreshing himself with his classical recollections, and handing down to posterity the result of his day-dreams, by affixing a new name to the flower which had been his solace in the wilderness. And while digging down into the dry details of physical science, he was yet lighted, as a miner by his lamp, with these beautiful fancies of the olden time, these relics of a lost world of poetry; breathing so much that is good and true, so much that is lovely and divine, that in the enthusiasm of our love, we are almost hured into the belief they are verities.

LOST AND FOUND.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



TOWARDS the close of the reign of Louis Philippe, there lived in a handsome villa, situate on the southern suburbs of Dublin, a retired gentleman of large taste and independent fortune. His taste had been acquired in Italy, where he had spent several years, chiefly in the literary and artistic society of Rome, and where he derived considerable advantages from almost constant intercourse with the savans and virtuosi of that brilliant capital. His fortune was acquired by railway speculations, which he had managed with such foresight and prudence, that he contrived to escape the crash that followed the steam mania of the early part of this century. Mr. Simon was looked up to as a great authority on all the niceties and stratagems of finance; and long after he had ceased to speculate in public securities, his house continued to be the resort of the gay and fashionable society, which consents to soil its aristocratic fingers in the muddy waters of seven per cents. He had but one child, a delicate, high-spirited, and vivacious girl of eighteen, whom he loved to excess, and who, but for the amiability and goodness of her nature, would have been spoiled beyond hope

of recovery by his unwearied concessions to her whims and caprices. Agnes loved her father in return, and, when sickness or despondency slackened the usual flow of his spirits, proved to him in the best sense of the word, a household angel. Woman's love, however, is large and deep, and Agnes found room, in a sly corner of her heart, for a second idol. She had not seen plain John Waters a dozen times when she secretly surrendered him her heart, and worshipped him with that high fervour, whose best adoration is silence. Independently of his personal graces, which were few, his ways were dear to her, for the nobleness and sincerity of the nature which seemed to animate and guide them. His very laugh, was in itself a treasure, so vigorous, hearty, and jubilant it was; and his humour was of that quaint cast which becomes irresistible from its mock gravity and affected solemnity. What brought Waters to Ashbud Villa, it would be hard to say. It was understood at one time, that he was a speculator seeking advice. Agnes had a tradition which she reserved for herself, that the speculation took another direction than that which leads to stocks, share-lists, and investments, and, strange to say the same idea, took the shape of suspicion in other minds than hers. Old Lady Faddle, a respectable dowager, who shared with Mr. Simon all the fine art enthusiasm of the society frequenting the villa, was known to have said that if she was not mistaken, Mr. Waters "had a pearl in his eye," a statement which she accompanied with an expressive look and shake of the head, very distasteful, it must be told, to young Mr. Rogers, an exquisite, more remarkable for his faultless gloves and pretty neckties than for good taste or good breeding; and who was known to cherish a passion, and that a hot one, for the young mistress of Ashbud Villa. Spite of all we may say to the contrary, it will be taken for fiction that Lady Faddle absolutely loved Mr. Rogers, or as she decorously called him, greatly to his disgust, "my Master Rogers." Her partiality was evinced in various ways, not the least remarkable of which was her constantly forcing on him queen-cakes and oranges, whenever they happened to encounter each

other. If she caught him at a public promenade, she would insist on taking his arm and marching him up and down between rows of people, who praised him for his filial attention to his mother; if at the theatre, he carried her bouquet, helped to cloak, and assist her to the carriage. The wags of his acquaintance insisted that matters were fast approaching a crisis, and counselled him to adopt green spectacles and shoe-buckles, that the coming event might not lack harmony and uniformity. To all those reproaches Rogers answered with sublime silence and a well-sustained air of contemptuous indifference. He hated to be chaffed, he hated Lady Faddle, but, as, in renouncing her, he should have to renounce Ashbud Villa, he concealed his emotions and even mustered up enough patience to tolerate, without reciprocating, the gifts and caresses of his venerable wooer.

On a morning of July, 1844, Agnes Simon and her father were seated at breakfast in a prettily-furnished room opening into a small conservatory, and admitting through its windows glimpses of the green and citrol-coloured foliage in which Ashbud Villa was embosomed. Mr. Simon was buried in the pages of his newspaper, whilst his daughter was employed in grouping to her satisfaction a bunch of fresh-cut flowers. Some happy thought was evidently tickling her fancy, for smiles passed and re-passed her face like summer ripples intersecting the sunny surface of a lake.

"Papa."

"Darling."

"Did you hear what happened to Lady Faddle at the drawing-room, on Friday last?"

"Didn't fall over her train, I hope?"

"Dear sir, no; her heels, at least, are not artificial, though you are ill-natured enough to insinuate so; she dropped her teeth."

"Her teeth?"

"Her teeth! She was complimenting Master Rogers on the whiteness of his wristbands when her tongue suddenly ceased, a tinkle was heard on the floor, and somebody exclaimed, 'Bless me, what lady has lost a row?'"

"She recovered them, of course?"

"Dear sir, you will never let one finish a story. When I was a child, I knew Jack would kill the giants, but I scorned to anticipate the catastrophe."

"You are a precious torment."

"Except when papa is sick, or in the blues. Dear sir, when will Providence bless you with another fit?"

"Of what, child?"

"Of the blues, sir."

"You appear anxious to see me laid up, I presume."

"I am guilty of that weakness, sir. If you knew how delighted one feels at being called an angel, and a darling, and twenty other fine names, you could scarcely blame me."

"H'm?"

"When you were ill last time, you said I was a seraph. Dear sir, I am ready to lower my pretensions; make me a plain saint next time, and leave the canonization to posterity."

"May I ask the cause of Miss Simon's mirth this morning?"

"Lady Faddle's teeth, sir, she can't help thinking how queer one must feel sitting down to dinner with one row of teeth in her mouth and the other taking the round of the castle."

"Agnes, Agnes."

"Master Rogers, I am told, sir, was so delighted at what happened that he took to bed and was't seen till last night, when our John caught him playing claquer to a ballet dancer in that very handsome theatre in Hawkins street."

Mr. Simon laid down his paper and looked with some severity at his daughter, who returned his gaze with an arch show of bewilderment.

"Miss Simon, I—"

"Will you pardon me, sir, on a solemn occasion like the present, is it not indecorous to assist in a morning wrapper? Pray, excuse me for me for a moment, whilst I run to put on poor mamma's mourning."

"Will you kindly have a little discretion, Miss Simon? I intend you shall hear a little sermon from me on—"

"And the text, sir?"

"Charity, Miss Simon."

"That I believe is an angelic attribute, dear sir."

"I wish it were a more womanly one, Agnes."

"Dear papa, did Captain Cooke touch at the island of Utopia?"

"Now you are getting wearisome. Poor Lady Faddle, Agnes, is, and I mean nothing disrespectful when I mention it, a person whose age at least ought to secure her respect and attention."

"You are not forgetting Master Rogers, sir?"

"Time brings its infirmities, with which society is supposed to sympathise, and the failings which accompany them are condoned by the amiability of those on whom they fall. What are you writing?"

"A new system of ethics, sir—the author is a dearly beloved relative of the amanuensis."

"If Lady Faddle wishes to wear artificial teeth, there is no law to hinder her doing so. If she love Mr. Rogers, let her. She is still good looking."

"Thanks to the inventor of the looking glass."

"Has a fresh complexion?"

"Dear sir, how can you? Surely you would not deny a lady the pleasure of painting in water colours?"

Her figure."

"Papa, dear, where does Shakespeare speak of leather and prunella?"

"Her eyes are fine."

"Oh! true!"

"There came a knight out of the west,
With a rey do—lo lonna,
Quoth he, I ride from morn till night,
In search of Ma Bella Donna."

"I declare Agnes, you are growing intolerable. Another cup of coffee."

"It is long since you were so eloquent, sir. It will delight me to be able to tell her ladyship what a warm partisan she has secured in Ashbud Villa."

"You do no such thing, Miss Monkey."

"Lord! papa."

"Do, if you please, with the certainty of my displeasure. I should blush to have this conversation repeated, Miss Simon."

"Only fancy Master Rogers' jealousy, sir."

Mr. Simon frowned for a moment, but had to laugh the next.

"Can you imagine the consequences, papa? Indignant accusations—challenge—early morning—Dalkey Island—pistols and chocolate—fire to be delivered at twenty paces—entrance of Lady Faddle—'up, up with your weapons, gentlemen!—Master Rogers, away, thou hast turned my love to wormwood!—' dear Mr. Simon, I faint—support me!—ha! ha! ha! How charmingly melo-dramatic, sir!"

"I tell you, Agnes, I shall not allow this lady's name to be under the subject of your pleasantries. If, for instance—"

"She should become my stepmother, sir, her revenge would be terrible."

"I will not envy you the credit of this rude jest, Agnes. You have a trick of slipping the button off your foil, even with your best friends. I suppose a marriage between Lady Faddle and me would give you satisfaction—throw down all obstacles, for instance, between you and Mr. Rogers! Eh?"

"Dear sir, you take too much advantage of your penetration. I aspire so high? Cypress and laurel, what would a poor little woman, like Agnes Simon, do with so eligible a person?"

"Beautiful humility! Not good enough for him, child!"

"You forget his neckties, sir, and then, if you knew how much the lustre of his boots contributes to the brilliancy of his mind, you would pronounce the idea hopeless."

"Neckties and boots! you do not blame him for bestowing care on his person—do you?"

"I, papa! Let us be grave, pray, as becomes the subject."

"Do I smile?"

"Do I, dear sir? Smile, indeed, and Master Rogers on the carpet. Let me send you another cup."

"The evasion is pretty, but inartistic, Miss Simon. What is your objection to Mr. Rogers? Is he not handsome?"

"Lady Faddle vows he is, sir."

"Does he not love you?"

"With your consent, I shall ask him, papa."

"I trust even my authority would be insufficient to make you do so. It is plain, then, that you do not care for him."

"How ungrateful of him to say so."

"Suppose, Agnes, we give over bantering, and exchange confidences."

"In that event, papa."

"I should tell you that I do not think of Lady Faddle in the light of your conjecture; and having satisfied my little tormentor as far, I would ask her, if she loves?"

"She would say, let us suppose—'I do, sir.'"

"I should ask her to follow the current of her thoughts, and tell me where they rest."

"Dear sir, with due respect for the metaphor, she would answer, 'in calm Waters.'"

"Halloa!"

"Did the coffee scald you, sir?"

"Waters—aye—to be sure. Blows the wind in that quarter. Agnes?"

"Many a day, sir; swallows come from the south."

"And your solitary bird has made a Summer?"

"Spare me, papa, I have been indiscreet in telling you so much."

"I hope your heart does not reproach you, Agnes."

"Never, when you are concerned; here comes Lady Faddle, as I live, up the avenue. Her advertisement was answered, then."

"Advertisement, what was that?"

"Din't see it sir! let me think—aye—'Stolen or strayed, lost or mislaid, by a young and fascinating female, one row of teeth and a—'"

"Silence, for goodness sake, they come. 'Good morning, Lady Faddle. How dye do, Mr. Roger?'"

"Charming day, Mr. Simon," said Lady Faddle, as she disengaged her arm from Mr. Rogers, and threw herself, with an air of considerable dignity, on a lounge. "Master Rogers, will you fetch me a hand-screen, the light is so brilliant. How is my pet?" she continued, reaching her hand to Agnes, who, with eyes reverently bent to the ground, approached her with a gait full of mock timidity. "Do'n't go out, child, if you care for your complexion—freckles are no longer fashionable."

"Is the sun the *ton* yet, madam?" asked Agnes, with a bewitching shrewdness.

"Heaven knows child. Since the shilling novels came out, nobly who has a reputation for common sense to preserve will look at the moon."

"The change would be perfect, madam, if the stars also were put upon the index. Is it allowable to speak of roses and nightingales?"

"No, my dear, the prevailing taste inclines to dahlias and parquets; even parrots are voted bores, and are being sold in hundreds to the Jews."

"The bores, ma'am?"

"The parrots, child. The tendency of the age is taking the direction of common sense. We have begun to exalt the natural, and set down the artificial to its proper level."

"A healthy sign of the times."

"Vey," added Mr. Rogers. "'Tis charming, it is."

"Thus, you see, the world reverts once more to the beautiful and good."

"Which deprives you and me of all chance in the scramble. Lady Faddle."

"Chance! Miss Simon, chance indeed. I should like to know by whose authority the legitimate claims of goodness and beauty are reduced to mere chances!"

"The world is not wholly bawbacious," remarked Mr. Rogers.

"The observation is very excellent for you, Master Rogers."

"Thank you, Lady Faddle."

"It is refreshing to hear a person who can say something original," said Agnes, whilst she looked as demure as a sphynx.

"Thank'ee, Miss Simon, praise from such a source is—au—au—"

"Suppose we say inestimable," suggested Agnes.

Mr. Rogers bowed and smiled approvingly.

"Will you, like a dear, place this pillow a little higher?" asked her ladyship, with a look meant to conquer the young gentleman.

"Delighted to oblige you, Lady Faddle; you look as grand as Jove—you do."

"How fortunate the god is in having so sweet a Hebe," said Miss Simon, with a little silvery laugh.

"Hebe! Hebe! Miss Simon."

"Yes, Mr. Rogers, you surely must remember. She was wine-cooler to Olympus."

"Aw, dont."

"Indeed!"

"Mr. Simon," broke in Lady Faddle, "did you see the *Athenæum*?"

"Anything strange?"

"A stupid eulogy of those horrid Caracci; they've dug up a new light by the way—one Sassoforatti, whose painting, they say, resembles the finest enamelling."

"Poor praise, Lady Faddle."

"Depends on the canon in vogue, my dear sir. When I was a girl, and MacIse was in the first blow of his reputation—colour was everything—now tis figure, sir. That disgusting, snuffy old man, that vile Turner has a school of his own—I don't know where we shall stop. Did you see his mountain glen?"

"No."

"Such a monstrosity—all red, and blue, and pink, and ultramarine—they dragged me across half London to look at it. It reminded me of a piece of canvas sadly attacked with scarletina, and purple fever. Now, there's a love!"

"Which, Lady Faddle?"

"Haydin's burning of Rome—superb, sir. Thackeray lifted his hat to it. By the way, talking of the great moralist, you did not hear his latest *bon mot*?"

"Not so fortunate."

"Well, it's so good! You must know that Albert Smith—capital man for a small party where nobody else has a tongue, wrote these lines in the Countess of Titbat's album, at her special and pressing request:—

'Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to crown him,
Nobody seems to know.'

It happened a few weeks after, that William Makepeace—euphonious name by the way for a gentleman whose pen-handle is a bludgeon—was also requested to brand his burning genius on the same pages. And underneath poor Albert's lines he wrote as follows:—

'I'm sure that Smith wrote in a hurry,
To criticise I don't presume;
But still, I think that Lindley Murray,
Instead of who, had written whom.'

Is it not very sarcastic, Master Rogers?"

"Astonishing, Lady Faddle. Who but the author of *Pickwick* could have thought it?"

"*Pickwick*! Mr. Rogers," exclaimed Agnes.

Lady Faddle, seeing her charge in danger, resumed her chat with unladylike vehemence.

"Talking of art, Mr. Simon, old Crackfun, the Jew, has succeeded in purchasing the celebrated Cenci vase."

Mr. Simon literally leaped from his chair, and clasped his hands in amazement. "Crackfun, the purchaser of the Cenci vase! Impossible!"

"Well, I don't see how."

"Perhaps you are not aware, Lady Faddle, that the vase you speak of has been, and is, the dream of my life. Good morning, Mr. Waters."

The salutation was addressed to a plainly-attired gentleman, who entered the room unannounced, and, having shaken hands with the party, seated himself near the glass doors of the conservatory.

"Of your life! Mr. Simon, who would have taken you for an enthusiast?"

"Who?" echoed Mr. Rogers, deferentially.

"I saw it at Naples, in the cabinet of a reduced nobleman, I offered to become the purchaser for three thousand guineas; but the man's taste was greater than his necessities, and he refused to part with it. I left Naples a discontented man, and am so still."

"Nonsense—discontented! You, to imitate a baby crying for a slice of mouldy moon! ha! ha!"

"Banter me, as your ladyship may, this is the whole truth. I am a fanatic in art. There is a group of Bacchanals on that vase that I would lose an eye to own."

"Bless me, Mr. Simon, I can scarcely credit your fanaticism. Fancy one going about with one eye!"

"My eye!" ejaculated Mr. Rogers.

"Be as sarcastic as you like, Lady Faddle, I——"

"Sarcastic, Mr. Simon! here is Master Rogers who shall witness for me against you. Now, Rogers, dear, when it was given out that one of Mrs. Grunestone's feet was an inch longer than the other, who went about to all her acquaintance and contradicted it? who put down the report that Miss Swan had to be confined once a month in a straight jacket? who dispelled the terrible rumour that the Beresford's used salt pork at breakfast? who denied in every corner of the town that Lady Bencher flung a toast rack at her husband, and put pins in the arms of his dressing gown—who?"

"You astonish us, Lady Faddle—we never heard these accusations made before," said Agnes, hurriedly.

"The fact speaks poorly for your experience, child. Where is the use of being alive, if one does not know what is passing? Besides, should those abominable details ever reach you, shut your ears to them. Society, as you shall yet find, my love, is very uncharitable."

"It would seem so, indeed. How those unhappy victims of falsehood must feel in finding in your ladyship an advocate, who, not only rebuts actual charges, but anticipates others that have not yet been made."

"Conscience, child, a peaceful conscience is my only reward. Take it for granted, that when your reputation is attacked, I shall not be slow to defend it. Was it not cruel to say, that the Hon. Mrs. Slarkey had lost a row of pearls at the last drawingroom by the bursting of her stomacher. Oh! for a whip—you know the quotation, my dear."

"How kind of you to think of my reputation, Lady Faddle. Fortunately for us both, it is an anomalous thing that takes care of itself."

"As you like, my dear; yet, when Mrs. Perkins said that the colour in Miss Basset's nose was the fruit of French brandy, was it not providential that the poor, maligned girl had some one to take her part? Not that I would say that Miss Basset does not take brandy, but, I should think, only medicinally, at least moderately."

"I have heard it discolours teeth strangely," said Agnes. "Ladies should be cautious, your ladyship, for——"

"As I was saying about the vase, Mr. Simon," said Lady Faddle, adroitly, turning the conversation, "Crackfun has got it; and his den in Bishop street is the resort of all Dublin."

"Did you hear what he gave for it?"

"A trifle, sir. Only five hundred pounds."

"Gone for a bagatelle!"

"Crackfun himself is in Dublin."

"Then I shall call on him. May I mention, your ladyship, merely by way of introduction?"

"With my heartiest good wishes, Mr. Simon. By the way, should the fellow tell you that I played him foul about a miserable brilliant, don't lose your temper from a friendly impulse. People will tell falsehoods, Mr. Simon. Do I suggest anything new to you, Mr. Waters?"

"Merely a boomerang, madam, which I had the good luck to get for a trifle this morning."

"And pray, what is that, sir?"

"A curious weapon, which might recommend itself to your ladyship. Its peculiarity is that, after being discharged, it may return with increased force to wound the hand that hurled it."

"You puzzle me sadly. Can you illustrate its advantages?"

"Well, allegorically, we'll say that Jones says that Smith picked a pocket; the lie here is the boomerang discharged. Smith replies that Jones stole a pair of stockings from a drying line, there's the boomerang returned. Do I convey myself to your ladyship?"

"So, so. Is the world improving, do you think, Mr. Waters?"

"Taking your ladyship as an instance, I should say we are making admirable progress."

"And yet, people will not hold their tongues. Rogers, dear, what did Mrs. Belmont say of me, the morning after the drawing-room?"

"Aw! something to the effect that Lady Faddle was the most chawning woman present."

"Are you surprised that I should feel vexed at the impertinences of those creatures, Mr. Waters?"

"I should have ground my teeth with anguish were I your ladyship."

"And General Sweetman's sister said I was a toad—the wretch!"
 "I am never annoyed, madam, by people who are vulgar enough to call a spade a spade. Even I come across some of this coarse tattle at times."

"You do? Of course, they say cruel things of me, don't they?"
 "I regret I do not feel justified in gratifying your curiosity, Lady Faddle."

"Dear Mr. Waters, pray don't spare your revelations for my sake. Does not the salamander live in fire?"

"Your ladyship will excuse me—there's nothing indelicate; but"

"Economise your 'but's,' dear Mr. Waters, and let me know what they have said of me. 'Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.'"

"To begin; for instance," —

"Yes."

"They report your ladyship's age as considerably over fifty—that your spirit is constantly elbowing its way into balls and parties, whilst your body is performing slow cotillions round the family vault of the Faddles."

"I can credit all this; well?"

"That your complexion is gone, and its substitute is as much at home as a patch on the cheek of a corpse, or a harlequin on the hearse-box at a bishop's funeral."

"Yes—yes!"

"They say that your hair first saw the light in Brittany, where it was bought by the ounce, and now suits you as a yellow carpet suits a green drawing-room; in other words, is as much out of place as a broken-voiced bailiff in an organ loft, or a death's head at a coronation."

"Oh! day and night!"

"Am I distressing your ladyship?"

"Sir! Cannot I afford to despise this farrago of falsehood?"

"Uncharitable, from the beginning, they pretend to believe that your ladyship's circle is kept together by the fear of your ladyship's tongue—that you unite personally the hideousness of the black lizard with the venom of the puff-adder."

"The puff-adder! Good."

"They affect to regard your ladyship's visits as an epidemic for which there is no remedy, and believe that you travel in cycles, like the cholera—that"

"Pray, that will do, Mr. Waters—dear Mr. Waters. And who, in the name of injured society, are my accusers?"

"Let us have their names," said Mr. Rogers, violently agitating his person.

"Again, I must beg your ladyship's forbearance. Were I to reveal the names of the uncharitable persons—those carrion vultures of the salons—nine of every ten doors in the city would be closed to me, and your ladyship's list of acquaintances be so diminished that seventy per cent. of the town knockers should have to put on mourning."

"And to me the ingrates are indebted for whatever elegance or to be seen amongst them. I may justly say I have been the foundress of Dublin society."

"How forgetful! Ah, my dear madam, people are too apt to forget benefits conferred when circumstances make them independent of those who bestowed them. You will find it hinted in the lost books of the Sybils, that Romulus flayed alive the wolf that suckled him."

"But, am I to have no reprisals? Are these people to be suffered to poison my reputation anonymously? The assassins!"

"Which, by the way, is a very ancient and honourable profession, if madam remembers. Masks were invented to some purpose, and gentlemen who could not stab in the daylight took advantage of the dark."

"There is still some consolation. 'Wert thou as pure as ice and as chaste as snow thou would'st not escape calumny.' Beautiful poet—injured woman! Where is Mr. Simon, Agnes, child?"

"Gone to call on Mr. Crackfun, madam."

"You are right. That vase seems so have turned his head. Give me your arm, Master Rogers. Good morning, Mr. Waters. Agnes, child, kiss me."

TO OUR READERS.

Since our last issue we have received a communication from Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD, relative to his not having furnished a sufficient supply of MS. for his story of "FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME." Mr. JERROLD has intimated that he was not aware his copy had been exhausted, as he was out of town, but that he shall forward it regularly for the future. The Publisher has, therefore, decided upon resuming the publication of the story.

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A NIGHT AT SEA.

CHAPTER I.



ON'T tell me — don't tell me! Brother, do you lock up your daughters, like chickens in a coop, if you please, but leave me to manage mine as I please."

"Well — well —"

"*Demor-tuis nil* — therefore I say nothing of the earlier part of poor Eliza's education. My

late excellent wife, and your sister, were quite of your way of thinking, and what was the consequence? Why, that the child used to go dawdling from room to room, like a chicken with the pip, its pretty little face as sad as a funeral, and its cheeks the opposite of convex."

"Poor Ellen!"

"Poor Ellen? so says I, Captain Beauchamp. She was nearer to me than to you — and if I said dearer also, perhaps I should advance no more than I had argument to maintain. I'll leave it to any one to judge whether I did not show as much before her death and after. She had all the advice that Dublin could afford, and her funeral, including a weeping Hymn



"A LITTLE DISH O' MUSHROOMS!"

for her monument, cost me five hundred pounds. I'd like to know what more could be expected from any disconsolate husband in the country?"

"It is not the dead — it is not the dead, Major O'Brien — it is to save the living from destruction that I speak to you. I say you give your daughter too free a rein."

"And I say you keep too tight a one on yours."

"To see a little giddy cockle-shell like Eliza allowed to choose her own reading — her own friends — her own society — her own hours for study or amusement. What can you expect from it?"

"To see a number of young people, all health and good-nature, clapped into a room, and ranged along the wall, like mummies in a catacomb — a school-book or the 'Pilgrim's Progress' for their only reading — dressed up to the throat in black — taught to think jesting worse than murder — to laugh by note, and to be drilled in their very sports! Now, what can you expect from that?"

"The slackened bow will never send an arrow home."

"The bow o'er-bent will break."

"Well, Major, you are too many for me at this word-play. You have the advantage; for you are one of those persons who love to turn everything into matter of ridicule, and it is as vain to reason with a jester, as it is to bring cannon to bear upon butterflies. For my part, I never hear one of those modern philosophers advocate the turning a child

loose into a library and choose his own reading, that I do not feel inclined to ask him—sir, if your child were sick, would you send him alone into a druggist's ware-room to lay his hand at random upon bane or antidote? If your child were in want of society, would you turn him into the street to choose what company he pleases? For what are books but company? A good book is good company—and a bad book is very, very bad company indeed. A little time, brother, will, I fear, too plainly show you the fallacy of your fashionable philosophy. Take your own way—but mark what I tell you: Eliza will give you cause to regret your over-indulgence before she is many years older. Had my poor sister lived (what fancy possessed her to marry as she did I cannot tell,) there would have been some hope of safety; but as it is, I look for a lee shore, with blue lights and minute guns, I promise you."

"And had my poor sister lived," replied the Major, "whose only foolish act that I remember was that of giving her hand to Lieutenant Beauchamp, of Mizen Lodge, R.N., my nieces might have some chance of happiness and—comfort—but as it is——"

The above conversation passed between Major O'Brien and his brother-in-law, as they sat together, at sunset, on a rustic seat in the little shrubbery of Drumshambo Hall, the Major's wooden leg pointed horizontally forward, and the dark and sallow-faced Lieutenant sitting in the gloomy shadow of a laurel at the further end.

"Come—come—however," added the Major, observing some vexation on the sailor's countenance, "I have done; we must not quarrel, brother. Eliza's marriage will decide the question—and I cannot better show you how little I am disposed to anger at this moment, than by wishing that every one of your good daughters may meet as fair an offer as that of Henry Courtenay."

"Ay," said the Lieutenant, "in that, indeed, she has met a happy fortune. Yet, I don't know how it is, although all appears so certain in that quarter, I have strange misgivings that the match will never be. Have you mentioned the matter to Eliza yet?"

"No—I waited until to-morrow to propose it to her."

"Ten to one she runs adrift at the idea of it."

"Good brother, I am sorry you do not know Eliza. Her father's wish would be enough to make her instantly forego her own. This is the effect of rational indulgence. You shall see the proof before you leave Drumshambo Hall, for I intend to speak to her about it to-morrow, as soon as we have taken breakfast."

At this instant, a long shadow was thrown across the lawn, from the rustic gate which led towards the village road, and a sweet voice was heard singing at a distance the first verse of Burns' beautiful song:

"Their groves o' green myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming simmers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

"There she is," said the Major, with a delighted eye.

Casting their eyes in that direction, they beheld standing at the gate, with eyes reverted to the village, a young lady, dressed in simple white, with a plain blue sash around her waist, and dark and curling hair, of somewhat less than the usual length. While the gentlemen observed her, a second shadow fell in the same direction, and immediately after both disappeared. It was plain Eliza had not seen her father and her uncle. Supposing that it was one of the tenantry who might wish to use her intercession with himself, the Major did not take notice of the circumstance, but continued the conversation with his brother-in-law.

"That was a volume of Burns which she carried in her hand—just the poet for her—the wild unshackled bard of nature. You may have seen the glen, which we call the Glen of Ferns, running between the mountain and the village. It is a favourite haunt of Eliza's, prized for its very wildness, and the Irish character of its scenery. It is just the place for her to sit and read such a book as that, the sweet-smelling ferns around her, and the wind rushing over the beds of rushes by the little river side. I remember on the day after the skirmish at Drumshambo——"

"Here comes Eliza again," said the Lieutenant, who had his reasons for dreading the mention of Drumshambo.

Although Mr. Hammond O'Brien bore the title of Major, it must not be supposed that any considerable portion of his life had been devoted to the service of the state in which he lived. His military experience was confined to a campaign or two in a volunteer corps

which was raised for the protection of social order, during one of those civil convulsions which used to confer variety on the occupations of rural life in Ireland. In this brief space, however, his reputation had risen high, and he was accustomed in his retirement to speak of the achievements which he had witnessed in the neighbouring bogs and mountains, with a solemnity that to persons more experienced in warfare had something amusing, but which did not fail to strike many of his hearers (particularly when they happened to be members of his household, or guests invited to his table) with astonishment and admiration.

Some of his friends considered that an over-fondness for such reminiscences and Major O'Brien's foible, but, if it deserved the name, he had many good qualities to make amends for so slight an imperfection. He dealt mildly with his tenantry, and other dependents; as a father he was more than kind, and in a country where it was not easy to be all to all, he was hospitable and neighbourly, without distinction of sect or party.

Drumshambo Hall (so named from the scene of that memorable skirmish, the most considerable in which its proprietor had ever been engaged, and in which he had nobly laid down a limb for his king and country) was more remarkable for the beauty of its situation, than for any superior elegance or grandeur in the edifice itself. It stood on a bright green point of land, jutting out into the Shannon, at the distance of less than two miles from——. On the left a grove of firs overshadowed an antique fort, supposed to have once glittered with the arms of the mighty Brian, the Caliph Haroun Alraschid of Irish history. Behind arose a craggy mountain, washed at its base by the waters of the stream, which dilating a little farther toward their source, formed a spacious lake, studded with islets, and graced with many a wood and many an antique ruin. On the left of the hall, the wooded slopes were spotted with handsome villas, or with the cottages of the peasantry, while the front windows commanded a view of the town and bridge, an antique and somewhat fantastical structure containing more than a score of arches, Saracenic, Gothic, Saxon, Norman, pointed, parabolic, elliptical, and of every curve and form that were known in the history of architecture.

The situation on the whole, was one of unusual beauty. Here, in the calm summer days, flat-bottomed mari-boats floated slowly along the glassy basin that reflected the gray crags of the neighbouring mountain. The call of the boatman was echoed amongst the lonesome sunny heights; the marten twittered round the caves, or skimmed the shining surface of the stream, in chase of his invisible prey, or toyed triumphantly with his prize above the alder-tops, while the cottager, released for a season from his yearly toil, strolled idly by the hedges to observe the ripening harvest, and to estimate its probable amount. Enchantment was never absent from this delightful solitude. In the spring, the cooing of the wood-quest filled the groves with softness, and in the wreck of the year, the lofty firs upon the fort sung dirges in the wind to the memory of the departed valour that once shone beneath, or the departing beauty that was perishing all around.

Major O'Brien's associations, however, were rather of a warlike than a poetical description, and even the former he seldom carried farther back than the history of his own times. He talked a great deal more of General Humbert than of Hannibal, and of Colonel V—— than of either Fabius or Scipio. The fight of Lake Thrasmene was to him less memorable than the skirmish at Drumshambo, and the defeat of Asdrubal a trifle to the surrender of the French invaders at Ballynamuck.

The neighbourhood comprised some thirty or forty families of various grades of gentility. A few grandees lived immured within the walls of their demesnes, and seldom mingled in the assemblies of the place, for, though shining as remote points in the universe of fashion, they were stars of the first magnitude in our neighbourhood. They were somelanded proprietors more affable, but more needy, also besides a few oddities, and a great number of gentlemen farmers, rich people in business, in professions, and others who were lumped, among the Messrs. and Mesdames at the great balls and parties in the neighbourhood. To judge by the conversation that went on amongst these people when they met, one would suppose that the sole business of one rank was to offend that immediately below, and to be offended with that immediately above it; for there was scarcely a being amongst their acquaintances that was not talking of somebody who had offended him. There was, too, as much

manoeuvring about visits and invitations as was sufficient to show what apt scholars they would be if they had been tutored in a more extensive school. The O'Briens, however, by their hospitality, their good nature, and minute attention to all the courtesies of their station, contrived to please all their neighbours, without giving offence to any, in a circle where the latter was not easily avoided. Their immediate neighbourhood consisted of a few families, who, being nearly equal in rank and in easy circumstances, were tolerably free from those absurd and pitiful jealousies which made society a torment to its members in the village and its vicinity. It was true, the Stuccoes, of Stucco Hall, were every grand and dignified. Mr. Stucco listened with most obvious placidity and condescension to the major's stories of Drumshambo, and Mrs. Stucco's head, when she wished to beam patronage on Eliza O'Brien, turned round upon her shoulders with the majesty of a world revolving on its axis. Miss Stucco received her attentions with a face and eyes that seemed as if she did not see her, and Mr. Alonzo Stucco seemed to value the sound of his voice as highly as an opera-singer, but the O'Briens continued to be pleasant in defiance of the Stuccoes and their extreme politeness.

Early on the following morning, being the tenth of the same date since the immortal skirmish, the front door of the hall was thrown open, and a remarkable figure issued forth in the morning twilight. It was that of Adam Dobe, who was famed throughout our neighbourhood for a certain tendency to the failing of King Arbaces. He had formerly been a sergeant in the L— militia, when that body had the honour of ranking Major O'Brien amongst its officers, and now combined the offices of valet, courier, page, and groom, for the service of his mutilated commander. His costume was indicative of both his present and his past condition. His lower limbs were incased in a pair of black military leggings, closely buttoned up to the knee; above these appeared a pair of yellow plush undergarments, while a striped jacket, black leathern stock, and military waistcoat, completed the costume of the upper man. A well-set figure, a face marked with a character of habitual severity, and a head but thinly furnished with hair of a dubious brown, and now blown back by the September wind as he looked downward on the river and the distant village, gave a hint of age and some portion of a life devoted to military service.

Advancing to a lofty flag-staff which stood a few paces from the house, Adam Dobe proceeded to hoist an Union-Jack with great satisfaction, after which he prepared to load a small swivel that stood at the foot of the staff, while he muttered and hummed alternately to himself:

"I once was light-hearted and happy,
But now all my pleasures are o'er,
Since my soldier has gone and has left me
Alone on the Shamrock shore.

"The sun above the fir-wood, and the hero of Drumshambo still a-bed. That's more than I have seen since the day of the battle. The Major's dreaming now that he has Humbert on his marrow-bones crying for quarter.

"In Dublin the regiment was quarter'd
To which my brave soldier belonged;
And for a dispute with the sergeant
My bonny brave soldier was wrong'd."

"That's right—there it flies—just as it did when we left Sligo with the Colonel—

"He soon was tied up to the halberd,
His back with the lashes was tore;
And that was the cause of his going
So far from the Shamrock shore."

"I will wait for the first stroke of the clock, and then I'll let off the shot whether he's up or not—

"My father's snug cottage was placed
On the pleasant sweet banks of the Finn—"

"Well, gorsoon, what's your business with me?"—he addressed a ragged boy, wearing a hat without either leaf or crown, who had approached him unperceived.

"I want to know, please your honour, could I spake to Miss O'Brien?"

"What's your business with her?"

"A little dish o' musharooms, please your honour."

"Well, there's the lady, go and speak to her."

The boy approached the hall-door, from which Miss O'Brien was at the moment in the act of issuing, accompanied by her waiting-maid, who bore a suit of bathing attire upon her arm.

"A little dish o' musharooms that I had for you, ma'am, if you please," said Jacky Donovan.

"Thank you, my good lad—they are beautiful indeed; take them in, Kitty. Did you gather them yourself?"

"Oh yes, ma'am," replied the boy, waiting until the girl had disappeared, and then producing from his corduroy jacket a paper parcel handsomely tied and sealed—"One you know, ma'am, bid me give you this."

Miss O'Brien took the parcel with some confusion of manner.

"Thank you, thank you," she said, putting some silver into his hand, and concealing the packet in her dress. "Run off, now, as fast as you can, and tell him I said there could not be a cleverer messenger."

"I will, ma'am, long life to your honour."

They departed, Miss O'Brien and her maid, to bathe, the gorsoon the way which he had come, while Adam Dobe continued his task at the foot of the flag-staff, varying it occasionally with snatches of cottage minstrelsy:

"Light-hearted I rose ev'ry morning,
Contented I sat down to spin—"

"Good morrow, Mr. Hiffe. You're early from the shreet,"

The person whom he addressed was one of a class common to Irish villages; he was at once inn-keeper, pound-keeper, and seneschal of the parish, on orator and an oracle on all points of law and politics, a man who read the newspapers—and could hold forth by the hour on their contents. It was his practice to pick out of editorial articles, popular harangues, arguments of counsel and charges of the bench at quarter sessions, as well as from other learned sources, the hardest words which they contained, and to apply them afterwards in a manner which showed they had rather caught his ear than penetrated his understanding. However, when he found them envelop his meaning too closely, he generally concluded his speech with a familiar interpretation. This display of verbal wealth was not unaccompanied by suitable gesticulation. A plain oak cudgel, from which he rarely separated, was to him what the thread was to Lord Chesterfield's orator. It was now wheeled around his head as he gave utterance to some stroke of fancy, now planted upright on the earth to give force to an irrefragable opinion; now pointed oblique, now vertical, now horizontal, now to this side, now to that, it kept the attention of the listener alive to what might otherwise not have been heeded as much as it deserved. He now approached the sergeant with a solemn stride.

"Your most obedient, Mr. Dobe," he said, bowing and kissing his hand with a look of the sweetest courtesy. "Has the Major condescended yet?"

"Condescended, sir?"

"Yes—has he come down stairs?"

"Oh, no, not yet, but the swivel will soon rouse him. Condescend—to come down stairs—

"I'll press my child in my arms,
In hopes that the peace might restore
My soldier from war's dread alarms
Safe home to the Shamrock shore,"

"On my veracity, Mr. Dobe, I admire that flag. 'Tis very harmonious and versatile in the wind. Pray, can you enlighten me if there be any fundamentality in the rumour of the Major's matrimonial idiosyncrasies in regard to Miss Eliza? if she's to be married as they say?"

"Ay, that's all settled long ago," said Adam.

"I really rejoice to hear it, and the more, Mr. Dobe, if Mr. Courtenay should be the felicitous individual—the happy man—as I am told he is."

"You are told the truth."

"Upon my veracity I rejoice at it, although she is, if I might use

the expression, rather young, being, as one might say, in the verdure and plenitude of existence, not yet arrived at the full incipience of maturity. But Mr. Courtenay is a very commendable young gentleman, and with an overweening fortune."

"Yes, he can—hark ye!—There goes the clock! clear out o' the way, Mr. Hifle!"

He applied the match, and almost before the seneschal had time to jump aside (although he did so very nimbly), the report of a small piece of ordnance resounded over the water and amongst the hills and woods upon the opposite bank. Soon after a pair of window shutters were opened overhead, and the Major made his appearance in a green silk night-cap.

"Well done, Adam! Good morrow, Hifle! [The seneschal bowed low.] Do they cry quarter?"

"Not yet, your honour. Shall I give them another shot?"

"Stay, stay, till I come down. What! Eliza! Captain! Where's the Captain? Where's Miss O'Brien?"

"I saw Miss Eliza and her maid go in the door just now, your honour, after bathing; and the Captain—"

"The Captain is here," exclaimed a voice from a bed-room window on the same floor, which had just then opened on the other side of the hall-door. "Good morrow, Major, your men are early in the field. Hold hard a moment, I will be with you soon."

Both windows closed, and Adam Dobe, who was as great a Thrao as his master, though in a broader style, renewed his conversation with the seneschal.

"That's Captain Beauchamp, the master's brother-in-law. He is here on a visit. He has a house and family of his own about a gunshot below the old Abbey. He's a great man; only for him the English would be beat at Trafalgar."

"Do you tell me so?"

"An' I'll tell you another thing. The Major talks a dale of Drumhambo, but it is my own doings the French being kep out of Sligo after all."

"Your doing, Mr. Dobe?"

"Yes, and I'll tell you how. It so happened that my piece (for I was then in the ranks) missed fire for five or six rounds, an' I never knew it; but kep ramming cartridge after cartridge till the barrel was half-full. Well, just as the enemy were making one desperate charge upon our line, my shot went off at last; oh, it beggars history, as the Major says; five-and-thirty of the enemy fell stone dead. So their general gave orders at once to sound a retrate: 'Boys,' says he, 'we've better be off in time, for there's more where that came from.'"

"Dear, dear Mr. Dobe, that *was* a shot!"

"I fired a better since: when the Major got his wound I was sitting by him in a trench on the road-side, when a party of the French an' rebels passed us: so they began makin' game of us an' they going by; I said not a word till the last man had passed, and then I rested my piece upon the ball o' my foot and slapped at 'em. Oh, I declare the ball went through a whole file, forty deep, an' lodged in a drummer that was walking at the head o' the battalion."

"Dear! what a shot!"

"Poh—so-so,—but say nothing of it, lest it might be looked upon as boasting. Here comes the Major."

By this time the hall-door had opened, and the Major issued forth, accompanied by his daughter and his naval relative. At sight of the seneschal, Miss O'Brien drew back a little from the group, in order to conceal her visible alarm.

"What adverse fate," thought Eliza, "has blown that man to the hall at such an hour? He looks, too, as if he had some important discovery to communicate: I must draw them away if possible. What a delicious morning!" she continued, getting between her father and her uncle, and taking an arm from each; "you must both come with me to the Glen of Ferns."

"With all my heart," exclaimed the Major, "and I can finish the story as we walk along. As I was saying, Captain, we had just come in sight of Drumhambo—"

"May it please your magistracy," said the seneschal, making a graceful bow and kissing his hand with a most sweet smile, as he planted himself directly in the way of the party.

"You must come some other time, Mr. Hifle. Papa is too busy to speak to you."

"I hope, miss, when his majority graciously comprehends the importance of what I have to advance—"

"For goodness sake, papa, don't stay listening to that Irish Dogberry, who does not understand a word-he says, or we shall be late."

The seneschal looked round upon the lady in high indignation.

"I never dales in dogs, Miss O'Brien; I hope I know how to exterminate between what is to the purpose and the reverse. I am sorry, ma'am, you should feel it expedient to upbraid any thing in regard of dogs against me; and as for not understanding what I say, I hope, ma'am, I hope I know how to express my little sentiments in commendable topography."

"Come, come, Hifle, what's the matter? Eliza, be quiet."

"Please you majority, it is rather a contrarious predicament, so that if your honour would vouchsafe (if I may be allowed the phrase) a few expressions in seclusion, otherwise a word or two in private—"

"The sooner the better. Captain, Eliza, you will excuse me for a moment. Well, now, Mr. Hifle?"

"Your majority is in possession of the fact," said the seneschal, addressing himself to his task with promptitude, "that as the legal authority, and, as I may say, *custos rotulorum* of the neighbourhood, we are all compulsorily bound to submit for your gracious consideration every fortuitous circumstance—"

"To the point, Mr. Hifle, if you please."

"To the point, then, since your magistracy so vouchsafes it. Last evening, as I was standing at the door of my humble tenement, I contemplated a spruce equestrian, attended by a solitary domestic, that is, a single servant, approaching my repository."

"A gentleman, of course?"

"He must be a gentleman, please your majority, for he treated us all like dogs, and did not waste a civil sentiment on any individual on the premises."

"Well, quick, if you please, Mr. Hifle; what is to come of all this?"

"What chiefly aroused my vigilance was the fact, that several times before the evening had elapsed, the young fugitive, for we did not learn his name, elicited various interrogatories respecting Miss O'Brien, which made me consider it imperative on me to communicate the ingredients to your magistracy. To my certain knowledge he has scarcely imbibed a particle of nutriment, or enjoyed repose, since he has taken up his residence with me, which, exciting my keener idiosyncracies—"

"Well, well, Hifle, I am obliged to you. I shall call to see the gentleman in the course of a few days; some acquaintance of my daughter's, I suppose. Good morning to you, I am busy."

The seneschal bowed, smiled graciously, and kissed his hand, like one who did more honour to himself than to any body else by the obeisance.

"I reciprocally deprecate a fine afternoon to your magistracy."

With these words he withdrew, and the Major followed his daughter and brother-in-law to the Glen.

Miss O'Brien, as the reader may have already suspected, was amongst those young persons who suffer from the laxity of modern ideas of education, as her cousins the Beauchamps did from the opposite system. Epicurean feelings, and short-sightedness of mind, were the natural defects of a heart unaccustomed to self-denial, an understanding to which anything like labour was quite unknown, and an incongruous and unregulated course of reading. No disposition, however naturally excellent, could withstand the ill effect of such united influences; and, accordingly, this young lady, with every friend except her father, obtained but little credit for steadiness of feeling.

Notwithstanding the Major's unbounded confidence in Eliza, he was not sorry in his secret soul when an opportunity offered of relieving himself, as he hoped, from all future care on her account. This was furnished by the proposal of Mr. Henry Courtenay, alluded to in the commencement of our tale. Though the circumstance gave the Major unqualified delight, it would have been difficult to make a more unhappy choice as regarded Miss O'Brien.

Mr. Courtenay was what many worthy ladies about New Auburn called a "rock of sense." It would have been impossible, perhaps, for his warmest friend or bitterest enemy to convict him of a single very foolish or very generous act in the whole course of his life. But he was a great deal too sensible to have either warm friends or bitter enemies. There never lived a more thorough master of his feelings: whether he possessed any or not, it is impossible to say;

but it is certain that he never suffered them to come in the way of his worldly interests. He was just so far generous that he would serve a friend, provided he did not thereby injure himself; so far honest, that he would not lose his credit to overreach his neighbour; and so far hospitable, that his table was always spread for those whose superior rank, or fortune, or influence in any way was certain to make solid, though not apparent, compensation for the courtesy. He paid his debts, however; was punctual with his tradesmen, and was generally accounted a rock of honesty and sense.

Mr. Courtenay was never known to indulge in any of the coarser vices. He had a great deal too much sense for that. He did not drink, because it injured the health, and led to quarrels; he did not gamble, because it invited poverty; he did not hunt, because it endangered the neck; he was not an epicure, because it accumulated cost; he was free from every glaring vice, and destitute of every solid virtue. His good and his evil were both of dwarfish stature.

Prudence, in the worldly and most erroneous sense of the word, was Mr. Courtenay's forte. Of the prudence which points out the surest road to wealth, and influence, and credit in the world, he was a perfect master. Of the true prudence, which demands a constant sacrifice of self, a boundless devotion to other interests, a spirit of continual martyrdom, such as Cicero demanded for the Republic, and the Christian, with more reason, exacts for the Creator, of such prudence as this Mr. Courtenay not only had no share, but he did not believe in its existence. He did not believe that a motive purely generous, and free from selfishness, existed in the human breast; a clear confession (if any were needed) that it had no place in his own.

To tell Mr. Courtenay that there exist men, and women too, who, led by a simple feeling of love for the Creator, are ever ready to abandon life, health, fortune, and all, for his service, and to embrace, without even a moment's pause, as a self-evident duty, any suffering whatever, sooner than transgress his law, was to tell him stories of the dog-star. He had a great deal too much sense to credit it. At the same time that he was too "sensible" to believe all that he professed, he was a great deal too sensible not to profess all that could procure him credit with his neighbours. He adopted as a mean, a kind of negative hypocrisy, compensating to his self-conceit by unfelt contempt for all that he allowed to his prudence in external seeming.

To no friend or acquaintance that he ever had, did Mr. Courtenay, at any time, give the opportunity of saying that he had cut them, yet he never kept either friend or acquaintance longer than he found convenient. No one understood so well as he the use of the chill, yet hardly chill salute, the smile grown dull that was of late so ready and so bright, the diminished pressure of the extended hand, the all that *all* but said the heart was changed. He did his part with more or less relief, according to the quick-sightedness of the other's pride, and left that to do the rest. He once met an old benefactor in altered circumstances. He shook hands with him—smiled—was glad to see him—sorry to hear of his misfortunes—offered his services—asked him to his house—entertained him well, but all in "such a sort!" Nothing was omitted, yet something was wanted. The old man could not find fault, yet he never went near the house again; and what was just equally singular, his absence never gave the least surprise to the grateful Mr. Courtenay.

Persons of a timid conscience or of sensitive affections were the never-failing themes of Mr. Courtenay's vigorous ridicule. And yet, to see his sufferings when Mr. Stucco passed him in the street at an assizes, between the terror of being thought intrusive and the anxiety to catch a fashionable nod!

Mr. Courtenay, too, was a good deal liked in company. He had too much sense not to endeavour to make himself agreeable. His laugh was always at your service, whether you made a bad jest, or stabbed a neighbour's reputation, or gave utterance to any fashionable blasphemy. He always made himself an agreeable listener, whatever was the subject; but then, to make amends for any stretch of complaisance, in this way, to a superior or equal, how he did frown when an inferior dared to address him in a similar strain!

As self was Mr. Courtenay's undisguised motive, so worldly custom was his rule of conduct. What custom sanctioned was to him admissible; what custom disallowed, he disallowed. To cheat in horseflesh—to swindle the public by what are called jobs, or the revenue by illicit traffic, was not outside the comprehensive circle of

his honesty, provided that it did not proceed to a discreditable extent.

To be loved (Miss O'Brien's favourite object) was not the end of Mr. Courtenay's pains amongst his neighbours. He understood too well the nature of most human attachments to build upon a foundation so frail and so mutable. To make himself necessary to them was, he knew, a more certain means of securing at least the appearance and the practical offices of friendship, and for more than this he never sought or cared. Nevertheless, while the worthiest characters in the neighbourhood were subject to the keenest censure, few were ever heard to speak ill of Mr. Courtenay, and he was generally looked upon as a downright rock of sense.

Major O'Brien heard with joy his proposals for Miss O'Brien, first prudently communicated to himself. Mr. Courtenay's birth, which was most unexceptionable, made it easy to overlook some other circumstances, not equally magnificent. His income, which was considerable, was chiefly derived from the produce of two or three extensive nurseries, one of which had a gateway opening into the centre of the village. He was a Courtenay, however, and visited by every body.

Mr. Courtenay, always well received at Drumshambo Hall, was soon established there in happy intimacy. He listened with deep interest to the Major's warlike stories, and was almost the only individual who was not terrified by the ominous words—"I remember at the skirmish of Drumshambo." He supplied young ash and sycamore for the green knolls, and scarlet and ragman oak for the avenue, and weeping willow for the water side; and scarce a day elapsed without some exquisite rarity making its appearance at the hall with Mr. Courtenay's compliments, for the decoration of the Major's lawn or Miss O'Brien's garden.

There being no great conqueror, or orator, or warrior, or poet in the neighbourhood (if you except such men as Hife or Bat Henderson, the village bard), Miss O'Brien, who was not yet made privy to the bargain about herself) was not displeased with the visits of Mr. Courtenay. His figure was good, and his complacent "y-e-s," and smile, and laugh for ever at her service.

It was about this time that Miss O'Brien first became acquainted with the gentleman, her interview with whom in the Glen of Ferns has been related in the opening of our tale. When we say that their first meeting took place at a ball, it may appear that we relate a very common-place occurrence; but as a ball in our neighbourhood differs much from balls in other places, we will venture to describe the adventure in detail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE IN IDLENESS.



WERE hard to guess what thought,
(I leaning o'er the peaches and the wall)
Hath stopped thy fingers, sweet, ere they had wrought
In that rich purpled broid, the symbol small
Thy heart designest. Careless on thy lap
The white silk twinkles, and the violet thread
Winds round the hyacinths. Sun-goldened head
Pray this be love in idleness mayhap.

Pleasant it is to dream

In the June sunshine when not one is near,
And the crisp melody of peach-leaves stream
From every side into the listless ear.

O happy quiet, dost thou think of him
Thy tongue rebuked in the park, this morn,
When thou didst quit him, with austere scorn,
Bidding his hopes like mere-mists to dislign?

It will not do. Again,

Solemn abstraction and broad dreaming eyes,
And white lids fringed with sweet rain,
Shunning all intercourse with sun and skies.
Swear as thou wilt, but, sweetest one, forbear
To wrong thy heart. I, leaning o'er the wall,
Have guessed its happy impulses ere this,
And comprehend all.

PALISSY, THE POTTER.



THREE hundred years ago, a Frenchman, inspired by genius, fought his way to the mastery of an art then unknown in Europe, except amongst the Italians. The cottage of the peasant and the castle of the baron were almost equally destitute of those articles of utility and luxury which are now within the reach of all. Cups and saucers were as little known as bohea; while plates, dishes, and the endless variety of utensils which may now be had in the simplest ware and the finest porcelain, were then represented only by rude vessels of pottery or stone-ware.

This self-taught potter was Bernard Palissy. He was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the district of Agenois, on the western coast of France. Having learned in his youth the art of glass-painting, he travelled for some years through his native country, sojourning in various places on his route, and maintaining himself by the exercise of his craft. Beyond this we know very little of him, until, at about thirty years of age, he married and settled in the town of Saintes. Adding to his skill in "venerie" a knowledge of mapping and surveying, he was able to provide for

the simple wants of his household. Thus a year or two was spent. Then there occurred a simple incident, which disturbed the even tenor of his life, and gave a new impulse to energies which had not before been evoked. We give it in his own words:—"There was shown to me," he says, "an earthen cup, turned and enamelled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that had been made to me in force when I was painting portraits. Then, seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was also little patronised, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing. And, thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of drugs, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark."

Palissy at this time was not a potter. He could not have made the simplest earthen vessel which served his wife in the *cuisine* of her little household. But his was not a soul that could rest content with painting on glass the portraits of the good folk of Saintes, or keeping the stained windows of the neighbouring chateau in repair. So he set diligently to work upon the new path to fame and competence, which the cup opened up to him. He had been used, in his work on "venerie," to the grinding and mixing of colours; and he began his experiments by pounding all the substances that he "proposed likely to make anything." Then, purchasing a number of earthen pots, he broke them into fragments, and spread on each some one of his different compounds. Constructing a furnace "according to his fancy," as he naively remarks, "for he had never seen earth baked," he heated it to a promising temperature, and put his trial pieces into bake. The chemicals had not been chosen quite by chance, for many metallic colours were used in glass-painting, and these, with the action of fire upon them, were known to Palissy. Allowing such time as he supposed requisite, he drew out his pot-sherds, eagerly looking for any on which the compounds should have melted; but there was none such; the labour had been all in vain, and he was none the nearer to the accomplishment of his object. He did not even know that these mixtures were not the right ones; for he was as much an experimentalist in the construction of furnaces and the baking of earth, as in the art of enamelling; and it was impossible to tell where his errors lay. To produce a successful result, all the antecedents must be according to rule. Nothing daunted, however, Palissy set to work afresh; and every day found him, at all spare hours, pounding new materials, or constructing new furnaces. For all this time he worked at his old trade, to maintain his household and to supply the materials of his costly experiments. In this manner, to use his own words, "he fooled away several years." Domestic cares increased upon him, and, instead of being able to improve the circumstances of his family by a new and more lucra-

tive occupation, he was, to outward seeming, and doubtless, in the judgment of his neighbours, fruitlessly expending what was their just inheritance. But such men as Palissy can work against discouragement of all kinds.

After the year thus lost, Palissy began a new series of experiments, at a pottery some miles distant. He hoped, by this plan, to avoid the large outlay on fuel and furnaces which had hitherto drained his slender resources. But, alas! disappointment met him here as before; and, after several failures, he determined to "take relaxation" for a time, and "comported himself as if he were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamels."

Just at this time a profitable engagement fell in his way. The "gabelle," or salt-tax, was about to be levied in Saintonge, which contained extensive salt marshes, and Palissy was employed by the government to survey and map the district. This occupied him nearly a year, and, being much more profitable employment than glass-painting, he found himself at its close in possession of "a little money." So, with his mind at ease for a time on the subject of daily bread, he "resumed his affection for pursuing in the track of the enamels." This time he had recourse to a glass-house, the furnaces then in use there being much better than those employed in the potteries. Nearly a hundred different compounds were duly prepared, three dozen earthen pots were bought and broken; and, at the appointed time, Bernard, his heart once more beating high with hope, repaired to the glass-house. *Courage, mon brave!* the clouds are breaking, and there is promise of the dawn. This time some of the compounds had begun to melt.

Starting with fresh vigour from this new point, the unwearied worker pursued his researches for two years longer without gaining another step in advance; at last he began to lose courage. Not that he despaired of ultimate success, or was weary of the struggle which he had so gallantly carried on. But he did not stand alone in the world. There were those who shared with him the discouragements and privations of these long years. Doubtless, his wife had listened with fond and willing faith when first he told her what he hoped to accomplish, how her husband would be sought after by all the nobles of France, and have riches and honours for his reward. But when year after year passed away, and no result appeared; when she saw him neglecting his trade, and expending a large portion of his scanty earnings on drugs, and furnaces, and fuel; when it was no uncommon entry in his journal, "I broke three dozen earthen pots, all of them new," we cannot wonder if with such things as these came the sickness of hope deferred, or if, in losing heart, the wife lost temper, too. More than once the earth had closed upon a little grave, and a seat was left vacant at Palissy's meagre board, but still many little faces clustered there, and their wants were not diminishing with years. It was at least a natural thought to the wife and mother, "Why not abandon these costly experiments which have wasted so many years, when you can maintain your household by diligence in an honest calling?" Palissy began to think he must give up: "One trial more," he said to himself, "and if I fail, I have done with it for ever!"

The last effort was to be a great one. Upwards of three hundred trial pieces were prepared, and poor Bernard went himself with the man who carried them to the glass-house. The time for drawing out the batch comes, and one piece appears on which the mixture is completely melted. It is set aside to cool, and Bernard watches anxiously. As it hardens, it grows white. At length it is cold, it is the long sought enamel—"singularly beautiful" to the longing eyes of Palissy. With what joy he turned his steps homeward that day one can easily imagine.

In possession of the secret, the next question was, how to make use of it. Palissy did not deem the housewives of that day worthy of enamelled cooking utensils, and he therefore disdained to expend his skill on the jars and pipkins which the neighbouring potteries could furnish. Without ornamental pottery his enamel was useless, so he set himself to make vessels suitable for his purpose, and this labour cost him seven or eight months. These vessels must next be baked, and straightway we find Palissy toiling at the construction of a furnace, such as he had seen at the glass-house. His finances were now so low that he could not procure himself the help even of one man; he had to carry the bricks on his back, to temper the mortar, and to erect the works with his own hands. The first baking of his cups was successful, but the more difficult task was

yet to come. For more than a month he worked night and day in preparing the materials of "that beautiful enamel," and, carefully applying it on his vessels, he put them in to bake. Six days and nights he watched and fed the fires, but the enamel did not melt. Suspecting an error in the proportions of his compound, he began to grind and pound afresh, and all the while fed the insatiable double-mouthed furnace, that it might not cool.

The fresh compound being ready, he was forced to purchase pots on which to try it, for his own were all lost by the last failure. These being prepared were put in, and the whole of his remaining stock of wood was thrust into the furnace. Anxiously he watches, but no sign of melting appears. The fire is burning low; what is to be done? He has neither fuel, nor money to purchase it. There was no time to be lost; now or never, thought Palissy; so he tore up the palings of his garden, and they were soon consumed by the devouring element: but all in vain. Half frantic, he rushed into his house, and, bringing forth the tables, broke them in pieces and cast them into the furnace. Still no change in the inexorable chemicals. Once more he appears before his astonished household, and, tearing up the flooring of the little dwelling, consigns it likewise to the flames. His resources, and the demand upon them, are at end together—the enamel is melted.

"Another such victory and I am undone!" was the exclamation of Pyrrhus after a battle with the Romans; and in such a spirit might poor Palissy have spoken of his hardly-earned triumph. He had succeeded in producing a beautiful white enamel, but it glistened only on fragments of broken pottery, which were of little account in the eyes of his practical wife. Exhausted by the heat of the furnace and the excessive labour he had undergone, Palissy turned to enter his dwelling. Alas! it had been dismantled by his own hands; while his wife, she "from whom solace was due," as he touchingly expresses it, had run to proclaim publicly the insane conduct of her husband, and to incite vulgar mockery against him whose sins she should have tenderly covered. Poverty and reproaches saddened him at home, while the finger of ridicule everywhere met him abroad, and for a time his soul fed upon its griefs; but soon again he was up and at work. Having made drawings of such vessels as suited his purpose, he hired a potter to execute his designs, and once more set about the erection of a furnace. His means being quite exhausted, and the potter discharged, he was forced to build it himself, with incredible labour, out of the materials of the former furnace. Borrowing money for the purchase of wood and chemicals, he had now, at length, a fair prospect of success, and confidently reckoned on the proceeds of the batch to clear his debts and give bread to his household. His creditors hastened to the furnace in the morning when the time for drawing out arrived. But alas! alas! an unforeseen misfortune had destroyed all his hopes. The mortar employed in the brickwork had been full of flints, and the intense heat had caused them to explode, while at the same time it had liquified the enamel. The cups and medallions were, in consequence, stuck all over with sharp fragments of flint, and thus, though otherwise very beautiful, were entirely spoiled. Some there were who offered to buy them at a mean price, but Palissy preferred to break them in pieces with his own hands.

But, reflecting that "if a man had fallen into a pit, it would be his duty to endeavour to get out again," Palissy arose at once, and "gaining a little money by painting and in other ways," expelled want for a season from his hearth. Many times more he laboured, and saw his work destroyed by some unforeseen mischance. But he was gaining knowledge by these bitter experiences, and gradually approaching the mastery of his art. During fifteen or sixteen years he "blundered" on, as he himself tells us, but for the last six or eight of these he accomplished works which had a ready sale, and supplied him with means not only to maintain his household, but to carry on his experiments. Vigorous, indeed, must have been the frame that could endure such labour, and execute the behests of that dauntless spirit. But "sweat of the brain" and "sweat of the arm" had sapped the strong man in those days of sorrow. He tells us that for ten years together he was wasted and worn to a shadow; but most keenly of all he felt the isolation of soul in which he lived. "I often walked about the fields of Saintes," he says, "considering my miseries and weariness, and wondering above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good." True misalliance this—where a noble soul of either sex is mated with one

that has sympathy neither for its sorrows nor its aspirations. True solitude—where there is association without companionship, and personal intercourse without communion of spirit.

It is curious to find, in looking at the history of one who lived three centuries ago, that with all the difference produced by the manners of a time so far distant, men and women were then very much what they are now. A certain lecture seems a modern thing, and brings up before us the image of Mrs. Caudle; but if the dead could speak, poor Palissy might tell us "there is nothing new under the sun." After recounting the hardships which attended his labours, chiefly because he had not means to protect his furnaces from the inclemency of the weather; and how, many times, at midnight, or near dawn, he went to bed cold and weary, "filled with great sorrows," inasmuch as, having laboured long, he saw his labour wasted—he adds, "then I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which makes me to marvel now that I was not consumed with suffering." But we would not deal too hardly with the failings of Palissy's wife; it would have required the devotion of a true-hearted woman to last through nearly ten years of failure and defeat. We will add but one word more, and rest content to leave to our fair readers the judgment of her sins. One night, the wind being high, and the rain falling in torrents, Palissy found that the poor hut which sheltered his furnace would no longer resist the inclemency of the weather. His precious cups and vases would be destroyed by either cold or wet, and something must be done. Entering the house, he sought about for what might suit his purpose, and failing to meet with anything more portable, he carried off his wife's chamber door! We should be glad to know where is the matron that would not be indignant at such usage.

Palissy now began to take heart to call himself a potter. No longer weighed down by poverty, he was able to procure assistance in his work, and the nobility of the province were eager to purchase the beautiful productions of his skill. The name which he assumed for himself was that of "Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines." These figulines were models from nature, of animals, reptiles, and plants, with which he adorned cups or vases. Palissy was an ardent lover of nature; from his youth he had delighted to wander in the forest, through the meadow, or by the sea shore; nor was it with an uninquiring eye that he gazed upon the wonders that they present. He was a close observer and a careful analyser; and in the beautiful adaptations and contrivances which he everywhere discovered in creation, he devoutly recognized the care which the Maker had exercised for all his creatures, and the wisdom which presides in every department of the universe. So fully did the artist prove himself the naturalist, that, as his biographer remarks, "his leaves and reptiles, and other rustic designs, are so copied, in form and colour, with minute accuracy, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, butterfly, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the works of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, rivers, and seas of France."

Another year or two the potter carried on the practice of his art at Saintes, and then removed to Paris. The Palace of the Tuileries was then in course of erection for Catherine de Medicis, and he was employed in its decoration. All that we know of the remaining years of his life in the licentious capital is highly interesting. Collecting around him such lovers of science and literature as could be found in the precincts of Henry the Third's riotous court, he delivered a course of lectures, in which he propounded his discoveries in science, his own rich collection of specimens serving him for illustrations. He continued this practice for many years, and in 1580 published some of these lectures, together with a treatise on agriculture. Two other volumes from his pen had before, at intervals of some years, issued from the press. The first, a medical treatise, is lost; the others which remain prove Palissy to have been far in advance of his age, and establish his claim to many discoveries in chemistry, geology, and natural history.

In the year 1585, Palissy was imprisoned in the Bastille, on account of his religious opinions. Here, after four years of captivity, he died. With the potter perished his beautiful art. Two sons survived him; but the genius which presided in the laboratory had departed with Bernard Palissy.

INISCATTERRY.

INISCATTERRY, or the Island of Scatterry, near the mouth of

"The spacious Senan [Shannon] spreading like a sea,"

has been styled in an Irish MS., called the Book of Ballimote, "the wonder of Ireland." And well it may, if we are to credit the legend which Mr. Moore has followed in his version of the dialogue between St. Senanus and the lady who sought his holy isle, in a vessel guided by an angel,

"Through wintry winds and billows dark,"

and was inhospitably repelled.

Connected with the former sanctity of Iniscattery, the most remarkable object at present is the Round Tower represented in the annexed engraving. This tower is an important land-mark in the navigation of the Shannon, and it is also probably the most ancient building upon the island. It is said to measure one hundred and twenty feet in height, and springs from a base twenty-two feet in circumference. Although scathed and rent by lightning, the

proportionate breadth. *Teampul an eird*, that is, the church of the height, is of similar dimensions, and equally unadorned. The light was admitted into each of these Lilliputian temples by one or two very small windows, little superior to loop-holes; so narrow, that, when entirely open, we must be struck with surprise, how the light which they admitted could have sufficed."

In a memoir for the reformation of Munster, which was drawn up for the information of the English government, in the reign of Henry VIII., by Edmund Sexton, who was Mayor of Limerick in 1535, and who had previously distinguished himself by his efforts to advance the English interest in Ireland, Iniscattery is described as an island within the mouth of the Shannon, distant eight miles from Loop-head, at the northern entrance of that river. Upon the island the merchants of Limerick dwelt, and had castles and stone houses of their own inheritance, "with a provost, or warden, who might dispend a hundred marks yearly." He recommends the place as a proper situation for a fortress, which, with one ship of sixty tons and two or three galleys, would keep O'Brien, Desmond, (that is to say their countries, the present counties of Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and Cork,) and all the Irish from Waterford to Galway in awe.



original roof remains. While its fellow pillar-towers, as at Kildare and Cloyne, have been compelled to assume embattlements, that of Iniscattery retains its primitive covering, and stands proudly crowned with that *barrad*, or conical cap, which, according to Walker, the national architects and sculptors of Ireland regarded as a dress becoming even to angels.

Although it has been asserted that eleven churches were built upon the island by Senanus, the remains of seven churches or cells only are to be traced; from a glance at which it is evident to the eye of the architectural antiquary, that the date of the building of three of these ruins must have been long subsequent to the days of the ungallant saint. "The cathedral, (which is seen in the engraving, close to the Round Tower), St. Mary's church, and one other," observes a modern pilgrim to Scatterry, "are in pointed style, but possess no particular attraction. The neighbourhood of the latter is used as a burying ground, and the interior of the cathedral has been cleared away and converted by the irreverent islanders into a ball-alley." Three more ancient structures, "one of them called Simon's own, stand in the north-west of the cathedral, the largest of which is but twenty-two feet long, and the smallest twelve, and of

CHANT OF SPRING FLOWERS.

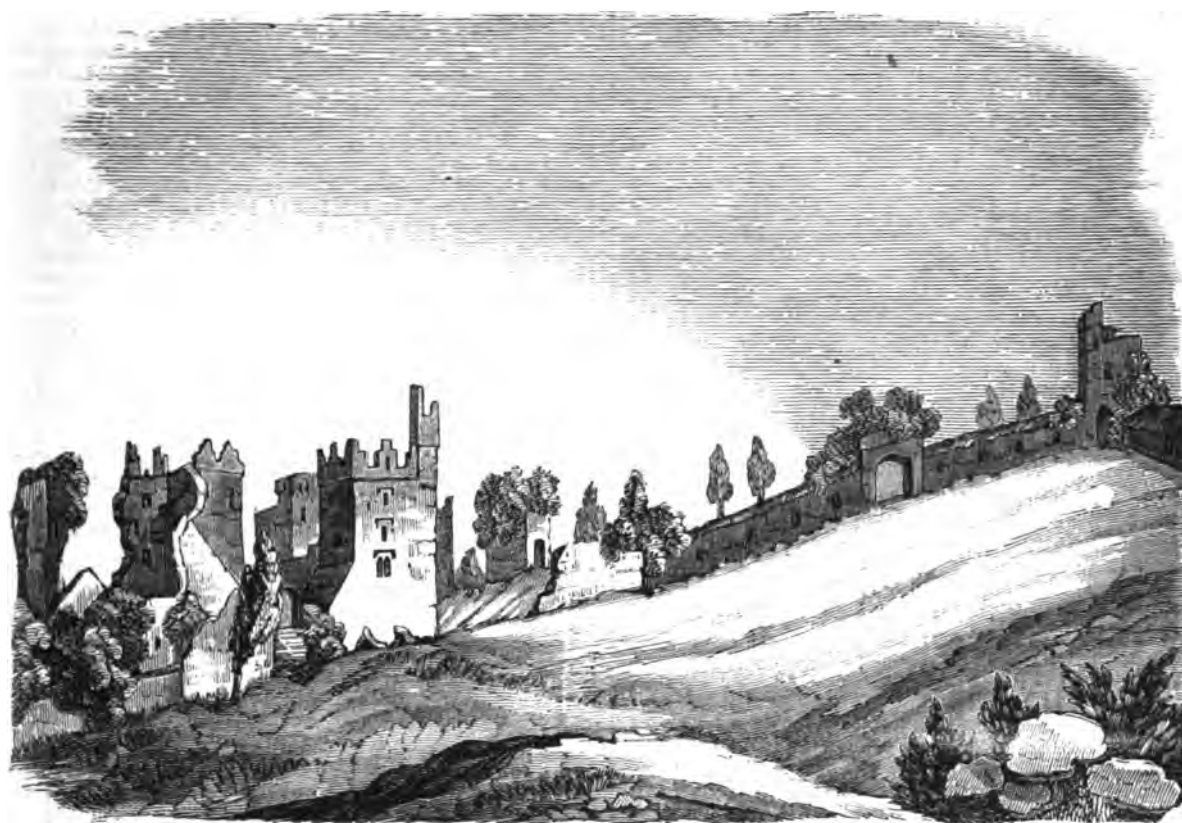


H! welcome sisters, once again we hail the bright'ning sky,
Each heart is lightly leaping, joy lives in every eye,
And ev'ry bud and ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry bird and bee,
Are blossoming in gladness now, are singing merrily.

See! rosy Spring is smiling at her lovely children's birth;
And their radiant eyes of beauty glad their foster mother, earth;
And she kisses her sweet infants, and she dresses them, with pride,
As some she rears in garden bow'rs and some on mountain side.

Tho' bright the dreams of glory that thro' winter lit our sleep,
While our kind and genial mother watch'd our slumbers long and deep,
Still brighter are the faintest gleams that on our eyelids play,
When morning from the East comes forth, and wakens blushing May.

Oh! happy, happy sisters! how beautiful we are!
No chill ungentle breezes our loveliness to mar;
Fond bees are humming o'er us, sweet birds to cheer us sing,
And all the world doth truly love, and welcome flowers of Spring.



KELLS PRIORY.

THE remains of the once noble Priory of Kells, county Kilkenny, are situated on the south side of the Vourigh, or King's River. They stand upon the ascent of a hill, and are bounded at the northern extremity by the river. They are more or less in a state of ruin; and though some parts may be pronounced as excellent in preservation, there are others in a shattered and most dilapidated condition. Dismantled towers, with whole sides torn away, clad in a rich garb of ivy, that sometimes entirely shrouds the ancient masonry; broken arches, and immense masses of fallen fragments everywhere strewing the ground, present a most striking and imposing spectacle. The Priory was comprehended within a large oblong square, divided into two courts, separated by a strong wall. The southern, or, as it is sometimes called, the Burgher's court, (of which the above engraving is a representation,) is about four hundred feet square, and was apparently never occupied by buildings. In each of the northern angles, and in the centre of the northern and western curtains, is a strong tower, all in good preservation, fitted up with fire-places, closets, and narrow stone stair-cases; and their

summits are provided with bartisans and machicolations for the defence of the door-ways. Indeed, this court, with its strong towers and wide compass of enclosure, reminds one rather of a military strong-hold than a religious establishment. A branch of the King's River, with a high wall, flanked by a strong tower, judiciously placed in the centre, divides this court from the other, which contains the ruins of the church, cloister, and other monastic attachments.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XIX.

YOU vulgar little brute!" said Miss Clara Faversham to her sister Ada, who appeared in their joint bedroom, in the house of Mrs. Mellon, where we have been already introduced. *En effet*, Ada made a strange appearance. Her curls were tucked upon the top of her head, her sleeves were drawn up beyond her elbows—she had been making pastry. She laughed at her sister Clara's disgust. Ada was always laughing. She had been laughing in the kitchen with the cook and housemaids. She had been laughing in the nursery with the children—and there were plenty to laugh with. She had had "a good laugh" with Mrs. Mellon in the breakfast parlour.

"What on earth do you think visitors would say, if any of them were to catch sight of you in that plight?"

"Ha! Clara, what do I care? There's no great harm in making pies and puddings. Besides, I like it, and that's everything."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't indulge your farm tastes when you are out on a visit. You compromise me, as well as yourself."

"That's a good joke. Why, Mrs. Mellon is delighted with me; and has just been saying what a capital little housewife I should make."

"Do you expect to marry a farm labourer?"

"Who knows?" Ada answered gaily, shaking down her curls before the glass.

"There, make yourself fit to be seen—do."

"I am fit to be seen, except by your stuck up people."

Ada had the best of it.

Somebody's kitchen is well furnished; *salmis* and *suprêmes* can be easily elaborated there; nay, it could send forth ice-puddings flavoured with a thousand fruits. In it the ovens and the boilers are arranged to the hand of somebody's *chef* and his scullions. Here the science of cookery is skilfully practised, for the comfort and enjoyment of the master of thousands. But the science is unknown in England beyond the bounds of these great kitchens. Waste prevails in the midst of want. There is waste in the kitchens of Bloomsbury and St. John's Wood. Widow Walsh has no money to spare, heaven knows. She would faint if she were charged with the smallest extravagance. If a friend from abroad were to tell her that a foreigner would live upon the scraps she threw away, she would meet this friend with a flat contradiction. Yet what did poor Soyer show? The enthusiastic old cook, who gloried in his saucepans, preached against the waste of English kitchens, and showed how wholesome food might be got out of matters generally thrown, by ignorant and hungry folk, into the dustman's cart. Many laughed at his enthusiasm; but when our troops fared ill in the Crimea, he went to their rescue, and did good service among them.

G. H. M. possibly gives in the winter months to the hungry, who are not afraid of the overwhelming nature of potatoes. Suppose that he gives his annual cheque for £100, this is little compared with the good he might do. When the frost comes soup-kitchens are erected in all the poor neighbourhoods. Ragged crowds flock about the great cauldrons, and are fed from the bounty of the rich. There is a charity, however, that is better than alms-giving. These soup-kitchens might be highly useful institutions. Here tutors might be stationed to teach the poor how to help themselves. I confess that I should like to see G. H. M. installed as tutor-in-chief, bringing his undoubted knowledge of the kitchen to the homes of working men. Our great tutor of the kitchen should not content himself with little lessons given in soup-kitchens. He should go forth into the world, mount platforms, and lecture to the people. Nay, before a thousand people, he should cook a cheap dinner, and bid his audience taste of the fare. He should, moreover, establish schools of cookery for the poor in all our great towns. His campaign would be of service not only to the poor—he might turn the gossip of an American paper to account, in which it is broadly asserted that the young English princesses have their little kitchens at Osborne, where they cook and make pastry, and learn other household duties. Having shown that it is not beneath the dignity of a princess to have a light hand at a crust, he might divert somewhat of the attention of young ladies from fillagree work, and the last new song—to those household duties which it has become a fashion to despise. We venture to suggest to him that somebody's fair daughter would not detract from the *grand airs* she has acquired by the help of her mamma and her French mistress, if she were to become famous for her custards. There was a time when girls spun their own *trousseau*, or the greater part of it—when they prided themselves on their preserves—and when they could bustle prettily about a kitchen with good effect. Now, my ladies, wives of poor men, with some three hundred pounds a-year, are proud to profess a total ignorance of the kitchen. Farmers' daughters, we must be good enough to remember, are not the cooks of the farm dinner nor the guardians of the dairy. They are at the piano *en crinoline*. Were our grandmothers, who gloried in their homely accomplishments, less loveable and less estimable than their grandchildren of the fair sex? *Illusion* has taken the place of the homespun kirtle. We are in the middle of the age of veneer, of electroplating, silks with cotton back, and the like. In default of stone, we must have stucco. Twenty pounds must look like forty.

If G. H. M. would set the kitchen in fashion again, of how many married men would he reap the blessing? With this fashion many old ways of ours would return to us. The economy of the mistress might teach the servant to be prudent. Cheap imitations of her mistress's dress would no longer have any charm for her. Betty's mistress is indignant, because Betty has dropped her hair into ringlets, or had a slounce or two put to her holiday dress. Betty may not on any account wear artificial flowers. Betty must wear a plain white cap becoming her station. And it is well for Betty to be kept from extravagance and displays that may lead her

astray, for Betty cannot afford them. But then the same rule applies to Betty's mistress.

Widow Walsh is overpowered with the necessities of her gentility, and she is very miserable. The time came when she felt keen pangs of hunger—of hunger that she might have satisfied had she not been so very genteel. Her daughter Lydia! What had become of her? Marian had married a poor schoolmaster of a village, near which she was living with a country family. Lydia had tossed her head at the shabby match. But what had become of Lydia? Who dared ask the widow what had become of her proud child? The time is not far off when, hollow-cheeked and in rusty finery, she shall throw herself at the feet of her humbly-mated sister, and implore a crust and a garret. May Marian, when that day shall come, have the courage and the heart to lift the fallen beauty from the ground, and forgive her! There was a time when Lydia might have married, but she would have married two hundred a year, an idea that made her mother's blood "run cold." The Walshes, who had moved in the best circles, stoop to a little city clerk! Ada is right. "A fig for the gentility" was Mr. Thomas Walsh's remark to his sister-in-law, again and again repeated, when she dwelt upon what people who bore the name of Walsh might do, and what they might not do. Mr. Tom had a rough, rude way of speaking his mind, but he was also a tender man at heart. When the clerk proposed to marry Lydia, Mr. Tom congratulated the young lady.

"Perhaps you don't know," said Mrs. Walsh, dropping her words as though they were pins she was driving into the flesh of her brother-in-law, "perhaps you don't know, that the young man's father keeps a shop in the borough?"

"Indeed I do," quoth Mr. Tom, "and a very good business he has, I assure you."

"Well, Lydia has refused him, so there's an end of the business."

"More fool she!"

Yet, according to recent newspaper controversies, Miss Lydia Walsh was right. It is hard work to do battle for the gentilities with two hundred pounds a year. Miss Lydia vowed that she could not cook a potato—to save her life. Miss Lydia had never been taught to make her own dresses. It matters not to tell how Miss Lydia, at last, left her mother's house. For, what an old, threadbare story is her's!

These stories, with their complex details, and their final tragedies, have the simplest beginnings. False standards of excellence, that appear the most unimportant things in the world, lead the most honourably disposed people astray. Mrs. Walsh was a well-meaning woman, who loved her children. She made them all unhappy by her belief—and it was an honest belief—that, if she exerted herself to maintain them by trade, they would never be able to hold up their heads in the world again, that is in what she called the world. Ada is right.

They who should do battle against gentilities like those which governed the Walsh family, would perform a very useful service to society. Is there a more pitiable picture in the world than a shabby-genteel family, that starves, but keeps its nose heroically turned up upon the busy people, who work, and who are therefore beneath it. Yet there is not a cheap, genteel neighbourhood, in any English city, where Walsh tragedies are not being played out at this present moment.

Then lead the way, G. H. M., manfully, and make a study of the kitchen fashionable. If a princess would only deign to make a pie in public, a social revolution would be effected. Educated women might possibly discover, that it is really possible to be the wife of a man who has no more than £200 a year. If another princess were, with heroic patriotism, to darn a stocking before her Majesty's lieges; if a third were to exhibit a dress made by her own royal fingers, ladies who despise the science of the kitchen, would revel in it. Marriageable demoiselles would darn themselves into the affections of their future, and even old maids might find their way to the church, by showing the wedding dress made by their own hands.

Then, may Ada continue to make her pies and puddings, and may she every day have a lighter hand for the crust, and a lighter heart to enjoy it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER XII.



UT, like the good people of Islington, the rogues were out in their prognostic, for Lilly recovered of the fever—her robust father it was that died. We might be censured in these enlightened times if we asserted that he took the fever from his nursing; but it made little matter to poor Byrne whether the disease was contagious or no—for the fever he took, wherever he got it—and he died of it, too—died after extorting—no—we do him and his daughter grievous wrong by using the word—after obtaining from Lilly a readily accorded promise that she would never receive Kumba again into her presence until he had gained a place for himself in the estimation of those whose esteem was worth his seeking, and until her mother should withdraw the interdiction which he left upon his visits.

The reader may imagine what he pleases of the force of passion, and of female fickleness, and feebleness, and a great many other easily-mouthed phrases, which are more fashionable, we suspect, in certain romances, than in human nature; but we can assure him that there are girls in the world upon whose perseverance and resolution a reliance might be placed as secure as that which one would

repose on the firmness of a Mina or a Bolivar—in situations far more trying than any which those rude, rocky-hearted fellows could be tempted with—a resolution, too, a great deal more noble in its motives than theirs; for those gentle creatures do from duty, and even in violence to their natures, what a great rough man will do from pride, and the impulse of a ferocious and passionate temperament. While the one breathes the shock as sulkily as a rocky headland in a tempest, the other yields and recoils alternately, blending the grace of submission with the dignity of self-assertion; like a willow in a swiftly-gliding stream, seeming to droop and suffer itself to be hurried away by the torrent that has entrapped its boughs, while it clings with an easy determination to the bank where it has taken root. Lilly Byrne was just such a girl as we have described. Feeble in heart and frame as the feeblest of her sex, her conduct showed as if the energy which had been stolen by long suffering from the latter had been all transferred to her mind, and erected there into a tower of strength, against which all the assaults of feeling and still surviving affection (for love like hers could not be extinguished) were unavailing, though powerfully directed. Religion was her grand stay in those days of pining and of solitude.

Startled by the dangerous illness with which she had been visited, and touched by the restoration of her health, she had looked earnestly from the interests of her heart to those of her soul, and had at length, after much self-examination, and prayer, and self-restraint, succeeded in obtaining the object of her exertions, that true religion which, by making all earthly affections subservient to the one eternal and divine, frees its votary from all possibility of an entanglement in the latter which could be dangerous to his peace of mind (at least). That true religion we mean, which, notwithstanding all the efforts of wit, and genius ill-directed, and learning ill-applied, has lain, and still continues to lie, bedded amongst the instincts of the mighty heart of mankind, governing the tumultuous action of its passions, and sweetening all its impulses, inspiring it with that finely ambitious love which, scornful to fix itself upon any of the results of nature, mounts at once to the First Cause as well as the centre of all beauty, as the object most worthy of it; and there lies sheltered with all its hopes, its pains, its sorrows, and its fears, while the tempests of human evil roll in harmless murmurs to its feet, and the sunlight of human happiness is made more calm and sunny by the reflection of its smiles. That true religion which, far from stealing the tone of the heart to a philosophical indifference (as its calumniators say, while they mistake it for its ape, fanaticism), gives a keener edge to sympathy, a warmer pulse to moral feeling and affection, which bids the heart be hard to nothing but crime, cold to nothing but the suggestions of evil, and deaf to

nothing but the call of selfishness; which presents the only and perfectly satisfactory solution that can be offered to that mighty enigma, the creation, and which can make a grander spectacle still than all the material wonders of that creation—a man, at least equal to the philosopher in moral goodness and in dignity of endurance, and superior to the philosopher in sublimity of motive.

Sorrow, however, had been beforehand with piety in the heart of our little heroine; and though the latter re-conquered, or, at all events, contested the possession of the region with the spoiler, it could not repair the ravages which had been already made. The acuteness of the pang was blunted and made dull, and a sweetness was breathed upon the festering wound that tempered and allayed its anguish; but neither the danger nor the suffering was removed—for religion, even such as hers, is a soother and paraclete, not a liberator; and the world would be no longer a place of probation if it were otherwise. The last struggle which Lilly had to maintain against her own heart was on the day on which Kumba, after suffering many months to pass away without daring to intrude upon the grief of the family, requested (by a letter, addressed, with a delicacy of which he was very capable, and which Lilly appreciated at its full worth, to Mrs. Byrne) to be permitted to visit them.

Lilly and her mother were both seated at the breakfast-table when the messenger entered with the note.

"A letter that one left for you, ma'am."

"From whom, James?—give it me," said Mrs. Byrne.

The servant approached, watching the eyes of "the young miss," and availing himself of every moment when they were turned from him, to communicate, by a hundred cautionary grimaces, gestures, winks, jerks of the head, dilations of the eyes and mouth, and other strange contortions, some indication of the nature of its contents. Mrs. Byrne, however, was not sufficiently quick of apprehension.

"What do you mean, James? Why don't you give me the letter?"

"Bekays he toul't me—to—you know"—(turning his back towards Lilly, and pointing his thumb sily over his shoulder, while his eyes seemed to reverse themselves in their sockets,) "he did, indeed."

"Well, you are the queerest man that ever lived. He did *what*? Who did?"

"Mr. Kumba did!" thundered the man, exasperated beyond all patience. "Robert Kumba, sense I can't make you see it, that's what he did. There's no use in talking!" he added, grumbling, as he tossed the letter carelessly on the breakfast-table, and turned to depart.

Lilly did not start, nor break a tea-cup, nor scream, nor perform any other of those antics of astonishment which, perhaps, those of my fair readers who are versed in the stage-business of romance might have expected from her.

More quick of eye and apprehension than her mother, she had formed a just conjecture on the subject, from the moment she beheld the servant's caution, on entering the room, and Mrs. Byrne, had she looked towards her daughter, might have seen in her flushed and whitening forehead, her trembling lip, and straining bosom, that which would have saved her the trouble of asking so many questions, and the sin of putting James in a passion.

"It is from Robert, indeed," said Mrs. Byrne, looking for her spectacles; "who brought it, James?"

"I'll tell you that, thin, ma'am," said James, turning suddenly round, and forgetting all his anger in the interest of the new question. "I'll tell you all about that," he repeated in a soft tone, as if fearful of being overheard; then bending his person, and stretching his head to the furthest limit that his neck (as coarse, and almost as long, as a cable) would permit, while he still held the handle of the door behind his back, "I'll tell you that," he once more repeated, hushing the tone of his voice into a whisper that was all but inaudible, "himself, no less!"—and then, confirming by a nod the truth of what he alleged, he suddenly drew himself up to his full height, and stared, as if in sympathy with the astonishment he had excited.

"My goodness!" exclaimed both the ladies.

"Is, indeed," James continued, gathering his hands together under the skirt of his coat, and renewing his nod of emphatic assertion.

"And is he below, James?" inquired Mrs. Byrne.

"Oh, below! what below, ma'am?" said James, his head recoiling

with a tone and action of remonstrance and astonishment, "Is it into the house he'd come? No, indeed. But I'll tell you what," he added, walking a few paces further into the centre of the room, placing his *cauboge* (old hat) upon a chair, looking fixedly in the eyes of his auditors, and throwing his disencumbered arms out from his shoulders, as if preparing for a regular oration. "Here's the way it was. Goen to the ford, over, I was, this mornen, to water the little filly-foal, the same that Miss Lilly there used to be riden, whin she'd be along with him (and a good warrant you had at it, too, miss," he interpolated by way of parenthesis, while he grinned at Lilly), an' I trothen along, thinken o' nothen, along the road, whin all of a sudden, I felt a great change comen in the baste under me. Oh, sorrow word of a lie I'm tellen. Lord save us! says I, is it anythin' bad that's there? and hardly the word was out o' me mouth, whin 'James!' says he, above upon the hedge. Oh, it's a fact. 'James!' says he, on the hedge. Lord between us and harm, says I, who is that's callen me? says I. 'Don't you know me, James?' says he again; Mr. Kumba, indeed, he did. Aw, thin, sir, says I, is that you? 'Tis, indeed, James,' says he. So we stopped a minute, looken at one another. Why thin, it's a long while since I seen you now, sir, says I. He made me no answer to that, but after a while, 'James,' says he, 'I'm sorry for your trouble, westwards.' Heaven's will be done, sir, says I, you needn't tell me that, an' sure 'twas true for me, ma'am, for—" looking all round the room for an illustration—"see, 'twas as pale as this table cloth, his face was, and his eyes sunk in his head, within, an' his cheeks all gone, intirely. He looked, you'd think, as if he *wasn't there at all*, you'd think, a'most. Not but," he added, on meeting Lilly's eye, "he's greatly improved from what he was, I'm told, and thriving again very fast, but still an' all 'twould make the stones weep to look at him. 'Well, James, isn't it greatly they wouldn't let me come a near 'em, at all,' says he, 'an' my heart bleeden to hear about it.' He did, indeed, miss. Sir, says I, sarious, this way, I never spake o' the family, says I, but there never was a smoke without a fire yet, an' begging your pardon, says I, may be, if you behaved honestest (i.e. more mildly) whin you were there, you'd have the liberty o' the place to-day, says I, the same as ever. 'Why, then, I believe it's true for you, James,' says he, and then he continued moven unaisy about for a few minutes, like one that would have somethen on his mind, you'd think; an' at last, 'James,' says he, 'would you do me a favour now, an' I'll do as much for you another time,' says he. If you never did anything for me, sir, says I, I'll do it and welcome, and I would too, ma'am. With that, he put it into my hand—the letter—he did, and says he, 'don't let your young missiz see you given of it, James,' says he, 'and I'll wait here,' says he, 'until such time as you bring me an answer, and don't delay it, James, if you can, for my heart is within it,' says he. He did, indeed. Signs on, see the state I'm in, racen hither wit it," he continued, pressing his open hand upon his brow, and wiping away some drops of perspiration, "an' there he is, waiting this way, over in the sally-grove, seeing would he get a favourable answer to the petition." And having graced his peroration with a suitable gesture, James took up his hat again, and remained silent, looking alternately into the eyes of both his auditors, as if to observe the effect of his narrative.

"He has taken the proper course, at all events," said the old lady, showing the superscription "To Mrs. Byrne, Drumsclanlon," to her daughter.

Lilly did not answer, but her glowing cheek and brightening eye showed that her mother's observation was not lost upon her.

"Am I to wait for the commands below, ma'am?" said James—an innate sense of delicacy (a quality which even the humblest of the Irish possesses to a great degree, in common with people of strong feelings) informing him that, although they had forgotten his presence, it could not but be an incumbrance at the present moment.

"You may, James," said Mrs. Byrne, "but don't be out o' the way."

"Is it I be out o' the way, ma'am!" James murmured in surprise as he left the room.

They proceeded to examine the contents of the letter.

It is most extraordinary to observe how completely, how utterly, as age grows on us, we lose sight of all the lesser feelings and sympathies of our youth—how perfectly incapable we become of en-

tering into all the fineries of our early condition of mind and heart, when re-acted in our presence by those to whom they have descended. With all Lilly's patience, she could not help wondering at the comparatively uninterested way in which her mother proceeded to wipe her spectacles, drive her old friend the tortoise-shell cat from her knee, examine the seal, and smile at the device and motto, a crucible, with "swift yet sure" beneath, the popular allusion of which she readily understood, before she gratified the longing ears and eyes of Lilly with a disclosure of the contents. Kumba spoke truly when he told James that his heart was in it—and certainly, if mere words *ought* to have made way with the widow and her child, the appeal which it contained would not have been unsuccessful.

"I only wish, my dear Mrs. Byrne," he continued, after having made his own object known in a very sensible and feeling manner. "I only wish that you would give me an opportunity of showing you that the great impropriety of conduct (to say the least of it) of which I was guilty in your presence, was not the effect of habitual but accidental ill-temper. It was an occasion which I cannot think on without grief and humiliation; but when you agree with me in reprehending it, do not forget, my dear madam, I base on you, the sufferings which it has already brought upon me.

"To your feelings, as a mother, I appeal for some indication of what those sufferings must have been. Consider how you would have felt, if any circumstances had excluded you from the sick chamber and the bed-side of your daughter, your only child, whom you love so tenderly, when she lay in a dangerous illness—and think whether even the absolute necessity of those circumstances, and their being unmerited by any act of yours, would be sufficient to reconcile you to the privation. If not, my dear madam, what must have been the torture of my heart, when I had to endure a similar banishment, and had not even that ineffectual resource of a secure conscience to comfort my heart—when I heard, hour after hour, of some new grief, some new calamity befalling her in whose happiness all mine was centered; and yet could not but acknowledge that you were all acting right in shutting me out from her presence, and that the suffering which I deplored, and the agony which I felt, was all the work of my own hands—that I had been the cause of my own rejection from the paradise I sought—the cause of my poor, gentle, but justly indignant Lilly's illness—of your displeasure—of—Oh, madam, even while I write, the stinging of my own heart tells me that I have done *too much*, and that I ought not to be hard.

"Nevertheless, I send the letter as I have written it. If I should be still doomed to suffer for that unhappy morning, however dreadful my life may become to me, be assured that never, even in thought, will I entertain the suspicion that I have any thing to blame but my own unprovoked and wanton rudeness for my misery.

"ROBERT KUMBA."

Mrs. Byrne slowly folded the letter, and remained, meditating for a moment, while she endeavoured to make the bowl of a teaspoon float in her cup.

Lilly, whose countenance had changed almost as many times as there were sentences in the letter, during its perusal, remained anxiously expecting the speech of her mother. She had, during the early part, manifested a degree of warmth and approbation (in her look and manner only,) which had Kumba beheld her at the moment, would have put him in fine spirits, but before her mother stopped reading, the expression of her face had altered. The tears, which his allusion to her own illness had brought into her eyes, were checked upon the lids, the glow on her cheek became fainter, the panting hope that struggled in her bosom appeared to subside, and a slight degree of chagrin and of disappointment was manifest upon her brow and lip.

"It is a very nice letter, my dear," said Mrs. Byrne, "but it does not contain all that we want to know. I believe we always gave him credit for feeling; but why does he not mention anything of the farm all this while?"

"The reason appears to be, mother, that he has mistaken our motives altogether. Surely, neither you nor I, nor any body else, ever could have intended to make that unfortunate fit of passion a cause for utter *banishment*, as he calls it. My poor dead father was not so inveterate. He even attributed a great portion of the blame on that morning to himself."

"Ah, my dear, your poor father was a great deal too forgiving. Heaven forgive me for saying so—I mean for his own worldly interests; but, I thank Heaven he was so, for if it were otherwise he could not have hoped for the reward that, I trust, he is now enjoying."

"Neither ought Robert to suppose that he has had all the suffering to himself," said Lilly, while she strove to keep herself from crying.

"You are very right, my love," replied Mrs. Byrne, turning emphatically towards her, "and that is very selfish of him, to say so, certainly."

Lilly meant only the internal suffering to both, consequent on their separation; but the matter-of-fact old lady took it for granted that so strong a word would only be used with application to the physical calamities of all parties, and Lilly was too timid and delicate to explain—so that the undeserved censure was suffered to remain upon poor Kumba's shoulders.

These are the mistakes that set the world by the ears.

After some farther conversation, it was agreed that Mrs. Byrne should answer Robert's letter, or *petition*, as James called it—by undeceiving him with respect to the cause of his exile—laying down the condition of his recall, which was to be such an improvement in the circumstances of his property and his conduct as would suffice to justify a reasonable hope of his perseverance; and, finally, a friendly exhortation to him, that he would make an exertion to restore to all as much as yet remained on earth of the peace which they had lost.

"Mother!" said Miss Byrne, as she was about to leave the room—"you will tell him I had not forgotten him." And having with difficulty restrained herself while she uttered the sentence, she hurried away to relieve her heart in the solitude of her own apartment.

By another of those *contre-temps*, which, however slight in themselves, yet involve so deep and very often tragical consequences in the history of the human heart, it unfortunately happened that Mrs. Byrne (who, as my readers may before now have conjectured, was not one of those persons who can think of one thing and attend to another at the same time) was, at the very moment when Lilly spoke, absorbed in the consideration whether she should address the letter "My Dear Sir," or "My Dear Robert," and never heard, and, consequently, never gave Lilly's remembrance. The letter wanted it too—(which was worse and worse)—for the precise, good-natured lady took so much pains to communicate every thing in so very *proper* terms, in so neat a hand, and with so many almost invisible erasures, nicely polished over with the finger nail (so as that the ink should not sink), and other pretty precautions, that poor Kumba, when he got it, felt as if he had walked unawares under a waterfall.

He might, perhaps, have yet received enough of encouragement to stimulate him to some exertion, if he had known how often Lilly wept upon her mother's neck in the course of that and the following day. But there was nothing to alleviate the coldness of the letter which, indeed, would have been perceptible to a person composed of much less combustible and enthusiastic materials than himself. The effect which it did produce on him we have already seen, and the accounts which reached the inmates of Drumsanlon of his excesses, contributed more effectually than all she had before endured, to shatter the feeble remains of Lilly's constitution, render her more assiduous in all her duties, more silent, more resigned, more woe-worn, more gentle and timid, more smiling, more cheerful, and broken-hearted.

One of the principal of these last was a ceremony which the innovations of modern custom has restricted altogether to the humble classes of Irish life. Every morning, before any part of her household affairs were permitted to obtrude themselves upon her attention, she walked to an old church, about a "small mile" from her own residence, for the purpose of "paying a round," that is to say, offering up, on her knees, a few prayers for the repose of the spirit of him who was sleeping beneath the mound, of soliciting an increase of strength to abide by the resolution she had formed, and commemorating the sacrifice she had made of her own feelings and happiness to his dying wishes. An accident which occurred during one of those morning excursions occasioned the conversation which took place between Kumba and the Suil Dhuv on their first introduction to the reader.

Lilly had been, a few mornings previous to the day on which the old Palatine arrived at the inn upon the mountains, kneeling, as usual, in the morning sunshine at the foot of her father's grave, her hands clasped, and her head bowed down in pious reverence, when she was startled by hearing the ivy rustle upon the low and ruined wall beside her. Raising her eyes quickly, and in some alarm, she beheld the face of a man, whom she recognised as an occasional labourer of her father's, staring in upon her devotions, with some expression of surprise and compassion.

"Whisht! whisht, Miss!" he exclaimed, waving his hand to her, as if to signify that she should not regard his presence.

"How did you know that I was here, Jerry? Were you sent for me?" said Lilly, rising from her knees.

"Oh no, Miss—not I—but—" observing her eyes red from weeping—"you oughtn't to do that at all, Miss, he wouldn't like it."

"Why so?"

"Tisn't good, Miss. I knew meself of a time, a lone woman, a widow, that used to be goen that way every day to cry over her son that was buried in the church-yard—an' at last, you see, one day as she was kneeling that way, an' claspen her hands, and ochoning over the grave, she hard somethen above her, upon the wall, as it might be this way as I am now—and sure, what should be there but himself. 'Ah then, darlen,' says she, 'is that you Mick? Lord save us!' 'E'then it is so, mother,' says he, 'and don't do that any more,' says he. 'Oh then, what for, shouldn't I cry over you, Mike, darlen?' says she, looken at him. 'No, don't, mother,' says he, 'for it's well I suffered to you for all you cried already. Look here!' says he, liften up the winden-sheet that was upon him, and shoven her his side all full of holes. 'There's one of them,' says he, 'for every tear you shed for me,' says he, 'and don't do it any more upon me, mother,' says he. 'No, I won't indeed, Mike,' says the poor woman, dryen her eyes at once. 'Don't then,' says he agen, an' he vanished. An' she didn't either."

"Well, I think you for the advice, Jerry, but I will thank you still more, if you will not say a word of your having seen me here to any body."

"Is it I say a word of it?" said Jerry O'Gilvy, indignantly.

He did say a word of it, however, and two words; and this circumstance it was which induced Suil Dhuv to suggest to his dupe, Kumba, the idea of meeting Lilly at the place to which Jerry would conduct him, a grove lying on her road home from the church-yard; the latter being strictly cautioned by the Coiner not to make the young man aware of the object of her morning walk, for he had penetration enough to know that Kumba's feeling, if not his principle, would never permit him to disturb her on such a mission—indeed we may say his common sense, for, however much he trusted to the effect which he might be enabled to produce on Lilly's resolution in a personal interview, he could expect nothing less than an indignant and final repulse to such an attempt as the present. Neither would it have answered the views of Suil Dhuv that they should meet, or that Kumba should in any way succeed in his wishes. It was enough for him to have acquired an additional influence over the mind over the mind of the latter, by making the proposition—he was not by any means so anxious as his friend imagined, that it should proceed to a satisfactory accomplishment. This, however, was sufficiently provided against by a slight circumstance which took place the very evening before. An anonymous note directed to Miss Byrne, and informing her in two lines of Kumba's design, which was left at Drumsanlon, not only filled her with indignation but effectually confined her to the house, while Kumba and his *chaperon* Jerry beat about the grove until noon, in vain. The note was left at the kitchen door, by a thin, sharp-faced, and bare-footed lad, who neither made nor answered inquiries, and of whose mission James could collect no further indication than that he spoke in a half-Englified way about "dis, an' dat, and de oder ting."

Thus circumstances stood at Drumsanlon, on the day preceding that which was destined to involve, in so singular a conjuncture, the fortunes of so many characters in our history.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LADY'S SIMILE.—A recent authoress compares a man to a silk umbrella in these quaint terms: "A good man is like a strong silken umbrella, trustworthy, and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us. A mere walking-stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune."

LOST AND FOUND.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.



RAIN was descending in torrents over Dublin, when Waters entered the little garden lying in front of Ashbud Villa, about a week after his unpleasant parting with Lady Faddle. He found Agnes in the drawing-room. She was seated in a low chair near the window, and was busily engaged in sewing trimmings on a summer bonnet. When Waters entered she raised her head for a moment, and then resumed her work without speaking.

"How is my little melancholy," he asked, as he took a seat at her side, and maliciously tugged the ribbon from her fingers.

"She will feel delighted if Mr. Waters will employ his hands otherwise, and allow her to go on with her bonnet."

The gentleman hummed two or three bars of "The Song of the Shirt," and looked puzzled. "You are spiteful to-day, Agnes."

"Heigh, ho! when will you patent that discovery?"

"When you recover your good temper. Why do you wear that hateful lilac?"

"'Tis a sad colour and suits my mind; besides, it will harmonize sweetly with rosemary and willow leaves."

"Ah! make the thing perfect at once."

"What would my friend, M. de Milliner suggest?"

"To line the bonnet with a half yard of dejection, and turn up the curtain with a strip of pensiveness."

"What exquisite taste!"

"Any accounting for your strange humour to-day?"

"Where have you been those six days? Violent head-ache, of course, a low pulse, and dimness of sight, and so forth!"

"No."

"No! Pray, don't meddle with my ribbons. No, you said?"

"I said 'no.'"

"And, by the way, with charming tautology."

"'Tis so pleasant to imitate those whom we——"

"——won't permit to trim their bonnets. Why are you so slow of speech? I guess your thoughts before your tongue can interpret them."

"This rain makes me feel so stupid, Agnes."

"How unfortunate that you should be always in a shower. Where have you been?"

"Dining with Mammon."

"One of his viceroys, I take you to mean."

"You are right. You have heard of old Crackfun?"

"Yes."

"And of the vase?"

"I have."

"He refuses to sell it."

"Ah, that accounts for papa's inexplicable melancholy. Well?"

"Mr. Simon made him several offers but without effect. At last he commissioned me to call on the old usurer, and exert my eloquence with him in his behalf."

"How did you succeed with that two-handed weapon—your eloquence?"

"Badly at first. Ambition gave me the victory."

"So, so; papa promised to make a present of Dutch tulips if you won for him."

"He went further, Miss Simon."

"Did he, your worship?"

"Well, will Agnes please you better?"

"Did you speak, John?"

"He told me that the beauty of this extraordinary vase, in which, by the way, I see nothing to admire—had haunted him from the moment he saw it until the present hour, and that he would refuse nothing to him who should make him master of it."

"Wonderful gentleman."

"His liberality surpassed everything. Guess what he told me, Agnes?"

"Your request is very sensible."

"You cannot even conjecture?"

"Too much. The difficulty lies in picking out the most sensible of my suspicions."

"Do you love me?"

"Why do you ask?"

"He said you did. He told me you despised Rogers, and cared for me. Was it delirium?"

"You who heard him are the best judge."

"Is there any foundation, however small, on which he could build so blessed a promise?"

"In his mind?"

"In your heart, dear?"

"I never had time to fathom it."

"Do not the ripples on the surface tell of the depths below?"

"My dear Mr. Waters, you are growing poetical. Suppose you follow up the history of this vase?"

"As you please, Miss Simon."

"Huffed?"

"I assure you, no. We forgive the buffet for the hand that dealt it."

"Amiable man. But, this detested vase affair?"

"A friend of mine, Jefferson, who is manager of a bank in London, came to my assistance. Crackfun had once attempted to pass a forged cheque on his establishment. Out of pity for the old wretch he retained the cheque, wrote the forger a letter in which he told him that his villany had been discovered, and warned him to be more careful for the future. That cheque hung like a sword over Crackfun's head until this morning, when he solemnly undertook, on condition of having it burned in his presence, to deliver up the vase to Mr. Simon for a thousand guineas."

"You surprise me. I can fancy papa's delight at this unexpected good luck."

"On coming out we met Rogers, to whom I communicated my success."

"Of course, he congratulated you?"

"Yes; but with a very rueful face. We left him hanging about the door, looking down-cast and miserable. The vase will be here in an hour."

"I wonder did papa solicit Mr. Rogers' services in this affair."

"It is hardly complimentary to you to say he did."

"He must have lost all control over his tongue. Did he mention my name in connection with it?"

"So, I understand."

"And the lady was to take the knight who should fetch her glove out of the den of the lions."

"That, I believe, was Mr. Simon's arrangement."

"Poor papa. He calculated badly on my patience."

"Perhaps, on your love too, Agnes?"

"You are too cunning. Would you have me fetch incense and burn it to your worship?"

"I am satisfied."

"Heaven send the vase safe home."

"Amen! I have not told Mr. Simon how matters turned out, nor shall I until the coveted treasure arrives. I've got it made up mysteriously, that his delight may be greater when he opens the case. Keep our secret."

"Do not doubt my fidelity. I think Lady Faddle will be here to-day, so I shall work in the summer-house to avoid meeting her."

"Poor Lady Faddle."

"Poor Mr. Waters."

"Blessed be the lips that mimic so sweetly."

"I declare, Mr. Waters, your success is degenerating into impertinence. By, by!"

Lady Faddle, who had been "down town," and read the "Freeman" placard, through her gold-mounted eye-glass, made her way to Ashbud Villa, an hour and a-half after Waters had parted with Agnes. It was plain that her ladyship had news of no small importance to communicate; her steps were hurried, her face pinched up to an expression of nervous anxiety and impatience. She learned from the servant that her master was in the library, and presuming on the familiar terms on which they stood, the lady tapped at the door

and was received with a hurriedly spoken *entree* from within. She found Mr. Simon standing, in gloomy abstraction, before a black-board on which the outline of a vase was carefully drawn in white and orange chalks.

"Well, be quick," he said, without moving round to see who his visitor was.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Simon. How rude of me to intrude on you!"

He looked over his shoulder, and for a moment his face reddened. "Pardon me, Lady Faddle, I dreaded it was one of the servants. Will you be seated?"

The tone in which this was spoken implied but little welcome. The visitor was keen enough to see that her intrusion was not relished, and she hesitated a moment whilst deciding what to do. A second request, less icy than the first, that she would be seated made the lady resolve on stopping; she threw her reticule on the table and sank into a chair.

"You are thoughtful to-day, Mr. Simon. I can hardly help feeling miserable myself when I see other people dejected. Can you love that vase so much?"

"Whatever my friends may think of my sanity, I feel convinced that in this matter I am a monomaniac."

"You are an excellent draughtsman."

"Thrift, thrift, Lady Faddle. This sketch is the mere shadow of a recollection—a thing seen twenty years ago, and never forgotten."

"How truly it has been said—'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'"

"Yet this has brought no joy to me; on the contrary, it has clouded my days with anxiety and bitterness, and longings, hopeless of requital."

"After all, do you think it sensible to attach such importance to the owning of a mere piece of pottery?"

"Men will dream, Lady Faddle, each on his particular hobby. One runs mad after a race-horse, another for a puppy-dog, another for a something equally ridiculous as either. My inclinations take another channel."

"You are in love with ornamental crockery, it would appear."

"And will, as long as this machine is to him, Simon. You laugh."

"No. Talking of machines, you heard of the attempted regicide?"

"I did not."

"Some wretches have attempted to murder Louis Philippe by means of an infernal machine. Very awful."

"Very."

"It is even stated that numbers of those engines of destruction have been sent into this country for the purpose of killing off persons of wealth and station. You and I had better look out."

"They shall not catch us napping. Singularly enough, I dreamt last night that I was mortally wounded through some unfriendly stratagem, which I do not now recollect—a box of bullets or something of that sort."

"How providential. Forewarned is forearmed, Mr. Simon, and I should advise you to be on your guard. You make me feel very nervous."

A servant entered—"There is a heavy parcel below stairs addressed to you, sir."

"Who brought it?"

"A man, sir, with a queer face and a shabby hat."

"A secret society agent," suggested Lady Faddle.

"Did he leave his name?"

"No, sir."

"The miscreants!"

"By Jove, Lady Faddle, this is curious. What do you say?"

"Why, but one thing, your life is in danger. Oh! I implore you to be cautious."

"Fetch the parcel."

"Yes, sir."

"I shall leave the room, Mr. Simon."

"Don't go for a moment. After all, it may turn out to be only a heap of millinery for Agnes."

"Millinery! And sent by a man in a shabby hat. How can you dream of such a thing?"

"We shall see. Here it is."

With the assistance of the servant, Mr. Simon placed the parcel on the table. It was a massive square box, securely nailed down, and

protected at the angles with bindings of brass. Lady Faddle withdrew to the furthest end of the library, whilst she repeatedly exclaimed, "Mr. Simon, I conjure you to beware of what you are doing with that infernal machine. Do you wish to blow up the house?"

"Your ladyship need not be alarmed. I have hit upon a safe plan of discovering the contents of this ugly present. John, take the box and put it on the garden path. Steady, steady."

When the servant had left, Lady Faddle approached the window, timidly.

"There" she said, "I see the man setting down that fearful machine on the gravel."

"So I directed him."

"Indeed. And pray what will you do?"

"Fire the contents of this horse pistol at it from where we stand."

"Should it explode?"

"It can injure no one. Any one in the garden?" he shouted, as he raised the window. There was no reply. In another minute the house shook from the heavy report of the pistol, and the box lay in broken pieces on the path.

Mr. Simon, followed by Lady Faddle, rushed out to see what it contained. At the same moment Agnes, alarmed by the report, hastened up from the summer-house. The little group collected round the box, and bent over it.

"As I live," said Lady Faddle, "there was nothing in it but some old china."

"What a curious present," cried Mr. Simon.

"Why did you break it, papa?" asked Agnes.

"You shall learn by and by dear."

"And a letter, I declare," quoth Lady Faddle, lifting one from the debris of the box.

"For me?" asked Mr. Simon. "Ah, read it for us, lady Faddle; I am too mystified to do it myself."

Her ladyship put up her glass and read:—

"DEAR MR. SIMON.—Elated by the hope you held out to me of obtaining the hand of your charming daughter, on condition of prevailing upon Crackfun to part with the vase, I waited on him this morning, and purchased it for fifty guineas. I understand that my rival had agreed for it previously, but, as all is fair in love and war, I out-bid him. For various reasons I am proud of my success first, because it makes the mirror of all female goodness and beauty mine; secondly, because it liberates me henceforth from the attentions of that *blasé* and superannuated dowager, old Lady Faddle. I shall place this letter on the top of the vase, and, kissing your hand, am—"

"I can read no further," screamed Lady Faddle, leaning against a garden seat for support.

"What name," asked Mr. Simon, snatching the letter.

"Rogers—ah! the vase is lost—catch me;" but before assistance could be given he had fallen insensible to the grass. Whilst Agnes was helping to raise her father, Mr. Rogers came rushing down from the house.

"Overcome with joy," he cried, clapping his hands, and dancing around the flower-pots. "All's fair in love and war, hurrah!"

"Miserable wretch!" exclaimed Lady Faddle, "pollute not this place with your presence. Begone!"

"Dear old lady, don't be jealous, don't. By my faith we'll make you a bridesmaid, we will—hurrah!"

"Your vase is broken, miscreant!" screamed her ladyship. "Look at that," and she kicked the pieces asunder.

Rogers looked bewildered. "Broken!" he exclaimed, "broken! Mr. Simon, what does this mean?"

The gentleman addressed looked at the speaker and answered.

"Do not alarm yourself, all shall be made right. You sent me the vase; I broke it; you fulfilled your promise; I shall keep my word. There is your wife. Agnes, let me introduce you to your future husband."

"The poor girl recoiled at her father's words, and leant, pale and trembling, against the trunk of a beech. "Never," she muttered; "never! There are bounds to everything, I will not be huckstered away to those whom I love not."

"Dear Miss Simon," said Rogers, advancing a few steps, "may I—"

"Pardon me," said a manly voice, and Waters stepped between

the pair. Instinctively Agnes flew to his side, and hung upon his arm.

"You have lost, Mr. Waters," said Mr. Simon, with a regretful tone in his voice.

"Lost, sir?"

"Mr. Rogers bought the vase. I broke it—I shall not break my word."

"If you want evidence of what we say," interrupted Rogers, "there are the mortal remains," and he took up a fragment and handed it to his rival, who examined it attentively.

"This is not the vase," he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" cried the whole party.

"You had better measure your words, Mr. Waters."

"You should have observed that rule with your shameless impudence, Mr. Rogers. Halloa, Crackfun, bring the box."

Mr. Crackfun, the Jew, stepped out of a side path and laid a deal case on the ground. He uncovered it with great care and drew forth the Cenci "vase." "That is like the sheese," said the Jew.

"Mr. Simon ran up, and falling on his knees before the beautiful object, pressed his lips to the base on the side.

"I claim your word and promise, Mr. Simon," said Waters. "It is I who have obtained the vase—not this charlatan."

"You are right, sir. Mr. Rogers, all is fair in love and war. I would not break my word with you, I shall not break it with Mr. Waters. Agnes, whom do you love best?"

She nestled closer to Waters, and twitched her fingers nervously. "Your case is desperate, Mr. Simon. Shall I press the question?"

"No, thank'ee. I say Crackfun, I shall have you arrested before dinner."

"For whath, masher?"

"Obtaining money under false pretences. You sold me the wrong vase."

"Excuse me. When I took the Shenshi vase out the windhow, I put in that which you bought. You asked me no questhuns, I gave no information. Ladish and gentlemen, am I oneht?"

"Then give me my money, confound you, and I shall say goodbye to you."

"Give me back my vase and I will."

"Deuce take you, for a scoundrelly Israelite. I might have reckoned on my luck. Good morning, ladies."

"Won't you dine with us to-day, Mr. Rogers," asked Agnes.

"No, thank'ee, Miss; no, thank'ee."

"Come, dear Master Rogers," said Lady Faddle, "let us leave this place."

"Shall we go out through the side path, Lady Faddle?"

"As you please, my dear Master Rogers. By the way, Mr. Waters."

"Madam."

"You appear to have an excellent memory."

"Your ladyship flatters me."

"Pray dismiss that notion. But when next you hear people of position maligned by their equals, will you remember that their talk is not intended for plebeian ears, and have the goodness to withdraw."

"How considerate of your ladyship; can you mention any other rule of etiquette which would suit the exigencies of your ladyship's character?"

"Just this, how very comical! The Murrays have published a shilling 'Etiquette,' you might study it with advantage."

"I trust the book contains an appendix on special points, from the fine Roman hand of your ladyship."

"The retort is clumsy, Mr. Waters; and, by the way, as there is a secret or two on the proper management of one's figure, could you not find time to drop into the gallery of sculpture, and endeavour to improve yours?"

"I am told that Lady Faddle need never leave her own house in search of anatomical studies, for opinion reports that your ladyship has a gallery filled with the hacked and bruised skeletons of strangled reputations and broken hearts. Amid their ruins your ladyship might often pass an hour with profit. 'Sweets to the sweet'—decay communing with decay."

"Now you lose your temper like an ill-bred boy. Agnes speak to poor Mr. Waters."

"I am under the impression, madam, that the gentleman is equal to that task himself."

"Sooth him, Miss Simon, sooth him."

"Would that I could assist in tranquillizing your ladyship."

"Tell him that all is not lost."

"I dread he will have to suffer the loss of your ladyship's friendship, but, as you say, that is not all."

"Poor Mr. Waters, ha! ha! ha! Come, dear Master Rogers. Bon jour, my loves—ta, ta."

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A NIGHT AT SEA.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is in the principal street of the village, a house which, being (with the exception of the pound and the post-office) the only public building in the place, was turned to more uses than Corrus's stockings. It was, by turns, the sessions-house, assembly-room, bride-well, and (when pestilence visited the place) the public hospital. Nay, it is said that it has even, upon some pressing occasions, served more than one of these purposes together, and that while the officers of justice have been occupied below stairs in launching her awful bolts against some devoted head, the feet of the dancers have made the ceiling shake above, and sentence has sometimes been pronounced to the accompaniment of "Haste to the Wedding," or the "Humours of Glin." On this occasion it was selected as the scene of the subscription ball.

We have already said that ours was not free from the common plague of Irish villages. There had for some



A CHAT ABOUT MORPHEUS.

time past been symptoms of—not exactly war—but something unpleasant between Stucco Hall and Mizen Lodge. In birth, Lieutenant Beauchamp was (to speak moderately) not inferior to that worthy family, but in fortune there was this difference—that Mr. Stucco's land was an estate, while the Lieutenant's was what, in our neighbourhood, is called a "take." Pride of rank, and place, and purse is, to be sure, a failing which prevails almost every where—and where it does not, one is pretty sure to find some other pride as bad or even worse. And to a certain degree, how is it reprehensible to take pleasure in the contemplation of a long line of glorious ancestors, provided one does not fancy that their merit renders one's own a matter of supererogation? or to maintain one's place in the order of society, provided one does not fall into the common error of supposing that the superiority he claims is real, and not conventional? But in Ireland it is to be lamented that bigotry, party, and poverty combine to render the causes of social disunion peculiarly irremediable. The real nobility and gentry forsake the country, and their place is taken, in many instances, by individuals who multiply their pride tenfold, and make it ludicrous by the addition of their own poverty and ignorance. Mr. Stucco's pride was exactly in inverse ratio as his family pretensions.

There lived in a neat house at the end of the street, as you entered the village from the highroad, a family of the name

of Moran, the mildest, gentlest, and most inoffensive household in the country, but straitened in means, and living, like the Beauchamps, on a "take." Stucco Hall did not visit Laurel Cottage, and as Stucco Hall gave law to all around, the circle of the Morans' acquaintances was very limited. On this occasion it entered the wise heads of Mr. and Mrs. Stucco to think that the Morans should be excluded from the sessions ball-room—the Almacks of the place, of which they had all the patronage. The whisper spread through the village. Aunt Nancy heard it at the doctor's and told it at Laurel Cottage. The Morans were thunderstruck, the poor dear girls especially. Do but suppose the case your own—a ball but once in six months, and that the only place of public amusement which pride and poverty left open to the Morans. It was, as Lord Liverpool said, "too bad." Woe filled the walls of Laurel Cottage, and dismal anticipations of utter exclusion from even the little society they had—when enter Lieutenant Beauchamp.

"Good-morrow, ladies. What, preparing for the ball? eh? I know what this will end in, Mrs. Moran. You will have a Moran or two less at Laurel Cottage, before the buds are on the trees again. Nay, don't be reserved about it. I suppose the young ladies gave you a terrible character of me, but I like to see amusement on foot in a reasonable way."

He was told the secret.

"Not ask you to the ball!" he exclaimed in a voice of brass. "Hav'n't they visited you?"

They had not. A dead silence.

"Never mind," said Beauchamp. "I have a remedy for that little dream of. Good-bye! you shall be at the ball, depend upon it, and the Stuccos in the same set with you too, if you care to have it so."

"This," said the Lieutenant, as he walked homeward, "is thoroughly Irish, and very, very paltry; not to speak of its want of feeling. But there is ever that difference between true and false gentility. The one can afford to be affable and kind, the other dare not."

There was in the title deeds of the Stucco property a curious clause, characteristic of the times in which they had been framed. The estates were made over to the possessor (from one of whose descendants they had passed into the hands of Mr. Stucco's father) subject only to the annual rent of a partridge and a pair of gloves, or gauntlets, to be delivered by the said possessor and his said descendants, on their knees to the lineal descendants of the original proprietor. As it happened, the present lineal descendants of the latter was Lieutenant Beauchamp. The claim was one which had not for a long time been enforced, nor would it probably in the Lieutenant's lifetime, were it not for what had reached his ears at Laurel Cottage.

In the course of the following day Mr. Stucco was at luncheon, when the servant handed him a note from Mizen Lodge:

"Sir, (it began)

"I am directed by Mr. Beauchamp to request that you will, without fail, appear at Mizen Lodge, on Thursday next, to pay up the arrears of rent due to him on the Stucco Hall estates, in the form which you will find prescribed in your title deeds to that property.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"F. FERRITER."

Consternation! What could be the motive of all this? A postscript solved the enigma.

"P.S.—He desires me to add, that as he understands the Morans of Laurel Cottage are not to be at the sessions ball upon the aforesaid evening, the whole family intends to favour him by acting as witnesses upon the occasion.

"F. F."

This let the secret out. What! Mr. Stucco go to Mizen Lodge, to present a partridge and a pair of gloves to Lieutenant Beauchamp, on his knees, and with all the Morans looking on! What was to be done? There was but one course; to seek an honourable peace—to send tickets instantly for all the Morans, and to pay a conciliatory visit and talk the matter over with the stubborn seaman. Accordingly, on the ensuing day, Mr. Stucco made his appearance at Mizen Hall, holding out his hand to the Lieutenant,

and laughing heartily. And the issue was that the Morans made a great figure at the ball.

An accidental illness prevented Miss O'Brien from taking so active a part in the amusements of the evening as she was accustomed to do in all such entertainments. She had taken her place in a set of country dances, when a sudden faintness obliged her to sit down. Her partner, with whom she was not then acquainted, not only did all that was requisite at the moment, but declined dancing for the night (a sacrifice of not slight importance in Miss O'Brien's eyes). He was very young, very fashionable, both in manners and appearance, and soon showed to his fair partner, what she did not know before, that there existed in her neighbourhood a person of taste and information fully equal to her own. He spoke in a manner altogether *au fait* on all the subjects which she loved. He showed an entire intimacy with her favourite literature, and evinced his own good taste on every subject, without impugning her's; a distinction so seldom made by those who love to shine in conversation.

His friend, one of the stewards, had introduced him to her as a Mr. O'Connor, but there was no one who could give her any further information at the ball, where her inquiries must, of course, be very limited. On her way home, in her house, in her dreams, at her uprising, toilet, breakfast, she could not banish from her mind the two lines of Campbell's beautiful poem—

"Glory, they said, and power, and honour,
Were in the mansion of O'Connor."

A bright idea struck her after breakfast. Aunt Nancy knew everybody. She could ask Aunt Nancy what she pleased without restraint. Accordingly she proceeded before dinner to the village, in order to obtain all the information she desired, with respect to the family and character of her partner of the preceding night. It was rather late in the afternoon when the carriage stopped before a little green hall-door, with a parapet and a pretty wooden railing of the same colour, with clematis and monthly roses trailed around the wall, and the brass knocker shining like gold. The door was opened by a girl, who was to Aunt Nancy what the Irishman in the "Horse and Widow" was to his master—cook, butler, waiting-maid, and all.

It is not to be supposed that in calling this lady Aunt Nancy, we mean to intimate that she stood in that degree of relationship to Miss O'Brien. They were not at all connected, but "Aunt Nancy" was a name by which Mrs. Burke was known all over the country, as well or better than by the patronymic of her deceased husband. The good woman was one of a class but rarely now to found, even in the villages of Ireland. Upon an income of forty pounds a-year she contrived to keep one of the prettiest houses in the village, as neat, within and without, to use the familiar but exact similitude, "as a new pin." It was a kind of gratuitous caravansera, ever open for the reception of Aunt Nancy's thousand-and-one relatives, who chose to make it a baiting place on their way to the city. Her cupboard was never without a delicious ham, some bottles of raspberry vinegar, and a peculiar sweet cake of her own invention, the fame of which resounded far and near. In return for these, and countless other minute attentions bestowed upon her visitors, the only penalty exacted by Aunt Nancy was, that they should listen, or at least seem to listen, with complaisance to the interminable histories of her daily adventures among her neighbours—how the butcher wanted to have three shillings for a leg of mutton, and with what arguments she defended her resolution of not giving more than half-a-crown; and how she had met Mr. Stucco riding through the village that morning, and how he pulled up his horse to speak to her, and a minute detail of the whole conversation. This, however, was a small defect to counterbalance daily hospitality, incessant attention to the *real* wants of the poor and sick of the village, and a heart at all times ready to feel for everybody's sorrows before her own.

"Mr. O'Connor? O'Connor?" she said, in answer to Eliza's question; "oh, I know. Is it possible, my dear Eliza, that you could have stood up to dance with any of that family?"

"Why, Mrs. Burke, what of them?"

"Why, independent of their being in very inferior circumstances, his father and your's, my dear, *don't speak*. Don't you know that the O'Connors laid claim to your estates, and were at one time thought to have a very good chance of gaining the cause?"

A feud between the sires!

"Besides this, William is a younger son, and without a penny but his pay as a navy officer. But if you wish to know everything about him, you can learn it at Mount Orient; he is a constant visitor there."

This information was at the same time satisfactory and embarrassing. Miss M'Orient was one of the squeezed oranges—one of the many friends whom Eliza had cannonaded with all her force upon their first acquaintance, with sweet billets of every shape and colour, oblong, triangular, blue, green, yellow, etc., and with professions of a deathless friendship, which had lasted fifteen weeks.

What was to be done? Mount Orient must be pacified. Miss O'Brien went home; she called for the gardener, and bade him fill a little basket of peaches and nectarines; she added a garland blended of the olive and the rose, and penned a pretty note on paper of the constant blue, embossed with shamrocks, and sealed with green wax, motto—*Je ne change qu'en mourant*, which was so exactly in point. In the note she delicately upbraided Miss M'Orient with neglect—hoped it was not occasioned by her forming some new attachment, at least on *their* side of the human species—reminded her that—

"Friendship, like Love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame;"

and concluded by hoping that she might have the happiness to find Mimosa at home on the following day.

The embassy was graciously received. Setting out early after breakfast Miss O'Brien had the good fortune to find brother and sister at home. They knew Mr. O'Connor perfectly well, and Eliza had the satisfaction of learning that he was their constant visitor. The acquaintance commenced at the sessions hall was here continued long. Miss O'Brien had many reasons for encouraging the attentions of Mr. O'Connor, independent of the personal merits of that gentleman; he was precisely the person, of all others, whom her father would have least approved as a suitor to his child. He was likewise a younger son, and destitute of all but his commission, and the hopes it gave him; accordingly their acquaintance proceeded by rapid strides to intimacy. And hear we would gladly terminate the career of our heroine, but it is necessary to show the full extent of folly of which even well-intentioned minds are capable when they know no government except their own. The veracious adage that "he who is his own master has a fool for his scholar," was amply illustrated in the sequel of Eliza's story.

On the morning after the anniversary of the skirmish, which the good Major took care to celebrate with all appropriate splendour, he entered the library of Drumshambo Hall, for the purpose of making the intended proposal to his daughter. He was surprised to perceive that she did not meet him with her accustomed gaiety. There was an appearance of care upon her cheek, and she had altogether the look of a person who had just received some disagreeable tidings.

Miss O'Brien remained sitting at the table, with her work before her; while the Major paced to and fro, between the window and the door, as if to consider in what form he might best convey the information he desired to communicate.

"Eliza," he said at length, "lay aside your work a moment. I have something of importance to say to you."

It might be quite natural, that such a sentence coming in this solemn way from a father to his child should call the blood into her cheeks, and make her tremble with confusion; so the Major did not seem to notice Eliza's agitation.

"You must be sensible," said he, "that, as dear as your society has always been to me, your happiness is still dearer; that has been my favourite object from your childhood, and I feel pleasure now in telling you that an opportunity has arrived of showing you that I prefer it to my own enjoyment."

Eliza could only bow. Was it possible her father could have learned the whole?

"I think, Eliza, you cannot yourself be at a loss to guess what I allude to. The attentions you have long received were too marked to have escaped your notice."

He knows some, thought Eliza, but not all.

"I confess, sir," she said in a trembling voice, and with the tears gushing to her eyes, "that I have received attentions, which I could not mistake."

"Well, well, there's no necessity to whimper about it, I know it—surely, you do not think me blind. Well then, I can only tell you, that this day week I received proposals from that quarter, which it will be your business to consider more than mine."

"Dear, dear papa, your goodness overpowers me—"

"Hey! what goodness, child? What does she mean?"

"Forgive me," cried Eliza, bursting into tears, and extending her clasped hands, in a deprecating attitude.

"Why, what a plague ails the girl! For what should I forgive you?"

"I did not dare to hope, sir, that you would honour it with your approval."

"Oh, yes—yes—but I do, though, and think it a highly desirable union, I assure you: his family is one of the most ancient in the kingdom, and though his circumstances may not be fully equal to his birth, your own fortune, my dear, will warrant you in overlooking such a trifle."

"Dear father," exclaimed Eliza, "this is beyond my hopes."

"Well, very well, if it is, do be quiet, and have done making attitudes, and pray, hear what I have to say. He will be here this evening in person, to follow up his proposals to me, by addressing himself to you; and, as I supposed you would not have many objections to offer—"

"Dear father—"

"We have taken the liberty of already settling the day between us; on Tuesday it shall be. I intend giving a dinner to the tenants on the occasion, and something of a fête. Poor fellows! We landlords—Irish landlords in particular, seldom think of calling them to a share in our enjoyments, and yet who deserve it better? Poor fellows! little fêtes of this kind, soberly, yet gaily conducted, tend to keep them from the fight and the ale-house, and bind their hearts more closely to their masters, than even more solid benefits; so, as I said, we'll have the wedding fête on Tuesday, after the ceremony. For the first year, you remain at Drumshambo Hall; we will afterwards begin to talk of your removal to Strawberry Cottage?"

"To Strawberry Cottage, sir?"

"Ay, girl, where else?"

"Why, that is Mr. Courtenay's cottage, sir!"

"And of whom, in the name of reason, are we speaking, but of Mr. Courtenay, my son-in-law that is to be?"

"Mr. Courtenay, your son-in-law!" cried Eliza, faintly.

"Eliza, you are utterly incomprehensible; you cannot hear nor speak a word, without some ridiculous foolery of voice or manner; I have told you now what has been put in progress for your happiness, and I hope you will give it your best consideration. I am going over to pay a visit at Mizen Lodge, and I expect to find you rational on my return."

Miss O'Brien had the presence of mind to suppress all further signs of disappointment, and suffered her father to depart in silence.

It happened on this very day, that Lieutenant Beauchamp, of Mizen Lodge, had to contend with much anxiety of mind. He had married early in life a worthy young woman, sister to Major O'Brien, who died a few years since, leaving him the father of sixteen children, all daughters, with the solitary exception of the youngest, who was not yet able to walk. It may be imagined what a change this was to the poor lieutenant, who, in addition to stern, integrity, and complete disciplinarian habits, had a profound and unflattering distrust of the sex.

"A parcel of giddy, giggling hussys," he pronounced them, "whom it was impossible to impress with any serious thought; a set of rickety small craft, neither good for metal nor ballast; without the understanding to direct them right, if they had the will; and without the will if they had the understanding."

By the assistance of Miss Beauchamp, now grown up, and sleepless vigilance on his own part, he had, however, hitherto succeeded in keeping his house in peace. The young Beauchamps were indeed, as it happened, as good, considering all circumstances, as any in the neighbourhood; noisy, perhaps, and a little inclined to romp, when their father was out of the way; but good-natured and pleasant, and without the least thought of harm that ever was. The worthy lieutenant was not so sure of this, that he suffered his vigilance for an instant to be lulled to sleep.

It happened one day that, in prowling about the house, his eye lighted on a torn piece of note, which he saw to be in the hand-

writing of his eldest daughter; it was directed to a female acquaintance, but nothing remained except the conclusion, which was in the following words:

"I shall anxiously expect your answer on to-morrow evening before I betake myself to the abode of Morpheus.

"Ever your affectionate
"Tuesday."
"AMELIA BEAUCHAMP.

A classical education was not amongst the advantages for which the good lieutenant had to thank the guardians of his childhood. The falling of a thunderbolt, could not have astounded him one-tenth so much as this unblushing epistle. He held it for some moments in his hand—re-perused it—gathered his grisly brows, and seemed absolutely petrified with astonishment.

"The abode of Morpheus!" he repeated slowly; to-morrow evening, that's this evening—hum!—and Amelia, too! But, never mind! I'll keel-haul that fellow, whoever he is—I'll be on the *qui vive* with that hero!"

He called the servant.

"Tom, come hither."

Tom obeyed.

"Do you know," with a piercing glance, "a gentleman of the name of Morpheus?"

"Sorra Mr. Murphy I know, sir."

"Did you see any fellow skulking about the place this time back?"

"Eyeh, wisha, is it I, sir? sorra one did I see."

"Well, look ye—I am stepping over to the village—load the blunderbuss—all the fire-arms, and leave the house-dog without his food. I'll pepper that fellow—I'll worry him—I'll teach him to come haunting Mizen Lodge. The abode of Morpheus! An impudent scoundrel! Put plenty of slugs into the blunderbuss. I'll send that fellow home with work for the doctor about him—never mind."

He strolled into the village, where he made many inquiries, in a cautious way, with respect to the person named in his daughter's note, but no one could satisfy him. Mr. Morpheus? Morpheus? There was no such gentleman about that neighbourhood. Was he anything to the Murphys of Prospect Hill? No one could give him any information.

Returning to his house, he was met at the hall-door by Amelia (who was really an excellent girl, though somewhat given, like most young ladies fresh from school, to romantic turns of speech, and to crossing letters). She advanced towards him, as usual, with a skip and smile, and was about to lay her hand upon his shoulder.

"Go—go, madam!" he said, in a furious voice. "A rope's end would be fitter for you than anything else."

Amelia opened her innocent mouth in wonder.

"Come in here," he continued, seizing her wrist; "I'll teach you to betake yourself to the abode of Mr. Murphy."

"Me, papa! me betake myself!"

"Ah, madam, you may squall yourself hoarse as a south-wester, while I have it in black and white, and with your own name to in and under your own hand. Come in here, I say; I will find you something else to do."

"I declare, papa," cried Amelia, sobbing bitterly, "I don't even know what you mean."

"I know what I mean myself, and that's sufficient. Ah, you that I confided in beyond all others; fie, fie! shame on you, miss, shame on you! I was wrong to think there was one of ye that could be trusted; a pretty example this to younger sisters—go in there to your chamber, miss. A great deal I give for those tears—they are no signs of repentance; you cry because I have found you out. I'll pepper that gentleman to-night, I warrant you."

He locked her chamber door upon her as he spoke, and put the key into his pocket.

"Go along to your rooms," he said to the multitude of female Beauchamps of all sizes who thronged about him at the sound of Amelia's voice, as a flock of sheep huddle together to see one of their species expire beneath the butcher's knife. "Did you know anything of this Mr. Morpheus?"

All clamorously declared their innocence.

"Well, go to your rooms; your turn may come hereafter."

He had scarcely taken off his hat when he beheld the Major and

Adam Dobe riding up the little avenue. The former was surprised to find his brother-in-law with the appearance of perplexity and heaviness on his countenance. But his concern was mixed with a certain degree of triumph when the Lieutenant let him know that the cause of his chagrin was a piece of misconduct in Amelia.

"Well, brother," said he, with a serious look, "you will give me credit for being in the right at length; I told you it was not safe to keep too hard a hand upon these young people. Do you remember our little conversation about Eliza? she has never, before nor since, given me a moment's inquietude of mind."

The Lieutenant looked downward with a forlorn aspect.

"But what is it Amelia can have done?" said Major O'Brien; "nothing very culpable, I hope? I remember at the skirmish of Drumshambo—"

The Lieutenant put a scrap of note into his hand.

"Read there," said he, "and judge for yourself."

The Major laid the note on his knee, while he took out his spectacles, and put them on.

"Well," said he, "and what of this?"

"What of it! can you not see? Do you know anything of a Mr. Morpheus?"

"Mr. who?"

"Mr. Morpheus. Don't you see, she talks of betaking herself to the abode of a Mr. Morpheus? Do you laugh at that? But it is no laughing matter; I'll have a blunderbuss well filled, and old Teacoat waiting for him to-night at the yard gate. Do you make a joke of that? he'll find it no joke, I promise you."

"My good brother," said the Major, "you are under a mistake. This Morpheus is nothing more than the ancient heathen god of sleep, and Amelia, in saying she should betake herself to the abode of Morpheus, meant only in a pretty style to say that she intended going to rest for the night. If this be all the ground of your uneasiness, you may set your mind at rest."

Though much relieved by this explanation, the Lieutenant was not satisfied until the Major sent for Lempriere's dictionary, and showed him the name and genealogy of his domestic foe.

"Well," said he, "I am better pleased at this than a pension. I'll let the poor girl out."

While he was passing through the hall, with this pacific intention, he was met by one of the servants, with a letter for Major O'Brien. It had been left, he said, at the "Harp and Shamrock," only a few minutes since, and Mr. Hifle, not knowing but it might contain some important matter, had sent a boy with it in the direction which the Major had been seen to take about an hour before. It was from Eliza, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"The conversation which we had this morning leaves me but one course to take; I have already cast my earthly lot. Forgive me if I say, that my fear to meet your anger compels me to another step, which you may probably condemn no less than that which has for ever fixed my earthly destiny—

'Though tempests round me gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

If you should ask why I feel the necessity of a separation which, believe me, rends my very heart-strings while I write, I can only answer in the words of the simple-minded Desdemona—

'I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to—'

Mr. William O'Connor, of whose family I believe you have some knowledge. Haste, my dear father, compels me to be brief. Adieu! Accept, for the past, my love and gratitude—for the future—

"Once more adieu!

"ELIZA O'CONNOR."

At the conclusion of this epistle, which the unhappy Major put into his hand, the Lieutenant gave a long whistle.

"Upon my word," said he, "a very shrewd, sensible, business-like letter. She'll make a notable mistress of a house, there can be no doubt."

The poor Major sat in a chair, utterly overwhelmed with affliction, his gray head resting on his hand, and the fingers pressing on his eyes, as if to prevent the tears from starting. His brother-in-law was much tempted to make use of this occurrence (so *mal-a-propos* to the recent boast of Eliza's docility) in order to enforce the superiority of his own principles; but a moment's glance at the Major showed that such a triumph would be barbarous. The latter could not speak a word. After a considerable time he called for a glass of water, bade Adam Dobe to get the horses ready, and left the lodge in silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF IRISH INDUSTRY.



Every fact relative to the manufacturing and commercial interests of Ireland possesses a national importance, we are induced to avail ourselves of some recently-published statistics relative to linen and calico-printing in this country, for the purpose of giving our readers an insight into the history of those important branches of Irish industry. With respect to the history of calico-printing in Ireland, it would appear that very little is known concerning it. We have no record in what precise year the first Irish print-works were established, or whether the trade commenced in Leinster or Ulster. It is most probable that the former province had the merit of originating the trade in Ireland. From all the information that our authority has been able to glean, it would appear that Dublin and its neighbourhood were, perhaps, the earliest seats of it. The abundance of pure water there offered every facility for bleaching purposes, and, accordingly, we find that about the year 1770, an attempt to bleach and print cotton goods, was made at a place a few miles from the city. The business increased rapidly, and, in the course of a few years, several persons had embarked in the trade

near Dublin. The goods manufactured were not exported, but sold in the city of Dublin, where the more fancy kind of them were held in great esteem. In the year 1780, there was a large establishment combining bleach-fields and print-works, at a place called Prosperous, county Kildare. There was also a small one then near the city of Cork. The trade had extended considerably about Dublin, and had assumed importance enough to attract the attention of the Irish Parliament, with the view of legislating for its protection. It was suffering from the competition of English master calico-printers, who had found in Ireland a ready market for their goods, which they were enabled to sell at prices much lower than those at which the Irish printers could afford to sell them. The Dublin manufacturers were greatly alarmed at the consequences likely to ensue to the trade, if such a state of things were allowed to continue, and they boldly appealed to their Parliament, in College-green, for protection. The result was, that an act was passed in 1782, imposing a duty of one shilling per yard upon all printed calico imported into Ireland. This was ample protection, and the measure was hailed as a great boon by the Irish calico-printers, who had now a monopoly in their own markets. In the same year (1782), Ireland exported nearly nine thousand pounds of cotton yarn to England, and in 1784 she was able, for the first time, to export cotton yarn and printed goods to America, to the value of £8,000.

In consequence of this protection to Ireland the English manufactures were virtually shut out from the Irish market. They were alike suffering from Irish legislation, and from an oppressive law passed against them in their own Parliament in London. This is a curious historical fact. Whilst the Irish Parliament was anxious to promote cotton or calico printing in Ireland, the English Parliament was decidedly opposed to the trade in England. It set its

face against it in all its branches. For instance, in 1721, an act was passed prohibiting the people of England from wearing or selling cotton clothes. The cotton trade had been introduced, and it was feared by the legislators of the day that if it were encouraged the woollen and flax trades would be annihilated. Hence this prohibitive enactment.

In 1755, this act was repealed, and the cotton manufacture was declared lawful; but parties were permitted only to engage in it on condition of paying three-pence per square yard of duty on all cotton goods "printed, painted, or stamped with colours." These were the words of the act. It was, then, in the face of this law that the English manufacturers were sending their printed goods into Ireland, when the Irish act of 1782 was passed. In England machines were extensively used for printing calicoes and cotton, notwithstanding the great opposition given to them by the block-printers, whose formidable combinations struck terror into the hearts of the manufacturers. The latter aimed at quantity rather than quality, and the price of goods was greatly lowered by the operations of the machines. Extensive houses not unfrequently had large stocks on hands, upon which a duty of three-pence per yard had been paid for two or three years, without being able to effect sales. One great English house, which gave employment to 20,000 persons in 1790, suffered frightfully from over-stocking. It commenced business on a capital of £130,000, and in the course of a few years failed in £1,500,000.

Coming down to the year 1800, we find that there were then in Dublin and its vicinity, eleven houses engaged—some of them extensively—in the calico and linen-printing trade. At Stratford, in the county Kildare, there was also a large establishment carried on by a Mr. Orr, who began the business there in 1790. In 1809 there were some fourteen or fifteen houses in the trade in and about Dublin. Mr. Duffy had a large and prosperous concern at Ball's-bridge, Mr. Burton had one at Island-bridge, and there was a third at Harold's-cross. Mr. Patrick Dillon carried on business at Donnybrook, and Messrs. Anderson and Son, were in Love-lane, in the city of Dublin. There were likewise extensive concerns at Palmerstown and Rathgar. In fact, the trade had very much increased, in Dublin especially, and was of importance, not only in regard to the amount of capital invested in it, but also on account of the large number of people to whom it gave employment. The goods printed were, for the most part, exported to the United States, and South America, but there was a large home trade done at the same time. The cloth was hand-loom woven, and the prints were of the best description of chintzes, varying from four to nine colours. Block-printers were paid at the rate of a shilling per piece of twenty yards. Most of the extensive Dublin houses had printing machines in use, as early as 1800, some of which were wrought by hand, and some by water-power. In the year 1820, Mr. Duffy, of Ball's-bridge, gave employment to some ten or twelve engravers, and at the present time there is not in Ireland an engraver supported by the trade of any one house. Mr. Duffy had employed four surface and four cylinder machines capable of doing from one to six colours, and had in addition, upwards of one hundred block printers, at work, each of whom could then earn about twenty-eight shillings per week.

In the early part of the present century, the calico-printing trade very much increased, as may be inferred from the fact that in 1812 the houses engaged in it in Dublin and its vicinity numbered upwards of twenty. In Cork, in 1814, there were some four or five houses engaged in it, and doing a good business. At Island-bridge, in 1826, the establishment changed proprietors. Mr. Burton, who held it from 1809, gave place to Mr. William Henry, an enterprising gentleman, who pushed the trade with great energy and skill. He printed for the London market, where it is affirmed he sold his muslins at about a guinea a piece profit. He wrought chiefly in blacks and purples, and printed on what was called "tape muslins," giving employment to 140 block printers, and six cylinder machines. Altogether, there were about 500 hands daily at work in his concern, which was broken up in the year 1845.

In 1830, the trade was greatly on the decline, there being then only nine or ten houses employed in it, in Dublin and its vicinity. In the course of a few years the number had decreased, and went on getting "small by degrees and beautifully less," until 1850, when the last of the firms ceased to exist. In the north of Ireland block-printing on a small scale was attempted, it is supposed, as

early as 1765; but there is no printed record of which we know anything to establish this as a fact. The only thing certain in regard to the time when it did commence is, that, in the year 1770, Mr. Nicholas Grimshaw, an Englishman, laid the foundation for the trade which still maintains itself in the neighbourhood of Belfast. He opened a print-works on a small scale at Greencastle, employing only some three or four block-printers; but he persevered, and increased in business satisfactorily. He carried on there for fifteen years, and then removed to Whitehouse, which offered greater advantages to him in his trade. At Whitehouse the block-printing trade, so far at least as he was concerned, was in a promising state. He opened that place with about one hundred block-tables, and continued to do a prosperous business. Several men were employed on the premises to execute designs, but the great proportion of the patterns in use came from England. Travellers from London came round two or three times a year to solicit orders, and by this means there was always a good variety of patterns on hands. The cloth on which the printing was done was what was called "linen warp and cotton weft." It was in use many years before calico was employed. As time wore on improvements were introduced into the trade. The ingredients employed in dyeing were principally vegetable matters. Chemistry, as applied to the print-works and bleach-fields, was very imperfectly known, and the immense resources of the mineral kingdom, now available for the purposes of the trade, were in a great measure undiscovered. In the early days of block-printing indigo was an invaluable colouring stuff. Blue and white were predominating colours in handkerchiefs and women's dresses. The pattern was printed on wax, and the cloth was then dipped in a blue vat. The wax preserved the part covered from the action of the indigo, and in this primitive manner were blue and white produced. About the year 1800 the chintz pattern goods printed at Whitehouse sold at from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per yard, and now an article of a similar character can be bought at from 5d. to 10d. per yard. The first machine in the North for printing on cottons was introduced at Whitehouse, in 1810. It was turned by hand, and was looked upon by the block-printers as a great innovation. In two years after there were two machines, one flat-press, and sixty block-tables at work in the establishment. In order to encourage calico-printers to do their work with taste and skill when linen goods were employed, the Irish Linen Board offered premiums to the most deserving. Mr. Grimshaw carried off the premiums on several occasions. He distributed the money among the workmen in his concern, and the effect of that was to make the men more exact and particular in the execution of the work. All the cloth used was bleached on the premises, the supply of water being then particularly good. In 1824, the year after the duty had been taken off cotton goods exported from England and Scotland to Ireland, and when free trade in cotton was fairly established, the business transacted at Whitehouse was considerable. The goods printed were chiefly for exportation to America and Mexico. Other houses in Belfast were doing increased business also; but there was a general feeling of doubt pervading master printers, and the workmen too, that a reaction would soon come, as the result of free trade, and destroy the business in this country. In 1828, we find Mr. Thomas Grimshaw proprietor of the works at Whitehouse. In that year there were four cylinder machines and one surface machine at work in the establishment, besides seventy block-tables; and in 1835, there were eighty-five tables and six machines in operation. The trade was then very brisk, and continued to be so until 1836, when cotton and linen printing here ceased entirely, and the establishment was converted into a flax-spinning one.

The manufacture of cotton was unknown in the north of Ireland until the year 1777, when the first attempt at it was made in Belfast. From an exceedingly valuable work, by Mr. Hugh McCall, entitled "Our Staple Manufactures," we learn that the merit of introducing there the manufacture of cotton is to be ascribed to a Mr. Robert Joy, who resided in Belfast, in 1777. This gentleman, it appears, had been on a tour in Scotland, where he saw the importance of the trade; and, believing it could be carried on successfully in the Athens of Ireland, commenced there, in conjunction with a Mr. Thomas McCabe, cotton-spinning eighty-four years ago. They, at first, essayed manual labour, but it was found that the yarn was so unskilfully spun that it did not answer the purpose, and they were obliged to abandon the experiment, and employ machinery. At this period (1777) the entire population of

Belfast was only about 12,000; according to the census taken last year it exceeds seventy-six thousand!

The cotton trade was commenced in the counties of Wicklow and Kildare, as far back as 1750. In 1770, the manufacture of cotton yarn and cotton hose was carried on briskly in Balbriggan, which is still noted for its beautiful specimens of hosiery.

As an illustration of the esteem in which Irish manufactures were "once upon a time" held in England, to say nothing of their Continental repute, we may cite an instance not generally known, evidencing the universal use of Irish cloth in England at an early period—that of Henry IV., in 1410. It is on genuine documentary record that this monarch gave a royal grant of tolls, for the purpose of paving the town of Cambridge, in which, among other articles, Irish cloth is taxed at the rate of twopence per hundred. The grant, "*De Villa Cantabrigiæ Paveant*," will be found in Rymer's "*Fædera*." Now, the manufactures of Ireland are but the "baseless fabric of a vision;" the wrack may be seen in deserted squares; in massive but tenantless edifices; in poverty, hunger, and dirt.

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XX.



HE Mellons had long sought a tutor for the hope of the family—Master Arthur. On the recommendation of Mr. Henry Faversham, they were at last prevailed upon to give Mr. Clifton a trial. Clifton had his private reasons for accepting the post. Arthur, therefore, was now in the hands of a tutor:—a poor—very poor gentleman. This poor young gentleman had not immediately succeeded the nursery governess. There had been two or three tutors of this young idea—between the above sensible young lady and the actual director of Arthur's young mind. They had left for various reasons. One had declined to be treated no better than the butler:—another—a young lady, had been disgusted by the advances of Mrs. Mellon's brother. But the poor governess! Her story is that to which we would fain point the earnest attention of the reader, in due time and fit place. For the moment, we must remain with Arthur Mellon and his tutor Mr. Clifton—they got on very well; throughout the morning they read together—Clifton explaining the difficult passages of Latin and Greek authors to Arthur; while Arthur bit the end of his pen;

and pretended to be perfectly clear on the point. Then, mathematics were gone into—Clifton generally writing a love-letter while his pupil was busy at his work. And then a conversation ensued, in the course of which the tutor was supposed to inculcate moral precepts. The conversations that actually took place, were hardly of a nature to satisfy the severe scruples of Mellon senior; or the transcendentalism of his wife.

"I tell you what it is, boy," Clifton would observe, as he completed the caricature of a man and dear friend upon the blotting paper before him—"you are much too forward. I shall really have to take you down a peg or two, or tell your governor. A boy of your age smoking—it's preposterous!

"Well, I've put it out," retorted Arthur. "It was a very mild one. Besides, there are heaps of pastilles upon the mantel-piece. By the way, there is some sherry in the cupboard. Will you have a glass?"

"A thimble-full," replied the tutor.

"I told Clara Faversham, last night, that you said she was a pretty girl," said Arthur, as he produced the wine.

"The deuce you did, you young scamp," retorted the young gentleman's mental adviser.

"Then, you deserve to have your neck broken. What did she say?"

"Oh! she only laughed, and said it was like your impudence."

Mr. Clifton was not a little pleased by this revelation, and, silently, resolved to make a note of it. In the first place, his family

was much older than that of the Mellons; in the second place, although he had no money, he had a good social position. His quarterings (which he didn't care about himself) were surely worth her fortune.

"Well, Arthur, she was not offended—you are certain?"

"Not she," replied that exceedingly knowing young gentleman of thirteen, "she rather liked it."

"Well, she is pretty, my boy, and that's the truth of it. I cannot help repeating it. But mind, you young rascal, no repeating this."

But Master Arthur Mellon instinctively knew that his tutor would be in no serious degree annoyed if he imparted to Miss Faversham this second expression of Mr. Clifton's admiration. He knew also that the communication would not be distasteful to the young lady. He took advantage, therefore, of a walk in the square inclosure to say to Clara Faversham—the pretty, dainty, mocking Clara—that Mr. Clifton had felt it impossible to repress his admiration. The young rascal's chubby cheek was saucily patted by Clara's little hand in reproof. And he was called "a forward boy," and desired never again to repeat Mr. Clifton's impudence.

While this conversation was going forward within the enclosure, Mr. Clifton was passing along on the road-side of the railings.

"By George!" exclaimed the pupil, "there is Clifton," and as he said this, he sprang to the gate to stop him.

Before Clara could politely turn away, the tutor was talking to his charge in a most becoming manner, and had raised his hat to the young lady. Arthur looked knowingly at Clara, then equally knowingly at Clifton. Clara's eyes sought the gravel walk, and "the summer" rose in her cheek a sweet and heaven too for a sunrise.

Clifton managed to say that it was a fine afternoon, and Clara contrived to intimate her assent. It was a relief to both of them when Faversham, having warned his charge to look well to his studies in the evening, lifted his hat to his goddess, and passed on.

Arthur was mightily amused at the interview. He laughed at Clara, and vowed that she was "as red as a turkey-cock," (boys are not generally nice in their comparisons). He said that he had never seen Clifton look so sheepish.

"Be quiet, you bad boy—do," said Clara, in the utmost confusion. "Why, on earth should you think I was embarrassed by your tutor? Why, my dear Arthur, we are perfect strangers. Hold your tongue—do, sir, and talk on some more rational subject, or, I declare, I'll box your ears."

To see Clara trying hard to look vexed, was a pretty picture. The forehead wrinkled, but the eyes laughed.

"By George! though," soliloquised Mr. Clifton, as he proceeded in the direction of the Adelphi, where he was to meet a friend; "by George, she is prettier than ever. The little forehead, white as snow, giving a sharp outline to that sun-kissed hair, the white chin supporting that mouth exquisitely cut, and tender-tinted as a shell, those eyes to which deep lashes give a perpetual dream, and then that elastic, supple, graceful, lively figure—yes, by George! she is one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen in my life. Walking, too, with that idiotic boy, I'm coaching! Well, such is life, to make an original remark. I—I suppose she'll marry some old swell with one foot in the grave and the other in a back parlour. Why should she care two-pence for me? Girls now-a-days marry to have a house, receive the attention of their friends, put their children out to nurse, outdo Mrs. —, who lives next door in finery, and read the last new novel in peace. By Jove! that little mouth would bite at nothing coarser than a partridge. Those dainty feet were made to lie in an exquisite carriage, upon the skin of the royal leopard. That neck was formed for emeralds and pearls, and that head to find a graceful age under marabout feathers. The pretty creature wants these little necessities, as the humming-bird wants the burning sun. Shall I, then, because when I lifted my hat to her, she blushed—step in between her and her happiness? No—I should be a sorry rascal. She has enough to help another's fortune, but not to divide her own. If she married me, I should take four at least, of the side dishes from her table every day. I should represent the loss of her second carriage, the suppression of their servants, the elevation of the opera box from the second to the third tier. Still, there's no doubt at all about it, she is con-foundedly pretty."

These remarkable reflections, and Mr. Clifton's legs carried this gentleman to the chambers of his friend.

"How are you, Pontifex?" said Clifton, as Mr. P. opened his door, and discovered his proportions draped in a dressing-gown marvellously coloured. "Give us, there's a good fellow, a bottle of soda-water. Shall I ring? I've seen, by Jove, the prettiest girl in Europe. Where are the pipes?"

"How goes the work, Arthur?" said Clifton, on the following morning, to his pupil. "You get on very slowly. You know I shall certainly have a row with your governor, if you don't pay a little more attention. A joke's a joke."

Arthur blundered on with his reading, paying very little attention to his tutor's corrections, for he was conscious of his power over the teacher.

"How Clara blushed when she met you yesterday, said Arthur, suddenly breaking off from his reading.

"Come, go on; never mind yesterday," Clifton retorted, for he was somewhat confused himself, now, and did not care to let his pupil enjoy the advantage of perceiving his weakness. Arthur returned to his book, read a few lines, then broke again into the interesting subject:

"I asked her if she thought you were good-looking."

"You impudent young monkey," replied Mr. Clifton. "Come, go on—"

"She said she thought you were very gentlemanly," continued Arthur, perceiving clearly the pleasure he was giving.

"Gentlemanly, eh?" replied Clifton, now fairly entrapped. "Is that all she said?"

"She didn't say much more, I can tell you, for I chaffed because she blushed, and then she got all the redder, and then she boxed my ears!"

"Does she often walk in the square?" Clifton enquired.

"That's good!" roared Arthur, as he burst into a violent fit of laughter, which the anger of his tutor could not check, even with the threat of a "sound thrashing."

"Why, yes, nearly every day," Arthur said, when he had recovered his equanimity. "If you like, we'll take our books there some morning, and then you'll be sure to see us."

"You're a sad young dog, Arthur," responded his tutor. "What on earth you'll be when you're twenty, I dare not say. Now for the Greek. This isn't work."

At this moment the street-door was closed rather sharply. Arthur started up and ran to the window.

"There goes Clara," said he, "with Tip!"

"Who's Tip?"

"Why, mamma's dog. He's so fat that when he rolls over on his back upon the rug, mamma has to ring for the servant to turn him back upon his feet. Suppose we go, and read under the trees?"

The idea was obviously pleasant to Mr. Clifton, but he hesitated. He hardly cared to be seen, the tutor of young Mellon, patiently doing his work. To him there was no dignity in the teacher. He had been bred to learn that gentility was the essential of life, wanting which, no man should care to live. He had mixed, all his life, with cultivated people. He had hobbled and nobbed with earls and marquises at college. He had been taught to regard himself as a man destined to take a high place in the world's esteem. He had seen ladies, far above Clara in station, if not in fortune, without having felt his inferiority. His ancestors bore mighty banners in the front of bloody war, when Mellon's progenitors were tilling the soil of their lord and master, and now their poor descendant of the noble took gold of the vassal's prosperous kindred. A gentle voice whispered to him, from the depths of splendid libraries, and pointing to the glorious roll of genius, that to teach is to pursue the most honourable—the most noble of all callings. But the world—and he lived in the world—laughed the sentiment to scorn. All his sound sense was worsted in the argument. Still he would have the courage to hold his position even while, as he wrongly conceived, he was the vassal of Mellon senior. He took his hat bade Arthur take up the Greek and Latin authors they were studying, and went boldly forth with an exulting pupil at his side.

Clara was sitting under a broad chesnut tree, her face shaded by a plain gipsy hat, reading. With one finger pressed against her glowing cheek, and a tender arm leaning upon the gnarled rustic seat, she appeared to be buried in some scene of thrilling interest—some climax in the fortunes of the hero and heroine. Were they, in the rich recess of some curtained room, with the ancestral park spread out nobly before them under the splendid influence of a setting

sun, drinking, for the first time, the deep sweets of a first love avowal, or were they parting for the last time, at the park-gates? Any way, Clara was intently interested, and never raised her eyes from her book till Arthur and his tutor were close to her.

It was wrong, undoubtedly wrong, in Mr. Clifton to use his pupil's studies as a subterfuge. If he felt an interest in Clara, he should have waited his time, and then, in a fair opportunity, he might have manfully avowed his passion. But he should not have drawn young Arthur into this exercise of a naturally deceitful disposition; he who was hired to make the boy a pattern of every virtue under the sun, for the modest sum of £100 per annum. The young scamp was only too ready to take advantage of the tutor's weakness, and the tutor was only too glad to concede the advantage. This is human enough. Clifton was convinced that here was his sole chance of seeing the young lady, on reasonably intimate terms. His vocation alone was against him; and he could hope to bear down its influence, only when the being to be acted upon was away from drawing-rooms, and under the influence of romance.

That Clifton was romantic he knew full well. Arthur had told him that she admired "Vivian Grey," and that she had read "*Nouvelle Heloise*." The young lady knew Byron by heart (except, of course, the passages no young lady should read) and had even written some indignation verses against Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Here was very ample ground to work upon—ground that, in the possession of Clifton, would be turned to excellent account.

Clara's eyes parted from the entrancing page, and met those of Mr. Clifton, but were quickly turned upon Arthur. A bright glow came upon the young girl's face, and she dashed into a thousand questions about Mrs. Mellon's hour for the drive in the park, about her canary, about the dog at her side. Her eyes did not turn again willingly upon the tutor, till he spoke.

"Arthur has persuaded me, Miss Faversham," said Clifton, presently, "to allow him to read to-day under the trees. It will not disturb you. Come, Arthur, let us find a shady place." And Clifton, raising his hat, moved along the path.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Arthur, who had taken the dog's collar off, and could not fasten it. "Here's a go, I cannot get it on again."

"You tiresome boy!" said Clara. "How I should like to be called a tiresome boy, by those lips," thought Clifton. "You never will leave the dog alone."

To see the little fingers of Miss Faversham busy about the collar

was a pretty sight—the prettier, because they were so unsuccessful at their work. It was a patent collar: and did a lady ever understand a patent? Mr. Clifton looked on, and as the young lady waxed impatient, and petulantly exclaimed "dear! dear me," after every failure, felt that he ought to offer his services. To any other young lady he would have offered his more solid fingers, a long time since.

How small, how microscopic, he felt then, when Miss Faversham, holding forth the collar, shook back her overhanging curls, and said sweetly, "Perhaps, Mr. Clifton, you could manage it for me?"

The dog remained—happy dog (thought Clifton, if he had self-possession enough left, to have an idea) upon Clara's lap. And, as Clifton leaned over to adjust the collar, the curls of the young lady almost touched his hands; Clara, who had forgotten—really and truly forgotten to remove the dog, was now horribly embarrassed by the proximity of the tutor. Arthur saw her confusion, and laughed outright when he perceived that his tutor, too, had actually an unusual quantity of blood in his face.

"I am afraid we have very rudely interrupted your reading," said Clifton, when he had fastened the collar, (the operation was not sufficiently difficult in his wonderful opinion.)

"By no means," replied Clara, "the book is not very interesting."

"Might I ask the title?"

"It is 'Gertrude, or Love at First Sight,' was the reply, accompanied by an irrepressible titter.

"The subject, at any rate, is interesting,"

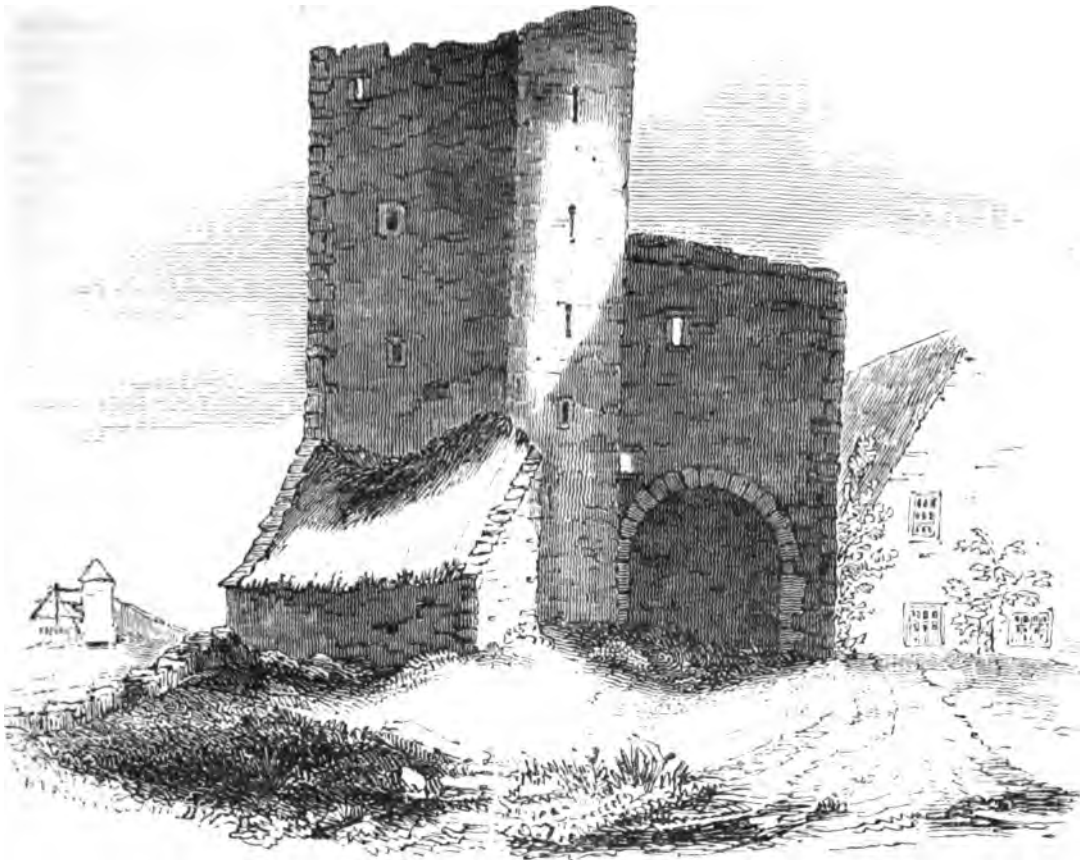
said bold Mr. Clifton. Clifton was hazarding too much. We can in no way commend him for his generalship on this point of the attack; a touch of indifference, is a wonderful improvement to the ordinary tactics of courtship.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CARLINGFORD ABBEY.



THE above engraving gives a correct idea of the picturesque ruins of Carlingford Abbey, which was situated on the eastern side of the town, and whose long aisle and central belfry, being of the pointed architecture of the fourteenth century, would naturally place the date of its erection about that period. It is said to have been built by Richard, Earl of Ulster. The scenery in this direction is of a very interesting description. In proceeding towards the little town of Carlingford, from Newry, the road to which lies along the water's edge, nothing can exceed the grandeur and beauty of the prospect.



KILTEEL CASTLE.

IN the above sketch is represented the ruins of one of those monuments of antiquity which, in the olden time, were looked upon as the glory of this our Emerald Isle, but which are now fast falling into decay; and which, but for individuals possessing national spirit, would, in a few years, be altogether forgotten that they had ever existed. And this is one way in which we think this journal well calculated to subvert the interests of Ireland, by giving "a local habitation and a name" to some of those ancient buildings which lie scattered over the country, and which the hand of time is fast levelling with the dust.

Kilteel Castle, the subject of our sketch, lies about four miles from the village of Rathcool, and fourteen from Dublin, branching off to the left of the Naas road.

It is questionable whether the tower (which now forms part of the castle, and serves as a staircase to the interior) is not one of the many specimens of those mysterious edifices which are to be found in various parts of Ireland, usually denominated Round Towers; from the circumstance of there being the remains of an old Abbey and church near

to the site, as also an ancient stone cross, (in a tolerable state of preservation,) standing in the garden immediately adjoining. The ascent to what were the several floors of the castle, is by stone steps, in the Round Tower, sixty in number, varying from seven to nine inches in depth.

The remains of the Abbey are, at present, unimposing; and, with the exception of the gable and ruined doorway, nothing but low and ragged bits of the early walls are left.

SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE day following was (as the reader has already been made aware) the Eha-na-Shaun, or the Eve of St. John's Day, a festival which is celebrated in Ireland with peculiar devotion. The people have a number of traditions current among them, relative to the origin of many of the ceremonies peculiar to this vigil (one of the most remarkable of which latter is, the lighting up of fires on the mountains, and, indeed, in all parts of the country about even-fall—the appearance of which on this night occasioned so much terror to the Coiner). It is believed by some that the ceremony is nothing more than a relic of the idolatrous worship of the aborigines of the soil—while a greater number of the peasantry suppose that they commemorate by those nocturnal illuminations, a general massacre of the ancient enemies of the land, the unfortunate Danes, who were (as the cottage historians assert) all slaughtered one fine summer evening (the signal for the general uprising of the oppressed natives being a number of beacon fires, lighted on every hill, hillock, mount, and mountain throughout the country)—and who have left no other memorial of their deadly purchased conquest in the

still unsubdued, though often conquered island—than the ruined *lish*, or fort, through whose woody covering the night wind sighs above their bones—or the mouldered and almost rust-eaten coin that is thrown up by the *blaster* or quarrier in the lonely regions of the inland—to furnish matter of speculation to some pantalooned and spectacled antiquarian of the R. I. A., or Dublin Society.

The fires had already been lighted on the fields adjacent to Drumsanlon, when Lilly Byrne, having discharged, as was her never-failing custom, all her household duties to the very letter—given the servants their dinner—cut out the slim-cake for the evening—set some milk in a saucer for the cat—counted all the linen into the press—seen the ducks, hens, and chickens fed—the cows milked—the dairy set in order—the garden-gate locked—the butter printed—the mouse-traps baited—and the dough set by the fire—when Lilly Byrne, having discharged, we say, all those duties, sat in her chamber making her little preparations with an aching heart, at her toilet, to perform a cheerful part among a small family tea-party, who were invited to spend the evening at Drumsanlon.

Poor Lilly's toilet was not now a matter of very excessive labour or concern to her. She was careful to omit nothing in the adjustment of her dress (a simple suit of mourning) which the general custom of the time rendered absolutely necessary to prevent the appearance of affectation or a disrespectful singularity; but no adornment that a positive feeling of duty did not point out to her, was any longer used. Human motive was now fatally quelled within her bosom, and she no longer felt those little struggles between her love for things "lawful though dangerous," and her fears of secret vanity, which had given rise to nearly all the trials of her girlish virtue, when there was a reason why she should look to good advantage in other eyes than her own. She rejected, therefore, the fine jet necklace which her mother had left upon her table, and contented herself with the plain silk ribbon and black cross which lay near it, in one of the little recesses of her dressing-box.

In loitering among the now neglected trinkets which were thrown together in the casket, she removed a piece of paper, folded, and marked on the outside in her own handwriting (as if by the way of index to the contents), with the initials "R. K." Those contents were a song adapted by her lover to one of the old ballad airs of the country, which Lilly had often sung to her harpsichord, when the young gentleman was *not* present, for she was far too scrupulous to flatter his vanity at any time by letting him hear how she honoured it.

The recollection of the circumstances under which Kumba had placed these verses in her hand, threw Lilly into a train of feeling which would have been dangerous to her resolution of meeting her mother's friends with a gay spirit becoming the occasion—had not her meditations been interrupted by the slight pressure of that mother's hand upon her neck, as she leaned forward in her chair.

"Well, Lilly, my love, will you not come down? The company are waiting, and Mrs. Hassett has been asking for you no less than three times. What! you have been crying again, I declare! Well, then! O then, to be sure, now, Lilly!"

"Ah, mother, do not blame me. It is not for the Robert Kumba that is now wholly abandoned to low courses, I weep, but for him who was so kind, so generous, so amiable, so feeling! Do not think that any degree either of hope or discontent mingles with my regret. I look upon myself, on the contrary, as one who has been providentially delivered from a veiled and certain danger. Neither," she added, as she observed her mother's eyes glisten and fill, "neither have I given up all hope even of this world's happiness. Can it be criminal, mother, in me to suffer such a hope to mingle with those which are fixed where they cannot change or darken? Was it criminal in me, just now, when I knelt before the Almighty, to offer up a tear and prayer for him; and to indulge the belief (illusive perhaps) that even at that moment my sorrow might have found its way to the throne of heaven, and that some single pang, some misfortune, some threatened danger, might have been spared to my once-loved friend in mercy to my agony?"

The reader, who has accompanied Kumba through the events of this day, might perhaps have told Lilly a secret on this subject.

"I will own, mother," she continued, after a pause, while the afflicted old lady endeavoured, by caresses and entreaties, to console her, "that it cost me some struggles, and was a long while before I brought myself to make the sacrifice of myself entirely thus—and if I do not deceive my own heart—if indeed it is made, I have no merit in it—for it seems to me to be only the pressure of repeated disappointments in my fondest wishes, that has at last conquered my obstinate will. You think me melancholy, now, mother," she added, smiling with real cheerfulness, as she looked into the eyes of her parent, "but indeed I am not. I do not," she continued, smiling yet more gaily, and hesitating a little, while she laid her

finger on a borrowed volume of the letters of a celebrated and titled authoress, which were then creating a general sensation in England, (a sensation that time has little diminished)—"I do not, at present at least, feel that mortification which this lady expresses at growing wiser every day, and seeing, like Solomon, the vanity of all temporal concerns. And is not that a great deal? Come, mother, you shall see that I can be happy in spite of my own peevish wishes," and passing her handkerchief over her thin, white, and wasted, but light and pleasant countenance, she paused one moment with clasped hands on the threshold of the door, and moved her lips, as if to solicit an increase of contentment and resignation; after which she breathed one short sigh as a last tribute to the dominion of melancholy for the evening, and quietly followed her mother.

One very brief but painful struggle only she had to endure, when first the sounds of merriment broke upon her now unaccustomed ear. It was the first time that any number of friends (for relatives only, and those a few, were invited) had met in that apartment since those two dear ones had been lost to the circle. Another vigorous exertion, however, enabled our little heroine to recover her self-possession.

There are few trials which the resigned spirit has to encounter, more distressing than to find its fortitude mistaken for real, positive happiness. Those who feel their constitution sapped and shaken by some chronic disease, know how dreary a thing it is to be congratulated by a friend on their good looks—clapped on the shoulder—and told that they are better than ever they were in their life; while the secret malady is silently eating away the foundation of their existence within, and reminding them, perhaps, at the very instant that they make a ghastly effort to correspond with the gay and smiling countenance of their well-wisher—reminding them, by a new pang, of the deadly certainty of their doom. Although Lilly Byrne had long since compelled herself to refrain in all instances from any act, word, or look, which had no other object than that of attracting pity to her sufferings (contenting herself, according to the precept of her religion, with having the Being that visited her with these for their only witness)—still she could not help feeling a certain blank and dismal solitariness of spirit when her friends all rose and crowded round her as she entered, smiling, pressing her hand, and congratulating her on her merry looks—when Mrs. Hassett, a rather subordinate relative of the family, took her seat in Robert Kumba's old place, on the chintz-covered settee, and laughed, and shook her head, and "knew it would not last, so she did!" "Time did wonders," the old lady slyly insinuated; and though it was very true that—

"Love is longer than the way,
Love is deeper than the sea;"

yet even the sea itself would run dry at last if the rivers were cut off—and it would be a very long way indeed, that did not come to an end or a turning, at any rate [this word was pronounced with a very roguish emphasis] at some time or another. Lilly would forget it all before she was twice married. There was Mrs. Blaney, mother to the Blaneys of the Hill, some of whom were there, sitting opposite her—who went on just in the same way as Lilly, when she was slighted by her first lover; nobody thought she'd ever recover again, and see there she was now, the mother of a set of fine young men as any in the three counties; and the grandmother of that little fat girl that sat, looking shily round upon the company. So let Lilly not be down about it—for she had only to set her cap at the right side of her head, to win a better offer than she had lost the last time.

Although Lilly endured all this martyrdom without a single look or even wilful thought of impatience, we should accord her a degree of fortitude, perhaps beyond the reach of sympathy or truth, if we said that she did not feel inexpressibly relieved when the entrance of the tea diverted the worthy Mrs. Hassett's attention from her and her sorrows. While the good lady was occupied in bestowing her admiration on the transparency of the immense china bowl—the delicacy and shortness of the slim-cake—discussing the respective merits of the Cork and Limerick groceries—(Uncle Cuthbert and herself having always a dispute on this subject whenever they met)—and deploring the economy of some neighbouring family who never brought out tea to their visitors at luncheon, a practice which the novelty of the beverage in those days made

fashionable in the country parts of Ireland—Lilly stole on to a group of grown girls who were gathered around the little Blaney above mentioned, some on their knees before her—others leaning on the back of her chair, and all joining in a request that she would give them a song.

When Lilly Byrne approached her she looked with a timid smile from beneath her brow, and said—"I'll sing if you bid me, I will."

"I do, then, my little darling," said Lilly, kissing her.

The girl then plucked up courage, and chanted with a tremulous little pipe, a piece of nursery namby-pamby, which ran as follows:—

"What are little boys made of—made of?
What are little boys made of?
Of snips and snails
And puppy-dog's tails—
That's what little boys are made of!

What are little girls made of—made of?
What are little girls made of?
Of sugar and spice,
And all that's nice—
That's what little girls are made of!"

Before the murmurs of approbation and encouragement had subsided—and while Mrs. Hassett was declaring that the "wee" songstress had a fine clear voice and a very good ear, and ought not to be neglected, the latter ran over to Lilly, and throwing herself into her lap, looked up in her eyes and said, in her little brogue, "If you please, I call on oo for a song, now."

"What song, my love?"

"The song you know yourself about 'Old times,' you know."

Lilly had as lief, for certain reasons, that her young friend had spoken of some other song—but seating herself immediately at her harpsichord, she complied with great sweetness. We happen to have a copy of the stanzas in our possession:—

"Old times! old times! the gay old times
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my head—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn when'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there—
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—

And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'd never come again!
Old times! old times!"

"Very well! Sweetly sung indeed, Lilly," said Mrs. Hassett—"but I think you used to sing it with more spirit long ago. The last time I heard you, I believe, was when—"

"Oh! no matter when, ma'am," said Lilly, laughing off the frightful reminiscence that the worthy old lady was about to blunder upon in her honest, plain way; "but I must use my privilege." And, wishing to stop the good woman's tongue in one way by employing it another, a stratagem which she was the more induced to adopt as she knew that the very shortest of Mrs. Hassett's songs would consume a considerable portion of the evening, she flung her mantle in turn to that lady.

Mrs. Hassett's little melody completely disinclined the company from any farther amusement in the vocal way, the more especially as the night had fallen in the meanwhile, and the darkness was so great by the time she had wound up the history of "The Lady of Skin and Bone," that the company could no longer discern each other's faces.

"Lilly, my love, I think it would be almost time to get the candles," said Mrs. Byrne.

"How suddenly the night fell!" said Mrs. Hassett. "It looks as if we were to have a storm, and I brought nothing but my patens and cloak."

"Oh, we can manage that very well," said Mrs. Byrne. "Well, Lilly, what about the candles?"

"I told James to get them ready an hour since, mother."

"Ring the bell for him, my dear."

Lilly did so.

"I don't know what keeps our uncle Cuthbert so late," said Mrs. Byrne; "he was to have been here before now. We had all such laughing at him the other morning about a bargain he made; with whom, guess?"

"Oh, indeed, I heard of it—Maney Mac O'Neill, the gold-finder. That was a pretty business."

"He went off with two of the sub-sheriff's men this morning to look for the fellow. Eh? Heaven preserve us! Was not that lightning?"

"Oh, no; it was but the flashing of the candle-light from the hall upon the tea-things."

"But there's no candle-light in the hall, mother, said Lilly, "or 'twould be here before now. I wonder why James doesn't answer the bell."

"I'll be bound," said Mrs. Byrne, "he's gone out to look at the bonfires on the furze-hill. Will you run down and see what keeps him, Lilly? and take care now not to hurt yourself with the bad step at the foot of the stairs, as you're in the dark."

Lilly left the room, closing the door behind her.

Immediately after, the distant muttering of the thunder placed Mrs. Byrne's conjecture out of the reach of all doubt. The conversation of the company became hushed and broken, and confined altogether to observations on the effect of the change.

The door again opened and shut.

"Well, Lilly, where are the candles?" said Mrs. Byrne. "Is James below?"

There was no answer. "Who was it came in?" said Mrs. Byrne. "Ah, come now, Lilly—no tricks, if you please. This is no time for joking. Why don't you answer, girl?"

The handle of the door again turned—and again it was shut fast.

"Bless me!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, starting from her chair and clasping Mrs. Hassett's shoulder.

"What's the matter, you foolish child?"

"Oh, ma'am," the girl replied, panting with fear, "I—I don't know—but something brushed close by me."

"Pooh!—nonsense!" said Mrs. Byrne, peevishly. "Well, Lilly, my lady," she added gaily, while her heart failed her, "I'll pay you for this. You're a pretty girl, to oblige me to leave my guests."

So saying, Mrs. Byrne left the room, the guests remaining hushed

in an anxiety which their hostess's affected levity did not at all tend to alleviate.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Byrne re-entered with a light—her countenance being moved with an expression between vexation and real terror.

"I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly, "but I see this girl is determined to play the fool to-night. She has hid herself somewhere or other," she added, forcing herself to believe what her heart and her knowledge of Lilly's character ought to have prevented her admitting for an instant.

They all proceeded to search the house. The hall door was found open—the wind and rain driving in, and wetting the large arm chairs that were placed beneath the hat-racks. But Lilly was nowhere to be seen.

The silence, the suddenness of this disappearance, had something supernatural in it. It was a long time before the wretched mother would admit the reality of her misfortune, but when, at last, it burst upon her mind so forcibly as to break down all the opposition which her fears had raised against the conviction, the scene which Drumsconlon presented was such as no one, who had witnessed the quiet, social enjoyment of the family party an hour before, could possibly have anticipated—the guests hurrying to and fro, or standing still and staring on one another in silent astonishment, while the poor distracted hostess, forgetting all the ceremonies of her station, hastened from room to room, mingling her heavy screams of terror with the pealing of the thunder, and clasping her hands, with the action expressive of deep affliction which is so peculiar to her country.

The reader, however, can learn but little of the causes of this change by remaining to witness the affliction of the good old lady. We shall, therefore, once more, venture to pinion the wings of old Time, while we relate an incident that may assist in explaining them.

Mrs. Byrne evinced nothing more than an acquaintance with the character of her servant, James Mihil, when she supposed that he had been seduced into a neglect of his domestic duties on this evening, by a curiosity to witness and participate in the festivities of the Eha-na-Shaun. Having, as he imagined, completed all the offices which fell to his share, on the occasion, seen the party fairly established at tea—the griddle laid aside to cool—the turf-basket outside the parlour-door, replenished with good hard soda, broken small so as to take the fire kindly—the silver-plated candlesticks nicely polished, and set in order on the kitchen-table—so that if any unforeseen misfortune should detain him, Miss Lilly should have nothing more to do than to light them with the twisted touch-paper he had placed near them: having taken all these precautions, and, moreover, unlooped from the wall above his own settle-bed a small bottle of last Easter Sunday's holy water, which he preserved with an economical reverence, sprinkling his forehead with the consecrated liquid, and left the house, not without keeping a wary eye about him as he proceeded, lest some evil disposed spirit of the night should take him at an advantage.

Within a few hundred yards of the house, lay a large field, which was allotted to a few *collop* of cattle, as grazing ground, its extent being greatly disproportionate to the quantity of its herbage; a circumstance which was in some measure accounted for by the number of furze bushes which were scattered over it. The night was already dark, before James descended the earthen stile which led into the field—and the brilliancy of this little district in itself, made the gloom of the surrounding heavens still more dense and impenetrable. The bushes had been set on fire, at various corners of the field and were now crackling and blazing away with great fury. The herdsman of the farm and some of his retainers, with lighted faggots in their hands, were chasing the cows back and forward making them sometimes leap in their desperation over the flames, and burning the hair on their sides with their faggots—a practice which is supposed to avert the curse of barrenness in the herd. After exchanging a salutation and a few ready jokes with the men, James proceeded slowly, his hands behind his back and a broad grin of admiration on his features, towards the central bonfire of the field.

While he stood gazing on the blackened trunk and boughs of the burning shrub, the flame, as it were, hollowing out a dwelling for itself in the centre, while it left the green and blossomy texture overhead yet uninjured, his attention was attracted by the approach of two strange men, who seemed as if they had been exhausted by

a long and rapid journey on foot. One of them was a tall, awkwardly built fellow, to whom James did not pay any particular attention; but on the other—a low, thin-faced lad, with the patched and corduroy trousers turned up on his bare legs—he could not avoid fixing his eyes, with a certain misgiving that he had seen the face under suspicious circumstances, somewhere or another, before. The usual greeting having passed between both parties—

"A smart evenen, sir," said the lesser of the two.

James accorded an assent.

"We made so bold, sir," he continued, very respectfully, "to step out of the high road—a bad night comen on—an' to ask lave, sir, to stand here, sir, be the fire, to take a hait o' de blaze agen the road, sir."

"You're kindly welcome," said James, "without sir-ring the likes o' me at all so much about it."

"Thanky, sir. Mac!"

"Aih?"

"Where's de dram-bottle? De jontleman 'll give uz de liberty o' de fire for a while."

"Here's the bottle. Will you take a taste?"

"Why, den, dat I will so, you may take your bible oat of it. But, stay, aisy a minit" [uncorking the flask, wiping the jole with the sleeve of his coat, and handing it most politely towards James, who continued eyeing him with great suspicion]—"may be you'd like to try what's inside of it, sir."

"No, no, we're obleest to you!" said James, waiving him off, with a degree of sullenness which he thought the freedom warranted.

The refusal did not appear to break the heart any more than it lessened the spirits of the stranger, who immediately took upon himself the task which James had declined, and performed it with evident satisfaction.

"I don't blame any man for liken his own best," said he, fixing his eyes, with a knowing leer, upon James's bottle.

"Oh, then, indeed you're out there, for all!" returned James, "I wasn't so fond o' meself, that way. Its only a drop o' somethen I brought with me, in case any thin bad would be there before me."

"Poh! sure 'tisn't to-night dey have any power at all, only Holland-tide, and the Inhiad-low-onthina?"

"Oh, iss, beggen your pardon, and to-night also"—said James, who piqued himself on being a kind of authority in all superstitious matters—"as I," he added with a mysterious nod, and compression of the lips and eye brows, "have good reason to know. To-nig! isn't so bad as Holland-tide for 'em, but still they do be there for all."

"I wonder who dey are dat do be dere at all."

"Various sorts, they say. The *dhina mauha* people; that is, the fallen angels that was a'most lost formerly, and must remain that way, Heaven save the mark, 'till the day o' judgment, and more o' them the souls o' those that arn't had enough for the great purgatory, and must be doen pience that way upon the earth—wanderen over and hether, some without air a head on 'em, and more this way an' that, until their time is expired, and others of 'em that arn't buried in consecrated ground, and more that has debts upon their souls, an' things that way."

"See what it is why!" replied the stranger, who had sidled closer up to the speaker, and before James had power to enforce the moral of his anecdote, he found himself on the flat of his back—a great bundle of hay stuffed into his mouth, so as nearly to smother him, while the foolish-looking fellow whipt out of his pocket the key of the hall-door. He could neither stir nor groan.

"Drag him o' one side out of the light," said the latter—"the boys are laying the field. Let us get into the dark until they pass. Cry out, sir, if you like, Pigs may whistle, but they have very ugly mouths for it."

They moved on, and James had the cruel mortification to see the herdsman and his companions saunter slowly along within fifty yards of them, towards their own homes—making some observations on the change which was just beginning to take place in the night. They loitered an instant about the fire, where James and his unwelcome visitors had been standing—held out their hands as a hissing sound in the circle of flame led them to suppose that the rain had already commenced—and then walked off and disappeared in the darkness, to seek a remedy in the luxury of slumber, for the weariness of the evening's pastime. James felt his heart die away within him, as their voices grew faint in the distance, for, always disposed to overrate any peril in which he happened to be placed,

he thought he had no further chance of deliverance from the blood-hounds into whose hands he had fallen.

"Here is the key, Awney," said the taller of the men; "now where are you to meet Suil Dhuv?"

"Here, dis way—near to the path, down the field—so that the horses won't miss us. Drag this gomeril after us."

While they were hauling the poor unresisting James along the ground, in that fashion which Teague, in the *Committee*, calls an Irish sedan, the thunder-storm commenced in good earnest—and the sound of horses' hoofs ringing against the hard field, was heard plainly, at a distance which rapidly diminished.

"Here dey come!" said Awney; "he told me to be before him an' try a trick o' dis kind. Little he thought we'd have it doon so aisy."

At the same instant the four horsemen whom they expected, came on at full speed, and bolted upon the footman at so perilous a proximity before they reined up, that the foremost animal sunk his hoof deep into the soil within an inch of the head of the prostrate domestic, who was unable, even by a groan, to make them aware of his danger.

"Who's there? Maney? Farrel? Well? what have you done?"

"Whist? Coom down o' your horse, and see!"

Suil Dhuv dismounted.

"Ay, well done! Awney," said he, when the latter had put him in possession of the whole of their proceedings—"Now, let me see! My lads, which of you knows Drumsacnanlon house?"

"I remember every twist and turn of it, said Awney, "since I gev de letter dat night to this nat'el on de ground." James groaned in heart at the recollection.

"Very well, Awney—since I have got the key, I will require little assistance. So do you, lads, ride hard and fast over the commons, to the Carrig-on-dhiol, for fear we miss the other prize. They must have foundered by this time."

Mun Maher and his two companions rode off, seemingly well contented.

"Maney," continued the Coiner, "take the reins of my horse, and stand close to your prisoner. And now Awney, the key, and follow me! If anything should happen, Maney, you know our signal."

They went off together towards the house, leaving James in a state of mind which may possibly be guessed at, when we say that the very gentlest idea he had of their intentions was, that they were about to set fire to the dwelling, and rob and murder every individual they found under its roof.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

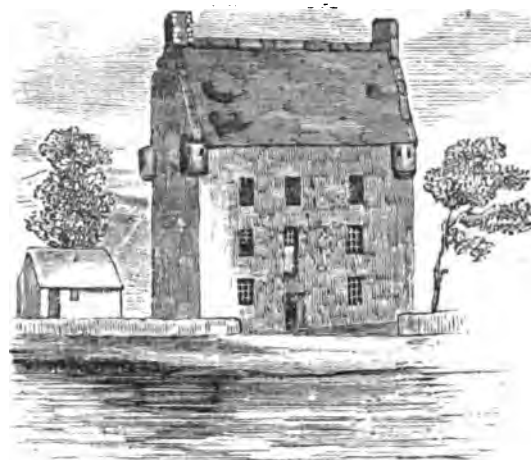
THE CREATION OF THE SUN.

HEN did the Sun ascend into the Heaven,
Monarch of day! Creation's beaming eye!
Upward he rose, in sphered majesty,
Through clouds of vermeil vapour, widely riven;
And power, and glory, were unto him given;
And earth sent up unto his throne on high
The mists of morn, as incense, joyously;
And the pale breathings of the purple even.
He looked upon the mountains on that day,
The first ascendant morning of his birth;
They doffed their cloudy crowns to hail his sway,
And the hills kindled to their heart with mirth;
Ocean, the many-voiced, heav'd in wild play,
And smil'd as gaily as the laughing earth.

WHAT IS A HUSBAND? He is, said a married lady, a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, froward, cross, gruff, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, brutish, fierce, dry, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, rugged, blustering, captious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, uppish, stern, grating, frumpish, humorsome, envious dog in a manger, who neither eats himself, nor lets others eat.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD IRELAND.

VII.—MONGEVLIN CASTLE, COUNTY DONEGAL.



MONGEVLIN Castle, the subject of the prefixed engraving, is situated in the county of Donegal, on the banks of the Foyle, about seven miles from Londonderry, and one from the village of St. Johnstown. It is thus mentioned in Captain Pynnar's Survey of the Escheated Counties of Ulster, in 1619:—"Sir John Stewart hath thrice thousand acres, called Cashell, Hetin, and Littergull. Upon this proportion there is built, at Magevlin, a very strong Castle, with a flanker at each corner."

The walls of the court-yard and gate-way, erected between the Foyle and the Castle, were standing till within a few years ago. A small stone flag, with the following inscription, was built in the arch:

I. S.
E. S. T.
1619.

This stone has been lost, but another remains, bearing the following inscription:—"The Hon. Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of John, Lord Culpeper, and widow of Colonel James Hamilton, (who lost his life at sea, in Spain, in the service of his king and country,) purchased this manor, and annexed it to the opposite estate of the family, which paternal estate itself has improved by her prudent management, to nearly the yearly income of the dower she received thereout. She hath also settled her younger son, William Hamilton, Esq., in an estate acquired in England, of nearly equal value in the purchase to this, and given every one of her numerous offspring, descended from both branches, some considerable mark of her parental care. Her eldest son, James, Earl of Abercorn, and Viscount Strabane, hath caused this inscription to be placed here for the information of her posterity. Anno 1704."

James II. stopped here for a short time during the siege of Derry; and from this place he sent proposals of surrender to the garrison, by his host, Archdeacon Hamilton.

In connection with the history of Mongevlin Castle, the fertile imagination of the peasantry has conjured up many legends. They are, however, but "airy nothings," having not the slightest foundation of truth, either as regards the events depicted, or the actors concerned.

The Earl of Abercorn derives the title of Baron Mountcastle, from Mount Castle, county Tyrone, at one period an edifice of very



considerable extent, but of which the above engraving represents all that now remains. It is supposed to have been erected in the early part of the seventeenth century. Adjacent to the ruins is a fine prospect of the surrounding country; which presents that variety of appearance, hill and dale, mountain and valley, which invariably characterizes the province of Ulster. To the west is seen the river Foyle, winding through the rich and well-cultivated parish of Clonleigh, with the numerous fine plantations and snug farm-houses appearing on its banks; and the prospect is bounded, in that direction, by the mountains of Donegal, appearing dim and indistinct in the far distant horizon.

THE LAKE OF THE LOVERS,

A LEGEND OF LEITRIM.



OW many lovely spots in this our beautiful county are never embraced within those pilgrimages after the picturesque, which numbers periodically undertake, rather to see what is known to many, and therefore should be so them, than to visit nature, for her own sweet sake, in her more devious and undistinguished haunts! For my part, I am well pleased that the case stands thus. I love to think that I am treading upon ground unsullied by the footsteps of the now numerous tribe of mere professional peripatetics—that my eyes are wandering over scenery, the freshness of which has been impaired by no transfer to the portfolio of the artist, or the tablets of the poetaster; that, save the scattered rustic residents, there is no human link to connect its memorials with the days of old, and save their traditionary legends, no story to tell of its fortunes in ancient times. The sentiment is, no doubt, selfish as well as anti-utilitarian; but, then, I must add that it is only occasional, and will so far be pardoned by all who know how delightful it is to take refuge in the indulgent twilight of tradition from the rugged realities of recorded story. At all events, a Rambler in any of our old and especially

mountainous tracts, will rarely lack abundant aliment for his thus unmodified sense of beauty, sublimity, or antiquarian fascination; and scenes have unexpectedly opened upon me in the solitudes of the hills and lakes of some almost untrodden and altogether unwritten districts, that have had more power to stir my spirit than the lauded and typographed, the versified and pictured magnificence of Killarney, or of Cumberland, of Glendalough, or of Lomond. It may have been perverseness of taste, or the unfitness of mood, or the

influence of circumstance, but I have been filled with a feeling of the beautiful when wandering among noteless and almost nameless localities to which I have been a stranger, when standing amid the most boasted beauties with the appliances of hand-book and of grid with appetite prepared, and sensibilities on the alert. It is, I suppose, partly because the power of beauty being relative, a high pitch of expectancy requires a proportionate augmentation of excellence, and partly because the tincture of contrariety in our nature inclines us to enact the perverse critic, when called to be the impartial votary. This, in common with many others, I have often felt. Rarely more so than during a casual residence, some short time since, among the little celebrated, and, therefore, perhaps a little charming, mountain scenery of the country, which either has been or might be, called Leitrim of the Lakes; for a tract more pleasantly diversified with well-set sheets of water, it would, I think, be difficult to name. Almost every hill you top has its still and solitary lake, and almost every amphitheatre you enter, encompasses its wild secluded lake—not seldom bearing on its placid bosom some little islet, linked with the generations past, by monastic or castellated ruins as its seclusion or its strength may have invited the world-weary anchorite to contemplation, or the predatory chieftain to defence.

On such a remote and lonely spot I lately chanced to alight on the course of a long summer day's ramble, among the heights and hollows of that lofty range which for a considerable space abuts on the borders of Sligo and Roscommon. The ground was previously unknown to me, and with all the zeal which novelty and indefiniteness can impart, I started staff in hand with the early sun, and as the mists had melted from the purple of their cloud-like summits, was drawing pure and balmy breath within the lonely magnificence of the hills. About noon, as I was casting about for some eminently happy spot to fling my length for an hour or two's repose, I reached the crest of a long gradual ascent, that had been some time tempting me to look what lay beyond; and, surely enough, I found beauty sufficient to dissolve my weariness, had it been tenfold multiplied, and to allay my pulse, had it throbbed with the violence of fever. An oblong valley girdled a lovely lake on every side, here with precipitous impending cliffs, and there with grassy slopes of freshest emerald, that seemed to woo the dimpling waters to their loving margins, and, as if moved with a like impulse, the wavelets met the call with the gentle dalliance of their ebb and flow. A small wooded island, with its fringe of willows trailing in the water, stood about a furlong from the hither side, and in the seat of its tangled brake, my elevation enabled me to descry what I called the remnants of a ruin—for so far had it gone in its decay—here green, there gray, as the moss, the ivy, or the pallid stable time, had happened to prevail. A wild duck, with its half-fledged clutch, floated fearless from its sedgy shore. More remote, a fisher heron stood motionless on a stone, intent on its expected prey; and the only other animated feature in the quiet scene was a fisherman who had just moored his little boat, and having settled his tackle, was slinging his basket on his arm, and turning upward in the direction where I lay. I watched the old man toiling up the slope, and as he drew nigh, hailed him, as I could not suffer him to pass without learning at least the name, if it had one, of this miniature Amhara. He readily complied, and, placing his fish-basket on the ground, seated himself beside it, not unwilling to recover his strength, and recruit his scanty stock of strength almost expended in the ascent. "We call it," said he, in answer to my query, "the Lake of the Ruin, or sometimes, to such as know the story, the Lake of the Lovers, after the two over whom the tombstone is placed in the yon mouldering walls. It is an old story. My grandfather told me, when a child, that he minded his grandfather telling it to him, and for anything he could say, it might have come down much farther. Had I time, I'd be proud to tell it to your honour, who seems a stranger in these parts, for it's not over long; but I have to go to the Hall, and that's five long miles off, with my fish for dinner, and little time you'll say I have to spare, though it be down hill nearly all the way." It would have been too bad to allow such a well-met chronicler to pass unpumped, and, putting more faith in the attractions of my pocket than of my person, I produced on the instant my luncheon-case and flask, and handing him a handsome half of the contents of the former, made pretty sure of his company for a time, by keeping the latter in my own possession till I got him regularly launched in the story, when, to quicken at once his recollection and his elocution, I treated him to an inspiring

draught. When he had told his tale, he left me with many thanks for the refection; and I, descending to his boat, entered it, and with the aid of a broken oar contrived to scull myself over to the island, the scene of the final fortunes of Connor O'Rourke and Norah M'Diarmid, the faithful-hearted but evil-fated pair who were in some sort perpetuated in its name. There, in sooth, within the crumbled walls, was the gravestone which covered the dust of him the brave and her the beautiful; and seating myself on the fragment of a sculptured capital, that showed how elaborately reared the ruined edifice had been, I bethought me how poorly man's existence shows even beside the work of his own hands, and endeavoured for a time to make my thoughts run parallel with the history of this once-venerated but now forsaken, and, save by a few, forgotten structure; but finding myself fail in the attempt, settled my retrospect on that brief period wherein it was identified with the two departed lovers whose story I had just heard, and which, as I sat by their lowly sepulchre, I again repeated to myself.

This lake, as my informant told me, once formed a part of the boundary between the possessions of O'Rourke the Left-handed and M'Diarmid the Dark-faced, as they were respectively distinguished, two small rival chiefs, petty in property, but pre-eminent in passion, to whom a most magnificent mutual hatred had been from generations back "bequeathed from bleeding sire to son"—a legacy constantly swelled by accruing outrages, for their paramount pursuits were plotting each other's detriment or destruction, planning or parrying plundering inroads, inflicting or avenging injuries by open violence or secret subtlety, as seemed more likely to promote their purposes. At the name of an O'Rourke, M'Diarmid would clutch his battle-axe, and brandish it as if one of the detested clan were within its sweep; and his rival, nothing behind in hatred, would make the air echo to his deep-drawn imprecations on M'Diarmid and all his abominated breed, when anything like an opportunity was afforded him. Their retainers, of course, shared the same spirit of mutual abhorrence, exaggerated indeed, if that were possible, by their more frequent exposure to loss in cattle and in crops, for, as is wont to be the case, the cottage was incontinently ravaged when the stronghold was prudentially respected. O'Rourke had a son, an only one, who promised to sustain or even raise the reputation of the clan, for the youth knew not what it was to blanch before flesh and blood—his feet were ever foremost in the wolf-hunt, or the foray, and in agility, in valour, or in vigour, none within the compass of a long day's travel could stand in comparison with young Connor O'Rourke. Detestation of the M'Diarmids had been studiously instilled from infancy, of course; but although the youth's cheek would flush, and his heart beat high when any perilous adventure was the theme, yet, so far at least, it sprang more from the deadly hostility that thrilled in the pulses of his father and his followers. In the necessary intervals of forbearance, as in seed-time, harvest, or other brief breathing-spaces, he would follow the somewhat analogous and bracing pleasures of the chase; and often would the wolf or stag—for shaggy forests then clothed these bare and desert hills—fall before his spear or his dogs, as he fleetly urged the sport afoot. It chanced one evening that in the ardour of pursuit he had followed a tough, long-winded stag into the dangerous territory of M'Diarmid. The chase had taken to the water of the lake, and he with his dogs had plunged in after in the hope of heading it; but, having failed in this, and, in the hot flush of a hunter's blood, scorning to turn back, he pressed it till brought down within a few spear-casts of the M'Diarmid's dwelling. Proud of having killed his venison under the very nose of the latter, he turned homeward with rapid steps; for, the fire of the chase abated, he felt how fatal would be the discovery of his presence, and was thinking with complacency upon the wrath of the old chief on hearing of the contemptuous feat, when his eye was arrested by a white figure moving slowly in the shimmering mists of nightfall by the margin of the lake. Though insensible to the fear of what was carnal and of the earth, he was very far from being so to what savoured of the supernatural, and, with a slight ejaculation half of surprise and half of prayer, he was about changing his course to give it a wider berth, when his dogs espied it, and, recking little of the spiritual in its appearance bounded after it in pursuit. With a slight scream that proclaimed it feminine as well as human, the figure fled, and the youth had much to do both with legs and lungs to reach her in time to preserve her from the rough respect of his ungallant escort. Beautiful indignation lightened from the dark eyes and sat on the

pouting lip of Norah M'Diarmid—for it was the chieftain's daughter—as she turned disdainfully towards him.

"Is it the bravery of an O'Rourke to hunt a woman with his dogs? Young chief, you stand upon the ground of M'Diarmid, and your name from the lips of her"—she stopped, for she had time to glance again upon his features, and had no longer heart to upbraid one who owned a countenance so handsome and so gallant, so eloquent of embarrassment as well as admiration.

Her tone of asperity and wounded pride declined into a murmur of acquiescence as she hearkened to the apologies and deprecations of the youth, whose gallantry and feats had so often rung in her ears, though his person she had but casually seen, and his voice she had never before heard. The case stood similar with Connor. He had often listened to the praises of Norah's beauty; he had occasionally caught distant glimpses of her graceful figure; and the present sight, or after recollection, often mitigated his feelings to her hostile clan, and, to his advantage, the rugged old chief was generally associated with the lovely dark-eyed girl who was his only child.

Such being their respective feelings, what could be the result of their romantic rencounter? They were both young, generous children of nature, with hearts fraught with the unhackneyed feelings of youth and inexperience; they had drank in sentiment with the sublimities of their mountain homes, and were fitted for higher things than the vulgar interchange of animosity and contempt. Of this they soon were conscious, and they did not separate until the stars began to burn above them, and not even then, before they had made arrangements for at least another—one more secret interview. The islet possessed a beautiful fitness for their trysting place, as being accessible from either side, and little obnoxious to observation; and many a moonlight meeting—for the one was inevitably multiplied—had these children of hostile fathers, perchance on the very spot on which my eyes now rested, and the unbroken stillness around had echoed to their gladsome greetings or their faltering farewells. Neither dared to divulge an intercourse that would have stirred to frenzy the treasured rancour of their respective parents, each of whom would doubtless have preferred a connexion with a blackamoor—if such were then in circulation—to their doing such grievous despite to that ancient feud which, as an heirloom, had been transmitted from ancestors whose very names they scarcely knew. M'Diarmid, the Dark-faced, was at best but a gentle tiger even to his only child; and, though his stern cast-iron countenance would now and then relax beneath her artless blandishments, yet even with the lovely vision at his side, he would often grimly deplore that she had not been a son, to uphold the name and inherit the headship of the clan, which on his demise would probably pass from its lineal course; and when he heard of the bold bearing of the heir of O'Rourke, he thought he read therein the downfall of the M'Diarmids, when he their chief was gone. With such ill-smothered feelings of discontent he could not but in some measure repulse the filial regards of Norah, and thus the confiding submission that would have sprung to meet the endearments of his love, was gradually refused to the inconsistencies of his caprice; and the maiden, in her intercourse with her proscribed lover, rarely thought of her father, except as one from whom it should be diligently concealed.

But, unfortunately, this was not to be. One of the night marauders of his clan chanced, in an evil hour, to see Connor O'Rourke guiding his coracle to the island, and at the same time a cloaked female push cautiously from the opposite shore for the same spot. Surprised, he crouched among the fern till their landing and joyous greeting put all doubt of their friendly understanding to flight; and then, thinking only of revenge or ransom, the unsentimental scoundrel hurried round the lake to M'Diarmid, and informed him that the son of his mortal foe was within his reach. The old man leaped from his couch of rushes at the thrilling news, and, standing on his threshold, uttered a low gathering-cry, which speedily brought a dozen of his more immediate retainers to his presence. As he passed his daughter's apartment, he for the first time asked himself who can the woman be? and at the same moment almost casually glanced at Norah's chamber, to see that all there was quiet for the night. A shudder of vague terror ran through his sturdy frame as his eye fell on the low open window. He thrust in his head, but no sleeper drew breath within; he re-entered the house and called aloud upon his daughter, but the echo of her name was the only answer. A kern coming up put an end to the search, by telling that he had seen his young mistress walking down to the water's edge about

an hour before, but that, as she had been in the habit of doing so by night, for some time past, he had thought but little of it. The odious truth was now revealed, and, trembling with the sudden gust of fury, the old chief with difficulty rushed to the lake, and, filling a couple of boats with his men, told them to pull for the honour of their name and for the head of the O'Rourke's first-born.

During this stormy prelude to a bloody drama, the doomed but unconscious Connor was sitting secure within the dilapidated chapel by the side of her whom he had won. Her quickened ear first caught the dip of the oar, and she told her lover; but he said it was the moaning of the night-breeze through the willows, or the ripple of the water among the stones, and went on with his gentle dalliance. A few minutes, however, and the shock of the keels upon the ground, the tread of many feet, and the no longer suppressed cries of the M'Diarmids, warned him to stand on his defence; and as he sprang from his seat to meet the call, the soft illumination of love was changed with fearful suddenness into the baleful fire of fierce hostility.

"My Norah, leave me; you may by chance be rudely treated in the scuffle."

The terrified but faithful girl fell upon his breast

"Connor, your fate is mine; hasten to your boat, if it be not yet too late."

An iron-shod hunting pole was his only weapon; and, using it with his right arm, while Norah hung upon his left, he sprang, without further parley, through an aperture in the wall, and made for the water. But his assailants were upon him, the M'Diarmid himself, with upraised battle-axe, at their head.

"Spare my father," faltered Norah; and Connor, with a mercifully directed stroke, only dashed the weapon from the old man's hand, and then, clearing a passage with a vigorous sweep, accompanied by the well-known charging cry, before which they had so often quailed, bounded through it to the water's brink. An instant, and with her who was now more than his second self, he was once more in his little boat; but, alas! it was aground, and so quickly fell the blows against him, that he dare not adventure to shove it off. Letting Norah slip from his hold, she sank backwards to the bottom of the boat, and then, with both arms free, he redoubled his efforts, and, after a short, but furious struggle, succeeded in getting the little skiff afloat. Maddened at the sight, the old chief rushed breast-deep into the water; but his right arm had been disabled by a casual blow, and his disheartened followers feared, under the

circumstances, to come within range of that well-wielded club. But a crafty one among them had already seized on a safer and surer plan. He had clambered up an adjacent tree, armed with a heavy stone, and now stood on one of the branches above the devoted boat, and summoned him to yield, if he would not perish. The young chief's renewed exertions were his only answer.

"Let him escape, and your head shall pay for it," shouted the infuriated father.

The fellow hesitated. "My young mistress?"

"There are enough here to save her, if I will it. Down with the stone, or by the blood——"

He needed not to finish the sentence, for down at the word it came, striking helpless the youth's right arm, and shivering the frail timber of the boat, which filled at once, and all went down. For an instant an arm re-appeared, feebly beating the water in vain—it was the young chief's broken one: the other held his Norah in its embrace, as was seen by her white dress flaunting for a few moments on and above the troubled surface. The lake at this point was deep, and though there was a rush of the M'Diarmids towards it, yet in their confusion they were but awkward aids, and the fluttering ensign that marked the fatal spot had sunk before they reached it. The strength of Connor, disabled as he was by his broken limb, and trammelled by her from whom even the final struggle could not dis sever him, had failed; and with her he loved locked in his last embrace, they were, after a time, recovered from the water, and laid side by side upon the bank, in all their touching, though, alas, lifeless beauty! Remorse reached the rugged hearts even of those who had so ruthlessly dealt by them; and, as they looked on their goodly forms, thus cold and senseless by a common fate, the rudest felt that it would be an impious and unpardonable deed to do violence to their memory by the separation of that union which death itself had sanctified. Thus were they laid in one grave; and, strange as it may appear, their fathers, crushed and subdued, exhausted even of resentment by the overwhelming stroke—for nothing can quell the stubborn spirit like the extremity of sorrow—crossed their arms in amity over their remains, and grief wrought the reconciliation which even centuries of time, that great pacificator, had failed to do.

The western sun now warning me that the day was on the wane, I gave but another look to the time-worn tomb-stone, another sigh to the early doom of those whom it enclosed, and then, with a feeling of regret, again left the little island to its still, unshared, and pensive loneliness.

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A NIGHT AT SEA.

CHAPTER III.



HIS it is, thought he, as he rode slowly toward the hall, to build upon the affection of a child. She has left me in my age. I never crossed her yet in any wish or impulse of her heart, and for that she has broken mine! Unthankful girl! Poor, fond, romantic fool! Beauchamp was right!

After all, they must be checked and sentinelled. What, gone? Drumshambo Hall will be lonesome now; for she never, never more shall cross the lintel of my threshold. Wed privately, and wed into that family, as if on purpose to add gall to her unfilial desertion. Ah! shame, shame, shame!

Riding to the village, he made inquiry at every house where she was in the habit of visiting. No one had seen her. Knocker after knocker was plied, and door after door was closed upon augmenting anguish. At the Harp and Shamrock alone he was enabled to obtain a trace. Mr. Hifle's suspicious lodger had set off in a postchaise that very day.



THE RECONCILIATION.

"He axed meself," said Jack, the stable-boy, looking frightened, "if I knew whether he could get plinty o' post horses betune this and Killarney, goin' be the new line o' road; an' I'm sure it's little I thought there was any hurt in me tellin' him he could."

"Under what designation," said Hifle, "did he importune you in regard o' the horses?"

"He toul't me," said Jack, "that he wanted them to be at the lake again to-morrow."

"I seen the gentleman myself," said a beggar, who had just then approached and leaned upon his crutch, to hear the conversation at the inn-door—"I seen him myself in a po-chay wit' a lady, an they dhruvin' for the bare life along the quarry road. The lady was in a black veil, and with crimson linin' to her cloak; but I couldn't see her face, for she was lookin' down."

The crimson lining was decisive. Major O'Brien returned to his home, to spend a night of shame and agony. Next day, the whole village was buzz-buzz from end to end. Nobody was surprised at what had happened. Everybody had foreseen it long before. Major O'Brien was more to be blamed than pitied for his weakness and indulgence. Mothers scolded their daughters, and daughters trembled to meet their fathers' eyes. Such an event had never before disgraced the annals of the village. The commotion was extraordinary. Many an innocent billet was that day

consigned to the flames, while the fair subject of general consternation was wishing that the rattling of the carriage wheels could roll like thunder, and that its speed could emulate the lightning.

Meantime, the Lieutenant entered the parlour in which his daughters were, some reading, and some at play.

"Go to your books," he cried in a voice of thunder, "you bane of the creation! Here's a pretty piece of work to-day, with your cousin O'Brien. What's that you're reading, Miss? 'Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.' Virtue fiddle-stick!"—(flinging the book into the fire, and giving the fair reader such a hint as turned her ear the colour of a rose)—"these fellows are never so thoroughly mischievous as when they begin to prate of virtue. Novels, forsooth—let me catch a novel or poem at Mizen Lodge, from this day forward. One of these fellows is enough to poison a whole community. A set of idle, scribbling scoundrels, that should be pressed from first to last, or sent to the colonies. And what harm if it were men who read them, with whom such things pass in at one ear and out at another? But you, who have got wax instead of brains, where there is no trash so light and flimsy that it does not stick. Go to your books; and take care how I find a novel or a verse among them."

The ladies retired, and the Lieutenant went grumbling to his own apartment.

Mr. Courtenay was the only person who showed on this occasion a proper philosophical firmness. He exerted himself at first to discover whether the marriage had actually taken place, and on finding that the matter was past remedy, he very sensibly began to look around for some new quarter in which he might open a fresh battery of shrubs, visits, and exotics, with some prospect of success.

Major O'Brien, to the surprise of his daughter and of all their friends, was implacable exactly in proportion to his former indulgence. He gave Eliza her fortune, but refused to hold any communication whatever with the offending parties; so that after employing all the influence in their power to effect a reconciliation, they were obliged to give up, for the present, all hope of being able to attain it.

It was not till after the birth of her second child, that Mrs. O'Connor received any token of remembrance from her offended parent. In the mean time, experience, the great instructor of the heart, had taught her to feel all the imprudence of the step which she had taken. She did not know, herself, how strong was her attachment to her father and his home, until her long separation from both had let her into the secret. She could not have imagined that the former, who loved her from her infancy with so much tenderness, could persevere so resolutely in excluding her from his house, and his long-continued alienation began at last to prey upon her health and spirits. From this time forward, all her desires were turned to a reconciliation, and devoted as she was to her husband and her children, the want of peace between her heart and home excluded every other happiness. Her wishes, however, proved entirely vain; day after day went by, and no signs of hope appeared from Drumsambo Hall.

One autumn morning, Master Harmond O'Connor (for he was named after his grand-papa) not yet two years old, was playing at their cottage door. His little sister Nancy, who had made her appearance some months before, was lying in her mamma's arms, and listening, with great placidity, to words of fondness which she could not comprehend. Casting her eyes upon the avenue, what was Mrs. O'Connor's astonishment, to observe her father's veteran servant, Adam Dobe, riding leisurely up the walk. Did he come with terms of pardon from the hall? How her heart bounded at the thought! The faithful old soldier alighted at the sight of his young mistress, and seemed moved even to tears. He would never have been weary of looking at the children. He *did* bring a message from Major O'Brien, and a trying one to both parents. Without expressing any wish to see his daughter or her husband, he proposed that they should wholly resign into his hands young Harmond O'Connor, on whom he was willing to settle the inheritance which his mother had forfeited by her disobedience. The proposal was not to be refused. In the hope that it was only the commencement of a general peace, Mrs. O'Connor embraced her first-born, and with an aching heart beheld him depart for the hall with Adam Dobe.

Not hearing any more for several years either from her parent or her child, Eliza determined on making an effort to remind the former of the feelings with which he once regarded her. Her husband had been for a long time urging her to leave the neighbour-

hood, in which they could remain no longer with safety to the future circumstances of their still numerous family; and it was his anxiety to depart that screwed her courage to the attempt, which she could otherwise have hardly brought her mind to venture on. The incident may appear a very homely one, but it is too well known to our neighbours to be altered with impunity in any of its circumstances.

Major O'Brien (be it known to the universe) had, what is called at the dinner-tables of New Auburn, a *partiality* for fresh trout, which, when prepared under his daughter's superintendence, was indeed his favourite dish. One morning Mr. O'Connor brought in a fine one, which he had taken in our lake. The idea occurred to Mrs. O'Connor of sending it as a present to her father. Perhaps he would receive it! Perhaps the remembrance, all trifling as it was, the associations which it would awaken, might melt the iron heart, and make it run over with pity and forgiveness for his offending and repentant child. He might remember the time when he would not have tasted it if it had been prepared by any other hand, and he might long once more for the cheering voice, and bright and happy smile, that shed sunshine on their lonely meals. She fancied, while the tears rolled down her cheeks as she placed it in the neat willow-basket, between layers of the fresh grass, that she already saw the messenger returning, with words of comfort and of love—that she heard her father's voice inviting her to come home and prepare the feast with which she had furnished him, to be once more his darling and the light of his old age.

When it was ready, Jacky Donovan, still as wild and as ragged as ever—a straw hat, without either leaf or crown, upon his head, and his feet unincumbered by either shoe or stocking, was charged with its conveyance to the hall.

"You need not tell him from whom it comes, you know," said Mrs. Connor, in a gentle tone, "until he asks you."

"Oh! I'll engage I won't, ma'am—not a word."

Major O'Brien was in the act of issuing from the hall-door when Jacky Donovan, with the basket in his hand, made his appearance on the gravel plot, and stood waiting at a respectful distance. The Major, who seemed, in the years that had passed since Miss O'Brien's departure, to have doubled all that went before, did not for a time observe him. His frame was dwindled down to an extraordinary thinness, his face and carriage had lost the blustering hilarity which was once their characteristic, and thought and care were evident in his looks, his movements, and the accent of his voice.

"Adam," he said, turning to the old servant who followed him from the hall, "take Mr. Harmond out to ride, and take care he doesn't get the reins into his own hands; no good ever came of that in any sense."

Adam Dobe withdrew.

"Come here, come here," the Major continued, beckoning the messenger with his cane; "what have you got in that basket? Hey! a trout—and a fine one too. No matter—cover it up—times are changed."

He leaned on his crutch, and gazed with a melancholy eye upon the ground. So long did the mournful reverie continue that Jack, who had too much shrewdness to interrupt it, was tired of kneeling by the basket, in which the speckled fish lay yet exposed.

"Hey! are you there yet?" cried the Major, suddenly awaking from his dream. "Take it away—take it away—I have no business of it."

"I thought your honour would take it," said the boy.

"Well—well, if you desire it, carry it into the house—though a mouthful of it would be heavier to me than lead; they'll find some use for it within, I dare say. Here—here's some money for you—"

"Oh, please your honour, I was bid not to take any money."

"Bid! why, who sent it then?"

Jack looked downward as if at a loss, then brought his tattered hat from behind his back, looked all round it as if he expected to find his answer written on it, and at length, restoring it to its former position, looked earnestly in the Major's face, and said:

"Why, then, 'twas one your honour knows well, an' that's Mrs. O'Connor."

The Major seemed stunned; he was affected by the incident, which he now thoroughly understood, and the cane trembled beneath his weight, as he endeavoured to suppress all appearance of emotion; but the mountain of hoarded anger in his breast was not to be dis-

placed by a single shock. The stern and resentful mood returned at length, and waving his hand two or three times, with an air and tone that showed too plainly he was not to be prevailed upon, he said:

"Take it back to her—take it back."

When Eliza, who had spent the interval between praying and looking out for the return of her messenger, perceived that her present had been rejected, she sought her husband and said with a spirit-broken air:

"I am ready now to go with you where you please, for all hope is at an end; he has hardened his heart against us."

Soon after, without further incident, they left the neighbourhood, where they were neither seen nor heard of for more than a dozen years. Meanwhile, Major O'Brien, weary of his country residence, which he feared would grow at last too lonely for his resolution, went to reside in —, accompanied by his grandson.

It was on the twentieth birth-day of the latter, that a regatta was appointed to take place on the noble river which flowed through the city in which he dwelt. On the day before, the populous establishment of Mizen Lodge was thrown into commotion by the appearance of Nash, Mr. Harmond O'Connor's servant, with a note of invitation to young Henry Beauchamp, offering him a berth in the yacht, if he had any wish to see the sailing. Accordingly, he set out on the morning before the regatta, after being dressed up by half a score of his yet unmarried sisters, in the very zenith of the fashion. In spite of all his father's care, young Beauchamp had contracted a fault, which a single word may render familiar to the eyes and mind of every Irish reader. Before we mention that obnoxious word, it may be right to give him all his praise. He was an obedient son, and as attentive and gentlemanly in his deportment towards his sisters as if he were not their brother. He was cheerful, and unassuming in company—danced a quadrille with as much care as if he were discharging a duty—and he had, for aught his practice showed to the contrary, a religious and well regulated mind. But he had one fault—he was a *country dandy*—what the wits about our neighbourhood call "a very nice young gentleman, for a small tea-party." But with the exception of this fondness for an awkward imitation of city fashions, Henry Beauchamp had not a fault that you could name.

Behold him, then, with feelings of mounting anticipation, on the high road leading to the city, a spirited blood horse beneath him, and the prospect of an ardent welcome from his city friends to cheer him on the way. Behind him, in a lively compound of the footman and the sailor, rode Nash, Harmond O'Connor's servant, who had brought the invitation to Mizen Lodge.

"And so you say, Nash," said the youth, resting the knuckles of his right hand upon the knee, so as to let the elbow project with an air of *sans souci*, and the silk lash of the delicate riding whip ascend at angle of seventy-five above the horizon—"so you say yachting is all the fashion now in —?"

"Iss, sir," said Nash, gathering up his chin as he answered with a spruce and smart accent, "a new figary, sir, that has taken the jettlemen. Nobody is seen at a race-course now, sir, much less at a cock-fight. Not'n but a *jot* now, sir, goes down wit de jettlemen."

"And Mr. Harmond is very fond of it?"

"Iss, I declare, sir. Oh yes!—more especially since the other jettlemen, in compliment of his spirit in winning so many cups, made him one o' the stewards this year, in preference to people that thought themselves of greater consequence. I declare Mister Henry, I think he'd live and die aboard the *jot*. 'Tis the only fau't the Major has to lay to him, an' he does all he can to cure him, but to no purpose. He can't refuse him the money when Mister Harmond asks for it, although he's flinging it faster down the river than his grandfather ever received it. An' then as for books or business, or anything else, sorrow one ha'p'orth does he mind, high or low, since he took to the *jotting*. And what harm if it was only the expense, but he never goes aboard that the Major doesn't wish him good-bye, as if he was never to see him more. I declare, sir, sometimes, when he does be talkin' of the Erin, as he calls her, you'd think he was out of his mind. But there, Mr. Henry, there's the fleet an' all for you."

They had by this time arrived at the summit of a hill, from which a noble prospect opened on their view. Before them was the city, with its populous streets, its spires, and pinnacles. On one side was the spacious river, where a dozen vessels of pleasure, distinguished

from the other shipping by their light and graceful equipment, were riding at anchor, with pennons flying at the masts and shrouds. The strand and quays adjoining were alive with boatmen, ship-carpenters, young gentlemen in blue frieze jackets and check shirts, superintending the workmen, in addition to the customary population of a city river-side. Giving a shake to his horse's reins at this animating sight, young Beauchamp trotted briskly forward. As he entered the city, his eye was caught by a placard posted against a dead wall, bearing the attractive title of the "— Regatta," and comprising Harmond O'Connor's name amongst the list of stewards. It was already noon, and the flags, from one extremity of the street to the other, were crowded with promenaders; young ladies in every fashion which had figured in the metropolis for the last five years, flanked by officers of the garrison in undress, or idle gentlemen of the town, seeming witty to all, perhaps, but those who were near enough to hear what they were saying. To Henry Beauchamp, who had spent all his life in the country, and knew no more of the city than what he had read in "Holinshed's Chronicles," there was little in the scene before him to correspond with his chivalrous historical associations, or with the records of Spartan valour, which are contained in the annals of the place, and which made him look on the inhabitants with a species of veneration, as if he expected to find a Kildare in every dandy, and a Margaret Fitzgerald under every Leghorn bonnet. Here a young gentleman, whose shape bore a nearer resemblance to a tailor's block than it did to the Apollo Belvedere, strode solitary and carefully down the street, as if he had been employed by the man of thimbles to exhibit an exquisite dress at so much *per diem*. Here another, with hat thrown gaily on one side, and a mass of hair sufficient for a helmet's crest on the other, turned laughing to a party of ladies, and switching his cane by his side remarked that "the sky seemed to threaten a change," with an air that made it appear to distant spectators as if he were giving utterance to one of the best things in the world. And here a conversation passed between a drawing-room window and an open carriage, which gave to the public a great deal more information concerning the affairs of the speakers, than they might have found in the mirror of fashion. Our "country dandy" viewed his brethren of the town with a species of consternation. He wore no ringlets—his bust was more the shape of a human being than of an inverted sugarloaf; he felt as if everybody's eyes were fixed upon himself, and every glance detected something ridiculous in his appearance. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief that he alighted at a hall-door which bore the name of Major O'Brien, and gave his horse to Nash, while he intimated, by a modest knock, his desire to be admitted.

From this time every step, and every sight and smell, was a subject of amazement. Smell, we have said, for a marine store could scarcely have emitted an effluvia more strongly impregnated with the odour of pitch, tar, and resin, than did the fashionable residence of Major O'Brien. Adam Dobe, who, in addition to his mixture of military and domestic costume, had now superadded a sailor's jacket and check shirt, received him at the door with a look of the deepest caution.

"You're welcome, Master Beauchamp," he said in a whisper, "hush! hush!"

"Is there anybody ill, Adam?" (in the softest whisper.)

"Hush! hush!" said Adam, laying his finger on his lips, and gathering his brows, while he pointed in silence to the stairs.

Supposing that either the Major or his cousin must have met some serious accident, Henry Beauchamp trod softly up the carpeted stair, making many reflections on the vanity of human pursuits, and more than all of human pleasures. Beneath, he saw a hall hung with water-proof cloaks, south-westers, fearnoughts, etc., and a handsome painted blind, half drawn up at the window on the first landing-place, gave him a view of an extensive back yard, with a gate-way opening to the river. In this he beheld some newly finished sails hung out to dry, a pot of tar simmering over a wood fire, and a number of oars, spars, blocks, and various articles of rigging scattered on the ground. Ascending higher, he was met by the old Major, now grown white with age, and propped on a crutch as he stood waiting to receive him before the open door of the drawing-room. He too had a finger laid upon his lips, as if to preclude discourse. It is poor Harmond, then, thought Beauchamp, that has suffered.

Major O'Brien gave him his hand in silence, and led the way to

the drawing-room, whither he was followed by his visitor; the latter emulating, as closely as he could, the noiseless movement of the Major's crutch and carpet shoes.

"You are welcome to town," said Major O'Brien, in a whisper; "have you breakfasted?"

"Oh, yes."

"You had a warm ride. How are your father and sisters?" (Still in a low whisper.)

"They are all quite well, sir."

"Did Nash put up your horse? He is very careful. You needn't be afraid of him. This is your first trip to town, I believe, Henry?"

"It is."

During all this time, Beauchamp was looking round for some clue to this mysterious silence. He was afraid to ask for Harmond. The window-blinds were down both in the front drawing-room and in another apartment, if that could be called a second room, which was separated from the former only by a pair of folding doors. Through the open arch, young Beauchamp soon beheld an object which set his doubts at rest. It was the body of Harmond O'Connor, whether wholly lifeless, or nearly so, he could not tell, extended on a sofa in a sailor's dress, and faintly distinguished in the diminished light. Beauchamp was sadly shocked.

"There he is," said Major O'Brien, still in a whisper, observing the eye of his nephew fixed with a look of grief upon his grandson—"there is the fruit of yachting."

"How did it happen, Major?"

"As all the disasters that yachting ever brought upon him hitherto. It was in vain that I always spoke to him, that I represented to him the frivolous, not to say culpable nature of such pursuits, risking life, lavishing expense, wasting precious time, and all for the sake of such baubles as those," (pointing to some prize cups which stood upon the sideboard.) "I have been doomed to feel revived in him the pangs his mother gave me. At five this morning the yacht arrived at the anchorage, and there he has lain since."

The Major leaned forward on his crutch, and Beauchamp, wishing to direct his attention from thoughts which seemed to give him pain, said:

"I have heard many assert that, after all, yachting is of some service; that it has the same effect in forwarding the very arduous art of ship-building, that racing has in improving the breed of horses. If we owe it to Newcastle and Doncaster that the English race-horse excels the Arabian in fleetness, why may not the fashion of yachting enable us, at some some future day, to claim the glory of possessing the swiftest vessels, as well as the bravest sailors in the world?"

"My deary Henry," said the Major, "let those amuse themselves in improving the art of ship-building who are able to afford it. Harmond never could. I am almost beggared by his pitch and tar, and the inevitable consequences of such pursuits—betting and dissipation—of time, I mean, for, thank heaven, it never went farther with him, but that is bad enough."

At this a low murmur from the dead man made Beauchamp start aghast upon his chair.

"Steady, my darling, steady!" cried Harmond, as he turned upon the sofa. "Now, Nash! mind the foresheet! there, she comes round, the pet! haul taught! that's it—belay—look to your jib!"

The Major lifted his hands.

"There 'tis—there 'tis for you," he exclaimed; "at it even in his dreams! Not even in his sleep will he be content to spend an hour upon dry land! I talk of the expense and dissipation—yet even that is not the whole of my affliction. No—no, I could be content to see all go to ruin, as I know it surely will, if not in my lifetime, yet most assuredly when he has Drumshambo Hall in his own hands—for never, never will he be brought to take care of his estate; but this is not the whole of what I have to fear—oh, no!—I am also tormented with the terrible conviction that his yacht will be his death, that some morning or another I shall hear of his body and the staves of his detestable cockle-shell being washed ashore together, somewhere between our city and the Heads."

"Closer to wind!" exclaimed the sleeper, with an anxious tone, "closer to wind, or the Puffin will leave us to lee-ward! That's right! that's it—there she runs ahead—now for it—now for the flag-boat—now, Nash, or never!"

"This sleep," said the Major, "cannot do him much good. I will wake him up to speak to you, since he is making no better use of his time."

"Now, Nash—mind your hand—don't let the Seagull get inside us—success, my darling—never mind—Nash, back your foresail! there she spins about! Ha! scoundrel!"

At this instant the Major laid his hand on Harmond's arm. The latter sprung from the sofa, and collared his grandfather with the left hand, while with the right he continued to act as if managing his yacht.

"—How durst you touch my hand?—Nash, haul your foresail taught—belay!—Ha!—What!—Who's this?—Where am I?—Where's the Erin?—Grandfather!"—(he gazed around the room)—"Oh, bless me, 'twas a dream!—I thought I was on board the Erin in a race. Ha! Harry—so you got my note—how are you?—how are all the ladies?—your father, and Amelia?—All well—that's right—I like to hear it—right before the wind. Harry, I'm glad you came—'twill be a noble match. Well, grandpapa, how are you? What, trembling on your chair as usual? Up until one in the morning—starting at every noise, and fancying it your hopeful grandson's knock—then down again desponding in your seat, and listening to every breeze that shook the window-frame—as if it sung his dirge; was it not so that yesternight was passed?"

"Ah, Harmond—Harmond!—that yacht will be the death of you!"

"The death of me! The darling!—She has saved my life a thousand times. Where would I have been the night of the storm in September last, I'd like to know, if it were not for her?"

"You'd have been in your bed, where you ought to be, you mad-cap."

"I'd have been at the bottom of the river. There was not a boat but herself that could live five minutes in such a gale."

"You forget, you foolish rake, that if it were she brought you out of the danger, it was she brought you into it."

"Bless you, no, grandpapa, it was I took her into it."

"It is all one. If she be not your death, she will be your ruin. Must everything be given up for that piece of painted timber? Education neglected—talents misapplied—abilities that might enable you to be of service to your dependents and your country frittered away upon a good for nothing plank—"

"A good for nothing plank! Come, I like that. The Erin, that has won five cups, a good for nothing plank!—Come—that is good!"

"No pains—no prudence—no care taken to prepare yourself for the management of a property. If there were no other evil than the mere waste of time, I do not know, Harmond, how you can reconcile it to your conscience. All time here is given us, as our land and gold, for use, not for abuse—for thrift, not unthrift. What you are to inherit from me might enable you, with moderate diligence, to render a whole district of a county prosperous and happy. What you have inherited from nature might, with the same degree of cultivation, assist in raising the character of your native land, and in promoting her advantage. Whereas now—Eh? What in the name of wonder is he after now?"

While the Major made this speech, young O'Connor, absorbed by the idea of the coming gala, had placed a chair in the centre of the room, and, with an abstracted air, described around it the course which he proposed adopting on the following day.

"The Puffin"—he said, in a fit of musing—"the Puffin we shall leave behind with ease—and the Kelpie also—the Seagull is the only one I fear—she ran us hard enough in spring—Ah, sir, I beg your pardon—you were speaking—?"

"I was—I might as well be speaking to the mast of your yacht. Will nothing put sense into that head?"

"Oh, sir, what should we both want with it? Time enough for me to look for sense when I have an estate to mind—and that, I hope, (laying his hand upon his grandfather's shoulder,) is as many years distant yet as I have hairs upon my head."

"Ah, but it isn't, you rogue—and you know it isn't. No, Harmond, you are shortening my days, and you know you are."

"Your days, sir! you are stouter at this moment than I have seen you look these ten years back."

"Ah, no—indeed I am not—and 'tis all your fault, and the fault of that villainous boat. Come hither, Harmond—now promise me, my boy—come here—now promise me you will give up this yachting. Don't turn away and shake your head, but promise. That's my good lad! Now, will you sell the yacht?"

"Ah, sir, you never saw the Erin in a stiff breeze."

"You will sell her, won't you?"

"To see her—(oh, 'tis a sight for an emperor!) on a fresh autumn day with all her canvas spread, and a whole gale of wind setting in from the nor'-west!"

"You will sell her, Harmond, won't you?"

"—With a fine swell roaring on her windward bow, ahrouds like harp-strings, singing in the wind, and a luff like the tremor of a summer lake, just whispering 'close enough to wind,' to the broad and full-swollen mainsail. And then the ecstasy to see a rival on the course before, while we skim the breakers like a gull. What vessel, Nash? The Seagull! Is it she? Come, then, dear Erin!—Up with the jib!—Away!—Now, blow ye winds—blow strong—there—there she gathers away! Ha! there she dashes back the saucy brine—hold on! hold on!—we have her the next tack—the world to nothing—hold on, my darling!—Nash, the foresail!—there she spins about—blow, breezes, blow—our gunwale sips the foam—all hands to leeward!—there, she gains upon her!—how are you? how are you? Any commands to the west?—Closer to wind—there, there they go—close—side by side—an egg-shell would be crushed between—the Erin scooping every breath of wind from her canvas, and leaving her with mainsail flapping on the lee—there—there—we run ahead—good-bye! Will you take a tow?—Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!"

And laughing, and suiting the action to the word, as if he were really acting the scene which he described, he retreated as he spoke, waving his hand in triumph to his grandfather, and running down stairs.

"After him, Harry, for pity's sake," exclaimed the Major—"was ever such a water rat? I dare swear if he were anatomised, you would find him fish to the very spine. The contest of wind and water has the same effect on him that they say the moon at full has on a lunatic's brain—it sets him crazed beyond self-government—after him, Harry—and strive to let him catch a little of your prudence—but, alas! that is not a tenth so contagious as his folly. I must let him keep the yacht; for, I do believe, if the wind sung loud in his ear, and he had no other means of courting danger, he would take old Molly's washing-tub."

"My grandfather," said Harmond, to young Beauchamp, as they gained the street together, "my grandfather wonders that I am not more attached to home, and yet what does he do to make me so? It is true, he has loaded me with favours, and means, I believe, to load me with much more; but, oh, good Harry, that lonesome—lonesome house! Why, man, I should die of the vapours if it were not for the Erin, that he abuses. Nature gave me friends and family, parents and brethren, ay, and sisters too (though I have never seen them in the compass of my memory,) and he debars me from their society. To gratify a useless, and a worse than useless inveteracy of resentment, he continues to shut me out from the most innocent, yet to me the most desirable earthly enjoyment that can possess the heart of man—the society of natural friends."

"Is it long," said Beauchamp, "since you have seen your mother?"

"So long that even the outline of her figure is but faintly impressed upon my memory."

"Why not steal a visit to them? What is the Erin good for, if she will not carry you so far?"

"Long since I would have done so, but I do not even know their residence, though I have often striven to learn. It is something, at all events, to know that they are comfortable—though that is all I can ascertain."

"And is the Major so inveterate still?"

"'Tis wonderful—past belief. He has even thrown out many hints that the property shall come to me, saddled with the condition that I am to perpetuate the exile which he has imposed upon his daughter."

"That's hard."

"You are better off, Beauchamp. You have always lived amidst your family."

"Why do you muse?"

"The cause is so astonishing, that I think you will hardly credit me when I reveal it."

"Come here, and I will tell it you in private."

They were by this time walking in one of the principal streets of the city, when Harmond drew his friend into a confectioner's shop, at the door of which a number of officers of the garrison in undress,

and some exquisites of the town were standing, talking and laughing aloud, and seeming to have no weightier business on hand than that of catching nods from the fair promenaders who passed by, or flinging halfpence into the street for the pleasure of seeing the beggars scramble for them in the gutter.

"I am not superstitious," said Harmond, as he drew his friend after him into a small alcove behind the shop, and took a seat at a little table where some light refreshment had been laid as a lure for idlers—"I am not superstitious, and yet I am afraid that what I have to say will make you think me so—I have heard of the German double-goer, and the Irish fetch, and I believe in neither, although I have seen my own."

Beauchamp gazed on him.

"Yes," he continued, "I have seen my Dromio. I saw him two days since, as like myself in figure, face, and hue, as I am to my shadow in that mirror. I saw him first at the — race-course—you know I kept a racer before I got the Erin—he won the sweepstakes from me by a neck; I saw him afterwards at a steeple-chase near your neighbourhood—there I beat him, but he was close behind me. I saw him again in a billiard-room, behind this very apartment, where he beat me once again—(I am indeed but an indifferent gambler)—and last of all I saw him two days since, as I have said, upon the quay."

Henry Beauchamp turned round, and looked upon his friend as if he apprehended that something had occurred to derange his wits.

"I assure you," said Harmond, "that I speak a serious truth."

"My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music."

If he intend, as I suppose he does, to take a part in the regatta, to-morrow, I am determined to solve his mystery, whatever it may be."

On the following morning, at the first glimpse of day, Harmond O'Connor was at young Beauchamp's bed-side.

"Up, Harry, up! or you will lose the tide, it is on the turn already; a spanking gale from the west, and most of the hands on board the fleet already. I'll go before, and see all ready for you."

Beauchamp arose. While he dressed in haste, Harmond softly opened the door, through which he should pass into his grandfather's room, and from thence into the lobby.

"Now for nice steering," he said in a whisper, as he looked back on Beauchamp; "I must not wake the old gentleman, or I shall have half-an-hour's lecture on the advantage of a double reef."

He closed the door, and crept on tip-toe over the carpet, yet not so softly but he woke the watchful Major.

"Who's there?"

"'Tis I, sir."

"Harmond, my dear Harmond, where are you going?"

"To the regatta, sir, of course."

"What sort of a day is it, Harmond?"

"A fine fresh morning, sir."

"Ay, I know what you mean by a fine fresh morning; put back the curtain—mercy! why 'tis blowing a storm! Surely, Harmond, you don't mean to go out to-day?"

"Indeed I do, and to win a cup to-day."

"Harmond, is there anything that could induce you to give up this wretched amusement, as you call it, that makes my life one unvarying round of torture?"

Harmond paused for a little time, and then answered in a serious tone—

"There is, sir, one thing."

"Name it, and it is yours, if you say the half of what I possess."

"Recall my mother."

"Ha!"

"Recall and forgive my parents, and restore peace to a family, that your resentment only tends to keep divided and unhappy."

The Major sat up, and leaned for some moments against the head of the bed.

"Never!" he exclaimed with vehemence; "never, while I breathe! and it is daring in you to mention the name of—she is your mother, so I shall not wound your ears with what I was about to say."

"She is your daughter, too, sir."

"She is—she was my daughter; sir, it is bold of you to use

the liberty I gave you thus. She was my daughter. From her very infancy I doated on her—I gave her all she sought—I never (would I had!) I never thwarted her by word or act—I trusted in her gratitude—her love, as freely as a child could do in the affection of a parent—and she forsook me. Never while I exist will I forgive her."

"Not forgive her, sir! Oh, sir, you surprise me; such a word as that comes very ill from so gray a head as yours. Sir, if she were a stranger to your blood and name, and had inflicted on you the deepest injury, it would be your duty to forgive her. But she is not a stranger to your blood—she is not your enemy—she is your child—your daughter—your only, and once your loved one—and she has never injured you—never designedly injured you. My mother, sir, may have been rash—she may have been unwise—but I am sure she loved you—and I am sure, wherever she is, she loves you still. Oh, sir, let no one have to tell, that he has heard an old man say, that he never would forgive his daughter."

"Boy," said the major, "you take up a hasty and unintended phrase. I do forgive Eliza; I declare, in the presence of our common parent (and that is not a trivial invocation,) that I have no resentment towards her in my heart; but recall, receive her as of old, I never will!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

REJECTED.

LOVED her dearly; she knew it well
For, when on the Continent,
She wrote me an answer, neat and precise,
To every letter I sent.

I didn't expect that she'd pip her "i's,"
Or carefully cross her "t's,"
For the best of women will overlook
Such bagatelles as these.

When mine grew warm, her notes grew cold,
And she piped in another key,
She signed herself, "y'rs, truly, dear Sir,"
I — everlastingly!

But so it went on; and she came home,
To talk of Balzac and Sand,
And vow in the best of imperfect French,
That she hated the vulgar land.

She had learned to frown and to say cross thing,
To hope that I didn't smoke,
To tell me canary-colored gloves
Were out of fashion; I spoke

Of the bright old days, but she bit her fan,
And said with some discontent,
That since she read Fichte, she was sick
Of my mawkish sentiment.

Then I grew silent—affecting—fool!
Le grand seigneur, in turn,
Hoping to conquer her keen disdain
By being taciturn.

She only said she regretted much,
"That person" had lost his tongue,
And laughed out one of those vile stage laughs
Of which Victor Hugo has sung.

One midnight at Lady Humdrum's route,
She said it was rather warm,
And wished I would promenade round the room,
"And would I give her my arm?"

"And heart too, Elly," I said and sighed,
And I blushed like a rose in June,
(Or something like that,) "A jelly she'd have,"
And, "would I fetch her a spoon?"

'Twas cutting I knew, but I obeyed,
And, sitting beside her, thought
Of our sweetheart days, ere her little heart
In the trap of the world was caught.

I chanced it—I did—I told her all,
I whispered it in her ear;

And she turned to me with a—"Did you say,
But fifteen hundred a year?"

I said I hadn't a sixth of that,
Her answer synonymed "bosh;"
I took my tooth pick, and trifled awhile,
And saw that 'twould never wash.

So I rose and handed my darling girl
To Alderman Marrowfat,
Gave half a crown to John in the hall,
And, having unpawned my hat,

I took my way. But a week ago,
(How fast the years go bye,)
I saw her and him in Clarendon-street,
(She grew most enormous!)

And they chaffed for mutton. I hung my head,
With a shame that I could not still,
But I blessed the fate that left me alone,
To breast the tide and the hill.

A WATERY SUBJECT.



HY is it that of the whole surface of this globe, we may consider that the three-fourths are covered by water, and that only one-fourth is in a condition to be permanently inhabited by human beings? Is there any great object in nature served by this? Is there any law of nature which would prevent the proportion being one-fourth water to three-fourths land, or even less water? In fact, what, after all, is the great use of water upon the large scale in nature?

First of all, although three-fourths of the globe are now covered with water, there is no reason to suppose that it has been always so. On the contrary, it is quite certain that the proportion between land and water has changed very much and very frequently; that the whole continent of Europe was at one time the bed of an immense sea, when probably there was a great continent where the Pacific Ocean is now spread; that even Old Ireland was once not merely what Admiral Yorke wished her to be, forty-eight hours under water, but probably many thousand years in that condition; and that the great tract of limestone which occupies all the centre of the country, is nothing more than a collection of the skeletons of shell-fish; her first inhabitants, which by time and pressure, have been converted into the hard material of which we build our houses, and which we burn into lime. There is thus no particular reason why there should be three times as much water at present as land, but it is easy to show that water on the great, as well as on the small scale, is of paramount importance in nature.

Water is a portion of the food of all living beings. In the case of animals, the bodies from whence they derive nutriment are so varied and so complex, that to illustrate the peculiar part which water plays in each, would occupy too much space. In all our drinks, even in ardent spirits, there is a very large quantity of water, and our solid food very seldom contains less than nine-tenths of its weight of water. The living body is even less solid. A man weighing 150 lbs. would, if perfectly dried, weigh not more than 10 lbs., the other 140 lbs. being water. It is to the existence of this quantity of water that we owe to the elasticity, the softness, and pliability of the different portions of our frame, the animal tissues being, when dry, hard and brittle as dry glue.

The nutrition of vegetables furnishes a beautiful and simple example of the use of water in nature. The body of the vegetable, the proper wood, may be considered as being composed of water and of charcoal; and hence, when we heat a piece of wood until we decompose it, the water is expelled, and carbon or charcoal remains behind. In order to grow, a plant must, therefore, get water and charcoal in a form fit for its use, that is, in such a form as it can make food of, and digest them. For this, the carbon is supplied in the carbonic acid which the air contains, and the water in the state of vapour which the air contains also, and which is continually descending, under the form of dew and rain, to moisten the leaves and the roots of the

plants, when it has been absorbed into the ground. All the water which is absorbed by plants is not assimilated, or digested; a great part is again thrown out by the surface of the leaves; for, precisely as the air which an animal expires from the lungs in breathing is loaded with vapour, so is there a process of perspiration from the surface of the leaves, which are the lungs of plants. For the formation of substances which are peculiar to certain plants, other substances are required as food; thus, most plants require nitrogen, which is accordingly furnished abundantly in atmospheric air; others must have access to sulphur, in order to flourish; but this depends, as it were, upon particular branches of manufacture in which the plant is engaged; for its own support, for making wood, and the tissue of its leaves and vessels, it uses only water and carbonic acid.

The conversion of water into steam or invisible vapour by boiling, is one of the best known facts in science; but, by a little attention, we can observe that this change takes place at almost all temperatures, although much less rapidly. Thus, if a little water be laid in a plate, it is soon dried up, and wet clothes, by being hung up in the air, are very soon completely dried. Even below the temperature at which water freezes, it still evaporates; and thus, when a fall of snow is succeeded by a continued frost, the snow gradually disappears from the fields without having melted, evaporating while yet solid. From the surface of all the water of the globe, therefore, there is continually ascending a stream of watery vapour; but as the proportion of sea is so much greater than that of land, we may look upon the ocean as being the source of the watery vapour of the air upon the large scale.

Now, watery vapour is lighter than air, and hence the vapour, as soon as formed, ascends in the air like a balloon, until it arrives at a part of the air which is of its own specific gravity. The air in these higher regions is extremely cold, and the vapour can no longer maintain itself under the form of invisible steam: it is condensed, and would immediately fall back to its source as rain or hail, but for a singular property which it acquires at the moment of being vapourized. When water evaporates, it becomes highly electrified, and could attract a feather, or other light bodies, like a stick of sealing-wax which has been rubbed briskly on a woollen cloth. Now, the vapour which passes off is electrified also; and while in this state of electricity, it, on arriving at the colder regions of the air, cannot condense, to form liquid water. The minute particles of the water repel each other too violently, in virtue of their electricities, to form drops, but they constitute the great loose collections of clouds which diversify so much the appearance of our sky. The clouds being thus highly electrical, and being very light, are attracted by the tops of mountains and high lands, or by elevated buildings; and, giving off their electricity, the particles of water coalesce, to form drops which descend as rain. In this country the air is so damp that in general the discharge of the electricity of the clouds takes place quietly and silently; but in summer, and in dry climates, it produces the vivid flashings and injurious effects of the lightning, and the re-echoed rattle of the thunder-clap.

When water is cooled, it diminishes in bulk like other bodies; but at a particular temperature it deviates from the general law of contraction, and by doing so, becomes, perhaps, the most striking example of providential design that is to be met with in organic nature. Cold water is specifically heavier than warm water, in consequence of the contraction it has undergone, and hence will sink in it, as water would sink in oil. Now, if we consider the surface of a lake exposed to the cooling action of a wintry wind, the water which is first cooled becomes heavier, and, sinking to the bottom, is replaced by the warmer water, which floats up to the top; there is thus a current established of cold water descending and of warmer water rising up. This continues until all the water in the lake has been cooled down to the temperature at which its specific gravity is greatest, which is about 40 degrees, or about eight degrees above the point at which it begins to freeze. The action of the cold wind continuing, the water at the surface is still further cooled; but now, in place of contracting, it expands—instead of becoming heavier, it becomes lighter, and remains floating upon the surface. It is then still further cooled, and finally, its temperature being reduced to 32 degrees, it freezes, and a layer of ice is formed on the surface of the lake. This ice, and the cold water next to it, are impermeable to heat; it actually serves as a blanket to the water at 40 degrees which is below, preventing the escape of the

heat, and retaining it at that temperature, sufficient for the purposes to which it is subservient; for at the temperature of 40 degrees, the life and enjoyments of all the various tribes of animals and vegetables which reside permanently under the surface of the water are perfectly secured, at least for a very considerable time; the water holding dissolved a quantity of oxygen for the animal respiration, and the vegetables living on the carbonic acid which is formed by the respiration of the fish. (On the approach of spring, the warmer air, and the rays of the more elevated sun, act directly on the surface of the ice, and each portion of water formed by melting, becoming heavier, sinks, so as to expose the ice itself to the source of heat. Thus the ice is rapidly dissolved, and after a few days the lake throws off its wintry aspect altogether.

Now, if water did not possess this peculiarity of being heaviest at the particular temperature of 40 degrees—if it contracted according as it was cooled, up to the moment of freezing, as almost all other liquids do, what would be the result? The cold wind acting on the surface of the lake, and the water becoming heavier by being cooled, the circulation would continue until all the water had been cooled to the point at which it freezes. The ice would then form indifferently in all portions of it, at the bottom and in the centre, as well as on the surface; and by the continued action of the source of cold, the wind, the whole mass of water in the lake would be frozen into a solid block of ice. The watery sap in the vessels of the aquatic plants, the blood in fishes and other animals inhabiting the water, would be equally frozen, and all these living beings consequently killed. Further, on the approach of summer, by the first heating action of the air and sun, a layer of ice, of a few inches thick upon the surface, would be melted, but the water thus produced would, by being impenetrable to heat, prevent the great body of ice below from being affected. Just as, in reality, the cold water at the surface prevents the warmer water below from being cooled, so then it would prevent the colder ice below from being warmed; and hence the heats of summer passing over without the melting process extending beyond a few feet in depth, the first cold days of the next winter would solidify all again.

In every country, therefore, where at present water is frozen at all in winter, we should have there established the reign of perpetual frost. By the presence of such large masses of ice, the temperature of the ground would be so much reduced, that, in place of the rich herbage of our meadows, and the luxuriant produce of our corn fields, we should have our country yielding a scanty support to wandering herds of deer, in the mosses and lichens that could be scraped up from beneath the snow. The oaks, the beeches, the horse-chestnuts, which give such beauty to our sylvan scenery, would disappear, and the monotony of wilderness of the Scotch fir and of the spruce would be varied only by patches of stunted birch. The countries nearer the tropics would be gradually brought into the same condition, by the depression of their mean temperature; and thus, in a short time, after water had ceased to possess this peculiar property, the whole surface of the globe would be reduced to the condition of which we now happily only read in the tales of the arctic voyagers; and all commerce, manufactures, and civilization, would be banished from the earth. Of such value is this little peculiarity of water!

A property of water, which, however, unlike the former, it shares with all other liquids, is, that when it freezes it gives out a large quantity of heat; and that conversely, in order that ice may melt, it must obtain, from some other source, a quantity equally considerable. Consequently, water freezes and ice melts very slowly; and that it should melt thus slowly, is of essential importance in animated nature. If in spring or summer, when vegetable life is in activity, when the development of leaves, of flowers, and fruit, is at its greatest energy, and all the vessels of the plant are distended with its nutritious juices, were it suddenly exposed to cold, the sap would be frozen, and by the expansion of the ice the vegetable tissues torn to pieces, and the plant killed. In the thin extremities, as in the leaves, such is the effect of the frost of a single night; but as the fluids, yielding but gradually up their latent heat, solidify very slowly, the injury does not extend so far as to be beyond the remedial powers of the plant itself. In another way, however, the peculiar latent heat of water is of still more importance. If there was no large collection of water on the globe, the change of seasons would be amazingly more rapid and more remarkable than they at present are. A change in the direction of the wind, the alteration

which a few weeks should effect in the position of the sun, would transfer us from the depths of the severest colds of winter to the summer heats. These colds and heats would also be much greater than they at present are, and an approximation to this actually occurs in countries far distant from the sea. The central districts of Europe and of Asia have what are termed continental climates to distinguish them from ours, which is called insular. Their summers are hotter, their winters are much colder, and the spring and autumn seasons of passage, which with us might be said to occupy most of the year, are in those countries of only a few weeks' or even a few days' duration. In fact, when on the cessation of summer the first cold winds tend to bring on the winter, and to bind up our lakes in frost, the first portion of water frozen becomes, by giving up its latent heat, a source of warmth which tempers the chilly air, and retards its action on the remainder. The water freezes thus, very slowly. The vegetables and certain classes of animals, feeling the cold of winter thus gradually coming on, prepare to meet it without injury. The motion of the sap in the one, that of the blood in the other class of living beings, becomes slower, and, dropping its leaves and fruit, the tree retains but its firm trunk, within which its energies are preserved for the ensuing season; whilst the hedgehog, the viper, the frog, and other animals, retire to their hiding-places, and, in a state of almost lifeless stupor, remain until the warmth of the succeeding spring calls them to renewed existence.

In the formation of the insular climate which we possess, another power of water, however, equally or perhaps more influential, can be traced. There issues continually from the ocean at the equator, as the earth revolves, a current of water considerably warmer than that which bathes our shores. This current, becoming sensible first in the Gulf of Mexico, is called the Gulf Stream; it passes obliquely across the Atlantic, floating on the colder water of the ocean, which tends in a direction nearly opposite to replace it, and thus diffuses over the coasts of North America and Europe the heat which it had absorbed within the torrid zone. The northerly winds, which would bring down a sudden winter on us, are therefore tempered by passing over the warmer surface of the ocean; whilst the hot winds from the south, which, on the approach of spring, might make too premature a change, expend, in passing over the great expanse of sea, a portion of their heat; and thus the transition in both directions is rendered more gradual and harmless.

These are but a few of the important duties which are allotted to

water in its place in nature. It in other respects presents an equally interesting subject of examination, and it is one to which we shall return. From its value as the great agent of nutrition to the vegetable world, and the necessity of a supply of it to animals; from its power in modifying the appearance and structure of a country, changing land into sea, and elevating banks where deep water had been before, the philosophers of old looked upon water as the origin of all earthly things, as being above all others the element of nature. It is not so: water is not an element.

DERRY.

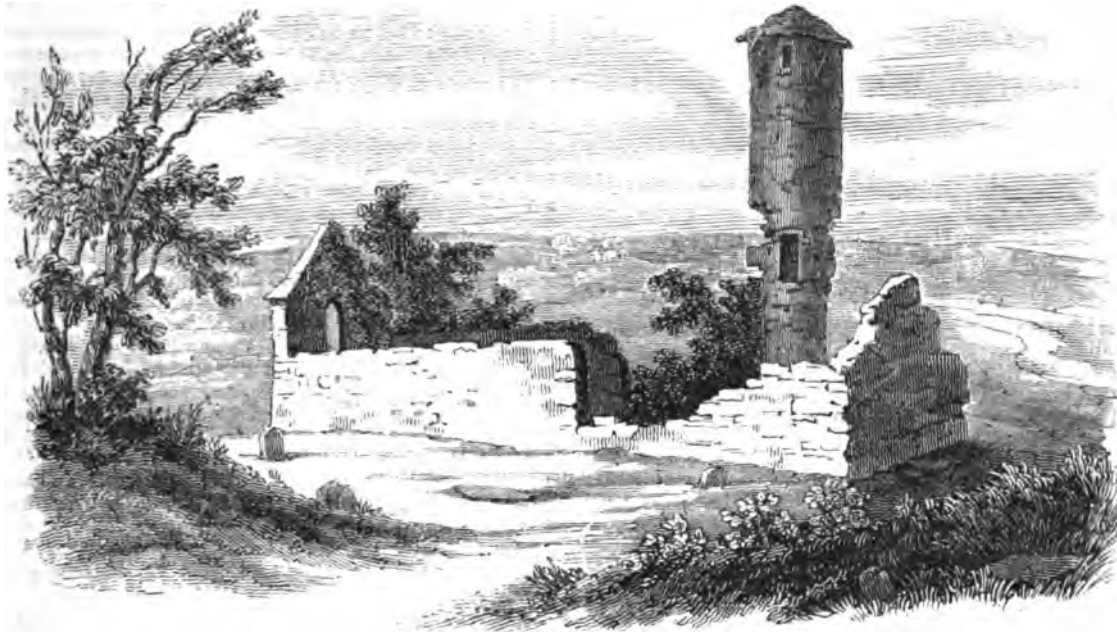
In the beginning of the seventeenth century Sir Henry Dockwray founded the city of Londonderry, from which time it was esteemed a place of considerable importance. During the various sanguinary events which darken the page of Irish history, it underwent many mutations of fortune, but into the events which led to those, or the results, it is not the province of this journal to enter.

From no other place that we know of can so just a conception be formed of the manner in which the chief towns and cities throughout the country were fortified in former times—as the walls, which are rather more than a mile in circumference, though built in the year 1617, are still in a good state of preservation; and the gates and bastions still present much the same appearance as they must have done at the time of the siege. The walls, which form a noble terrace, and are now the great promenade for the fashionables of the city, consist of a thick rampart of earth, faced with stone, and flanked with bastions—a para-

pet breast-high running round them. They are from fourteen to thirty seven yards in breadth, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. Within the walls are four main streets, the centre forming a kind of diamond or square, and at the termination of each a massive archway and gate, similar to that represented above, to two of which portcullises were attached.

The view of the city of Londonderry from a little distance is extremely fine. From the magnificent sweep which the Foyle takes around it, it appears as if standing on an island, completely separated from the mainland. It is built on a hill—on the very summit of which stands the Cathedral, with its towering spire, and being surrounded with high battlemented walls, has the appearance of a regular fortification.





TRUMMERY ROUND TOWER.

SOME very interesting monuments of antiquity, situated at Trummery, county Antrim, are represented above. The west gable of the church a few years since was almost entire; in it was the only window the edifice possessed, having a high pointed arch. The door was near the centre of the south side, as a broken choked up archway clearly demonstrates. A few feet of the east gable only remain. Behind the gable, at its junction with the corner of the church, rose the tower, a cylinder of graceful proportions, about sixty feet high, crowned with a cupola. There were two great entrances into the tower—the first, a low, narrow, strong archway of red freestone, opening on the south, through which was the entrance to the church; at the east gable a door led into the tower. The second entrance or doorway was directly over the archway.

In the adjoining townland, at a short distance, was the Fort of Inialochlin, which commanded the oft disputed pass of Kilwarlin; it is said this fort was garrisoned by an army in 1641. Tradition says, those troops, bringing some field pieces to an adjoining eminence, beat down the church; from the situation of the tower there was no possibility of escape, consequently a great breach was made in the side next the church, but only in the outer half of the tower wall. Nature, as if willing to hide the breach from the eye of the curious visitant, bestowed on it a luxuriant covering of ivy, which gave it a truly romantic appearance. Upwards of thirty years since some person wantonly destroyed the roots of this "ascetic" plant, as a modern poet has styled it, and this once venerable monument of antiquity became a mass of ruins.

SUIL DHUV, THE COINER.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A QUARTER of an hour elapsed, during which James suffered a degree of the torture of the poor man, the story of whose fortunes had betrayed him into a forgetfulness of his own personal safety, and and whom, for his innocent agency in his misfortune, James was once or twice inclined, notwithstanding his Christian principles, to wish in a worse place. His agony of suspense, however, was only changed for that of despair, when he beheld Suil Dhuv returning in haste with the form of a female in mourning, which he was not long in recognising, hanging on his shoulder, stretching her hands back in silence, towards the house, and struggling violently, but very vainly. When they came near, he perceived the occasion of her silence. A heavy cotton handkerchief was tied over her mouth.

"Loose the gag now, Awney," exclaimed Suil Dhuv—"nobody, will hear her squalls now. Stay, I'll do it myself." And setting down his wretched prey, he slipped the knot of the handkerchief, as the turgid and blackening face and staring eye of the prisoner advertised him of the necessity of using some expedition. The instant the obstruction was removed, a shriek, as wild and piercing as female terror ever uttered, burst from the disfranchised throat, and died away in the horrid gurglings of suffocation, as the ruffian, startled by the sound, gripped the poor girl's throat hard, cursed, swore at her, and even had the brutality to clench his rough fist, and raise it as if to strike her on the face.

"Come, gi' me the horse here, Maney. Be silent, I warn you, if you value your life!"

"I do *not* value it, ruffian!" she exclaimed, renewing her cries for assistance—"I will not stir! Stand back, coward and villain that you are! Oh, have I no friend in hearing? Am I quite deserted? Oh, Heaven, hear me!"

"Here, put this loody about you, miss, and be quiet, that's what you'll do," said Suil Dhuv, attempting again to force her on the horse, while the animal becoming restive at the fearful sounds with which his ears were assailed, increased his difficulty and his impatience.

"Lilly Byrne!" exclaimed the exasperated Coiner, "do you remember the note that warned you from the sally grove. It is the same friend that wishes to save you now."

"I want no friendship like this. If danger threatens me, let me meet it by my mother's side—let me perish under my own roof. I will not stir from this! I will not go with you!"

"You shall, by —!"

"I will not stir! Help, Heaven! Oh, Heaven, do not forsake me now! Oh, my Lord, whom I have served, must this happen while your lightnings are about me? Oh, hear me, my last and first friend! Do not forsake me; strike the ruffian—or strike me from his horrid grasp. Ha! help—I am heard. They are coming—help—help!"

Heaven did hear her. A horseman dashing furiously toward them through the heavy rain intercepted the flight of the Coiner. It was Robert Kumba. He sprang from his horse, and called in a loud voice on his enemy to stand. Lilly, recognising him, with a cry of joy, ran towards him with outstretched arms.

A bullet from the holster pistol of the Suil Dhuv was swifter in its course than she. The space was empty where she should have found her lover, and, before she could distinctly comprehend the accident which had occurred, the arm of the ruffian had again encircled her waist.

Again she renewed her cries of fear and agony, and again they were heard and answered. The thick and husky voice of a man was heard at the upper end of the field, fulminating a volume of threats at some person who obstructed his passage, and who, by the fierceness and loudness of her shrieks and entreaties, showed that Lilly Byrne was not the only female sufferer in the affray. At the same instant James succeeded in liberating himself from the trammels in which Maney had bound him. He started to his feet, threw his arms out from his shoulders as if to assure himself of his recovered freedom, then, by way of an introductory feat to the exploits which he meditated, he clenched his fist, capered into the air with a "Hoop! whisk!" and descending with the whole weight of his person upon the gaping and astonished gold-finder, bestowed him a blow on the temple that speedily rendered him indifferent to the whole affair.

While he paused, a little awe-struck by the elevated pistol of the Suil Dhuv, the strugglers in the dark approached more near. The Coiner grew pale and red by turns as he recognised the voices.

"The very graves will give up their dead to save you after this," he exclaimed. "I believe you're unarmed. No matter. It was well I took care of the pistols and ammunition. Up! in spite of —"

"Drag—tear her from me!" roared the Palatine, calling to James, who was hurrying towards them, "she would abet the murder! Let free my arms! Look! He is on horseback! he's gone!—escaped!"

"Do not go!—Oh, mercy!—husband! fly! have mercy on me! I will not quit him, ruffian!" The woman continued, struggling wildly, as James tore her from the old man and hurried her away to a distance from the place—"Oh, my good man, Heaven will bless you, and let me go and separate them? They are my husband and my father! Heaven bless you, and do! Heaven bless you and—You villain, let me go! They will murder each other!—Father! My father! Have mercy on me, father! Run! run for your life, Denny, honey, run!"

Before the first sentence of this speech was uttered the two enemies had confronted each other in silence. A pale, grim smile, which showed more ghastly in the reddish light of the now subsiding fires and the momentary flashes of the lightning, showed the deadly satisfaction the old man felt in the encounter. The hatred of his antagonist was no less apparent, but there was a degree of quivering insecurity about the muscles of his face which signified that the encounter perplexed at least as much as it gratified him.

"I thank Heaven, Macnamara, we are met at last," said the old man. "Give up that lady, and come with me, quietly."

Suil Dhuv elevated his pistol, sheltering the lock cautiously with his hand; but having only one shot remaining, he felt that it would be more prudent to husband it. "I do not want your life," said he; "stand o' one side, and let me pass."

"I warn you to stand back," said the old man. "In the name of the king, whose laws you have broken, I arrest you for a prisoner."

"You had better not mind it," said his enemy.

"Villain," continued the Palatine, "your hour is come. I took you into my house and into the bosom of my family, when the whole world besides had cast you off, and the gratitude you showed me was to render my condition as desolate as your own. I have hunted you out to bring your deeds home to your door—and the Almighty has delivered you into my hands at length."

"Yes," replied the ruffian warmly—"you took me into your house, to thrust me out again more destitute than ever. You threw temptations in my way that man could not resist, and beggared me for yielding to them. When I left your house, I had done you no injury—your benefits I had paid with my labour—I sought to do you none—I lived an easy life with my brother, and might be living with him still, if you and yours had not risen up against us to divide and persecute us. Ye murdered him among ye—and ye left me without a friend in the world. Take the fruits of your labour! You ruined me—I hated you—and I hate you still—but I am satisfied with the revenge I had—I tell you again I do not want your blood. You have but a little to spare, and if you'd keep that little, you'll stand aside and let me go my ways."

"Daring and hardened wretch," exclaimed the Palatine—"you may well say you have been satisfied. If blood was wanted to content you, you have had enough."

"Come—come," said Macnamara impatiently "I don't understand you, but I have no time to bid you explain your meaning."

"Advance at your peril?"

"What rasin have you to me, Mr. Segur? I tell you 'tis better to let me go."

"No reason, certainly," exclaimed the old man—"give me back the old blind man you murdered first—and then give me my daughter—and you may go your ways in peace."

"Oh—poh! how do you know I had any call to the dark man—and as for Sally—sure there she's westwards in the fields; take her, and welcome. Keep out o' my way now, I'd advise you. Ha! ha!—Oh, if you think it's *that* I mind!" checking his horse, as the Palatine presented a pistol, and gathering the now insensible Lilly closer to him, as he prepared to set his foot in the stirrup.

"Poor, duped, deceived wretch!" cried the Palatine—"once more I bid you stand—Advance, and you are a dead man!"

"Poh—fire and—"

The oath was never finished. The old man discharged his weapon, and darted forward to prevent a return of the fire. The horse at the same instant reared back on its haunches so as to entangle the foot of the rider in the stirrup, and then plunging furiously forward, dragged him along the ground until both were out of sight. The young lady was snatched from beneath the very feet of the terrified animal, as they were about to descend upon her, by James; while the Palatine and the remainder of his party, who only now rode up, hastened in the track of the flying animal, with lighted faggots in their hands. They found the wretched man lying on his back on a heap of stones (some of which were smeared with blood and battered flesh), gasping in the agonies of death. He waved his hands and outstretched fingers before his face as the dazzling red-light of the crowded torches flashed upon his eye-balls. A frightful convulsion, first of terror, and then of hate, passed over his countenance, as the Palatine passed through the strong light and gazed down upon him, after which the working of his jaws grew more painfully stiff and difficult—his person writhed in agony—a shivering passed through his limbs—the death foam oozed over his teeth and lips—the spirit, that seemed to cling with a desperate consciousness to its clay, as its last hold, was forced abroad to encounter the ruin it had earned for itself—and the book of its mortal crimes and sufferings was closed and sealed for the judgment.

The silence which the fearful death of the murderer had imposed on the party who accompanied the Palatine, was unbroken for many seconds. They gazed on the shattered body and on one

another, as if the extreme horror of the occasion had left them unable to form an unassisted conjecture on the course which should be pursued. The old man was the first who spoke.

"My part in this deed," he said, handing the discharged pistol to Mr. Cuthbert, who had just then ridden up, "may be called in question. I am your prisoner, and ready to answer for what I have done. Cover him! cover him! in mercy," he added, as one of the men stooped down apparently with the intention of removing the body—then flinging his own great coat over it, while he averted his eyes in strong dislike and compassion blended—a feeling which the pitiable appearance of the unhappy wretch, who had, but a few moments before, stood erect in the daring and dreadful defiance of desperate guilt, could not but excite even in the bosom of those whom he had most deeply injured—"I never, before this hour," the old man continued, "drew one drop of blood, knowingly, from the smallest creature the Almighty ever endowed with life—and I like not the look of this well enough to believe that I can be tempted to a second trial. If my human passion," he added, uncovering his head in the rain, and looking upward, "has had too large a part in the action which I have done—may He forgive and pity me."

"Why should you be uneasy?" said Mr. Cuthbert, "there was no other course left, and you only made justice certain."

The old Palatine shook his head, and replaced his hat upon his brow, while the remainder of the spectators raised the body for the purpose of removing it to the house of the nearest cottager.

Slowly, and in silence, they took their way toward Drumsclanton. They could perceive, by the rapid manner in which the lights passed from window to window, that the confusion, occasioned by the occurrences of the last hour, had not yet subsided. The flagged floor of the hall was wet with the dripping of hats and great coats, and two or three of the guests, heedless of the pelting rain which still descended, were engaged in whispering consultation on the gravel plot outside. As they passed the kitchen door, they heard the voice of James Mihil, who, in the attitude of a Demosthenes, was employed with all his might in haranguing one of the Coiner's accomplices, the only one whom they had succeeded in apprehending.

"Indeed you never'll pass the next assizes, so you may make your mind aisy. Indeed, the hangman'll make his perquisites (perquisites) o' you, so he will."

"Don't be botherin' me, I tell you again, you fool."

"Botherin' you, indeed! I wondther is it I or the hangman that'll bother you most, you daaran villian, to lay hands on the young missiz. An' that intricket little sprissawneen (small fellow) that put the gag upon my mouth, what look we had not to lay hold of him! Fool, inah? I wondther is it yourself'll look most like a fool when I'm readen your last speech on a bit o' whitey-brown paper, in the Irish town, an' you catten capers above on Gallows-green, with a hampen cravat about your neck, as proud as a paycock, spaken to nobody."

"I whist," said the prisoner, "if I did my mother's bidden this evenin, I wouldn't be where I am now. He's a fool that refuses the mercy of Heaven when it is offered him—but it's too late to speak about it now."

Mr. Cuthbert here broke in upon the dialogue to inquire after the wounded Kumba and Miss Byrne, who were both attended in separate apartments—and neither of whom had yet fully recovered from the insensibility into which their sufferings had cast them. During the few weeks that were suffered to pass away, before the former was sufficiently restored to bear a removal to his own house, no communication more direct than an inquiry at second hand, passed between the friends—and Kumba left the home of his mistress, without even the ceremony of a formal parting.

This heroic forbearance was prolonged for many years, during which, the character of the young "middle-man" appeared to have undergone a perfect change—a change which communicated itself to his circumstances, and to the property which he held. The dwelling-house gradually put on a more civilized appearance, the stones which covered the grazing land were removed and appropriated to the more advantageous use of fences and boundaries. The cattle began to look more sleek and comely, better pleased with themselves and with the world around them. The barn and granary groaned beneath their burthens, the stroke of the flail was heard incessantly throughout the autumn, and the grating of cart-

wheels over the well-gravelled avenue scarce ever left the ear at rest throughout the day. Notwithstanding all the hints that were dropped in his hearing, of the satisfaction which these improvements had given in a certain quarter, Kumba was careful to abstain from anything that could indicate a premature anxiety to revive the memory of departed hours, and he even chose, on Sundays, to attend a chapel which was near three miles from his residence, rather than hazard a renewal of the distractions, which his presence at the parish place of worship had in old times, so frequently occasioned to another as well as to himself.

Lilly, whose pure and gentle heart would have been content to find its sole worldly enjoyment in hearing of the happiness of one whom she loved with so disinterested an affection, was more pleased than grieved at this privation, and felt herself repaid for all the self-denial by the accounts which daily reached her (under the form of sly jokes and hints from witty visitors) of Kumba's welfare—and by an occasional exclamation from James, thrown out in an accidental way, of "what a fine man Master Robert was ridden into a fair in a mornen!"

Alas, for human nature! alas, for friendship! alas, for all that is sincere, and honest, and benevolent!—it would be, we fear, a mournful and humiliating task for the philanthropist, to analyze the motives even of the most seeming amiable actions that pass around him, and discover how few are affectionate, how few generous, how few are compassionate, how few are humble, even of those who act the parts, and imagine themselves to be what they appear. Our best friends, says a modern aphorist, have a jealousy even in their friendship, and if they hear us praised, will ascribe the commendation, if they can, to some interested motive. We appeal to the reader, whether he has not frequently found through life, that the most disagreeable intelligence has often reached him through the medium of his kindest and most sympathizing acquaintance—and whether, in the fulness of an extatic heart, when he sought that same kind friend, for the purpose of communicating to him a piece of sudden good fortune which he had experienced, he has not often been met by some chilling doubt, some friendly cautious hint, which has humbled his vain heart, and

"—though that his joy were joy,
Yet threw such changes of vexation on it
As it might lose some colour—"

and showed him, at the same time, that the friends whose sorrow went before his own in the hours of despondency and disappointment, yet lingered far behind him in the sympathy of gratulation. We shall not stop to calculate the number of those whose generosity might safely undergo a test so severe, and perhaps, so uncharitable.

Neither shall we examine whether the worthy Mrs. Hasset was one of the many whose benevolence passes current and unsuspected, even by themselves; or whether she were influenced by any other impulse than that which she herself believed to be the sole motive of her conduct; a feeling of unalloyed good-nature and neighbourly kindness; when, arming herself against the inclemency of a mistling April morn, in cloak, pattens, and hood, she took her early way to Drumsclanton, to communicate and condole with the old lady and her daughter, on what she conceived to be a very heart-rending piece of news.

"A moist, soft, mornen, it is, Ma'am," exclaimed a voice that was familiar to her, as she slipped off her pattens on the steps of the hall door. "Herself is in the kitchen garden, westwards, walken with Miss Lilly; but I'll run an' call her to you, Ma'am."

"Do so, James. How is she?"

"Ah, then, only poorly," James replied, leaning on the end of the hoe with which he had been clearing away the grass tufts from the gravel plot, and tossing his head with a mournful significance. "The deafness is growing worse with her, an she can't knit, nor do a ha'porth, the eyesight is so bad. They got a sort of a little po-chay for her, a thing like a chair for all the world, only wheels—with wheels to it, so as that I draw her about a piece every mornen—but I fear it's all no use. They got new spectacles too, in place o' the eyes; but when our legs, an' our ears, an' our eyes are going from us, in course o' nature, the art o' man wouldn't make us new ones."

Having pronounced this profound apostrophe, James hurried towards the garden, while Mrs. Hasset adjourned to the parlour,

where she occupied herself, until James's return, in regulating the furniture, whisking the dust from the chimney ornaments, and lecturing the housemaid for her negligence.

The lady of the mansion was, in the meantime, seated with her daughter in a small thatched summer-house in the garden. Age and sorrow had laid a heavy and visible hand upon her frame; and it was with some difficulty that even Lilly Byrne could at all times succeed in awakening her attention, so as to arouse her from the lethargic state into which the wasting of nature's resources had reduced her.

"Come, now, you must walk, mother," said Lilly, passing her arm beneath that of the drooping lady, and lifting her from the rustic seat; "the rain is over, and the sunshine will do you good. Only as far as the sun-dial and back again——"

They proceeded along the walk, the old lady leaning on her daughter, and supporting herself on the other side with the gold-headed oak stick, which had for many years been the companion of her husband's walks. The change which had taken place in the person of her daughter was also considerable. Her shape, though less pliant and sylph-like, had more of the majesty of womanhood about it, her step was firmer and more easy, and her features, less delicate of tint than in her early days, were covered with a peaceful serenity that told of conquered sorrow, and the unruffled calmness of a resigned spirit; like a battle field over which returning peace had thrown her mantle of rustic quiet and abundance, without concealing the graves of buried hopes, and vanquished passions, that gave a sombre interest and solemnity to its loveliness.

"What was it the visitors said yesterday," Mrs. Byrne inquired, in a faint tone, "that made you all laugh, Lilly? You have not told me that yet, though I asked you three times."

Lilly looked confused and hesitated, and her mother, by a feeble, melancholy smile, showed that she understood the cause of her embarrassment.

"I'll not ask you, Lilly," she continued, speaking with difficulty. "I understand he is greatly changed. I wish I could see you happy with him, Lilly, before I die."

Before her daughter could reply, James had entered the garden. The talent of this domestic did not lie in a very perfect discrimination, and it was a fault which involved him in many a gentle *fracas* with his "young mistress," that he could at no time govern his voice to the proper tone while addressing Mrs. Byrne. He knew she was deaf, and, once convinced of the necessity of speaking aloud, and being wholly unacquainted with the effect of his own voice above a certain familiar key, his gentlest communications frequently operated on the nerves of the old lady with the influence of a galvanic shock. At the present moment, while she was looking with some faint slyness of eye on the changing countenance of her daughter, he approached her, unperceived by either, and placing his lips close to her ear, thundered into it, "Misthris Hasset, ma'am, that's wanten you, av you please."

Both ladies turned suddenly, and beheld James standing with his usual earnest gaze fixed upon them.

"I often spoke to you about that, James," said Lilly—"One would think you took a pleasure in startling my mother. Tell Mrs. Hasset, your mistress will feel obliged by her walking into the garden for a few minutes."

"I will, Miss."

"Take a pleasure!—Ah, fie! Miss Lilly, I didn't think you'd say that at all. I'm heartbroken with it for a story; what am I to do at all? If I speak small, I'm toul't to speak up, an' if I speak up, I get crossness. Well, I'm going, Miss—'twas unknownst I done it. To the garden, I'll tell her?" and away he strode, humming to himself the popular distich,

"The finest diversion that's under the sun,
Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done."

In a few minutes the ladies were joined by their good-natured visitor, who, after the usual ceremonies of greeting had passed, proceeded, with a face of deep condolence and satisfaction, strangely yet visibly blended, to unburden her heart of its freightage of bad tidings.

"You have not heard the news?" she said, glancing at the eyes of both her auditors in turn.

"What news?"

"Well, I'm glad you have not yet heard it, for I was on them for fear some thoughtless person would have blundered it up to you, without any preparation. You, I am sure, Lilly," she continued, "have too much good sense to let it take hold of your mind."

Lilly paused for a few seconds while she looked upon the now serene and cloudless heavens, and then turning upon the communicative lady an eye as lightsome and as smiling as the blue expanse itself, she repeated her interrogatory.

"Robert Kumba," said Mrs. Hasset, dwelling on every word with the distinctness which the importance of the occasion warranted. "Robert Kumba is going to be married!"

"What is it Mrs. Hasset says, my dear?" said Mrs. Byrne to her daughter.

"She says that Mr. Kumba is going to be married," ma'am," replied the latter, smiling, and adapting her voice more judiciously than James had done to the condition of the aged widow's auditory powers.

"Yes," Mrs. Hasset continued, a little annoyed by the perfect equanimity with which her distracting intelligence was received by the party she considered most interested, "I always suspected that it was not for nothing all those fine alterations were taking place about his farm. It was only yesterday evening I learned that he had proposed for Miss Jemima Blaney. She is a pretty girl, indeed, and has a nice ready-money fortune, but I know where Mr. Kumba might have a better choice. However, that's past and gone, now. If not a better, at least a fairer and more honorable one—that at least I will say. But youth—money and youth are everything with the men in these days—girls begin to be looked upon as old maids now, at an age when they would be happy to suffer to go into company in my time."

The conversation was again interrupted by the entrance of James, who now approached them with a double proportion of importance and astonishment in his look and manner. Not forgetful of his former error, he now communicated his intelligence to Lilly, in a whisper which was not lost upon the quick ear of Mrs. Hasset.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "How sudden!"

"Not altogether so," said Lilly, endeavouring to command the agitation that made her frame tremble; "he wrote to me a few days since, and we appointed this morning to receive him."

"Well, I rejoice most sincerely at it, indeed—and I will not stay to encumber you with my presence—for I know how I felt on these occasions myself, in my young days—when poor Hasset—ah, well, good morning, Lilly, I'll not detain you"—then, turning back as if struck by a sudden thought—"it would be as well, perhaps, if you said nothing of that report, as it happens to be false—and it would only annoy that poor young man. Some malicious person has set it afloat, I dare say, to make us uneasy."

As the good lady left the garden, she was met by a gentleman in black, with a long skirted coat and slashed sleeves, a cravat neatly edged with the finest Flanders lace, a periwig of reasonable compass, surmounted by a small glossy hat, clocked silk stockings, and square-toed shoes, with neat small buckles—all, in fact, that could be esteemed characteristic of gravity and respectability united. He bowed to Mrs. Hasset as he passed, and entered the garden in some trepidation and anxiety.

"It is a bad sign to go a wooing in mourning," said the lady, shaking her wise head as she gazed after him. "I hope no harm will come of it."

The stranger, in the meantime, passed from the garden to the summer-house, in which Lilly Byrne and her mother were expecting him. Even his manly heart began to fail him when he caught the first glimpse of their mourning drapery through the scanty foliage of the spring boughs. The sorrows of the past—the afflictions, which his own wantonness had occasioned, rushed back upon his memory in a dark and overpowering torrent, and unnerved his resolution. Some slight motion in the arbour, however, recalled him, presently, to a sense of the necessity of self-possession; and, quickly arousing himself from his depression, he walked forward, without risking the return of his evil recollections by a second pause.

It was an embarrassing meeting to all parties—for the will must always remain in a state of embarrassment where the judgment

and the affections are at war, and neither can indicate the extent to which the other ought to be indulged. Nature, however, generally asserts her own right to dictate on such occasions.

Kumba, with his eyes cast down, had commenced a confused and hesitating speech about his "gratitude for the indulgence which—" when suddenly abandoning himself to his natural feelings, he flung himself with a burst of grief at the feet of the young lady, and exclaimed—"I cannot do it!—Oh, Lilly—Mrs. Byrne, say that you will forgive me?"

The tears of the penitent did not fall alone. Miss Byrne was compelled in her agitation to seek from her mother the support which it was her wont to afford to the old lady, while she exerted herself to recover some degree of calmness.

"Let us not distress my mother," she said, at length—"our answer to your letter must have shown you that our hatred was not inveterate. Ah, Robert," she continued with a smile—"we have both had cause enough to learn the wisdom of forgetfulness. Here is my hand. Let us talk no more of the past, I am glad to see you."

In this position of affairs, we may be pardoned for suffering a veil to fall over the group, as we fear, with all his benevolence, the reader would feel little interest in following the parties through the peaceful and unruffled history of the fortunes of their latter days.

In less than a year after this occurrence, our little heroine, Lilly Byrne, was rewarded for her constancy and her endurance. Robert Kumba was once more received as a welcome guest at Drumsanlon, and once more took his place at Lilly's work-table. Again Lilly resumed her stout flowered-silks, her cheeks recovered her bloom, and verified Mrs. Hasset's prediction that she would "forget all before she was twice married."

Mr. Cuthbert, unhappily, never recovered his money, but he had the satisfaction of lodging Maney in jail for the swindling. Mr. Shine (though at the evident risk of his own reputation) undertaking to appear in corroboration—and also of razing to the ground the hold of the gang, and telling the whole story (with no other variation than that he took care to make himself the hero of the night) once a year at Drumsanlon, when he came for Lilly Kumba's full bounds again the fair of Cork.

"I declare, miss—ma'am, I mane, and I ax pardon for the mistake," said James, as he wished the bride joy after the ceremony had passed, "I declare I had soom then inwardly, you see, that always told me this would be the way of it in the end—" and here he gazed at arm's length upon the gorgeous favour which enveloped his own hat. "To be sure, I was greatly frightened that night—but, says I, taken heart, what hurt? Av they don't burn the house, we'll get help in time, please Heaven; and I took care they shouldn't do that, for I made the thatcher put a big bit o' the *luserathocaun* (house-leak) in the thatch, so as av they were setting fire to it from this until to-morrow morning 'twould never light, any more than the stone wall itself."

A short space may suffice to tell the fortunes of the remaining characters of our history. The unhappy father, disappointed in all the expectations with which he returned to his native land, and unwilling to live in the ruined cottage where every object reminded him of some perished friend or vanished happiness of his youth, returned with his widowed daughter to Germany, regretting from the very core of his heart, the thirst of gain which had induced him to commit to the uncertain keeping of a stranger the charge of his domestic affections—affections which he knew not, until they were thus blasted, to have been so necessary to his peace of mind.


His daughter followed him willingly. From the moment of her husband's death, she never once uttered a complaint, never once upbraided he father with the part he had acted in the scene which we have just detailed, but seemed anxious by her resignation and her affectionate devotion to all his wishes, to blot away from his remembrance the record of her early disobedience and ingratitude.

In this she was very successful, and both lingered out the remainder of their days with as much quietude of spirit, as those who have nothing left on earth to wish or hope, can experience. They never spoke of home or past times—but their hearts had been too sorely smitten to permit them to seek refuge in the formation of new attachments from the memory of the old and lost. Their life was lonely, therefore, though peaceful.

The tale of SUILL DHUV owes its origin to an incident related in an old Magazine, which fell into the hands of the writer, at an early age. A traveller in a lonely part of some country or another, stopped to dine at an inn on the road side, and afterwards resumed his journey. Towards midnight, his horse having lost a shoe, he knocked at a blacksmith's forge, to have the evil remedied. The latter grumbled much at being disturbed, at such an hour, but was silent when the traveller handed him a guinea for his trouble. Touched by this liberality, the blacksmith bade the former turn back, as there was danger on the road. The traveller replied that he was well armed and had no fear. The blacksmith became urgent, and finding he could not prevail, bade the traveller look to his pistols. The latter, to his astonishment, found the charges of both were drawn! The blacksmith then showed him the horse's hoofs, and let him see that the clenching of the nails had been filed away, evidently, with the intent of disabling the animal from continuing the journey, beyond a certain point. At the request of the traveller, both defects were remedied, and the latter, in opposition to the urgent entreaties of the blacksmith, continued his journey. About a mile from the forge he was encountered by a highwayman, who seized his horse's bridle, and bade him deliver up his money. The traveller rapidly desired the robber, on the peril of his life, to let go the rein. The latter laughed at his threats. The traveller presented a pistol—the robber still mocked at him. The wayfarer at length fired, and shot his assailant through the heart. He then alighted, placed the body across the saddle-bow, and rode back to the forge, where, by a light, he discovered that the wretched highwayman was no other than the landlord of the Inn, who had been long in concert with the blacksmith, and made an easy prey of his guests by the practice of rendering their pistols useless. He fell a victim, in this instance, to his confidence in the infallibility of his own precautions, while the traveller owed his safety to the liberality he manifested at the blacksmith's forge.

THE END.

WINE SONG.

 RINK to me, sailor; out in the rough bay,
White rocks the mast in the face of the storm,
Black o'er the skirts of the narrowing headland,
See the great thunder-cloud scatters its form.
Ere dawn has a star for us,
Thou shalt be far from us,
Tempest tost, breaker crost—fill, fill this chalice,
Here's wine that has smoked in the vats of Falerie,
Whose grapes caught the light and the sun in our valleys.

Drink to me, sailor. Fate shall soon sever us,
Here's to the future, however it shadows.
May ocean keep calms for thee, ports offer homes to thee,
Smooth be thy way as the streams of our meadows.
Children shall cry for thee,
Sweet wife will sigh for thee,
Watching the west for thy sail, dawn and even,
Watching how broods in the vastness above us,
Portents that speak of the issues of Heaven.

Drink to me, sailor; billows may buffet thee,
Dream not that thou alone bravest the lightning,
Breakers are round our hearths, tempests destroy our homes,
Dear eyes are darkling, sweet faces are whitening.
Here, are bright shores for thee;
Hark the gun roars for thee,
Up like a brave man and answer the warning,
Blessings shall follow the good ship that carries
That strong heart of thine to the rim of the morning.

THE SOUL.—The origin of the human soul is not to be found any where on earth. There is nothing mixed, concrete, or earthly; nothing of water, air, or fire in it. For these natures are not susceptible of memory, intelligence, or thought; have nothing that can retain the past, foresee the future, lay hold on the present; which faculties are purely Divine, and could not possibly be derived to man except from God.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.



ERHAPS our ignorance is never more clearly exposed than when we are called upon to account for some of the commonest facts that lie around us. Hundreds of thousands of people look daily through glass, without once thinking how it is made; eat honey, and never trouble themselves as to the secrets of its manufacture. Familiarity, we are told, breeds contempt, but we know that it leads to indifference. Boys who have been to school ten years ago well remember with what astonishment they learned from Sir Humphrey Davy that the little black house fly, when placed under a microscope, is transformed into a gorgeous being, plated with gold and caparisoned in vestments of subtle texture and brilliant dye. If their knowledge of the insect stopped with this discovery, we can add to it still. The history of the fly is a chapter of marvels. He is generally hatched in decaying vegetable substances, which accounts for the swarms of flies which infest stable-doors and dung-heaps in summer time. If the weather be warm, he leaves the egg at the end of six or seven days—a maggot-shaped creature, banded with thirteen rings, terminating in a pair of hooked jaws. In the second of these rings the bases of his future legs

lie hidden; the rest are honey-combed with minute pores, that admit air into the system and maintain the circulation of the fluids. The insect in this state moves from place to place by the aid of a number of fine hooks, with which he grips the ground and pushes his body backward or forward. His appetite is terrible for so small a fellow. The effects of the great quantities of food he consumes become visible in a few days. When the worm falls into the chrysalis state, the rings become black and inflexible, motion is suspended, and, to all appearance, the little mass is dead. This is the season of metamorphosis. By slow degrees the terminal ring is projected from the trunk, and changed into a head; others become abdomen and thorax; wings and feet are developed, and the perfect fly, burnished and plumed, soars into the air.

Where do the flies go? Numbers of sensible people will be found to assert that they retire with the coming of winter into deserted houses, hollow trees, and lumber, where they await, in a state of hibernation, the return of spring. This notion, is to some extent, countenanced by the numbers of dead flies which are found attached to walls and ceilings of out-houses. It is utterly fallacious, however. The fly deposits its eggs, but never sees her progeny. By a singular provision of nature, it lives but one season, and is then swept away by disease. A small description of fungus fastens itself to the insect's body in the early stages of its growth, and continues to spread until it covers the entire trunk, and drives its roots into the vital parts of its victim. The presence of this fungus was first observed by De Geer, and Goethe did not think it beneath him to devote a long chapter to its origin and operation. About the end of autumn, flies are frequently found adhering to glass or wooden surfaces, surrounded by a fan-shaped patch of white or greyish dust. To all appearance they are alive; the legs are extended, the trunk erect, the wings spread as if for flight. A close examination results in showing that the rings of the body are divided by interpolations of fungus, and that the organic tissues and juices have been devoured by the parasite, leaving the insect a perfect but empty shell.

It was long supposed that the adhesive power of the fly's feet was derived from atmospheric pressure; but it is now proved satisfactorily that it arises from the glutinous hairs which cover the insect's extremities.

We have all picked up mussels, and such as were adventurous enough to eat them were careful to avoid the poisonous tissue which fringes their mouth. The tissue, notwithstanding our apprehensions, is perfectly harmless, and may be swallowed with safety. By it the animal attaches itself to all sorts of solid substances, rocks, walls, driftwood, &c. The process is as follows: a mucous fluid is secreted in a gland situated at the base of the mussel's foot, whence it is expelled by muscular power, and spun into threads of astonishing tenacity. With these threads shoals of mussels have been found tied together in a compact mass which no common

exertion can divide. At Bideford there is a bridge of twenty-four arches, which is kept together by filling up the interstices of the masonry with those molluscs. The tide is so furious that the bridge would have been swept away years ago were it not for those useful animals. In the building of Cherbourg, the French engineers met with great difficulty in consequence of the shifty and unstable character of the sea-rock; but this was overcome by pouring tons of mussels on the surface, and allowing them to knit a solid envelope around and above. As the courses of masonry were laid down, fresh supplies of mussels were poured in, and the walls became as firm as cliffs. The coral polypes, which have been described as "atoms of pulp, sluggish and seemingly helpless morsels of animated jelly, no bigger, individually, than the smallest flower that nestles in the hedge-bank," are the founders of the vast archipelago of reefs and islands that spreads over the Pacific Ocean. Along the coast of New Caledonia and New Holland, they have spun a reef four hundred miles long, at about forty miles distance from the shore. The numerous coral formations now observed have forced some naturalists to think that the basin of the Pacific will be soon filled up. It has been suggested that the industry of those creatures should be taken advantage of in the construction of breakwaters, moles, &c. That the plan may succeed is fairly shown by the following experiment. At Madagascar, a bunch of coral was secured to a rock three feet below the water surface; in seven months it had grown three feet vertically and laterally.

The diatomaceæ, a class of creatures so inconceivably small that a vessel of one cubic inch capacity would hold five millions of them, form the greater bulk of the ocean bed. Seen through a microscope of intense magnifying power, they present the appearance of a heap of transparent flint, enclosing a yellowish substance. The ends of the hoop are closed by valves, which are richly coloured and veined. Tupoli powder is made from these flints. The Victoria barrier in the Arctic Ocean, four hundred miles long, by a hundred and twenty miles wide, is also composed of them; and they abound largely in all the mineral bodies scattered over the earth. They constitute about one in five hundred of genuine guano, and thus afford a test of its quality. Ice packs, drifting down from the pole, are permeated with those minute organisms; in a word, they have largely assisted in forming the crust of our earth, as we have it. In the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, their presence fills the water for miles with streaks and patches of yellowish light. They form, it is supposed, the food of the Salpæ which infest the ocean to such an extent as to give the water surface the consistency of thick oil. On the coast of California, the ocean often assumes a deep vermilion colour, from the myriads of bright animalculæ which float about in its depths. Microscopic Medusæ impart a greenish tint to the Arctic Ocean. It is computed that within the compass of two square miles there are more of those creatures than eighty thousand persons could have enumerated, counting for six thousand years, at the rate of a million per week! This green water extends over twenty thousand square miles.

Captain Ross observed a range of cliffs, on the shores of Baffin's Bay, which appeared as if draped in bright crimson cloth. On investigating the phenomenon he found that the snow, which covered the rocks to the depth of twelve feet, swarmed with multitudes of reddish eggs, supposed to be deposited by an insect which also inhabits the glaciers of the Alps. Shrimps, half an inch long, inhabit the reservoirs of concentrated brine in the salt works at Lymington, where they feed upon crimson-coloured animalculæ; star-fish have been brought up from a depth of one thousand and three hundred fathoms, a depth at which those delicate organisms must have sustained the pressure of a ton and a-half to the square inch.

Animal life has been found to exist and flourish in boiling springs and hot sand. Insects live in the hot waters of the Geysers, and when snow falls in Canada, it is overrun for miles by a description of insect, which appears at no other season of the year. Clouds of dust, blown from the land, are often encountered at sea. These clouds have been proved to consist of millions of infusoria, blown, it is supposed, from the African coast. Dragon flies have been seen, skitting about the billows, about six hundred, and butterflies, twelve hundred miles from land. These latter are sometimes met with in enormous numbers near shore.

The law of adaptability, is curiously illustrated by the blind bats, rats, spiders, and fishes, found in the caves of Kentucky. As those animals inhabit dark places, it has been suggested, that eyes

would be of no possible use to them, and nature therefore, denied them superfluous organs. The author of the "Transmutation of Species," endeavours to show that they are the same as their eyed brethren, but that they lost sight through disuse, whilst others maintain, that the two species are separated by a gulf, too vast to be bridged by so specious a theory. Shrimps, quite blind, have been found in deep wells in the South of England. The night-jar, a bird which inhabits the deep caverns of South America, the mole of Eastern Europe, and even the beetles and spiders found in the caves near Trieste, are stone blind. In some the optic nerve has been shown to exist, but without any external eye, to render it of use to its possessor. Nearer to home, fresh marvels challenge attention. The green slime of our ponds and ditches presents to the microscope a wonderful aggregate of life, being composed of innumerable little organisms, each perfect in its way, and fitted to discharge its peculiar function. The milceria, a creature so small that no dot, however finely made, can be small enough to represent its size, builds a house for itself. It collects brick and mortar, lays its ranges one above the other, like a skilled mason, and cements the joinings with artistic nicety. A recent observer, describing this curious creature, says, "as might be supposed, with such duties to perform, the little animal is furnished with an apparatus quite unique—a set of machinery to which, if we searched through the whole range of birds, beasts, fishes, and then, by way of supplement, examined the five-hundred-thousand species of insects to boot, we should find no parallel. It collects the materials for its bricks by a rapid motion of long cilia, arranged about its head, and accumulates the little particles thus drawn down into a cup-shaped cavity in a part of its body, which may be called its chin, and in which, by continued rotation, aided probably by a viscid secretion, they are consolidated into a globular pellet, which, by a sudden inflection of the animal, is deposited, when made, in the exact spot in which it is wanted—the entire process occupying about three minutes per brick."

Not less wonderful in their peculiar way are the fungi, with which our walks in the woods and fields have made us tolerably familiar. The common mushroom is not a bad type of the whole species; but fungi do not always present the inverted cup-form, appearing sometimes in the shape of streaks and blotches, and even as trailing bodies. One group has been found attached to iron which had been red hot a few hours before; others grow upon lead, and large collections were made amongst the cinders lodged in the vertical bands of the dome of St. Paul's. They are often extremely destructive, as by their penetrating power they pierce the strongest wood, reducing its fibre to powder. The dry-rot, so feared in dock-yards, is an example of the manner in which fungi render the labour and care of man profitless. There it eats its way through the stoutest beams and the staunchest planks. Fungi enter our houses and eat up our floors, until the wood rots and the air is loaded with impure exhalations. The potato blight is the work of a fungus which attacks the tissues and leaves of the plants, inducing decay wherever it spreads. Fungi are found at all depths and elevations—in the bottoms of the deepest mines, on the tops of the highest mountains. They flourish in damp walls, cast clothing, putrescent animal or vegetable matter, alike on the smoothest, the roughest, the warmest, and the coldest surfaces. They have been discovered even in the lens of microscopes, and on the surface of opium. One species penetrates the corks of wine-bottles, and renders the wine unpleasant and positively unwholesome. Some will send down branched threads which absorb the contents of the vessel into their system, and soon empty it of the slightest trace of moisture. A fungus, which looks like a patch of red mould, has broken out in the inside of loaves baked but a few hours; whilst another clings to oil casks, and sucks their contents through the sides. They are fatal to hops, roses, vines, corn, cereals—indeed, they have almost abolished the culture of the vine in Madeira. A West Indian wasp is born with a fungus attached to its back, where it grows until it becomes heavier than the insect on which it preys, and finally kills him.

COMMENCING BADLY.—A man was taken up lately for robbing a fellow-lodger. He said he commenced by cheating a printer, and, after that, everything rascally came easy to him.

A GREAT FILIBUSTER.



GENERAL William Walker's history, whose exploits in Central America caused so much disquietude, a few years ago, forms as exciting a narrative as ever fell to the share of the biographer. The son of a Scotchman and a banker, the man rose by the force of his individual genius, from the quiet occupations of a counting-house, to the dictatorship of more than one republic, and the command of a band of adventurers who, with no inconsiderable desires for plunder or profit, united a fair share of the old world chivalry and enterprise.

Walker was born in the United States, in the year, 1824. We know little of his early life, but it seems that he received a fair education, and distinguished himself as an industrious pupil. He studied law and physic, at one or more of the American Universities; and finally took to divinity. It is admitted upon all hands, that he had deep religious convictions, and that he turned his attention to divinity with a whole-heartedness and earnestness which promised well for the future. At the age of nineteen he visited Europe, and studied physic at some of the German Universities. Those who recollect him at this period describe him as a thoughtful, but impulsive young gentleman, remarkable for generosity, but violent and capricious in his likings and dislikings. He was always ready to plan and lead a revolt of the students; and it is not too much to conjecture, that in these exercises he developed much of the predatory instinct which eventually brought him to an ignominious end. He lived a few years in Paris, where, it appears, he attracted no notice; and thence, inspired by his restless desire for change, returned to America, and commenced life on his own account, as the editor of a New Orleans Newspaper. Of his politics, we know nothing, but, it is probable, they suited the democratic leanings of his "gentle public;" for, a short time after, we find him editing a journal in San Francisco, where he became rather popular as a clever and outspoken publicist. Journalism, however was clearly not his forte, and he had the good sense to abandon it. A man brave enough to face a band of assassins, will quail before a group of indignant subscribers, and Walker was ill fitted to fill a post in which he was required frequently to substitute for his own opinions the current tendencies of the day. In 1853, he relinquished the editorial chair, and, calling himself colonel, led a band of adventurers into the province of Sonora, in Mexico. He succeeded in expelling the authorities, and establishing a free republic, which, unfortunately, did not last long. The people became discontented with the new regime; the Mexican government took advantage of the crisis, and attacked Walker in the capital. The colonel fought with a courage and recklessness which often aided him in his hour of need; but he was driven out eventually, and the republic became Mexican property once more. Walker disappeared after his defeat for some time. At the end of six months, he reappeared suddenly on the scene, this time as a general, and then commenced a career which fascinated whilst it alarmed the politicians of the world.

The five independent Republics clustered together on the strip of land known as Central America, had been for some time in a state bordering upon anarchy. At last, matters wore a threatening and disastrous aspect. The republics went to war with each other, and atrocities of the most horrible kind were committed by the belligerents. Nicaragua, through which runs the line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, was convulsed by the struggles of two rival candidates for the presidency. Chamorro was elected in preference to his rival Castillon, and some hope of peace dawned for a moment on the horizon. This was quickly dissipated by Castillon, who invaded the state at the head of about eight hundred men, and sat down before the capital which was held by Chamorro. The latter was an able strategist; and as Castillon had no heavy guns to batter the place, he was about to raise the siege, when Walker came to him with offers of assistance. The general was gladly welcomed; and it was stipulated that on compelling Chamorro to surrender, he should receive a grant of 50,000 acres of land. On the 28th June he landed in Nicaragua. On the

following day he defeated a squadron of the enemy's cavalry, capturing several prisoners at the same time. On the 30th he offered battle to Chamorro, and the engagement being accepted, he was defeated and obliged to make a precipitate retreat. Fortunately for himself, the ground offered obstacles to the manœuvres of cavalry, and he succeeded in carrying off the remnant of his bands, his tents, and baggage. Two months elapsed before his return. The first news he heard was that the rival presidents had both died, and that the reins of government had been assumed by General Corail. Walker lost no time in attacking this new foe, but was signally repulsed. Seeing that his small force was insufficient to beat the enemy, he resorted to a stratagem, which shows the extraordinary fertility of the resources possessed by this wonderful man. Vanderbilt had established a line of steamers, which, by ascending the river San Juan, passing through Lake Monagua, abridged the land route across the isthmus to ten or twelve miles. The line, the permanence of which was guaranteed by several governments, was of the utmost importance; but this consideration did not interfere with Walker's plans. He seized two of the steamers on the night of the 12th of October, ascended the river, and took Granada by surprise, the following day. Corail's troops were strong enough to drive him out, but their leader was indolent; and this fact, coupled with the determination shown by Walker to punish with death all who resisted his authority, established his power in the state. Corail himself recognised the general, and was rewarded for his compliance with the portfolio of Minister of War. The presidency was given to Palucio Rivas, on whom the burthen of the government was thrown, for special purposes, by Walker, who retained all the executive power to himself, whilst his proxy bore all the responsibility of the administration. In a few months this arrangement fell to pieces. Whether justly or no, the War Minister was charged with and convicted of treason, and Walker, in whose side he had long been a thorn, ordered him to be shot. The sentence was carried out with indecent haste. The execution excited considerable indignation even amongst the general's own partisans, but it was quickly forgotten in the crisis which immediately followed. Costa Rica was troubled by bands of filibusters, who crossed the frontiers and spread devastation in the state. The president collected troops to resist them; and Walker, fearing that this demonstration was aimed at himself, declared war against Costa Rica. Again he seized the transit steamers, and attacked the enemy, this time with less success. Various engagements were fought, but notwithstanding the expenditure of

life on both sides, neither obtained any solid advantage. Whilst the general was thus occupied, Rivas fled to Leon, where he established himself, and raised the flag of revolt against his late master. The three republics of Guatemala, Honduras, and San Salvador, alarmed for their independence, formed a league to destroy the general. The latter was not dismayed by this fresh combination. He was elected president, encountered the allies, and almost annihilated them in a series of pitched battles. They were ready to despair when the Costa Ricans, this time capturing the transit vessels, took the forts defending the passage of the San Juan, and cut off the general's supplies. At last, he was shut up completely, and had decided on throwing himself on the mercy of the allies; but he contrived to win terms from them, guaranteeing his and his comrades' lives. On the 1st of May, 1857, he left Central America for the States. He had not given up all ideas of conquest at the time, and his ambition was fostered by the encouragement which reached him from all sides. An opportunity soon presented itself. Costa Rica and Nicaragua had gone to war, about some difficulties respecting the transit route, and both States were in a sad state of commotion. Walker seized the moment to collect two hundred followers, whom he induced to join his flag, by promises of extravagant rewards. He landed at Greytown, and was preparing to march forward, when Paulding, the American Commander on the station, arrested the general and his band, and sent them back to the States. So great was the terror inspired by the filibuster, that no sooner had the belligerent republics heard of his approach, than they forgot their differences, and united to resist their common foe; and an arrangement was concluded by which England and the States undertook the protection of the transit route thenceforward. But Walker was not to be deterred by this formidable difficulty. He assembled a fresh band of adventurers in Ruatan, one of the bay islands, which they reached in fruit vessels. With one hundred men he took Trincillo, in Honduras, and invited the population to throw off the yoke of the established government. On the 21st of August, 1859, the British war-ship Icarus compelled Walker to quit the town; and being chased by some Honduras regiments, he and his band were captured. He was immediately tried by court-martial and shot. So strongly was public indignation aroused by his acts, that the inhabitants sought to prevent his remains being decently interred. All accounts concur in stating, that he met his fate like a brave man, that he accepted the consolations of religion, and expressed lively sorrow for his misdeeds.

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No. 35.]

SATURDAY, MAY, 3, 1862.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE "FLOWER OF THE WELL."

A STORY OF MAY DAY.



AMONGST the many singular superstitions once so popular in the remote country districts, "skimming the well," on May morning, was not the least curious. With the first light of daybreak a person repaired to some famous spring,

where, by taking the "cream" from the surface, whilst uttering a strictly conventional incantation, it was supposed that his or her neighbour's cows would cease to yield butter, their falling off being compensated for by the sudden increase in the yield of their own. The ceremony falls under the general

name of *pishogues*, that is to say, charms, by which the "good people" were propitiated in behalf of the celebrant. Countless stories and legends have this odd custom for a common basis; and, as in all proceedings where the supernatural element is supposed to be invoked, fairies have been described as taking a share in the process.

Every one in Drumshawn, from Bill Hagarty, whose forge stood at the east of the village, to Johnny Walker, the "tea-man," whose "general grocery and spirit establishment," was situate at the west,



knew Grace Lanigan. She was a little, wiry-limbed, blear-eyed, old woman, who went about the village in a red hood and a check apron, her feet encased in a pair of high-sounding brogues. Grace betrayed in her attire a gipsyish fondness for plaids and bright coloured fabrics in consequence of which she was popularly known by the nick-name of "the ould dandy." Amongst her other peculiarities, she was passionately addicted to the use of a short, black pipe, which it was believed was scarcely absent from her mouth even when she slept.

In all matters of witchcraft, spells, and charms, Grace was an able and illustrious proficient. She could tell fortunes by a process which these pages do not afford room to describe; she cultivated the house-leek in the thatch of her cottage, and had a horse-shoe nailed to the side-post, as a protection from

the imps and elves that do mischief by night. No season of the year passed over without its special superstitious observance—Shrovetide, Midsummer, Halloween, each had its peculiar rite. Much has been written to fasten the charge of gross impiety on educated persons of the class to which Grace belonged; yet it is not too much to say that learning and logic are misused when thus applied, and that the world will persist in believing that the evil of our superstitions is more than counterbalanced by their poetry and imaginativeness.

Grace had once been well-to-do in the world, but dark days had befallen her. She had been a rich girl, and it was not until she had been married to Nick Lanigan that she was reduced to a level of poverty and misery. It was not until she had been married to Nick Lanigan that she was reduced to a level of poverty and misery. It was not until she had been married to Nick Lanigan that she was reduced to a level of poverty and misery.

We continued from this brief history. Nick Lanigan, her only son, a youth of some twenty summers, who had done any good; and intended, if appearances went anything to carry out that useful programme to the end of his days. Nick stood nearly six feet in his vamps, and was as fine a specimen of the raw-bone type of manly beauty as could be found in the province. He had a head of red, wavy hair, which fell in two great shocks over his temples, and covered his scalp with a stiff crop resembling sun-burnt brushwood. The lid of his right eye depended permanently to such an extent that it almost covered the orb below it, and lent his face a winking expression which, in combination with the solemn grotesqueness of his mouth and the receding line of his chin, constituted a physiognomy at once ludicrous, fearless, and impudent. Nick had the reputation of being a fool, and to some extent the popular belief was countenanced by his acts and sayings. It was said that he slept on the floor in a sack, and that no amount of instruction could induce him to remember the exact number of pence in a shilling. He went barefoot and shoeless in all weathers, turning up the ends of his trousers so as to expose a pair of lean calves, horribly coloured by exposure to fire and weather. Yet, in the main Nick was no fool, and what is better, no coward. He was wise enough to refuse all belief in his mother's spells and charms, and wicked enough to provoke her by expelling her phogues. If only rebuked for a misdemeanour, he would place his back to the wall, and laugh like a tickled griffin until the tears started into his eyes, and his ribs ached from shaking. But whenever his mother's displeasure sought an outlet in blows, Nick would "make" for the door, and betake himself to a neighbouring lime-kiln where he lived on roasted potatoes, often for three consecutive days, until the storm blew over.

At last, he sinned grievously against the parental authority, and was driven from the house with a volley of injunctions, "never to darken the door after during the rest of his mortal life." The expulsion cost the hopeless youth little anxiety. As he said himself, "he was used to it," and he returned to his old quarters with a sobriety of temper and an alacrity of pace which would have done honour to a greater philosopher. The cause of the fracas was this. One May-day, Grace, who had been mysteriously absent in the morning, returned home about noon, drew her creeper to the fire, and having lighted her black pipe, took a meditative smoke up the chimney. Mother and son were silent for many minutes—the one enjoying her pipe, the other profoundly engaged in the manufacture of bird-lime. Any one looking at the two would have guessed that no common anxiety lay at Grace's heart—in anxiety in which Nick had more share than he wished should be made public. Eventually, Grace began to rock herself from side to side, a proceeding which always gave Nick considerable displeasure, and often forced him to quit the house.

"Musha, mother," he asked, at last, lifting his head from the bird-lime and casting a malicious look at the old woman, "isn't that child asleep yet?"

Grace, who fully appreciated the force of the joke, raised her head for a moment, and slowly resumed her rocking movement.

"Nick," she said, after a short pause, "you must soon go out and turn a hand for yourself. Things is going to the bad—worse and worse—and if I can make out a bit an' sup for myself, it's more than I'll be able to do for you, you idlin' vagabone."

"Why, then, isn't your frinds, the good people, goin' to befrind yez a bit, afther all yer thrubble to plaze them—eh, mother?"

Grace took a long whiff and knocked out the ash of her pipe on the hob. "Faix, avourneen, I believe they're just as hard up as ourselves, the crathurs, an' more's the pity."

"Musha, don't be runnin' away wid yer seven senses entirely, mother. Av coorse, *Ni ghuil saoi gam locht, and that's nayther here nor there wid people that have oceans of goold and silver to do

* No one's without a failing.

as they likes wid. I'll be bail now, an' the cow runnin' as they as a cart wheel, yez didn't skinn the a d this mornin'!"

Grace glanced profoundly and crossed her arms on her breast. "It's not the first good thing a fool said," she answered, "and I did try to skinn the well this mornin', but I might as well be attingin' to prod the black mason with a knittin'-needle."

"Is she in her right mind at all?" said Nick, by way of an apostrophe addressed to a third party. "Horns and knittin'-needles, inagh!"

"Yerra, you on all that, sure 'tis hard enough to get any on her—skinnin' into that red head of yers. Afther all my thrubble, I might as well be pratin' to the grille, as thryin' to larn yez."

"Ah, thin, does yez hear her?" continued Nick, with a most unfilial interruption. "Isn't it as airy for you to say, wanst for all in all, av yez skinned the well this mornin'? Begor if yez didn't give the cow a goold medall and pansion her off decently, this mornin'!"

"Haven't I told yez I was up and skinned it airy enough, you boothoon?" shouted Grace, whose temper was visibly declining in the wrong direction.

"Now that's a plain answer," rejoined Nick, suppressing a laugh. Av yez said that at fust see all the thrubble yez'd spare yerself. Why thin, mother, now that yer comin' out reasonable, tell us all about it, won't yez?"

"Until yez bell it all over the parish, I suppose," said Grace, with a little bitterness.

"Is it me, mother! Dickons the word then. 'y'll hear iv it from me, I be bail."

Grace having been repeatedly re-assured that Mick would preserve her secret inviolably, and impelled by the natural desire we are fond to lighten our burthens by sharing them with others, took her place from her mouth and began as follows:—

"Yez see Nick, as the ould cow, bade scannin' to her, was makin' up her mind to give up milkin' completely, I sez to myself that I'd see what could be done by settin' a charm to take away Biddy Grady's crame and butther and bring it back to ourselves. May mornin', you know, great a fool as you are, is the only time of the year to set the rale charm; so I got up before the cock was crowin', and set off to Tubber-ahina with the new skimmer in my pocket. An' when I got to the brink iv the well, lo and behold you! what was sittin' there forinst me on the top iv a bulrush but an ould crather about the hoith of a piggin! Arrah, yez should see his nose! 'twas as long an' as sharp as Paddy Crosby's shears, and on the top iv his shoulders he had a hump like a sergeant's knapsack. There he was sated as nate as tuppence, and as grand as a lord.

"'Mornin' ma'am," sez he, winkin' at me wid his two eyes.

"'Musha, the same to yerself, sez I, 'if there's no offence in wishin' it'.

"'Troth an' there's not, ma'am', sez my ould laddo. 'Isn't it airy yer out?' sez he, agin'.

"'Everyone to his taste,' sez I, as the lady said when she kissed her cow.

"'Indeed,' sez he, 'Indeed! Is it any harm to ask when yerself kissed yer cow last?'

"'Oh, faix, as for that matter,' sez myself, makin' answer to him, 'tis as the fit comes an' goes. It isn't every day a heifer can dhry her mouth,' sez I wid a cambric handkercher."

"'Thru for you, Mrs. Lanigan,' says he, giving a twist atop iv the bulrush. 'Are yez makin' much by your butther those times?'

"As yez asked the kushion civil, agragal, sez I, I'd be sorry to deave yez. Why thin, I'm bate intirely this sayson. Yez might as well be milkin' a milestone as to persuade the cow to do her duty; an', sez I, followin' up the discoorse, 'if somethin' don't turn up this mornin', I'll have to give up house and home, and go weedin', or bindin', or somethin' iv that sort."

"'Skim away,' siz he, 'skim away, Mrs. Lanigan, and the devil is in it,' says he, scratchin' his head, and takin' a pinch iv snuff. 'if yez don't do better nor yer doin'."

"'More power to yez,' sez I to him, dippin' the new skimmer into the well; and faith it was hardly wet, when I hears a great hallooin' over head, and on lookin' up, does yez see, what was there above me, flyin' about in the air, but two or three foine leelies, galavantin' wid aich other, and makin' the curriorest noise I ever heerd. Well, whilst they kept gingin' and turnin', all iv a sudden as Murty Regan's mare broke her leg, they set up a cry of 'Butther

is goin', butther is comin'; alew!" I cocks my eye at thim, and sees that, barrin' the quare way they had of fluttherin' up and down, they were nate lookin' girls, dressed in poplin from top to toe, only that it was a bit thin and shaky from bein' washed so often. The ould gentleman that was forinist me was gone asleep when I wanted to ask him who they were, but jest straight at his back, I seen another couple iv boyos roostin' atop iv the adges. One iv them was smokin' a pipe a bit shorter than my own dudheen, and to see his ould shrivelled-up face workin' in and out as he tuk his blast, would make a milestone burst with laughter. But the thing that was wid him hanged anythin' I iver dhremt iv. Yerra, Nick, he had a head on his shoulders for all the world like a carrot, and out iv it was two horns, turned round and round like a cat's tail at the inds.

"Takin' yer smoke," says myself to the gossoon wid the pipe.

"Musha, who gave yez yer knowledge?" sez he, puttin' down the ashes wid the butt of his little finger. "Dickons shoot me, Mike," sez he, turnin' to the other gossoon, "but those ignoramuses will bate us clane out iv the country before shrovetide."

"Sure any one hearkenin' to yez would think 'twas the school-masther was spakin'," sez I, "barrin' he'd hang a dozen iv yer seed and breed in the ink-bottle at his button-hole."

"Didn't I tell yez, Mike?" sez he, turnin' round agin to the chap wid the horns. "We won't stand it no longer," sez he, takin' the pipe from his mouth. "And what ill wind blew yez here so airly, Mrs. Lanigan?" says he.

"I'd be sorry to deaseve yez," sez I, "though I wish it was some-one else put the kuathun. Isn't it as plain as the pipe in yer ugly gob that 'twas no good wind dhruv me where you are?"

"Butther is goin', butther is comin'," cried the girls hoigh above us.

"Does yez hear that, Mrs. Lanigan?" sez my neighbour—"are yez listenin' to that?" sez he, wid a grin that went from ear to ear. "If yez hasn't lost all yer teeth, skim the well, and take to yer shankers sez he 'or the devil resave the bit av butther ye'll see, whilst yer name's Grace."

"Tisn't the first time somebody, I wont mintion, gave a good advice," sez I and here's at yez; and wid that I dipped the skimmer agin into the well, but I might as well thry to lift the wather into a sieve, for it all ran out through the bottom."

"Begor, yer done for at last," sez the ould bosthoon, cacklin' to himself wid divarshin. "Thry it agin" sez he, there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip, Mrs. Lanigan, darlint."

"What makes the wather run through the skimmer," sez I, gettin' angry?

"Don't you see the rayson," sez he—"arrah becase it won't stop in it, Mrs. Lanigan."

"Yev been to school, masther," sez I to him, "and by the same token, yez always sat on the windy side av the hedge, and the didn't hear much iv the larnin' ma bouchal."

"Ah, thin, Grace," sez he, lookin' as sayrious as a bed post, "there's a pair av us there, ai?" And wid that the pair of geese set up a screech of laughin' that set me dansin' in the tanthums."

"Butther is goin'—butther is comin'," sez the ladies.

"Yez betther out yer stick, Grace," says the ould fellow, "or skim the well at wast. Take another dip agragal, and who knows the luck yez may git."

"So I took him at his word, and put the skimmer down a second time, but keepin' out the tide wid a pitchfork, was divarshin to thryin' to take up the crane wid a skimmer that wouldn't hould chaney-alleys."

"The boyos began laughin,' my dear, agin, and siz they, "Grace did yez meet 'er, a red haired woman this mornin'?"

"Troth, no," siz I.

"Did yez come across 'er a magpie?" siz they.

"Troth I didn't," sez I agin.

"Maybe you overlooked Nick's tharowin' an ould shoe afther yez, as yez left the house," says the lad wid the horns.

"Begannys, yer right, my bucko," sez I, remimberin it all of a hape.

"Then" sez he, "yez might as well be bailen out the green say wid a bottomless thimble. Lave it alone, aoushle, and betther look next time."

"The words was hardly out av his mouth when I hears a great hallooin' in the air, and on lookin' up, may I never turn another sod av turf if the air for a mile round wasn't thick wid fairies,

flyin' from all quarthers, wid keelers of milk fastened to their backs. Arrah, to see them was a thrate worth walkin' a distance for. Some av them had tails, and some av them no tails at all; some av them had beards cockin' stiff out av their chins, and some had no more beard on thim than yerself, avic. You needn't be scrapin' yer chin, Nick, 'tis as bare as the dale table there. Such noses and faces I never seen before; and whilst they were batin' about the bushes, the girls set up the ould song agin, 'Butther is goin'—butther is comin'.' Immediately all the gossoons rowled the full of their keelers into a big tub, and sez one, 'let Grace Lanigan look out now,' sez he, 'for if her cow was as ould as Methusala, she'll milk as much now as a pratytalk.' Hearin' this discourse, I made another dip iv the skimmer, and no sooner I missed it agin than Larry Hayes' oock (divil choke him) began crowin', and all the fairies vanished from my sight. So, Nick, darlint, look out for yerself, av yez have look at your side. I've towld yez all, look, stock, and barrel. There'll be no more milk, no more nothing; troth I see—"

"Wait a bit, mother," exclaimed Nick, and as he spoke he took up a position between her and the door. "Have yez the skimmer about yez?"

"Faix I have, safe and sound, in my pocket, alanna."

"And did yez look at the bottom av it when yez set off to skim the well this mornin'?"

"Deed thin I didn't."

"Well, thin, look at it now, and ye'll find three round holes burned wid a red hould-fast in the bottom av it."

Grace held the skimmer between her eyes and the cloudy light that came through the window. A brief examination of the utensil verified Nick's statement.

"Ah, thin, who done this, alanna?" she asked, "ai, who done this? tell me."

"Musha, faith, mother, 'twas me, for the fun av it," replied her hopeful son.

Grace grasped the bent hoop which served for a tongs in her humble household, and rushed at her guilty offspring. Nick, who evidently anticipated such a movement, escaped from the house and stood "mopping and mowing" before the door. "And, mother does yez know why the ould cow's milk ran short? Shure yez ul never guess—faith, becase I dhrank it."

A suppressed scream was Grace's only answer. "While there's life in yer body," she shouted, "shun this house, I warn yez, mind, I warn yez;" and with these words she closed the door, and re-seated herself on the creepeen.

Nick, we are told, stayed away for three weeks, and in his absence, so considerable was the increase in the yield of milk, that Grace recovered her temper, forgave her undutiful son, and thenceforth grew somewhat credulous in the potency of charms, though she clung faithfully to her old belief in the world of Faëry.

TALES ABOUT PEACOCKS.

E are not going to write the natural history of the peacock. It has been done over and over again; and although proverbial philosophy has taught us that a good story cannot be told too often, another equally wise saw, with the sharpest possible teeth, has assured us that too much of one thing is good for nothing. And then, again, supposing that we felt any disposition to write learnedly about the gay plumed bird of Juno, and to enter into an anatomical inquiry respecting his bony structure, his nervous system, and the rest of it, our space would necessitate us so mightily to abridge, that we should ultimately become the modern illustration of an old Latin sarcasm, and, labouring to be brief, become obscure. And, lastly, we are not remarkable for an acquaintance with Natural History; and although our knowledge of ornithology may be sufficient to teach us the difference between a hawk and a heron, yet we do not profess to be great upon the subject; and have no stray letters of the alphabet attached to our name, duly conferred at any time, by any college, anywhere. All we propose to do is to gossip about the peacock.

A gay gallant is the peacock, as he struts about



in the sunshine, his beautiful coat resplendent in the light, his sharp eyes looking about as if he courted praise, and felt that he deserved it. His form so graceful, as his long tail sweeps the ground like the train of a countess; or, as he sometimes stands before his less-endowed brethren, and spreads that tail of his in a gleaming semi-circle, bright and gay, gleaming with its black disks and rings of gold. Yes; a noble fellow is the peacock. His small head crowned with a crest of feathers, choice and erect; his neck long and slender, tapering gracefully from the breast upwards; his back and wings of a light ash colour, mingled with black; his head, and neck, and breast of a greenish blue, with a gloss which, in the sunbeams, appears exceedingly brilliant; his eyes set between two stripes of white; the feathers of his tail of a changeable mixture of green, blue, purple, and gold. Standing thus before us, he is one of the most beautiful objects imaginable.

The earliest mention which we can trace of the peacock, is in the Book of Job. At what period that book was written, is itself uncertain, but there is little doubt that it is the most ancient book in the world—"All Men's Book," Carlyle calls it, and so it is a truly Catholic production. There in the strange mysterious story of the man of Uz, God himself challenges the patriarch to reply to, amongst other questions, this query: "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?" Thus it would appear, even in those early days, when the world was young, the peacock was famed for his beautiful plumage, and had become an object of general admiration.

At a later period, when Solomon the Wise was king over Israel, and the fame of his doings was world-wide, peacocks but added to the attraction of his court. The glory of the Jewish people had culminated in their king, Solomon, whose wisdom surpassed the wisdom of the Egyptians, whose fame was in all nations round about; who had spoken three thousand proverbs, and composed a thousand and five songs; who had written of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon, to the hyssop which grew upon the wall; who was conversant with the habits and characters of beasts, and fowl, and creeping things, and fishes; who had received the congratulations of surrounding sovereigns; who had reared the temple at Jerusalem, employing in the labour thirty thousand men. Even Solomon, the jurisprudent, thought, it a desirable thing to have the gaudy peacock in his court, for once "in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." It is a high honour to the noble family of peacocks, that Solomon should have had them imported to his court, in order to gratify his taste for the beautiful productions of nature.

The recollection of the great Hebrew king leads us to think of another potent sovereign, who, in after days, by battle and victory, established his name for ever in the world's history, but who, in his moment of brilliant triumph, could afford to pay a tribute to the supremacy of Nature. We allude to Alexander the Great—that sovereign who wept for other worlds to conquer. Even this "monarch of all he surveyed," whose motto, in truth, might have been, "Veni, vidi, vici," was so struck with the beauty of peacocks, that, when in India, on the banks of the river Hyarotis, he laid a heavy fine and punishment on any person who should, in any way, wound, injure, or disturb them.

About this time a pair of peacocks were carried to Athens as great curiosities. The rumour of their arrival spread all over Greece. It would appear that from distant parts the rich and noble took a journey to the classical city, and paid rather exorbitantly for a view of the wonderful birds. "Going to look at the peacocks in Greece" was a popular phrase of that period; "going to look at a peacock in the Gardens of the Dublin Zoological Society" is a popular saying of the year 1862.

So highly prized were peacocks in Greece, that the price of a pair then exceeded thirty pounds of our present money. At a later period, the Grecian ladies had the tail feathers of peacocks arrayed in their semicircular sweeps, and used them as fans; bright, beautiful, fans they were, with the brilliant colour and the glittering gold shining in the light, and the fashion contributed very greatly to the picturesque costume of those ancient dames.

When the city of the seven hills, in its turn, began to exercise influence over the world, and the Roman eagle came pouncing on the lesser birds of heaven, peacocks were highly esteemed in Rome. Rome, the mistress of the world, had grown voluptuous. Her nobles contended with each other in the empty vanity of titles and

surnames; they invented or selected the most lofty and sonorous appellations—such as Reburus or Fabunius, Pagonius or Tyrrusius. They measured their rank and consequence by the loftiness of their chariots, the magnificence of their apparel, the novelty of their pleasures, and the delicacy of their food. A strong and especial regard had they for the latter. At the Roman tables, the birds, the squirrels, or the fish which appeared of an uncommon size, were contemplated with curious interest, and the scales were duly brought to ascertain their exact weight, and notaries were summoned to attest, by an authentic record, the truth of the marvellous event.

In those days it was fashionable among the great men at Rome to eat peacocks, not because peacocks were delicious eating, but because they were expensive. The manner in which the peacocks were prepared for table is uncertain: for it appears that, after the highest seasoning, their flesh is still black, tough, and when compared with that of other birds, but poor and insipid. But peacock was an aristocratic dish. It belonged to a class. The expense prevented the common sort from offering so costly a viand. It is said, that the man who first undertook to fatten peacocks for the markets made his fortune by the trade. Hortentius, the orator, was the Roman noble who first ordered them to be served up at his table as an article of food, and he became highly celebrated on this account. How long peacocks were considered a delicious and costly article of diet does not appear. In France, during the days of King Francis—of cloth of gold renown—these birds were still used at the entertainment of the great and noble. At a somewhat earlier period it seems that they were eaten in England, but at that time they were only introduced to garnish the festive board. The fashion then was to take off the skin of the bird, and having prepared the flesh with salt and spices, the skin was again drawn on, so that the bird appeared in full plumage, and in nowise injured by the preparation. Thus fitted up for service, it was kept for many years to be set on the table in full dress—its tail spread to full proportions, and a very marvel to behold—on all great occasions. At weddings, and other high times, they filled the beak and throat of the bird with cotton and camphor, which was set on fire for the entertainment of the company.

Our first peacocks were brought from the East Indies; and we are assured that they are still found in vast flocks in a wild state in Java and Ceylon. *Ælian* says they were brought into Greece from a barbarous country. Its introduction to the west was probably originally owing simply to the beauty of the bird. *Aristophanes* mentions Persian peacocks, and *Suidas* calls them "Median birds." *Aufidius Hurio* is charged by *Pliny* with being the first who fattened up the peacock for the feast of the luxurious.

The pea-hen seldom lays above five or six eggs in this climate before she sits. *Aristotle*, indeed, informs us that she lays twelve. It is by no means improbable that she may be thus prolific in other and more favourable climates, for it is certain that in their own native forests they are numerous beyond expression. The common age of the bird is twenty years, and not until the third year does it display its gay, beautiful, and variegated plumage. There are various descriptions of this bird, some of which are white, others crested; that which is called the peacock of Thibet is the most beautiful of the feathered creation, containing in its plumage all the most vivid colours, red, blue, yellow, and green, disposed in an almost artificial order, as if merely to please the eye of the beholder.

Buffon says: "Climate has not less influence on the plumage of birds than on the fur of quadrupeds. We have seen that the hare, the ermine, and most other animals, are subject to become white in cold countries, especially in winter; and now we find a species of peacock which appears to have experienced the same results from the same cause, and more important ones still; for this cause has produced a permanent race in this species, and seems to have acted more powerfully upon the feathers of this bird, since the whiteness of hares and ermine is but transient, taking place during the winter only, like that of the wood-hen and *lajopus*; but the white peacock is always white in summer as in winter, in Rome, as in Torneo; and this new colour has become so fixed, that from eggs laid and hatched in Italy come white peacocks."

Strangely beautiful is this description of peacocks. Although the birds be white, a creamy white, they still retain some vestiges of the gorgeous colouring peculiar to the species. They carry in their plumage the impression of the different colours, indicated by a whiteness more or less pure. These birds are highly valued, and

produced a strikingly beautiful appearance in a group of gay plumed peacocks, bright with all the colours of the rainbow.

In the "French Encyclopædia," Sonnini says that the race of white peacocks is not essentially original to the north, for, in 1783, a pair of common peacocks produced at Gentilli, near Paris, four young ones, two of which preserved the plumage of their parents, and two were entirely white. Nevertheless, Manduyt, who relates this fact, observes that there was no white peacock in the village nor in the environs. The same thing occurred, a few years before, in an estate equally near Paris. It then appears, that the whiteness of the plumage of the peacock is a simple accidental variety, which one cannot regard as forming a permanent race; and what seems to prove this still more is, that these white peacocks are very rare. A peacock bears the first rank among domestic fowls, as the eagle does among the birds of prey; for which reason the ancients consecrated the eagle to Jupiter, and the peacock to Juno. Young writes:—

"How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze."

FAVERSHAM ON HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

CHAPTER XXI.



COURTSHIP!" expostulates Mr. Clifton, addressing ourselves. "Am I courting Miss Faversham, who will have at least £400, per annum. I, the seedy tutor, who has missed his chance, and is now an adventurer, with plenty to say, depend upon it, but with no forum, no open page, no pulpit. You remind me of my family—well, it's true we quarter—but never mind, quarterings in these degenerate days will never tempt girls to halve their substance with classic beggars."

The reader will perceive that Mr. Clifton's courage has failed him already. He thought, when closetted in Arthur Mellon's room, that he had the courage to woo the lady calmly, and with calculation for her money. He would set his shield against her purse, get Henry Faversham to intercede, make a bold stroke, and trust to fortune for the rest. But, Clifton was a gentleman.

"Not very," Clara replied, we thought a little coquettishly.

"I grant, Miss Faversham," Clifton continued, "that it is difficult to prove even the existence of the subject upon which your book is based; but, granting that there is a spontaneous and sudden

sympathy which springs up between some people when they first meet, a romance founded upon feeling at once so unselfish and so potent must surely prove amusing at least, if it have the least affinity to nature in it." Clifton was always fond of elaborating his phrases.

"I am sure, Mr. Clifton, I am not able to follow all your learned reasons. All I know is that the people talk in the book as I have never heard people speak in society."

"Oh! I say!" interposed Arthur Mellon, who felt that the conversation was about to become exceedingly dull, "let me finish my reading now, Mr. Clifton. Marston is coming to see me at two. We're to go to the Polytechnic together to hear Professor Poppies tell about the time when big tortoises ran about London."

Clara was not pleased with Arthur; nor, when Clifton had found a seat beyond the eye-range of Miss Faversham, did the tutor spare the pupil.

"Gertrude, or Love at First Sight," was taken up once more, and the pretty finger rested again against the rounded cheek, and the gnarled seat received the slender arm. New sensations passed into Clara's heart, and she held them there with pleasure. The hero of the book and the heroine took a new and more impassioned form. Her eyes wandered with keener eagerness than before over the pages of their sad story. The story was one with a moral, and

to the elucidation of this moral the natural flow of life was twisted. It coursed not—as under our nose it courses usually—in flowing words or in arrow-straightness, but it took queer and sudden angles. It wandered here and there, to strange stoppages and perplexing interminglings, but, then, it showed virtue triumphant in the end; and so it was a highly moral book. The young people who had loved at first sight were subsequently exhibited at the head of a most uncomfortable home, amid a swarm of children, and with an empty cupboard. The husband was, as a matter of course, very tired of his wife; and she, not to be behind-hand in pointing an example, had a sneaking partiality for one of her lord's friends. These are, of course, the average issues of marriages that spring from love at first sight. But Clara is not in love with Mr. Clifton; why, then, need the sad story of Gertrude Dovelace depress her?

Mr. Clifton again told his friends that he had met the loveliest girl in Europe.

"Any tin?" Mr. Pontifex inquired, as he dipped into a spirit-lamp for a cigar-light, displaying to his opposite neighbours the most elaborate wrist-studs.

"Heaps!" was the curt reply of Mr. Clifton.

"What is she like?" pursued the exquisite Pontifex, with the air of a man not to be easily caught by female charms.

Here Clifton showed his good taste. He declined to describe Miss Faversham. Her image was something to him already, too sacred for presentment in club atmosphere. He was even sorry that he had satisfied his friend's curiosity about her fortune. He begged that the subject might be dropped at once—was generally voted "spooney"—and turned lightly off to discuss the debate of the previous evening.

The reader may be certain that Arthur Mellon was not slow to see all the benefits and indulgences he might derive from the evident pleasure Clara and Clifton mutually felt in hearing about each other. Clifton sent Miss Faversham books, with his compliments. They were generally, she owned, rather dull; but, then, she worried her little head readily with the endeavour to make something out of them—Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," the "Life of Mrs. Fry." She laughed at serious Mr. Clifton, with his high-flown strict notions. Aye—she laughed now as she had laughed when she met him at her father's house.

And so Faversham's friends—some sneering and mocking, others making calculations against the chances of happiness, moved towards matrimony. Topley, the poorest of the band who boasted the acquaintance of Mr. Faversham, of course, as we have seen, married first. Namby's heart is still intact; but that stout citadel, guarded as it is by the mockery and disdain of the habitual jester, may fall some fine morning, when the guards shall be asleep at their posts. Indeed, Mr. Namby had been heard to remark, that the comic man was a very sensitive animal, who hid himself in his cloud of facetiæ, as the inkfish hides himself from his pursuers. Clowns have their tender passions, and who, pray, so devoted as Pantaloon? Love gathers his rosebuds where he may, and flutters under the motley, as through the white muslin of the school-girl; so there is hope for Namby yet, as there is hope for Mr. Jack Ashby. One never knows where a fever may break out. The sanitary doctor thrusts his sensitive nose up the courts and along the rents, and into the mews, but the Fun has escaped him. It is not here burning a beggar in his patches,—it is yonder where the great round tower stands bearing the proudest flag the breeze ever stirred. Under that flag in a quiet recess, where every finger is lifted to the lip, and every eye is moist; where the learning of a kingdom is gathered to offer pelf there has Fun found his prey. So love leaves no way untrodden. So love turns up in unexpected places, and whether he picks up the sovereign's sceptre or the cowherd's staff, blesses it.

The meetings of Mr. Clifton and Miss Faversham had not been many. They had been introduced at a party given by Mrs. Mellon (as the reader may deign to remember,) in the house of the lady's grave and respected father. Their last meetings are matters of yesterday. The new position which Mr. Clifton had assumed in the Mellon household had stiffened his relations with their attractive visitor. He had never been intimate with the Mellon family, so that when, through Miss Faversham's brother, he was introduced as tutor to the young hopeful of the house, he may be said to have entered it at a disadvantage. Moneyed people of the middle-class are so pleased to find persons of education whom they can have in their pay, and so, to appear to carry on the same

scheme of life as the aristocracy, that they are apt to be haughty, and distant, and repelling to the cultivated people whom they employ to educate their children. This is the vulgarity of the middle-class which has moved the eloquent wrath of Sir Edward Lytton. The governess is better treated in the house of my lord duke than in that of the alderman. The alderman must make his power felt. He is compelled to say, daily, behold the mightiness of him who is head of the ward of Sherrysoken! Scullion, will you bow before his worship? Jeames, in the Clapham Hall, will you look reverently upon the mat as his worship passes to his coach? Governess, aspire not to eat at the same board with his worship. Know that this honour is reserved for Mr. Deputy Copper, and gentlemen of his lofty kidney. It is true that your father was an Oxford gentleman of eminent culture; that the sweep of his master's gown rustled the autumn leaves of Addison's classic grove by majestic Magdalen. But, pshaw! the man left his widow a hundred a year, six children, and an unfinished manuscript on the value of learning. Look at his worship's banker's book, and be humble—very humble. Mrs. Mellon was not a sample of a city lady. We have already had occasion to observe that she affected a passionate taste for celebrities.

"I do so like clever men," she said to all her guests.

Mr. Mellon's opinion of the clever men whom Mrs. Mellon had invited was, that they were insufferable dullards and puppies.

"Give me a man who can talk sense, who has a date for everything, who knows what two and two make, and not your maudling talkers about infinite space, Brownism, Buskinism, and every confounded ism in the world."

Mr. Mellon, with these opinions planted in his city brain, had no great veneration—indeed, he had no respect for Mr. Clifton. When he paid this gentleman for services, Mr. Clifton became his servant, and consequently fell beneath the city man's level.

"My dear, Mr. Clifton is a very clever creature, I assure you. You don't understand these people. You, city men, are more solid—but—"

"But, ugh, my dear, a fig for their cleverness. This cleverness breeds genteel poverty, which we, practical men, are obliged to employ. This Mr. Clifton comes from Oxford. Well, is he worth his £100 a year to any firm? Answer me that."

"Money, money—always money. You are the most provoking creature alive. *Chacun son metier*."

"Eh! my dear?"

"Whenever I talk to you about something that is not mere matter of fact, you rattle your city money-box in my ears. I declare it is becoming quite unbearable."

And so the good couple went on. Mrs. Mellon had her little réunions of celebrities; and Mr. Mellon shrugged his shoulders and minded his whist.

Mrs. Mellon asked Mr. Clifton to her great annual ball. When he arrived, Mr. Mellon gruffly received him.

"My son's tutor," he said aside to an ex-deputy-sheriff near him. The ex-deputy-sheriff smiled with a patronizing air; as saying to himself—"Mr. Mellon invites these kind of people to his parties! Well, some people have no dignity." Mr. Clifton passed on, and crossed the ball-room to where Mr. Faversham, his sisters, and Mr. Ashby were laughing merrily. Faversham had introduced his friend Ashby. "What! not of the firm of Blank Lane in the city!" Mr. Mellon had exclaimed. On Mr. Ashby intimating his assent, the host gave him a hearty welcome. Mr. Faversham inferred from this cordiality that the lord of Jamaica Lodge "stood well," as the phrase runs, in the City. Mr. Clifton bowed to, and shook hands with Miss Faversham; and she merely said, "Good evening," and took up the thread of her vivacious conversation where she had dropped it. Mr. Faversham was inquiring when his sisters were returning home.

"Amiable creature!" said Miss Faversham, "the first question you ask us when you meet us is, how soon we are leaving. I am sure we don't trouble you much when we are in London."

"Pshaw!" cried Mr. Faversham.

"But I understand you are very much occupied in another quarter. I suppose that we shall shortly have to congratulate you." Miss Faversham was delighted at her brother's confusion.

"You talk riddles." Mr. Faversham moved haughtily away. Miss Faversham turned to see how Mr. Ashby would acquit himself. Poor fellow! he twisted his opera hat about; settled his cravat; examined his glove buttons. The young lady's wicked eyes were

bent upon him. It was cruel sport, Mr. Clifton thought, as he watched the game.

"I believe you are a friend of Mr. Namby, who wrote that funny burlesque last year; are you not?"

"Very intimate friend."

"Then I'm afraid you must be a great quiz yourself. I'm sure you are."

Ashby looked more like a condemned criminal, who was expecting the drop to fall from under his feet.

"I should like to be behind a screen, and hear some of your good things, when all you clever gentlemen are together."

"I assure you, Miss Faversham—" Ashby stammered, turning his hat round between his fingers, like an embarrassed stable boy called upon for an unpleasant explanation.

"You cannot deny it; I know you can't. I'm really afraid of talking to you, satirical gentlemen."

Is the admiral afraid of the powder-monkey; is the cat afraid of the mouse? In pity, Miss Faversham, spare the lad, who is confounded more by the brilliants in your eyes, than by those which fall from your lips. He brilliant! Had he the wit of Sheridan, Wilkes, and Sidney Smith under his well-pomatumed hair, he could not have blundered out a remark that would hurt a fly.

"I don't pretend to anything of the sort, I assure you," Mr. Ashby stammered, presently. "I never had a line printed in the course of my life."

Here Clifton advanced, whatever emotion he felt on entering the room subdued by the young lady's graceful effrontery, he threw himself under the battery, to draw the fire off his weak friend. Mr. Ashby lost no time in securing a retreat, Miss Faversham tittered. She completed the contrast between the simple, bashful girl, reading a novel, under the lilacs in the square, and the society-lady, flirting her fan, and looking boldly into men's faces. She looked at everybody, saw Clifton, who now sat by her side. A partner claimed her for a waltz, and Clifton watched her as she laughed and talked in an undertone to him who clasped her waist. She had asked Clifton to take charge of her fan while she danced. He held it, clasped it, and crushed it. His eyes followed its owner round the room, but he caught no glance of hers directed towards himself. She talked in confiding tones, silvered with little peals of low laughter. Clifton's blood boiled. And pray, why should it boil? Where lay his right to complain? He bit his lip, and gave back the fan, when the young lady, flushed and out of breath resumed her seat at his side. She turned to her partner, who was lingering before her, raising his curls gently with his handkerchief from his heated brow, and said:—

"You dance divinely!"

The gentleman made a low bow, and shook his fragrant curls gallantly over Miss Faversham's lap. If this same gentleman had been left at that moment completely in Mr. Clifton's power and alone, it would have gone ill with him. Yet poor little Vacuum was not aware that he was in any manner doing harm to his neighbour. The boy never had the remotest idea, that the savage-looking gentleman on Miss Faversham's left, had any claims upon the young lady, neva! Little Charley Vacuum, never, when he parted his hair "down the middle" in his most bewitching style, had a wish "to cut any other fellow out, dem him!" He asked Miss Faversham, with the sleepest smirk, thrusting his accommodating elbow forward, whether she would take an ice? and when he had performed this jog trot, he made a low bow (it would have enchanted the Baron Nathan,) and tripped away, holding his hat under his arm, and smiling upon the company through his half-closed eyes as is the wont of all the great family of the Vacuums.

"Is your father quite well, Miss Faversham?" "The most important conversations are opened with a common place. Miss Faversham glanced at her questioner, but not so boldly as she had glanced at the rest of the company.

"He is quite well, I thank you, Mr. Faversham?"

"And when do you return to the Grove?"

"Dear me, I suppose people are very anxious to be rid of me. It is hardly five minutes since my brother asked me the same question. Am I so very dull, then?" Could this be the same girl who was reading a few days ago in the square, and whose colour came and went at every word. Clifton was serious. Miss Faversham said to Mrs. Mellon that he would have made an excellent clergyman to a cemetery.

"You pay the worst compliment to my taste, when you put such a construction on my question. Why should you not, as you have every right to do, why not accept the inquiry, as one suggested by fear?"

"That would be very vain, and presumptuous, and I am not vain, whatever faults I may have, and Henry says they are legion."

"Brothers never flatter. Do you still hate the country? I remember that when I had the pleasure of staying a few days with your father, you told me you had a horror of the country, with the ploughboy shoes, the freckles and the midges."

"Did I? I suppose the conversation flagged!"

"Then you were not in earnest?"

"Dear me, no; one says a thousand things every day one doesn't mean."

"You sneered at the poor, and all who strove to help them."

"Did I? It is very possible. You should have been more amusing."

"You sacrifice yourself for conversation then. Some people might take you at your word—*au pied de la lettre*."

"No people would who had a grain of sense."

The young lady battled bravely; but her hand was neither so light nor so cunning as on ordinary occasions. Mr. Clifton was a little too earnest. His earnestness had mastered his timidity.

"I remember," Mr. Clifton continued, "I remember your sister Ada, with that bouncing country baby in her arms."

"She was always a romp. I can hear her laughing and chattering now."

"I thought I never saw a prettier picture for an artist."

"Pray don't let us get on the fine arts, Mr. Clifton."

Clifton was at a stand still, and sat watching the handsome face of the fair mocking-bird. Was it possible that this self-possessed, splendid beauty, confident in the wealth of her attractions, was the modest, pale violet, he approached timidly in the square only a few days ago?

The young lady broke the silence.

"I have not seen you dance this evening, Mr. Clifton."

"I don't dance!"

"I think I can remember dancing with you the first time I had the pleasure of seeing you."

Mr. Faversham lounged up to join in the conversation.

"A dull evening," said Mr. Faversham.

"It's a quiet evening, Henry." Miss Faversham could not help it. She knew this was exactly the reply that would wound her brother, but she could not forbear.

Ada tripped up.

"Henry dear, do have a polka with me. I haven't danced with you—I don't know when."

"You foolish thing! do you think brothers care about dancing with their sisters?" Miss Faversham drew her younger sister towards her.

But Faversham was ready to dance with Ada; and the brother and sister appeared to enjoy the dance.

"She is quite an original, I assure you," Miss Faversham said.

"An original that ought to be copied all day long," was Clifton's gallant answer.

Miss Faversham smiled, and began to examine the features of her face. "I dare say you think me very conventional."

"Why so?" Mr. Clifton in his difficulty made reply with a question.

"I know you do."

"Indeed, Miss Faversham, I have never ventured to ask myself a critical question. What ladies please to do and think is right."

"Now, you are talking sentiment. I can't bear sentiment."

"Sentiment!"

Here young Vacuum approached, drawing on his gloves; and putting on his society simper.

"I think," he said planting a glass in his eye, and looking down his list—a very rude proceeding by the way—"I think I have the honor for the next."

(How very fortunate that Clifton and Vacuum were not left alone together that evening.)

"It is fortunate that you wrote down your engagement, Mr. Vacuum." Miss Faversham rose, and departed for her station in the quadrille. It was close to Mr. Clifton. Between the steps the

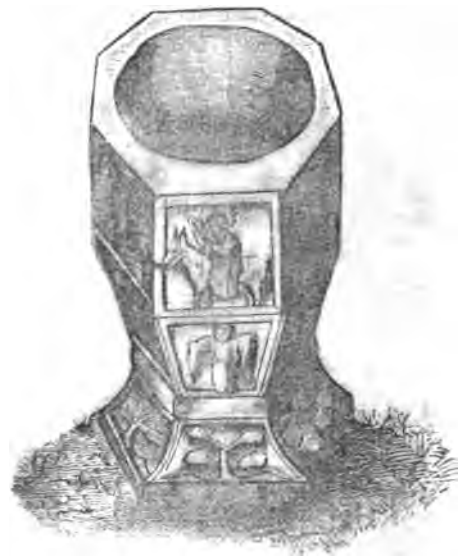
young lady turned petulantly round, and addressing Mr. Clifton angrily, said:—

"You provoking creature, you have broken my fan."

Before he could excuse himself, the young lady was again in the maze of the dance. She did not return to her seat; nor could Clifton again approach her.

He was retiring with Mr. Faversham, and was delivering up the number of his hat when, glancing into the cloak-room he saw little Vacuum begging a flower from Miss Faversham's bouquet. Catching Clifton's eye, the lady bowed low, then turned in another direction. Clifton, walking home, resolved to be no longer the tutor of Master Arthur Mellon.

A RELIC OF CLONARD.



THIS now insignificant spot, which is situated near the river Boyne, county of Meath, was formerly a place of great splendour and considerable importance. It was heretofore called Cluainiriaad, which signifies the retirement on the western height, and more anciently Rossfunchuill. However inconsiderable it appears at present, it was once famed as a bishop's see, and boasted of an abbey of regular canons, as well as of a nunnery for regular canonesses, dedicated to the Virgin.

St. Kyran, the son of Boetius and Dasercha, who was called the son of the artificer, and in the year 548, founded the famous abbey at Clonmacnoise, in the King's County, having received a grant of that place, together with Inis-Aingin and one hundred churches in Meath, from Dermid, the son of Cervail, monarch of Ireland, a short time before his death, which took place in 549, bestowed Clonard upon St. Finian, who was of high descent, and eminent as a divine and philosopher, founded here an abbey, and dedicated it to St. Peter. He also established a school here, at which were instructed several men remarkable for learning and piety. In the year 548 he died of the plague.

From the annals of the abbey of Clonard we collect the following, as the most remarkable of the vicissitudes to which it was exposed. In the year 838 the Danes destroyed it and put the clergy to the sword. These ruthless invaders also destroyed it in 888. King Congalach, in 949, exempted it from cess and other charges. In 1136, the people of Brefney (now the county of Leitrim and part of Cavan) not only rivalled but surpassed the Danes in the barbarity of their conduct towards this religious house; for they not only

ravaged and sacked the abbey, but acted with great cruelty to O'Daly, then chief poet of Ireland. They at the same time carried away the sword of St Finian. Donald O'Doin Fhiacha, lord of Teaffia, became a great penitent, and died here in 1141; a great part of the abbey, and all the library, was consumed by accidental fire in 1143. The abbey and town were despoiled and burnt in 1170, by M'Murcha, aided by Earl Strongbow and the English; and having been afterwards rebuilt, they suffered a similar fate in the year 1175, about which time Walter, son of Hugo de Lacy, erected a monastery here, under the invocation of Saint Peter, for Canons Regular of St. Augustine. The nunnery was founded and endowed by O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, who dedicated it to the Virgin, before the arrival of the English. As to the bishoprick of Clonard, it was, before the year 1152, united to that of Trim and others, all of which were annexed to Meath about the commencement of the following century.

There is not at this day a vestige remaining of its former magnificence; and even the curious tomb which Seward and Archdall say

trative of the neighbourhood where he spent his early days, accompanied by a view of his birth place, will be acceptable to our readers. The village of Auburn—

“Loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering bloom delay'd”—

once the residence of Goldsmith, or at least the scene of his youthful days, is situated in the county of Westmeath, about seven miles from Athlone, on the high road leading to Ballymahon; and though time has caused many alterations, yet the principal features of the landscape are the same, and many of the scenes described by the poet are still pointed out. Pallas is situated within one mile of Ballymahon. The walls of the house in which Goldsmith was born are yet standing, as shown in our illustration, but the whole is in a ruinous condition, the roof having long since fallen in. The scenery about Ballymahon is delightful, chiefly owing to the river



once was here, has vanished by the ruthless plans of some modern vandal. The present church is a wretched looking edifice, and in still more wretched repair. It consists of an oblong rectangular choir, about fifty feet long by twenty-four broad, having a tasteless steeple fifty feet high at the west end, on one side whereof is placed an old corbel stone, with an antique-shaped head carved upon it.

A venerable font, of which the engraving on the preceding page is a sketch, is exceedingly curious. It is formed of limestone or marble, and on the inside of the shape of a convex demisphere. The outside is an octagon, composed of square panels, beneath which are eight other panels that diminish in size towards the base. The upper panels are ornamented with biblical subjects.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE strenuous efforts at present being made in Dublin to raise funds sufficient to defray the expense of erecting a statue to Oliver Goldsmith, induce us to believe that a few notes illus-

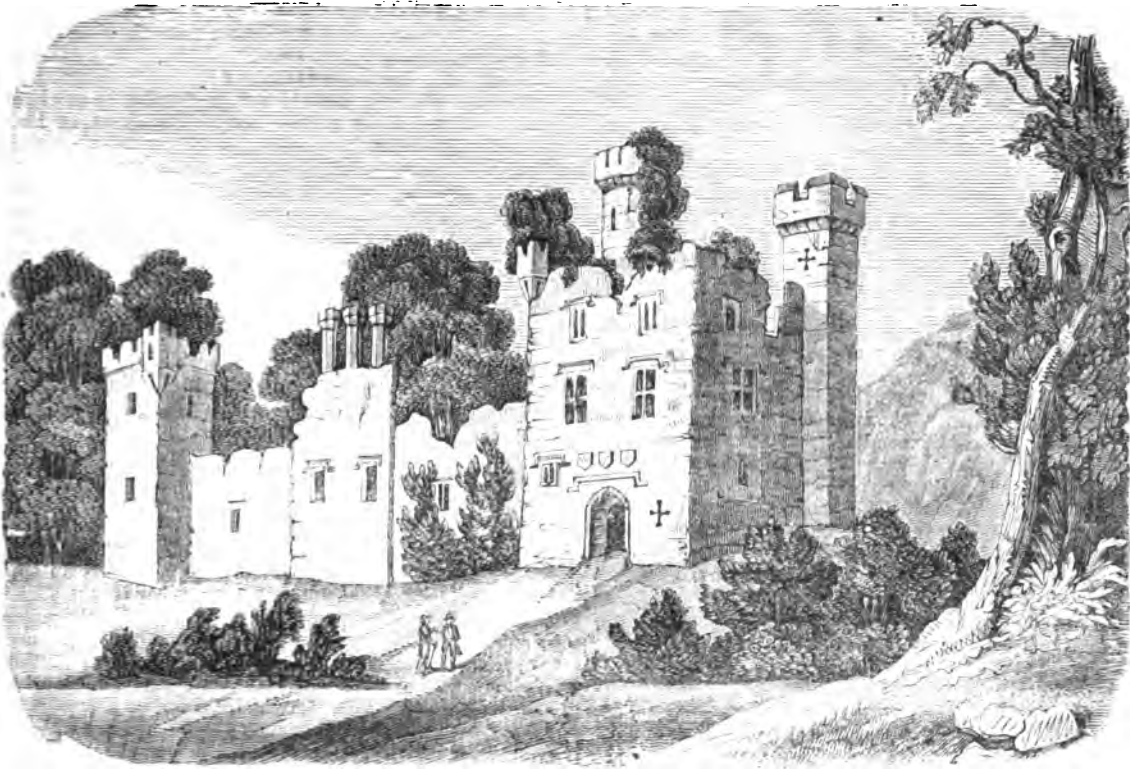
Inny, which runs through it under a bridge of five or six large arches, after falling over several ledges of rocks, among which are numerous large wooded islands, which, with the precipitous banks on each side of the river, form a landscape of great beauty, wanting neither mill, church, nor groups of cottages, to render it as interesting a spot, perhaps, as ever inspired or cherished the latent energies of a youthful poet. The house in which the poet was born is about two hundred yards from the road. Goldsmith thus describes it:

“Near yonder copse where once a garden smil’d,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher’s modest mansion rose.”

From “The Three Pigeons,” the village ale-house alluded to by the poet in several of his works, and in front of which stood

“The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made,”

there is a beautiful view of the surrounding country.



GARRYOWL CASTLE.

OF Garryowl Castle, county Cork, as it appears in the above illustration, not a trace is now visible. What time spared the hands of man ruthlessly swept away, and nought now remains to denote the existence of a once princely pile, save the traditions which still haunt the pleasant vale of Garryowl. The castle formed a portion of the patrimony of the O'Driscoll family, in whose possession it remained until a short period before the Union. About this time the property was claimed by a family named Davidson, the nearest of legitimate kin to the father of Florence O'Driscoll, the last inheritor of the castle. Their zeal for the ejection of Florence from his hereditary home, was heightened by a very strong political prejudice, and they pushed their claims with such pertinacity that the former was ejected, and although he had very powerful interest, including that of Mr. Foster, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, nothing could secure to him the possession of his patrimony. Mr. Davidson, who was a prejudiced and eccentric man, on the successful termination of his suit, immediately threw down Garryowl Castle, demolishing every vestige of the edifice, in the sage hope that he

might thereby obliterate all traces of the former family. Florence's fortunes were not destined to flourish. When the Act of Union passed he lost a post which he held in the Customs, and quitting Ireland in disgust entered the Austrian service, and fell in one of the numerous campaigns of the day. As shown in the above sketch there were three shields over the door of the castle, surmounted with a label moulding. The central one bore the arms of O'Driscoll, while the two others presented the bearings of O'Sullivan and O'Neill.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

CHAPTER IV.

SIR," answered Harmond, "that is a forgiveness that will not bear the probe. We often mistake for charity and pardon, the very satisfaction which we feel in the indulgence of our resentment."

"Tush—tush—sir!" cried the Major, pettishly; "you're but a child—a child, sir, and not qualified to judge in these matters. Society, sir—the customs of society must be respected."

"The customs of society!" said Harmond, in an indignant tone; "must they take precedence of the law of nature and of Heaven? Must we be the very slaves of custom?"

"Harmond," said the Major, "let no one ever seduce you into that wretched fancy, that the opinions of your fellow-creatures may be the subject of your contempt. Leave such notions as those to would-be philosophers, to selfish and whining sentimentalists, and others, who have too much genius to have any common sense or decent feeling. I never knew one of those lip-curlers, those scoffers at society, who was not at heart more thoroughly the slave of opinion, more sore about what was thought and said of him, more greedy after praise, and more anxious to be the common talk whether in love or blame, than any of the quiet folks, who incur their scorn by being good-natured enough to comply with the word in all that is indifferent. In love or blame, I say, for love of fame is often so diseased in character, and many of those soaring spirits, are so wretchedly dependent, after all, on the common opinion which they pretend to despise, that they had rather be the object of the world's disgust than its indifference; to be loathed, than be

forgotten. He who despises society, is himself a more miserable object of contempt. His very scorn is a crime more odious than the silliest custom he contemns."

"Granting all this, sir," answered Harmond, "is it necessary for us, therefore, to comply with the world in what is not indifferent?"

"You seek," said the Major, "to coop me up into a corner, but you may spare your logic. Eliza has disgraced her name and mine. I will not sanction her ill-conduct by restoring her to the place which she freely chose to forfeit; as she has sown, so let her reap. The unhappiness that you reproach me with was not my choice nor fault, but hers."

"Perhaps not altogether hers, sir, after all. If I rightly understand my poor mother's character, she owed many of her failings to her education, to a favourite idea of your own, which left her too much from childhood to her own direction."

"That cut goes home!" said the Major, laying his hand upon his eyes; "you are bold in your surgery, Harmond; you can use the caustic freely."

"And if it be to heal, sir," said Harmond, taking his grandfather's hand in both his, "why are you angry? I speak of my mother and your child; they are powerful names—do not harden your heart against them. Forgive her, sir, I conjure you to forgive her, and let us be again united. Think what it will be, sir, to see them all around you—to have the bond of gratitude added to that of natural affection, and what is more, to have a Creator pacified, who must now look angrily upon your house."

The Major seemed for some moments to waver as he contemplated the picture which Harmond placed before him. At last he said—

"Why did she choose my enemy?"

"Ah, sir," said Harmond, "why had you an enemy for her to choose?"

"That may prove my fault, but it does not diminish hers."

"Say you forgive her, sir?"

"No, no!"

"Say that you forgive my parents?"

"No!"

"I will sell the Erin before night, and never set foot on Fore-castle again."

"I will not say it!"

"Farewell, sir!"

"Stay—Harmond!—Harmond O'Connor, stay a moment!—the reef!—Don't forget the reef!" (The hall-door slapped to.) "He's gone! and without hearing me! The fellow will run into danger now, purely to spite me! Adam!" (He rung the bell.) "An obstinate—headstrong—Thomas!—Just his mother's manner—her wild and hairbrained spirit—and a little dash of her self-will along with it. Adam, run after Mr. Harmond, and tell him not to forget the reef upon his peril—and to be home early, that we may have some further conversation on the subject which we were speaking of this morning—make haste!" (Adam departed.) "Eliza! No!—the ingrate! never shall she cross the threshold of my door again!"

He dressed himself and remained sitting in his chair until the servant returned.

"Well, Adam?"

"I overtook him near the quay, sir."

"Well?"

"He said 'Pooh, pooh!' sir, when I talked of the reef; and when I gave him the rest of the message he laughed, and said he knew that was a trap, but that he was not to be caught with chaff."

"Very respectful, indeed. The fellow will certainly run in the way of danger, purely to be even with me. What sort of a morning is it on the water?"

"One of the boatmen, sir, told me it was likely to be a storm from the nor'-west."

"A storm!"

"A storm, sir," so he said."

"I am the wretchedest old man in Munster! I am sorry I was so harsh—he'll not return to-night—he may never return; and if he should not, what becomes of me?—Ay, there the wind begins to sing already—well—and the clouds are red in the east; a dreadful sign—and a scud over head—worse and worse—mackerel and mackerel tails all across the zenith, so much I know of seaman's craft for my greater misery; I know the gloomier snatches of the science. Well, if he come safely home to-night and promise to give up the Erin—I'll—I'll—no! never, never will I again receive Eliza!"

"Come, Beauchamp, push along!" cried Harmond to his friend, as they hurried, in the dusk of dawn, through the narrow streets that led to the water-side. 'Tis a glorious morning, plenty of wind in hand, and promises of more."

"Harmond O'Connor!"

"Who called me? Did you hear a voice?"

"I thought so, but see no one."

"Harmond! Harmond O'Connor!"

"Again! Oh, there he is! For pity's sake, be quick, or we are saddled with a bore—a regular bore. 'Tis Mr. Ajax Mac Orient, an old neighbour and friend of my mother—a gentleman who would have every one he converses with to see with his eyes, hear with his ears, judge with his judgment, and feel with his feelings—a horrid fellow!—with a smattering of all the arts and science extant, and a knowledge of none, yet passing for a finished critic in all, upon the strength of an acquaintance with some hundreds of technical phrases. Oh! we are late—he is on us—and we are in for it."

"They were joined by Mr. Mac Orient, who carried in his hand some bulky substance resembling a stone."

"Harmond, how are you? How d'ye do, Beauchamp? Both bound for the regatta, eh?"

"Of course."

"Could a poor landsman hope for a passage to the rendezvous?"

"Oh, certainly. Boat, a-hoy!"

"Look here, Harmond, see what I found in the quarry near Mount Orient."

"Why, what is that?"

"Look close at it."

"I do; it seems to me like a lump of limestone."

"Ha,—ha,—you are pleased to say so. It is an amygdaloid, one of the most beautiful specimens I have ever seen. I have been making what our worthy seneschal Hifle calls a *genealogical survey* of the caverns and quarries about our neighbourhood, and have picked up some most extraordinary facts and specimens; did you know that the left end of the village is all one mass of trap?"

"No, I protest," said Harmond, "I had no idea of it."

"I believe, sir," said Beauchamp, not perceiving the significant gestures by which Harmond warned him not to set the pedant's tongue in motion, "that geology is a very fashionable science, now."

"Oh quite, sir; quite cut out the political economists. Geology will do very well a while; it has not yet found anybody to give it to all the world at one and sixpence a month. By the way, what do you think (to Beauchamp) of this little book on Ireland?—Ay, I see you don't like it—well, I can't agree with you there; the author, you will say, defends absenteeism. You don't like that; well now, I don't know but 'tis right; what do you think? How would you reason the point?"

"I think," said Beauchamp, "that the person who could regard as a matter of indifference the residence or non-residence of a landlord on his own estate, is not to be reasoned with. I would despair as utterly of leading such an individual to feel aright, as I would of teaching a blind man to perceive the beauties of a landscape, or a ploughman to appreciate the verse of Milton."

"Well, read her again, and if you don't agree with me—and, *apropos* of landscapes—look at that!—there's a true Claude Lorraine sun for you! Do you see that castle in the *middle distance*, *balanced* by the sloop upon the left? That's Cuyp all over; and there, there's Rysdael for you!"

"Where?" cried Beauchamp, turning suddenly.

"That small dark copse upon the right. And mark the effect of that fishing-boat dancing on the billows in the foreground."

"The forewater, you mean," said Harmond.

"Oh, I spoke technically. The sky is well enough, but the clouds a little too rocky; that mass in the horizon is hardly natural. Look there!—that herd of cattle on the slope, did you ever see anything so exactly after Morland?—only they are not scattered enough—they crowd too much to the left—that flock of sheep is better—now that's perfect!—and that country girl loitering at the stile to see us pass. Poussin himself could not exceed that—only that hill of furze comes in too close to the rape field—there's too much yellow—somewhat overdone—Gainsborough would have done it better—but there—there!—that makes up for all indeed—look, Mr. Beauchamp, look at that range of hills to the south."

"A very striking outline," said Henry, not wishing to appear too ignorant.

"Outline, did you say?—oh, no, I did not mean the outline—I think the outline is deficient—rather tame—not pointed enough—not enough of the volcanic character about it—a *Salvator* stroke here and there would be desirable—I only meant the tints—the colouring—the correctness of the aerial perspective—I'd defy Turner himself to out-do that. I don't like that bright gleam of sunshine on the hill behind the old castle, though it gives such force to the darkened outline of the ruin—it seems to be done too much for effect;—it is too dioramic to please me."

"How possessed is this man with his technical jargon," whispered Hammond, "when he makes art the original of his pictures, and nature herself the imitation! For pity's sake, do not say another word, or he will leave nothing without a daub."

By this time the rendezvous appeared in sight; it was a spacious creek within view of the village, which was crowded with visitors anxious to see the regatta. The shore was already filled with villagers and country people, who hailed the *Erin* as she came in sight with repeated cheers. Several of the yachts were at their moorings, and a turf-boat, anchored at a short distance from the shore, displayed the Commodore's flag at her masthead. A band of music stationed on board added to the gaiety of the scene. The village, strand, and neighbouring fields and heights were all buzz-buzz from side to side, and everything seemed to promise a day of unbroken pleasure.

We will not so far intrude upon the province of the fashionable journals as to furnish a detail of the day's amusements, our business being chiefly with those events which did not appear upon the surface of the proceedings. While Hammond, having got rid of Ajax Mac Orient, stood with the tiller in his hand awaiting the report of the gun that was to be the signal for starting, he observed a small hooker, with sails and hull as black as night, draw near the little fleet, and keep hovering around them as if waiting likewise for the signal.

"Nash," said his master, "what hooker is that?"

"I don't know her, sir. I seen her before to-day, but nobody knows her."

"Beauchamp!" cried Hammond eagerly to his friend, and grasping his arm as he looked upon the boat—"I know it! It is my fetch! my double-goer!"

At this instant the shot was heard, and all the vessels started from their cables together. In a short time the race was between the *Seagull* and the *Erin*. The strange hooker pressed close behind, but seemed rather to stand upon and watch, than race with the other boats. When they approached the flag-boat which was stationed in the mouth of the river as a kind of goal, around which the vessels were to sail and return, they were all astonished to behold the hooker, instead of turning, stand boldly out to sea.

"Let the match go where it will," cried Hammond, "I will follow that fellow."

"Follow him! is it out to say, sir?" exclaimed Nash, with a look of utter amazement.

"Mind your business, sir, and hold your tongue," replied his master.

Nash clasped his hands, and seemed the image of despair. In an incredibly short time, both hooker and yacht were bounding over the billows of the broad Atlantic, Nash looking back to the majestic cliffs between which the river they had left disembogued its waters into a mighty sea, and even Beauchamp himself casting a less significant glance in the same direction.

"What do you mean to do, Hammond?"

"To follow him wherever he is going."

"Eh, master," said Nash, "how do you know where he's going? or is it a right boat at all that's there, only a *chimera*?"

"Hold your tongue, sir."

"We're lost! we're lost! we're lost!"

By this time the day had darkened, the wind grew fresher, and the indications of an approaching gale became momentarily more apparent. Hammond alone seemed, with the excitement, to have recovered his usual spirits and gaiety of temper.

"Come along—that's it my darling. There she dashes back the saucy brine—Ha! what's a hunter's back to that? Eh, Beauchamp? Oh, if we had the Major here for half-an-hour—Ho! ho! that's it, my sweetest!"

"Our captain rose with a look of dread,
On the plank he scarce can stand—"

"Up, boatswain, up, to the topmast head,

And see can you spy any land?"

"I have looked to the east—I have looked to the west,

Where the stormy winds do blow,

And I see but the sky that is raging above,

And the ocean that foams below,

Below!

And the ocean that foams below!"

"Ha—dash along, my darling! Well, Harry, was this your first time at sea?"

Nash groaned.

"If it isn't, 'twill be his last, I fear."

"Hold on—we're safe enough—the *Erin* will stand anything with that cockle-shell, at all events."

"Sad is our case amid tempest and wreck,

While the foamy breakers roar,

For we poor sailors are trusting to the deck,

While the land-lubber lies on shore,

Shore, shore!

While the land-lubber lies on shore!"

They continued the chase until the night began to fall. The hooker still kept some hundred yards ahead of the yacht until it became difficult to distinguish her rigging in the diminished light, notwithstanding the sable colour of her sails, which, as seamen know, by a feeble light, is much more easily discerned than white. Fortunately, the night, though rough, was not altogether dark, and occasionally, between the flying scuds of vapour, the full bright moon shot a hurried gleam upon the scene of tumult. Once, as he discerned in the glimpses of light the outline of the hooker far ahead, O'Connor strove to hail her, when the following conversation passed between them:

"Where are you bound?"

There was a pause, after which, between the bursts of the gale, they could faintly hear the hooker's answer:

"To the other world!"

"Who is your captain?"

"Death!"

"What vessel?"

"The Water-hearse."

At each of these answers Nash groaned and clapped his hands aloud.

"My poor father and mother!" he exclaimed. "Oh, the luck I had the day I ever entered your service, Mr. O'Connor! Oh, murder! murder! murder!"

"That's a pretty fellow," said Hammond, "whoever he is. That fellow's safe enough, at all events. He was never born to meet his death by drowning."

"I wish to my heart I was aboard of him, then," cried Nash.

The night advanced, the wind increased, and still the hooker held on her seaward course. Hammond perceived, however, that as soon as she had got to a safe distance from the clifted shore, she took a course almost directly southward, which he took care to imitate. Before midnight they had lost her. This circumstance did not add to their tranquillity. On their left appeared a stupendous iron-bound coast with its clifted headlands, and bays worked deep into the perpendicular rock, reverberating the roar of the now fully awakened ocean, while, on their right, the vast and angry waste of water presented a spectacle hardly less appalling. These perils were increased by the night, and the ignorance of every one on board of the nature of the coast by which they steered. They had, however, now no choice to make. The direction taken by the wind must be theirs and, fortunate for them, it was, that it continued since they left the mouth of the river to blow almost directly north. After midnight the storm increased to such a height that Hammond began to despair of making the land before morning. They were still driving onward with a speed resembling that of a racer at full gallop, when a sudden burst of moonlight revealed to them, at a considerable distance before, and on the left, the mouth of a bay which seemed to promise shelter from the fury of the roused up sea without. Shortening the sail of the yacht by lowering her peak, and steering for the bay, they ran into its tranquil waters just as the sun had risen above a magnificent range of hills which bounded the landward horizon. Within this bay, which

was studded with islands, and skirted with shores of alternate crag and green and woodland, they discovered a second, less spacious than the first, but far more wild and beautiful, the shores still more diversified with rock and foliage, and fertile islets scattered with yet greater profusion around their track as they advanced. It was one of those singular landscapes on the Irish coast, in which the richest and most tranquil inland scenery is blended with all the wildness and magnificence of the seaside; one of those

"Glens, where ocean comes
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes,
Where Freedom's sails might anchor."

"The question is now," said Harmond, as they came to anchor near the shore, where the water ran so smooth that a cockle-shell would have floated on it; "the question now is, what are we to do for breakfast?"

"Oh then, since we escaped last night," said Nash, "I'll engage we'll not die of starvation this morning, however."

While Harmond O'Connor and his companions are preparing to go on shore, we will return to Eliza O'Connor, respecting whose fortunes nothing has been told since her departure from our own neighbourhood. How entirely did it seem to her now, she had mistaken from the first the path to peace and happiness! She looked back now upon the past with that clear and sober gaze which affliction is almost certain to confer on minds that are not perverted by a wilful blindness, and it seemed to her as if the whole had passed under the influence of a species of intoxication. She wondered at herself as she discerned the selfish motive of acts on which she had even prided herself in prosperous days, and shuddered at many which she had considered wholly indifferent when they were performed. The experience which brought wisdom, brought her repentance also, and while she wept with bitterness over faults which now lay before her mind in all their deformity, she would not exchange her present sorrow for all the hoodwinked gaiety that she had lost.

The scenery through which she passed on her departure, was calculated to afford her some relief from the afflicting thoughts that had begun to weigh upon her health and spirits. A wild and broken road conducted them southward from the Killarney lakes. For many miles after the enchanting lake-prospects had been shut behind them, they found themselves encompassed by scenery of the most rugged and profitless description, mountains without sublimity, and valleys without beauty, breaking upon them in dreary succession, during the lapse of a summer day's journey. Sometimes, mounted on those shaggy ponies (a descendant of the Spanish Asturiones, and the only beast of burden to which these wilds are safely passable,) they toiled up the steepes of Esk, a portion of the gloomy range of glens and hollows which were termed, by ancient topographers, the Vallis Juncosa, and which, during the early English invasions, frequently afforded to the worsted natives a retreat regarded as inaccessible. Sometimes, in some wild mountain nook, they lighted upon a solitary cluster of farm houses, with gardens reclaimed from the waste, and affording subsistence to a remnant of the O'Sullivans or O'Sheas, of some ancient *clean* or family, who still preserve amid those deserts their independence, their poverty, their ignorance, their simplicity, their genealogical pride, unaltered. Sometimes a healthy mountain housewife, seated between her hampers, with kerchief tied round her laughing countenance, and blue mantle drawn round her shoulders, trotted by and challenged them in her native dialect to a race along the craggy road. Sometimes a herring gull or heron, floating gracefully through the fields of air above, indicated their near approach to the south-western coast, and at intervals the cry of a gannet, winging its way towards its nest in the lonely Skelig, startled the echoes among the barren excavations of the mountain. Sometimes, also, they encountered in the extensive solitude, the solitary figure of a priest, leading his pony down a slippery steep, and accompanied on one side by his clerk, laden with the bag of vestments, and on the other by a mountaineer, who had summoned him to administer the last rites of his religion to a dying relative. Towards evening, as they wound along within sight of the Sliev Miskiak mountains on the right, some traces of a kindlier soil began to break upon their view. The fir and overgrown buckthorn no longer held solitary dominion in the wilds—the heath was diversified by the white-

blossomed mountain avens, the delicate London-pride, and sometimes by the yellow-flowered tormentil; clusters of the smaller shrubs became more frequent in the clefts of the rocks, and along the mountain sides. The road coiled among broken defiles, presenting a romantic intermixture of rock and foliage, of beauty and abruptness. Plantations, in which the symmetry of art was blended with the freedom, boldness, and luxuriance of nature, arose on either side of the narrow way, and the social sense was silently pleased without breaking the romantic dream which the enchanting solitude had occasioned. Once more the lake-haunting arbutus, which had not visited their sight since they lost, two mornings before, the last traces of the Killarney scenery, now waved its slender leaves and scarlet berries above them from some overhanging rock, and welcomed them again to a new region of beauty and delight. At length, their ponies, with drooping head, and more laborious step, descended towards the termination of the grass-grown avenue. The sun struck a level light through the top of some old oak or lofty yew upon the right, while the evening silence was broken by the full round note of the song-thrush, concealed in some shade. I thicket, or by the silvery trill of the wood-lark, which here, like the nightingale, prolonged its strain far into the night. The broken rays shot across their path between the trunks of the aged trees,—a fresher wind rustled amid the lichen and beeches, and that indescribable murmur, almost inaudible to the sense, and yet filling the whole air, which the ocean sends forth in its calmest hours, announced their approach to the sea-side. At length, the leafy screen vanished behind them, and the varied shores, the tufted points, and scattered islands of Glengariff Bay, broke suddenly, in all their sunset beauty on Eliza's sight. Before them the bright green waters of the great inlet, crossed by a glancing and yellow light from the distant mountain heights, now broke in glittering wavelets on a sunlit beach, and now rolled dark and silent at the foot of some aged rock. Far in the distance, a few boats might be seen dredging for coral-sand near the mouth of the bay, and more near, on a craggy island, a lofty battery suggested the stern image of war and ruin, in the midst of this delicious region of peace and of abundance.

Here, on the shores of this remote bay, did Mr. O'Connor fix his residence from the period of his departure from our neighbourhood, until that day on which Harmond and Beauchamp left home for the regatta. In the interim, great and serious changes had taken place in the establishment; their children were most of them grown up, while their means, at no period equal to their rank, were disappearing fast; Eliza's fortune, almost their sole possession, was not equal to the expenses of a family, no member of which could supply, either by his industry or talent, the absence of a more considerable income; and what was worse, while it lasted they felt little care about the future. O'Connor, who had the misfortune to be what is commonly called "good-natured," that is, a man without thought, and fond of his amusement, was good for little beside fishing, shooting, and telling stories after dinner; and his eldest son was even a more serious cause of uneasiness to both the parents; in him Mrs. O'Connor deeply felt the nature of the pain which she had herself inflicted on her father. He associated with the most worthless characters in the neighbourhood, and often remained for many months from home, without furnishing, either before his departure or after his return, any account of his motives in doing so; the issue was, that the household fell at length into decay, and borrowing, a bad remedy, was resorted to by Mr. O'Connor, in order to supply immediate wants. In this position affairs were placed at the time when Harmond, without knowing the situation of his parents, was pleading their cause with his grandfather.

On landing from his yacht, in company with Henry Beauchamp, Harmond proceeded toward a house within the distance of a few fields from the water-side, with the hope of obtaining fire and refreshment. As they walked along the narrow foot-path which traversed the grass, their attention was arrested by the following song, which they could hear distinctly on the other side of a hedge that separated them from the dwelling. The voice was so sweet and musical, that they stopped to hear the whole.

"Fare thee well, my native dell,
Though far away I wander,
With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,
In absence only fonder.

Farewell, ye banks where once I roved,
To view that lovely river—
And you, ye groves, so long beloved,
And fields, farewell for ever!
Fare thee well, etc.

Here once my youthful moments flew,
In joys like sunshine splendid;
The brightest hours that e'er I knew
With those sweet scenes were blended—
When o'er those hills, at break of morn,
The deer went bounding early,
And huntsmen woke, with hound and horn,
The mountain echoes cheerly.
Fare thee well, etc.

Fare ye well, ye happy hours,
So bright, but long departed!
Fare ye well, ye fragrant bow'rs,
So sweet, but now deserted!
Farewell, each rock and lonely isle
That wake the poet's numbers,
And thou, oh, ancient holy pile
Where mighty Brian slumbers!
Fare thee well, etc.

Farewell, thou old romantic bridge,
Where morn has seen me roaming,
To mark across each shallow ridge,
The mighty Shannon foaming—
No more I'll press the bending oar,
To speed the painted wherry,
And glide along the woody shore
To view the hills of Derry.
Fare thee well, etc.

There's many an isle in Scariff Bay,
With many a garden blooming,
Where oft I've passed the summer day
Till twilight hours were glooming.
No more shall evening's yellow glow
Among those ruins find me—
Far, far from those dear scenes I go,
But leave my heart behind me.
Fare thee well, etc.

Fast, fast we ride by hedge and tree,
Fast fade thy loved bowers—
Still through the bursting tears I see
Thy hills and hoary towers.
'Tis past! my last faint glimpse is o'er,
My last farewell is spoken,
I see those loved scenes no more,
My heart—my heart is broken!

Fare thee well, my native dell,
Though far away I wander,
With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,
In absence only fonder."

Still humming a verse of the song, a fine-looking boy, of about twelve or thirteen years of age, appeared at the little gate which stood between the strangers and the lawn, immediately before the house. On seeing Harmond, he opened the gate and ran hastily towards him.

"So you are come, at last," he said, taking his hand, and we thought we were never to see you any more—and you are just come in time, for there are keepers in the house these two days, and papa is gone off to uncle Edward's to hide, for fear he'd be taken to gaol—Mouser had six kittens, and mamma was obliged to stay in bed to-day, she was so sick for fear you were drowned last night in the great storm."

By the time he had got thus far in his budget of news, he began to perceive that he had mistaken his man, and, drawing back with a shy embarrassed look, was about to betake himself to flight. Harmond, however, encouraged him to remain until he had entrusted him with a message for the lady of the house.

They found in the interior of the dwelling all the symptoms of discomfort and perplexity which the lad's speech had led them to expect. Two surly men were pacing now and then from the kitchen

to the hall, and looking as if they wished to make themselves as troublesome as possible, but did not know how to set about it.

"They are as cross as the cats," said the boy, in a whisper, to Harmond, to whom he seemed to have taken a liking, "because mamma refuses to give them whiskey. One of them told Nelly in the kitchen that he didn't care what they took out of the house so that they were only civil. By civil he means giving him money or whiskey; and that, you know, when he was put here to watch the goods; did you ever see such a rogue? But come away to a room, where you can change your dress, and my sister Ellen will have breakfast ready for you when you come back. I don't know whether mamma will be able to come down or no, but you will have breakfast at any rate."

They proceeded to the room, their new acquaintance conducting them and continuing his communicative conversation, while they made the necessary change in their attire.

"I was sure it was Redmond when I saw you," he said to Harmond; "I never saw anybody so like, and even the dress itself. He wasn't at home these two months, and mamma is afraid something has happened to him. I told mamma how like him you were, and she was greatly surprised, but she said it must be the dress that made me think it."

"And pray, tell me," said Harmond, "what is this place called?"

"This? Oh, this is Glengarriff; I'm surprised you don't know it; I thought everybody knew Glengarriff."

"And what is your name?"

"Arthur O'Connor."

There needed no more to place the whole of the case before the eyes of Harmond. The roof beneath which Providence had thus singularly thrown him was the dwelling of his parents, and it was his brother who stood before him. Those who have never known or who long have wanted the sweetness of domestic intercourse, the inexpressible charm that is in the words brother, and sister, and parent, the confidence of sure and perfect intimacy in the heart which neither interested friendships nor worldly alliances can bring, those only can recognise in their own hearts the feelings that awoke in that of Harmond upon this discovery. He felt that pang of love—that yearning of the heart with which the faithful Joseph was affected when he longed to fling himself upon the neck of Benjamin, and weep aloud. The time, however, was not yet arrived for making the disclosure, so that he continued his questions with apparent unconcern.

"And have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Oh, yes, a great many, and cousins too. We have two cousins living with us now, James and Mary O'Connor. We have Big James and Little James, and Big Mary and Little Mary. That's the way we know 'em asunder, for some are cousins, and others brother and sister. 'Tis Big Mary, that's sister Mary, that's getting breakfast."

Returning to the parlour, they found, in the act of preparing breakfast, a fine young woman, whose dark hair and full intelligent eyes would have made a stranger pronounce her to be Harmond's sister. As they entered, Arthur whispered Harmond in the ear:

"That's Big Mary."

Blushing and laughing together, at the uncouth epithet which she overheard, and which certainly could only be comparatively appropriate, the young lady saluted the visitors, and with easy politeness apologized for the absence of Mrs. O'Connor, who, she said, was not yet ready to make her appearance. In the mean time she had given orders that the gentlemen should receive every accommodation which their cottage could afford, and a servant had already been despatched to summon the boatman to the house.

While Beauchamp warmed himself by the fireside, Harmond entered into conversation with his sister, in whom he was delighted to find both manners and information suited to her rank. The room now filled with young O'Connors of all sizes, every one of whose persons and countenances Harmond examined with an interest that gave amusement and gratification to his sister. At length a slow and apparently feeble step was heard descending the staircase. The door was opened, and a lady entered, who seemed about forty years of age, in a dark dress of the very plainest fashion, and with a look of the severest care imprinted deep upon her features. Instinctively Harmond walked across the floor to meet her and then stood gazing in her face until she should recognise him. She did so at first sight—but the fear of a mistake made her prolong the

inquiring look until all doubt had disappeared. As every feature gradually became familiar to her recollection, the thoughts of early days came back upon her mind with a force and poignancy that were almost insupportable. She trembled as the certainty grew strong, the tears gushed into her eyes, and she raised her hands and cast herself upon his breast, she had scarcely strength to utter in the faintest voice:

"It is my child!"

"My mother! my dear mother!"

It was indeed his mother, but widely altered from the gay romantic girl who kept Drumshambo Hall alive with her wit and gaiety. The commotion which this scene created may safely be intrusted to the reader's imagination. It was heightened ere noon by the arrival of Redmond O'Connor, the owner of the hooker, whose resemblance to Harmond was now accounted for. The latter was in the most exulting spirits, and would have had the whole household come away at once and take his grandfather by storm. But Mrs. O'Connor, who now could form a better estimate of her father's character than in former times, was not so sanguine in her hopes.

"If it were difficult," she said, "fifteen years since, to obtain his forgiveness for what was past, it will be more so now, when absence has diminished affection, and when resentment has taken firm and lasting root within his mind. For it is a certain truth, that the longer we cherish any feeling, whether good or evil, the more invincible it becomes. For the present let us enjoy with grateful hearts the delight of our re-union, and devise some means of rendering it permanent."

We will leave Harmond to become intimate with the friends to whom he was thus unexpectedly restored, and direct our attention to another quarter. On the second morning of the regatta, Major O'Brien, sleepless, wretched, and a prey to the cruellest suspense, was seated in his drawing-room, awaiting the return of Adam, whom he had despatched to the quay in search of news.

"If he has perished," said the Major, "I shall lose my wits; if he has escaped, I will disinherit him. A villain, to keep me two nights without a wink of sleep—poor fellow!—poor fellow!—perhaps I am talking of one over whom the waves are breaking at this moment. Oh, miserable man! Well, Adam, what's the news? did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I am utterly undone. It were better for us both to have perished at Drumshambo."

At this instant a noise was heard in the backyard.

"Yeo ho! Adam! Ho! Yeo ho! Yeo ho!"

"Tis he! 'Tis Harmond! Heaven be praised! Run, Adam! Open the door—run—run—Good Heaven be praised for ever!—A scoundrel!—poor fellow!—a dog—a headstrong—poor—poor boy—so he is safe!—What, Harmond—my dear child! What, well? Quite well?"

"A little hungry, sir, that's all," cried Harmond, after he had liberated himself from his grandfather's embrace; "sharp air, sir, makes the appetite keen."

"You scoundrel, how dare you use me thus? My poor fellow, and are you very cold?—Adam, get breakfast quick! Oh, villain, I'll disinherit you! Did you get very wet? Well, come and tell me all about it while, Adam is getting breakfast. And, mind! take care and make it as horrible as possible, for I like to have the description made very horrible when all the harm is over. I remember, after the skirmish of Drumshambo—"

"There is no occasion, sir," said Harmond, "for any invention in the case. The plain truth is horrible enough."

"I suppose so—I warrant ye. I suppose it is, indeed."

"In the first place, every wave we passed after leaving the Heads behind us was something lower than the cathedral steeple."

"Eh? Bless me! Were you not swallowed up alive?"

"The night was black as the chimney-pie."

"Dear! dear!"

"We heard the breakers roaring like lions on the cliffs within fifty yards of us—"

"My poor boy—"

"While none of us knew a single rock along the coast—"

"Oh, you villain."

"About midnight the storm began—"

"Come to the morning—come to the morning," said the old man, "Tis too horrible. What happened in the morning?"

"In the morning, sir," said Harmond, "we ran into a lonesome bay, as drenched as water spaniels, and hungry as kites. Indeed, I don't know what we should have done if it were not for a hospitable family living near the shore, who showed me, I must say, as much attention as if I had been one of themselves."

"Why what charming good sort of people they must be. Who were they?"

"But, unfortunately—and to this it is, sir, that I wish to direct your especial attention—I discovered that, like most persons who are distinguished by uncommon amiability, they are not so prosperous as could be wished."

Here Harmond, altering his tone and manner, and speaking with a seriousness that showed how deep an interest he felt in what he told, described the scene which he had witnessed at Glengariff, related what he knew of the circumstances of the family, and concluded by so fervent an eulogy on the lady of the house, that the interest and sympathy of the Major were strongly awakened.

"I could not help feeling pity for her," said Harmond, "when I figured to myself the idea of so gentle and amiable a being reduced to the necessity of accompanying her husband to a common gaol, and after having by her own extraordinary industry, educated all her children in the rank in which herself was born, condemned to see them cast upon the world, to struggle with the most abject poverty."

"Tis very hard—very hard, indeed," said the Major—"but how is it? Have they no friends? has she no relative who might assist her?"

"That, sir," said Harmond, "is what adds peculiar sharpness to her affliction. She has one wealthy relative but he refuses even to receive her within his doors. In short," continued Harmond, turning suddenly, and taking his grandfather's hand—"I am but awkward at disguise or mystery. It was beneath my parents' roof that I found shelter from the storm."

"So! so!"

"It was my mother whom I found upon the brink of ruin, and who, overpowered by my persuasions, has consented to return along with me, to implore from her only parent the succour which she now can hope for nowhere else."

"Eliza has come with you, then?" said the Major, with a tranquillity of voice which did not promise well.

"She is now beneath this roof," said Harmond, somewhat daunted by the Major's unexpected coldness.

"Tell her," said the Major, without the least emotion, "to return the way she came. They shall have some money if they require it, but I will not see her."

Harmond, himself impetuous and liable to sudden impulses both of anger and of love, was totally unprepared for this cold, unmoved inveteracy of resentment. The Major's love for his daughter, as fervent as it once appeared, had always too much selfishness about it; and as his subsequent severity had all along been founded on a bad principle, it was, like all bad feelings, hard to be eradicated.

"The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red hot steel is the old man's ire."

So said one who knew something of the human heart, and the Major's case was no exception to the rule. Harmond felt his spirit sink at the thought of having subjected his mother to the pain of this unnatural reception, and in his fear on her account he grew more earnest in his entreaties.

"Do not, I beseech you, sir," he said, "inflict so cruel a blow upon your daughter's heart. Let it not be said or thought, that after having been separated from her for more than twenty years, you could be guilty of such a crime—I will call it—as that of turning her from your door without even hearing her prayer for your forgiveness."

"I tell you," said the Major, "I will hear nothing. If they want money they shall have it—but the sooner she goes home again the better."

Shocked to the soul, and naturally indignant at this speech, Harmond assumed his usual carriage, and addressed his grandfather with more firmness.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "for all our sakes, that I was not able to prevail on you. I never will deliver to my mother such a message as you speak of. You are mistaken in her character, well as you ought to know it, if you suppose that she is mercenary."

She seeks your forgiveness and affection, and where those are denied, I fear your money would be an unwelcome substitute. But sir—" continued Harmond, and he paused for a long time, as if he felt the utmost difficulty in expressing what must be said—"I must not forget that I owe a duty to my parents. They have been visited by the hand of heaven, and they require my services, and they shall have them while I have an arm to hold a spade. If my mother leaves this house, I return with her."

The Major looked at him for a considerable time in silence, and seeming stunned by this new turn:

"Is this," he said, "your gratitude?"

"I feel," said Harmond, "all the weight of what I owe you. You have done all for me. You have been my kind and generous benefactor, and I owe you more of love and gratitude than countless ages can repay. But 'Honour thy father and thy mother' was written by the finger of the Omnipotent upon a table of stone, and delivered to the world amid menaces of wrath and promises of love, according as it should be violated or fulfilled. I dare not, even for you, resist the ordinance of nature and of heaven. Your claim is strong on my obedience, but the claims of those who gave me life and birth are stronger."

"If you leave me," said the Major, trembling, while his countenance grew red and pale with anger and apprehension, "you shall not possess a shilling that is mine."

To this his grandson made no reply.

"I will disinherit you," said the Major, bursting into passion, "if I were to take a beggar from the street to fill your place!"

"What is your's to keep, sir," answered Harmond respectfully, "is yours to give wherever you desire. It shall make no alteration either in my feelings of gratitude towards you for what is passed, or in my determination to do now what is clearly and obviously my duty."

"And you are determined then to forsake me?" said the Major, in a softened voice.

"I can only repeat what I have said already," answered Harmond, "that with my mother I return or stay."

There was a silence of some moments, during which the old man, who could not help secretly approving what irritated him almost beyond endurance, seemed deliberating within himself what course he should adopt. At length, approaching Harmond where he stood, and nudging him two or three times in the side with his elbow, he said

"Well, Harmond—you will promise me to sell the Erin?"

Harmond was silent.

"Do you mean to hesitate about it?"

"You know my terms, sir."

"Have you the effrontery now to talk of terms after what has passed since we spoke together last? Eh?"

"Ah, sir, this has lasted a great deal too long. Come—you must give me leave to sell the Erin, to live soberly at home, and be all that you can wish me."

"Harmond," said the Major, "it is vain to talk. Even if I should consent to this, the circumstances are now wholly changed. Eliza, your mother, is no longer what she was. She probably forgets me—as I have given her cause to do. Wrapped up in her husband and her children, she is altered now in mind; and it would wring my very heart to live with Eliza, and to find her grown indifferent to her father's affection."

"But what, sir," said Harmond, "if you could know with certainty that her separation—her exile rather—from your house and your affection, is preying, even to this hour, more keenly than ever on her heart—that not all the assiduities of a husband who dotes on her, and friends who second his exertions for her happiness, could ever restore even moderate quiet to her mind—that both her health and spirits are hourly suffering from the recollection of one unhappy step; that even still she murmurs the name of her father in her dreams, and often declares that she could die happy, if she only heard him say that he forgave her——"

"If this were true," replied the Major; "the possibility of such a thing has often in fancy crossed my mind, but I dismissed it as preposterous—for she who forsook, I said, could not regret me."

"Sir, it is true," said Harmond; "her melancholy on this score is the only fault of which her friends accuse her. Exact in every duty, this still prevents her enjoying peace of mind or heart. Dear grandfather," continued Harmond, taking the Major's hand in his,

"let me intreat you to be kind—be generous—be a father—bid me admit her."

For a considerable time the old Major remained with his hands pressed upon his eyes, as if debating the point with his own heart. At length he let go the hand of his grandson, and said in a low voice—

"Admit her."


In a few minutes after, Eliza was at her father's feet, and in another, in his arms. There was not one in all our neighbourhood that was not overjoyed at the reconciliation, however strongly they had reprobated the early disobedience of the now penitent daughter, nor did it want an appropriate celebration. On the fifth of September following, Drumshambo Hall was re-opened with great splendour to the surrounding neighbourhood, and Adam Dobe was busy at the flag-staff, at the same hour at which he had woke the echoes of the river nearly twenty years before. A gay procession of the villagers, headed by Hifle, the seneschal, smiling and kissing hands as sweetly as ever, presented to the Major a lexicographical address on his return, and in the evening the small demesne was crowded with the inhabitants of the village, rich and poor. There was racing in bags, and climbing of poles with purses at the top, and music and dancing, and feasting and firing of cannon, and all that could be done to make a village gay for a night. But what most attracted admiration was a board suspended between two oak trees, with a flag at either end, and the word "Drumshambo," in variegated lamps, surrounded by wreaths of olive and of laurel, illuminating the intervening space.

Nothing remains for us to add, except that the Erin is at present lying at the quay, within a mile of our village, where she may be seen by any one who is desirous to purchase her, and that Redmond O'Connor is gone to sea. In the education of the young O'Connors the Major seems anxious that his errors, with regard to that of his own daughter, should be carefully avoided, and that a judicious degree of restraint should be mingled with indulgence.

"I do not approve," said the Major, "of all that care which is taken in the present day to remove all occasion for laborious exertion in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Even if one could succeed in teaching geography on penny handkerchiefs, and conveying a notion of all the sciences in the shape of sixpenny toys, a most important part of mental education would still be wanted—the habit and facility of laborious application. If all labours be turned into play when they are young, the Epicurean feeling will haunt them in after life, and having early learned to turn business into pleasure, they may eventually choose to make pleasure their business. It was my own shallow views of education that laid the foundation of all our misery."

THE END.

WALL-FLOWERS.

 O'D bless the Wall-flower, the poor plant that blows,
In ruined places—a Samaritan—
As welcome as the bubbling spring that waits,
In desert lands, the drooping caravan.

There's not a broken rent where ruin sits,
There's not a fissure which the wind doth know,
But God's good ministers, the happy winds,
With gracious hands and kind, its seeds do sow.

Hath it not morals? The poor Wall-flower speaks
Of the sweet benediction which descends
On broken efforts, labours profitless,
But aiming, earnestly, to noble ends.

Our tombs were dug a million years ago,
Eternity supplied the pick and spade,
We sink and die, but, somehow, good survives
That which Eternity itself hath made.

Like the sweet Wall-flowers, hearts and books conserve
Our memories holy, and our names arise
Each with a blossom round it, to attest
What God hath loved and taken to the skies.

Heaven bless the Wall-flower, fadeless be its bloom,
Its generation spread from clime to clime,
For in its lowly presence we have learned
A solace that doth mock the spoils of Time.

THE "CREAGHTS" OF ULSTER.



FROM a very interesting paper read before the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, in the year 1855, we are enabled to glean a few notes relative to the "Creaghts" of Ulster, which will be interesting to many. As the author of the paper to which we are indebted for the materials of our notes, remarks, at the commencement of the seventeenth century Ulster presented as marked a difference from the rest of Ireland as it has done in later times; but instead of being, as now, the most English part of Ireland, it was the most Irish. It was only in the reign of James I., upon the conclusion of the war carried on by Queen Elizabeth's forces, under Lord Mountjoy, against the Earl of Tyrone, that the country was opened up for a general plantation, and that it became colonized by the ancestors of the present settlers.

A glance at the map will show that this province is three parts surrounded by sea, and that the remaining boundary, or land frontier, of Ulster, which may be roughly defined by a line drawn from Dundalk to Ballyshannon, on the Bay of Donegal, gives the shortest traverse from sea to sea. The western half of this line is occupied by the waters of Lough Erne, which form a complete defence from Ballyshannon to Belturbet, a distance of nearly fifty miles; while the chain of the Fews mountains, rising in front of Dundalk, along the outmost part of the Pale, covered a considerable portion of the other, or eastern half. The interval in the centre was protected by the counties Monaghan and Cavan, a district of low, wooded hills, interlaced with a perfect net-work of bogs and lakes, through which there was but one road—that by Carrickmacross, in the barony of Farney, which thence came to be called the "Gap of the North."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth Ulster was termed, by an Act of Parliament passed for extinguishing the name of O'Nial, "the most perilous place in all the isle." For their greater security the O'Nials, with much shrewdness and policy, instead of attempting to strengthen their country with castles, forbade any to be built. And, carrying out this plan of rendering their country untenable to an invader, for want of cover and supplies; they discouraged

agriculture, and kept their people to a wandering, pastoral life. Their dwellings are described as having been made of wattles, or boughs of trees, covered with long turves or sods of grass, which they could easily remove and put up as they wandered from place to place in search of pasture, following their vast herds of cattle, with their wives and children, and removing still to fresh lands as they had departed the former. They lived, according to "Spenser's State of Ireland," chiefly on the milk of their cows. The aggregate of families that in one body followed a herd, was called a "creaght." In other parts of Ireland there was much of strictly pastoral life, in many respects similar, which was called "Boolying," in which the owners of cattle and their families passed much of the year in the wilds and mountains with their cows, but, unlike the nomadic population of Ulster, they seem to have had fixed habitations to return to. The evils flowing from this unfixed wandering life of the "Creaghts," must be very evident. It induced, of course, a natural indisposition to submit to positive regulations. The difficulties, however, of abolishing this mode of life were great. The freedom of the woods and wilds has charms which even those who have left civilization to taste of, find it difficult to abandon, and are known often to have preferred to all the luxury of settled life.

At the termination of the scenes which, in the course of the seventeenth century, formed an erasable spot of blood and venom on the history of Ireland, the commissioners for the government of Ireland, upon serious consideration, "perceiving the inconvenience of permitting the Irish to live in Creaghts, after a loose and disorderly manner," issued orders for the "fixing such persons upon lands proportionable to their respective stock, and enjoining them to betake themselves to tillage and husbandry." In case of refusal their cattle and stock was seized, and sold "for the best advantage of the Commonwealth."

Traces of the "Creaghts" are to be found down to the middle of the last century; not, perhaps, that the practice or mode of life continued to prevail to so late a period, but the term was still known, and in use to describe the little huts and cabins, in which many of the Irish still continued to dwell.

Thus Story, the historian of the Williamite war, speaking of the "wild Irish," some of whom he first saw at Newry, on his march to the Boyne, says: "Some call them 'Creaghts,' from the little huts they live in, which they build so conveniently with hurdles and long turf, that they can remove them in summer towards the mountains, and bring them down to the valleys in winter."

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LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

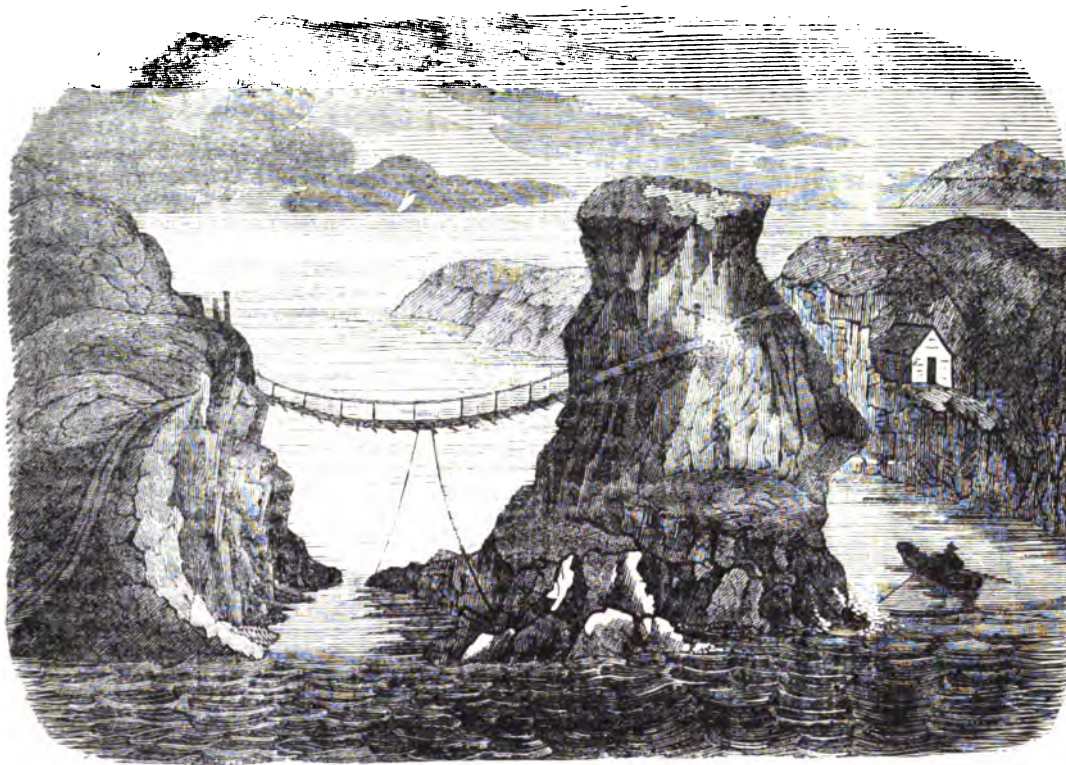
A TALE OF THE ANTRIM COAST.



HE head land of Carric-a-rede, which projects a considerable way into the sea, on the coast of Antrim, and on the extremity of which there is a small cottage, built for a fishing station, is divided by a tremendous rent or chasm,

supposed to have been caused by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. This chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either side rising about eighty feet above the level of the sea. Across this rent a bridge of ropes has been constructed, for the convenience of the fishermen who live on the island during the

summer months. The construction of this bridge is very simple. Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock; across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women, and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running, apparently with as little concern as they would evince



in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is thrilling in the extreme to witness from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height, and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and narrow footway which conducts them across the gulf that yawns beneath their feet. That nothing can exceed in grandeur and boldness the scenery which

occasionally bursts on the view of the traveller along the coast of Antrim, from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, has been generally admitted by all who have travelled it. The road is hilly in the extreme, but it presents one continued scene of fine, bold, picturesque, maritime landscape; the rocks in some places rising into

precipitous cliffs, jetting headlands, noble promontories, and again, sloping down into beautiful bays and quiet harbours, the prospect to the right being one continued sea-view, with the Scottish coast, the Isle of Arran, and other lesser islands, in the distance; that to the left pleasingly diversified with hill and valley—here a spot well cultivated, and occupied with comfortable cottages—and this again, succeeded by a barren mountain, with scarcely a cabin, even of the most miserable description, to show that it is inhabited by human beings.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and flaming waters of the coast, feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeur of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time rejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon these lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, unclothed, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink in to the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass those deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence—without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused-up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And, again, without turning in thought to the far away homes, at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fireside, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labour of her hands, an only child who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden that was confined by a quickset hedge at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favour. The mother beheld with a mother's agony the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of the habitual privation and habitual toil: while the son mourned to see the feebleness of premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigour of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distress and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement which the colonization of the New World held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance as soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry,

because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering, like many of his fellow-exiles, in the seaport towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that open-mouthed folly which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time, he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, and her son would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long-expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her countenance was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprung up in her fallow-fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life, up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward, with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to heaven, and her entire dependence upon the Divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness! There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and of faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven, indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, with her deck covered with pale and frightened faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions which beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow during the whole of that period in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening,

were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the Widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward-bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely that the widow thought the morn would never dawn.

An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognised the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I am pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot, it is so dark," the widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! and the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day!—the sun! Oh, my Almighty Father! save me."

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes, and shrieking aloud in her agony. "Oh! I shall never see him more! I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed himself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! Oh, my darling mother! I am come back to you. Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept, without speaking, upon the neck of her long-absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But, when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy, laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm, "you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it; but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. Oh, my poor boy! I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind!"

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother!" he repeated. "Oh, heaven! is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home, and find her dark for ever! Is it for this that I have prayed and laboured? Blind and dark! Oh, my poor mother! Oh, heaven! Oh, mother, mother!"

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands. Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven. Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good! I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world, again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.

"Well, well, my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since

you are the chief sufferer, and show no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done! but it is a bitter—bitter stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom, and wept aloud; while his wife, retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung, with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked—"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these? Tears? My good child, you should dry your tears instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me feel them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! if I could only open my eyes, for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps, even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the re-united family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow creature's sorrow, even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard, with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow, when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!"

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once, by the condition of the eyes, that by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visitor, "I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore your sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented; and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds

which he had found it necessary to inflict had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow :

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered, and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first upon which her eyes reposed was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunken since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness, and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced, had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder, and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright when I said that even when we thought ourselves most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS.

SCARCELY a more curious chapter in the history of events could be written than one which would trace the beliefs and fashions which have obtained among the community with respect to the use of medicines. Taking up an old book the other day in a medical library, entitled "The Ladies' Dispensatory," we caught a glimpse of the ideas of our ancestors on this subject, which may compare—not much to our own advantage, we fear—with the practice of the big-medicine men of some remote African tribe. If our reader happen to have lived in the good old time—the Arcadian period of "merrie England," when, according to romantic writers, a few herbs and simples sufficed to medicine the "ills that flesh was heir to" in those robust days—"a falling sickness," we find, would have been treated with any of the following recipes, or with a succession of them. "The blood of a weasel, to be drunk; the liver of an ass roasted, eaten fasting; an ass's hoof burned, to be drunk; the brine excrecence growing on the coronet of a horse's hoof, bruised and drunk in vinegar; stones found in the belly of the swallow's first brood tied in a piece of buckskin and worn about the neck;

and of a sea-calf, to be drunk; gall of a bear; gall of a tortoise put in the nose." These are recipes taken exactly as they come from the book of domestic medicine of the days of Cromwell. If we consult the prescriptions of the regular physicians of that day, we find the same spirit running through the loathsome masses they

gave to their patients. Fragments of all kinds of animals were favourite *pièces de resistance* with them, and next to those their blood formed the staple of their nostrums.

There was a higher class of prescription, however, then in use, which was evidently aimed at the superstitious feelings of the poor people drugged. The moss from a dead man's skull is recommended for a patient by Sir Kenhelm Digby; scrapings from human bones, poundings of a wolf's teeth, and even the hemp of a rope with which a man had hung himself are to be found among the remedies prescribed, less than two hundred years ago by learned Doctors of the College of Physicians. Our surgery was quite as bad. If a wound inflamed, we find even "verdigrise," a most virulent poison recommended as a cure. God must have been very merciful to the afflicted in those days, for man, in his gross ignorance, was certainly very cruel. Errors of this kind are traceable in the use of remedies down to the middle of the eighteenth century. After this time a marked amendment appeared in the British pharmacopœia. Drugs proper took the place of disgusting refuse of animals, and the herbs of the garden gave place to medicines of a more potent nature. Prescriptions became less offensive, but we must question if they were quite as harmless as heretofore. The physician, as if to make up for the disuse of articles in his prescriptions calculated to strike terror into his patient's mind, loaded his recipes with every drug that he could well remember. Some of these prescriptions might almost be measured by the foot-rule, and often the ingredients were of so diverse a character, that, as a friend remarks, the object of the prescriber appears to have been to have aimed the remedy at his patient's complaint, as a timid householder would a blunderbuss at a robber, in the hope that some of the projectiles at least would hit.

We got rid of these long prescriptions, it is true; but even at the present day the middle classes are be-drugged in a manner it is fearful to contemplate. The medical service of the country is mainly supplied by what is termed the general practitioner,—a gentleman who possesses the double licence of the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Company. The latter society is nothing more than a company trading in drugs, and of course it is their interest to increase the consumption of their staples as largely as possible. The general practitioner is entitled by this act to make certain charges for the drugs sent to his patients, and this practice has now become general throughout the country. The public are, we fear, wholly to blame for this very objectionable practice. An attempt has been made by the medical profession to break through it by charging for time instead of physic, a much more sensible method of payment, and one calculated to save the patient from the infliction of unnecessary drugs; but this plan as yet has failed altogether, in the provinces, at least. People, as a rule, like to be drugged; they prefer the practitioner who takes active measures: they like something, they say, for their money, and they unfortunately prefer to pay for the coloured bottles of stuff that come into the sick chamber with such alarming rapidity, to paying the medical man for his time and skill. In the larger towns the patients are more reasonable, and see through the absurdity of putting the medical man under the necessity of supplying drugs that are often hurtful to them.

As a general rule, however, people like strong medicines, and will have them; hence the doctor, if he will live, must bow to the popular decision. The lower we go in the social scale, the stronger is this tendency to rely upon strong drugs to cure disease. We have only to glance over the pages of newspapers, to see the swarms of patent medicines which address themselves to the eye of the public. Every druggist thinks he is entitled to find out some specific for "all the ills that flesh is heir to;" and some gigantic professors in this art astound us by the magnitude of their operations. Mr. Holloway, to wit, sends out his pills by the ton weight; and Morrison, with his gamboge boluses, is equal to a persistent diarrhoea throughout the country. There is a tendency, however, in all things to right themselves, and the abuse of the drugging system has led to the adoption of a doctrine which is tantamount to a practical denial of the value of medicine altogether. It cannot be gainsaid that the upper classes of this country are deeply bitten with the doctrine of Homeopathy. Disappointed with the present routine system of medicine, they fly to one which appeals to their imagination. There is something truly wonderful in the power of remedies which they believe to act in billionth doses, and forthwith they give themselves up to the harmless treatment of

nature; for, to say that any homœopathic dose can have any effect upon the human body, is more than we are at present prepared to admit.

The pleasure of doctoring one's-self—no slight pleasure, as the practice of mankind shows—can be indulged in by its believers to their heart's content. The little cabinets of bottles and the hand-books of symptoms are at hand to minister to the belief that every man can be his own doctor. We have no doubt that, after the use of these pretty little trifles, people get well; for it is the tendency of the minor disturbances of health to right themselves. We may concede, perhaps, that the very belief in infinitesimal doses may have some effect towards a cure, for we know how great is the effect of the mind over the body; but this we know also, that where indisposition grows into downright illness, of a serious character, either of two things happen—the homœopathist varies his doses to allopathic proportions, or the patient has recourse to the legitimate practitioner. Nevertheless, we cannot help admitting that the very fact of the existence of homœopathy is a proof that there is something wrong or deficient in our present state of knowledge as to the action of drugs.

Whilst in every other department of medicine our advance has been great—whilst our knowledge of the minute structure of the body has been thoroughly elucidated by the use of the microscope—whilst the science of physiology has taught us the method of action of healthy structure—whilst pathology has gone far to teach us how disease alters the different structures and interferes with their functions—there is one department of medicine the advance of which has been entirely of a negative kind. Therapeutics, or the art which treats of the action of remedies, is very little advanced from what it was in the time of Galen. We cure ague with quinine, and give colour to the cheek by the aid of iron; we subdue *delirium tremens* with opium, and so forth, by the *modus operandi* of the action of these drugs upon the various organs; the effect we know no more really about than the big-medicine man of the North American Indians.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

"Nostrī Plena Laboris."



REAT honour," says Arthur Young, writing in 1776, "is due to Ireland for having given birth to the 'Dublin Society,' which has the undisputed merit of being the father of all similar societies now existing in Europe. It was established in 1731, and owed its origin to one of the most patriotic individuals which any country has produced, Dr. Samuel Madan. For some years it was supported only by the voluntary subscriptions of members, forming a fund much under £1,000 per annum; yet was there such a liberality of sentiment in their conduct, so pure a love of the public interest apparent in all their transactions, as enabled them, with that small fund, to effect much greater things than they have done in later times, since Parliament has granted them regularly £10,000 a session."

Thus wrote, nearly a hundred years since, a talented and reliable observer, who was confessedly the originator of our modern system of agriculture, and, allowing his unbiassed testimony its full weight, a much higher antiquity is pleaded for the institution he so enthusiastically commends. A century before Arthur Young visited Ireland's Isle the Dublin Philosophical Society, or, as it was usually

termed, "The Dublin Society," had been founded by the celebrated William Molyneux, who became its first secretary, and Sir William Petty first president. This association numbered among its members and contributors four, of the talented name of Molyneux, Robert Boyle, St. George Ash, William King, (who subscribes himself F.D.S., and sometimes S. (*Socius*) D.S.,) and many other ingenious men, who, in conjunction with Locke, Shaftesbury, and their associates on the British side of the channel, were then laying wide and deep the foundations of inductive science. To this society, in 1683, Marsh, then Bishop of Ferns, presented his curious treatise on "Sounds," one of those remarkable essays on the imponderables that cast the light of knowledge far into the future. This com-

munication, as also others, subsequently appeared in the Transactions of the Royal Society, with acknowledgment of the previous publication. The benevolent and judicious Madan, in 1731, renovated and extended the functions of the Dublin Society, with a view to more practical results; and accordingly in "the Proceedings" for 1764, before his death, it is entitled, "A complete repertory for practical knowledge." In 1749 a charter of incorporation was granted under the title, "The Dublin Society for promoting Husbandry and other Useful Arts in Ireland;" and, in 1820, the epithet "Royal" was affixed, on occasion of George IV. becoming patron of the institution.

Amid the accumulation of events and rapid lapse of time the sources of public benefits are often quite forgotten; and it may not be inappropriate to mention here that the culture of wheat in Ireland, as an article of export, was first extensively established under the advice and auspices of this society, encouraged by the opinions and statements of that patriarch of agriculture, Arthur Young. The observations of that sagacious inquirer on the public spirit, and self-reliance of this association in its earlier annals, are fairly applicable to its subsequent history up to this time, although the rather exaggerated contrast between expenditure of income and parliamentary grant does not equally apply to present circumstances. Indeed, public money was in those days sadly squandered and misapplied, and the unsound policy of "bounties" exercised a debilitating influence on the enterprise and self dependence of the masses—so that no legitimate analogy can be here instituted for the purpose of inferring the inexpediency of that pecuniary aid, now afforded by an Imperial Parliament to increase the acknowledged usefulness of an institution, which, during so long a period, and amid the multitude of distinguished associations fashioned after its exemplar throughout Europe, has maintained a firm and consistent position a-head of the national development—beckoning onward, still onward, to each grade of progress in agriculture, manufactures, sciences, and arts in Ireland.

The present Royal Dublin Society House, in which, under one coverture, all the diversified business is transacted, was formerly the palatial town residence of the Dukes of Leinster, and was purchased in 1815 for the sum of £20,000, arising chiefly from the funds of the Society. The first grant to the society from the Irish Parliament, in 1761, was £2,000, which, with varying amounts, increased to £15,500, in 1800. The first grant from the Imperial Parliament, in 1801, was £11,071, and liberal aid was continued for several subsequent years, until, in 1854, it was ultimately diminished, in inverse proportion to extending usefulness and necessarily increasing expenditure, to the inadequate amount of £5,500—i. e., after deduction of £500 for the Zoological Gardens, in the Phoenix Park, which are not otherwise connected with the society. Besides this annual grant, however, occasional sums have been voted for completion of the several buildings and departments. The income of the society from all sources—the parliamentary grant, members' fees and subscriptions, and receipts of cattle shows—now amounts to nearly £8,000 per annum. There are over 1,200 members, and the number is increasing, though too slowly for production of any marked financial advantage. The total receipts for all purposes for the six years ending April, 1861, amounted in round numbers to £57,000, of which fully one-third was voluntary contribution, a liberal and fair proportion, according to the practice of sundry other public endowments. The Lord Lieutenant for the time being is president of the society (by custom), and the vice-presidents, with the other members of the council, the honorary secretaries, and the various committees, number together over 100, who give their time and talents gratuitously to conducting the general business of the institution, which, without enumerating committees for special and occasional matters and sub-committees, is thus officially classified:—

1. Agriculture and Husbandry.
2. Botany and Horticulture.
3. Chemistry, applied to agriculture and rural economy.
4. Fine Arts.
5. Library.
6. Manufactures and Agricultural Museum.
7. Natural History, Geology, and Mineralogy.
8. Natural Philosophy and Mechanics.

The chief departments to which attention is requested are—the Library, with Reading and Conversation Rooms, School and Galleries of Art, Museum of Natural History, Botanic Gardens, Lectures, with Lecture Theatres and Laboratory, and Public Commercial Examinations, Monthly Evening Meetings during the Session for Scientific Discussion, and lastly, an Agricultural Museum, with two great Agricultural Exhibitions each year.

A few observations relative to the functions and requirements of these departments respectively are necessary. The Library contains thirty thousand volumes, one-fourth of which, inclusive of valuable Spanish and Italian books, and many tomes of costly illustrated literature, are stowed away in garrets under the bare rafters of the roof. There the noise of the city is muffled like the sound of a distant surf, and the book-worm may enjoy perfect solitude, without any intrusion, except of spiders, &c. Now, there are five large apartments on the library floor, only requiring fittings and the ordinary furniture to become available for a classified arrangement of this valuable collection, and an extended accommodation for readers, whether members or visitors—for the library is practically free to the public, the only introduction requisite being the entry of the name on the registry by a member, and members themselves claiming but one exclusive privilege—that of borrowing volumes. Indeed, it is a matter for mature consideration whether continuance of this privilege is compatible with the higher interests and objects of the establishment—the vexation and inconvenience of being debarred from reference, until too late for occasion, is too often experienced; and all books of statistical and scientific information, essential to acquisition and structure of systematic knowledge, ought not to be withdrawn even for a day. To draw a distinction between these and literature of a more evanescent character would prove difficult and unsatisfactory; and, in short, there will be no legitimate plea for continuance of the borrowing system when the proposed additional accommodation is supplied for readers of both sexes. Many ladies especially would be induced to take larger advantages of this valuable collection, in cultivation of literary and artistic pursuits, if suitable apartments were provided for their accommodation. One very large room, lately appropriated to the public, is already inconveniently crowded, chiefly by very young men, grateful to embrace the opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge to fit them for their existing or intended occupations in life. Valuable new publications are added to the library stock each year, such as are recommended by members, and have passed the approving sanction of the Library Committee; and the Members' Conversation-room is supplied with the principal scientific and literary serials of Europe and America. The Society's School of Art, traditionally famous for the painters and sculptors who were there taught the first principles of art, has been placed, since 1849, under the control and supervision of the Government Department of Science and Art of the Board of Trade, who have evinced much discrimination and care in the improvement of the school, the facility and cheapness of admission to which extend its diversified advantages to all diligent students of the poorer classes; but the master, though zealous and talented, is unable, with only one assistant, to compass all the divisions of instruction; and at least two additional instructors are essential for Moulding and Architecture, in order to eliminate the national taste, now displaying a prominent and decided leaning to Sculpture and the Constructive Art. For this a larger endowment would be necessary, and the school would be placed on a more satisfactory basis if its management was restored to the society, reserving only Government sanction in election of teachers. There is an honorary professorship of Artistic Anatomy attached to this department; but the addresses of the eminent professional gentleman who fills that office being only occasional, and not a sequential course, the results are as unprofitable as the impressions are transitory; and systematic instruction in the scientific portraiture of life would be more satisfactorily managed by inviting well-qualified persons to give from eight to twelve lectures on the subject during the month following each summer recess, for a certain fixed sum, with permission to publish same under approval of the "Fine Arts" Committee, but at the lecturer's pecuniary risk.

In the lawn of the institution is now being erected a building for a National Gallery, the idea of which sprang from the desire of the Irish people to commemorate the munificence of William Dargan in instituting on the society's premises the Great Exhibition of 1853, which was organized, and happily conducted to a prosperous issue, at the sole risk of that enterprising and high-spirited Irishman, who, notwithstanding a considerable excess of expenditure over receipts, has been really the gainer in the transaction by the triumphant success of his speculation in giving to the trade and manufactures of his country a development, impetus, and extension, the benefits of which are increasingly manifest in every branch

of native industry. The President and Senior Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society are constituted *ex-officio* two of the Governors of the National Gallery, intended to contain a choice collection of the works of ancient and modern artists, with sculptures, engravings, drawings, and models. It is rumoured that the removal to this building of the public library usually termed "Marsh's Library" has been determined on, but it is difficult to credit such a sample of Vandalism even in Ireland. Of this grand old collection, in prime preservation, and admirably catalogued, fully seventeen thousand volumes exhibit dates of publication from the earliest period of printing up to the middle of the seventeenth century, and of the remaining 1,000 volumes only about 300 are modern books. Marsh purchased Stillingfleet's library at the decease of that learned prelate, and in 1694, being then Archbishop of Dublin, he presented his own and Stillingfleet's collections, as a free library, to the City of Dublin, founding the institution within the precinct of St. Patrick's Cathedral, now being restored to its ancient splendour at the cost of a distinguished citizen. To this united collection was added three thousand valuable works in 1745, the bequest of Bishop Sterne. The books and manuscripts are chiefly mediæval in time and erudite in character, presenting a rare and curious collection of Patristic, Biblical, Historic, and Oriental literature, together with many volumes of Scandinavian and Celtic (or rather Hibernian) annals and antiquities, of especial interest just at this time, when the Archaeology of Northern Europe has in great part supplanted the classic studies of our forefathers. Archbishop Marsh was one of the few English in the 17th century who understood and appreciated our nation, and was honoured and esteemed in return; and his noble gift ought not to be transferred from its appointed and appropriate site, to become an appendage to a gallery of paintings, which should contain only a collection of works relating to subjects of pictorial illustration and art culture, as originally proposed by the committee of the "Dargan Testimonial." The National Gallery of Ireland, when connected by a corridor with the schools of art, will afford many and diverse opportunities of improvement to the pupils, subject to the permissive arrangements of the governors of the former institution; but want of funds must necessarily defer these desirable results to a distant period. The Natural History Museum, containing one of the finest collections of minerals in the empire, besides valuable assortments in ornithology, conchology, and other divisions of Natural History, has long been in an unsatisfactory state of confusion and disarrangement for lack of money, the outlay on the new structure having already amounted to nearly £12,000, of which sum about one half was supplied by voluntary contribution; and the completion of furniture and fittings, together with compilation and publication of an expository catalogue, will probably require £4,000. Both the Museum and National Gallery might now have been in complete working order, ministering to the public instruction and amusement, had the mode and material of structure been less expensive. And, after all, what is the shell to the kernel? Bricks, with cut stone quoins and interfenestral pilasters in low relief, and without niches, would have cost one fourth less, and presented a light and sufficiently ornate front, while the present buildings are bald and heavy, and not even in accurate conformity with the style of the Society House, a handsome structure in its way, though sombre-looking from the moist and smoky atmosphere. However, the execution of the work is highly creditable, and the thick and massive walls are strong enough to last as long as the Mausoleum of Hadrian. The Botanic Gardens of the Society, containing forty-three acres of a picturesquely diversified surface, watered by the beautiful stream of the Tolka, are situated in the Glasnevin suburb. These gardens are generally accessible during four days in the week, and have lately, by desire of the Government, been opened free to the public on Sundays, from 2 p. m. until sunset. That this privilege has been appreciated and not abused, is evidenced by the fact that Sunday visitors have hitherto averaged over five thousand, without a flower-stalk being broken. The department was undoubtedly organised for scientific and educational purposes, but in a certain sense the recreative falls fairly within the latter category; for, where the eye expatiates in freedom over the graceful forms and bright tints of plants and flowers, the mind becomes gradually imbued with their innumerable modifications of beauty and utility, and a germ of instruction is sown of deep and felicitous meaning, however vaguely apparent to superficial obser-

vers. Assuredly, there is "a possession in seeing," for all who will appreciate the bounteous gift; and who is so presumptuous as to doubt that the habits and tastes of many of our working people, as keenly sensitive to the impress of nature's loveliness as to that neighbourly kindness which freely grants them participation in the privileges of the wealthier classes, will be both improved and exalted by their visits to those beautiful gardens on the day of rest, when withdrawal from weekly toils and cares yields both zest and healthful occasion for a quiet evening walk? It may be emphatically affirmed that with the Sunday opening of the Botanic Gardens the last trace of seeming exclusiveness has disappeared; and this time-honoured society now declares, as well by constitution as practice, that it holds both property and privileges in a generous trust for the public benefit, ambitious only to increase its wealth in order to extend its usefulness. The Gardens have been much improved of late by means of successive Government grants, but a botanical museum is yet wanting.

The Educational Department of the Society also includes lectures from several professors, scientific papers, and discussions thereon, and the general commercial examinations. In 1854 the staff of professors was withdrawn from the exclusive control of the Society by the Government, which very wisely extended the scope of industrial instruction, by determining that courses of lectures should be delivered every session at "the Museum of Irish Industry," as well as in the Theatre of the Society, on the respective subjects of—Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Geology, and Analytical and Practical Chemistry. However, a temporary exception was made in two instances—the society being permitted to retain two professors of mineralogy and of agriculture (or agricultural chemistry), at salaries of £150. Now it is earnestly pressed on the consideration of Government, whether it would not be most desirable to leave these two professors in permanence to the society, requiring them, besides lectures, to afford class or catechetical instruction, their departments being sufficiently distinct from the other professorships, and particularly calculated to promote the two principal objects of the society, as originally constituted, viz:—development of the agricultural and mineral resources of Ireland. The agricultural and mineralogical museums are large and well filled, and there is an admirably furnished laboratory, suitably situated for the purposes of both these departments; so that every facility exists for communicating instruction in the chemistry of soils, the mechanics of culture, and in the nature and utilization of native minerals. The duties of the Professor of Agriculture also might be usefully extended to the veterinary art, so far as delivery of lectures each session on the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the domesticated animals used for food or labour, and the present professor possesses the requisite information and scientific ability for such purpose; but to re-establish a veterinary hospital, with its adjuncts of forges, stables, and dissecting rooms, would, for many reasons, be most unadvisable. Veterinary surgery in Dublin is now reputably and efficiently represented, which was not the case in 1800, when the society brought over from England Thomas Peall and George Watts to conduct a veterinary hospital on their premises, and introduce that branch of the healing art into Ireland. That object effectively accomplished, the society closed its school as soon as educated and skilled practitioners appeared in the professional market; and it would be preferable, both in a provident and utilitarian point of view, to concentrate the means and energies of the Royal Dublin Society on its existing and more than sufficing engagements, than to extend its educational and financial liabilities, with more ambition than judgment, to any branch of employment not requiring its practical interference. If pecuniary resources increased, the first object ought to be the more adequate payment of officials and their assistants. The salary of the Professor of Agriculture, for instance, might be fairly doubled, excluding altogether the system of fees for purposes of income, though small fees from pupils may be advisable in every department to test the value placed on instruction, and constitute a fund for chemicals, instruments, specimens, and other necessary appliances. It would increase considerably the efficiency and attractiveness of the various branches of instruction to enable the scientific staff to take in rotation short continental tours during the recess, for the purpose of noting the condition and arrangement of foreign institutions, and their progress in science and arts; thus, bringing these acquisitions to bear on their subsequent teaching, and in improve-

ment of their respective departments. This plan has been occasionally tried with marked success, but insufficient means prevent its being systematically adopted. The society has likewise established annual examinations for prizes and general certificates of merit in those branches of knowledge connected with ordinary business and commercial pursuits. This is a department of growing usefulness, and is conducted by a select board of twelve members, gentlemen of eminence in science and useful literature, or in business. Last year thirty-eight candidates presented themselves, and prizes and certificates were awarded to thirteen. This season the number will, probably, be doubled, and it is gratifying to add, that the advantage has been extended to female candidates.

A series of scientific evening meetings are held each month during the session, for exhibition and explanation of mechanical inventions, and reading, and discussion of scientific papers, that have passed the *cui bono* ordeal of a committee appointed for that purpose; original essays on any subject of scientific or social importance are received, whether contributed by members or strangers, and a selection is published in the society's journal, which is forwarded (chiefly in exchange for British, Colonial, and Foreign serials) to all the leading scientific institutions of the world. Facility of access is given to these re-unions, by permitting members to purchase tickets of admission for others at six-pence each, which together with voluntary contributions from members helps to defray the cost of refreshments at the close of the discussions. The increasing number of intelligent and inquiring young men of every class in society who anxiously seek admission, is a notable proof of the benefit arising from the scientific evening meetings; and if they opened at seven instead of eight o'clock, and closed at nine, with conversation until half-past ten o'clock, it would probably be found more advantageous for all comers who are in earnest in their pursuit of knowledge. Straitened finances and unfinished apartments have been pleaded for not establishing stated conversations, at least two in each year, to which ladies should be admissible; but "where there's a will there's a way." It has been done on two occasions in compliment to British scientific associations visiting Dublin; and the unfulfilled obligation lies to debit of the members of the Royal Dublin Society from their female fellow citizens, many of whom are accomplished in science, literature, and art, and capable of appreciating the pleasing instruction and social intercourse of such reunions. It has been suggested that the society's large and commodious apartments could be made more generally available for the meeting of other scientific associations, who might admit one or two of the society members, ex-officio, on their committees, and assent to the household rules of the establishment; but for various reasons, just now unnecessary to detail, it is not likely that the change would be deemed advantageous, except, perhaps, by the "Chemical Society" and "Natural History Society."

The Agricultural Museum, formerly the stabling and granaries of Leinster House, is extensive and well suited for its diversified purposes, containing seeds, implements, models of agricultural buildings, specimens of fuel, of woods, etc., etc. This department might be rendered vastly more serviceable by publication of a catalogue, classifying and explicitly describing the numerous articles. One of the main objects enumerated in the charter of incorporation being the promotion of agriculture, two great agricultural shows each year, at the Easter and Christmas seasons, have been established, and are open to competitors from all parts of the United Kingdom, for cattle, poultry, farm produce, patent manures, and implements, and machinery having relation to household economics, as well as to agricultural processes, and the preparation of food. The exhibitions have no official connexion with those held by the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland in each of the four provinces in annual rotation, and with increasing success, for furtherance of the same important object. To this department the Government grant is only £250, of which £150 goes for the salary of the Curator of the Agricultural Museum, who also fulfils the onerous duties of superintendent of these exhibitions, the annual cost of which, inclusive of prizes, has now risen to nearly £1,500, exceeding the total amount of receipts arising from exhibitors' entries, admission fees, and the Government grant by £70 and upwards. The society also have lately raised some £4,700 by voluntary contributions for an Agricultural Hall, and are now soliciting the aid and sanction of Government in order to purchase a contiguous lot of ground for a Show

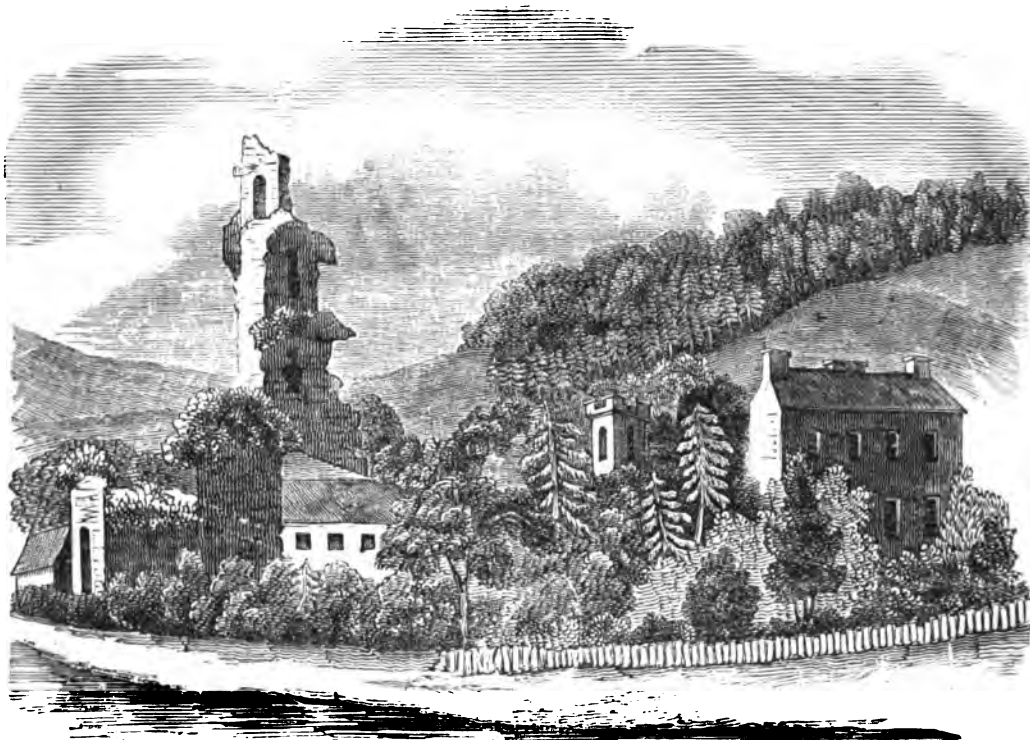
Yard, the lawn of the society, bounded by the main building, the Natural History Museum, the National Gallery, and on the fourth side open to Merrion-square, being unsuitable, and disfigured by the filth and debris of the exhibitions. This lawn ought manifestly be laid down in character with the choice bit of urban shrubbery in the opposite square. And with respect to establishing a Cattle Show Yard upon adjoining premises, any such project involves the expensive and most inexpedient postponement of inevitable ultimate arrangements, manifest to any mind of ordinary forecast; besides the additional ground is not sufficiently extensive for the purpose, though, from its convenient situation, contiguous to the Agricultural Museum and Hall, it would afford the requisite accommodation for machinery and implements, while the Hall might then be exclusively devoted to farm produce and horticultural as well as floricultural exhibitions. This plan also would admit of the Agricultural Hall being used during two months each year for a display of the progress of the art and manufactures of Ireland. The building is spacious and suitable in its structural proportions for that object, and the success of last year's exhibition justifies its stated repetition. A crowded cattle show with all its impedimenta, held twice a year in a situation

between two of our aristocratic squares, in the handsomest quarter of a city rapidly progressing in architectural beauty and in the various appliances of social and æsthetic convenience is a positive nuisance, and will not be tolerated half a dozen years hence. Would it not be prudent to anticipate "the good time coming," and solicit the sanction and aid of parliament for temporary appropriation, during continuance of the cattle shows, of 4 acres of the Phoenix Park, adjoining the principal entrance? That situation, from its vicinity to the principal arteries of inland communication, would be the most convenient for Irish exhibitors, as well as also for British visitors and exhibitors, especially after construction of the proposed Metropolitan Railway, which is intended to link together all the railway approaches, encircling the suburban districts from the port of the Liffey and the North Docks to the southern harbour at Kingstown.

To these sketchy memorials of this distinguished and time-honoured association, a few closing observations may be added as to the requirements of its completer development and administration. It is only right and politic that an institution of such magnitude and social influence should be responsible to central control, with reservation of certain elective rights and privileges in interior management; and the expediency also is respectfully admitted of tightening the purse-strings of the government grant, should an indiscreet exercise of these privileges provoke public disapprobation; but no valid reason can be adduced why the annual grant should not be as liberal now, under the vastly increased demands of the progress of the country, (especially under the last decade,) as it was—say not

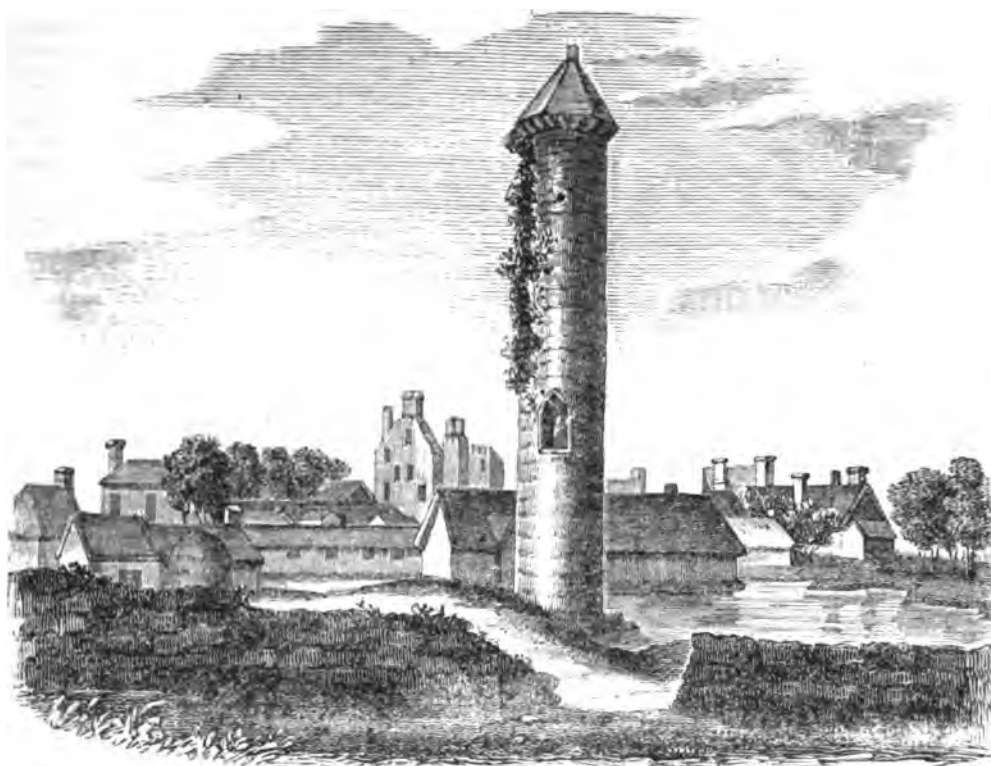
even under a native parliament—but after the close of the great European wars, so late as 1817, when it was £10,000. In moot-ing this question, members and friends of the society do not pay sufficient regard to the altered social circumstances of Ireland, and are too much inclined to rest their hopes and dependence exclusively on the support of aristocratic and parliamentary interest. But the present generation has witnessed, with the decadence of many an ancient name, the uprise of a far greater number to influential position, founded upon force of character, experience, and wealth. Such constitute the advance party of all material progress, recruiting and energising the ranks of the aristocracy; and unprejudiced eyes must plainly see that property created by personal industry is the principal source whence flow the streams of beneficence and practical patriotism, not only in the British Islands but in every part of the empire. An institution so national in its objects, so efficient in its work, as the Royal Dublin Society, surely merits general support; and an appeal to the influential and wealthy of all classes would soon call forth pecuniary contributions sufficient in their amount and stipulated uses to fulfil the more immediate requirements in completion of buildings, furniture, and fixtures, as

well as to convince any government by this practical expression of public opinion, that liberal expenditure in such matters is a wise economy on this side of the Channel as well as in England; and that it is both morally just and politically expedient to award the Royal Dublin Society an annual endowment somewhat more adequate to its long-tested and increasing capacity of usefulness in Ireland.



MACOLLOP CASTLE.

SITUATED on the banks of the Blackwater river, on the boundary of the county of Waterford, and midway between the towns of Fermoy and Lismore, a distance of about ten miles, stands the ancient ruin of Macollop Castle, consisting of a large round tower, with several smaller square ones flanking its intermediate base; it has a very picturesque appearance when viewed in almost any direction, but particularly across the river, from the spot where it is said Cromwell, in the year 1640, with an ill directed cannon shot, reduced it to its present dilapidated state. The situation of the modern house, which is plain and rather low, seems as if designed to give the castle the most advantageous appearance, while the church, which fills up the chasm in the centre, with a well planted hill screening the more distant mountains of Clogheen and Ariglin, completes one of the prettiest landscapes which imagination can convey to the mind. The lawn and adjacent low grounds are judiciously planted with well grown timber, and the river, which here enters the county of Waterford, and winds almost under the castle, adds much to the beauty of the scene.



ROSCREA.



ROSCREA, in the North Riding of the county Tipperary, of which the name, signifying a marshy situation, is descriptive of its early state, appears to have arisen from the foundation of a monastery here by St. Cronan, who flourished about the year 620, and was interred in the Abbey. In 942 the Danes from Limerick and the West approached the town, which had become a place of great importance prior to the close of the ninth century, at the time of its great fair, which was frequented by merchants from all parts of the kingdom, and even from the Continent. The inhabitants, however, being apprized of their design, marched out of the town to meet them, and after an obstinate conflict, in which 4,000 of their number were slain, entirely defeated them, and killed their leader. The town was destroyed by fire in 1133, 1147, and 1154, in the year preceding which latter it was plundered by the people of the district of Cashel. In 1213 King John erected a strong castle here to defend the town and neighbourhood against the incursions of Moriartach O'Brien, who had committed great devastations in this part of the country. Roscrea is situated on a small river which is tributary to the

Brosna. The hills in the surrounding neighbourhood abound with picturesque scenery. The population of the town, according to the Census of 1861, was 3,543.

The Round Tower represented above is about 80 feet high, and is covered with a dome roof of wood. Around its base are two tiers of stone steps, and about fifteen feet from the ground is a circular arched doorway, above which, at a similar elevation, is a pointed window.

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT THE MONTHS.

MAY.



HERE is an enthusiastic description of this month given by the poet Spenser, in the time of Elizabeth, as well as by most of our olden poets, who speak of this season as one of sunshine and flowers, that ever led the footsteps of the joyous throng to dew-bespangled mead or flowering copse, in search of the early blossoms of May. Thus Herrick declares,

" 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May."

This was, in fact, the great rural festival of our forefathers. At the first peep of day on May morning, the youth of both sexes hastened to the fields, and gathered the blossoming branches, which, when still further adorned with wreaths and flowers, were to constitute the ornamental bowers at the entrance of their cottages. In the verses of Herrick on the May-day of England (from which we have already quoted), there occurs the following description of the appearance of the houses and streets on the May-morning of his time :—

"Come, my Corinna, come ; and comming make,
How each field turns a street, each street a parke,
Made green and trimmed with trees ; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch ; each porch, each doore, ere this
An arke, a tabernacle is,
Made up of whitethorn neatly interweve,

As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May,
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying!

These glowing descriptions of May are inapplicable to the early part of our month at the present time. To send our lads and lasses forth at early dawn to gather the blossoms of the sloe, (for the hawthorn is only just in full leaf, and but timidly ventures forth its flowers,) and to invite them to brave the cold and often frosty air to collect the scanty products of our woods and fields before sunrise, would be to offer them a sorry pastime, indeed, and one of which they might rue the effects on their health for the remainder of the season. To what cause, then, are we to attribute the change which appears to have taken place? Were our forefathers so hardly a race as to account a season similar to the commencement of our May, a fit period for their rural pleasures, and are we to suppose, that their description of the flowers and the sunshine is somewhat exaggerated in consequence of the difference of their feelings from ours, as well as of their propensity to copy the style of the southern poets? Or may we not rather believe, that the seasons themselves are changed since that time, so as to make the early descriptions of May thus unlike our own experience of the character of the month? The latter appears to be the true solution of the question; and when we remember that owing to the alteration of the style, the first of May is twelve days earlier than it used to be, this gives another reason why we must not look for a realization of the poet's description. The following is from Spenser:—

"Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
 Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride.
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The twinnes of Leda, which, on either side,
 Supported her like to their sovaine queene.
 Lo! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
 And leapt and daunc't as they had ravish't beene,
 And Cupid self about her fluttered all in greene."

The name of this month is derived from the goddess Maia, a divinity who was worshipped under many names by the Romans, but whose chief title was "Bona Dea," or the Good Goddess, as representing the Earth. Maia is the name given to the brightest star in the beautiful constellation of the Pleiades. The month of May is said to have been called by the Anglo-Saxons, "Trimilki," "because in that moneth they began to milke their kine three times in the day."

Although the early part of the month has much of the fickleness of April, and is often found too chilly and frosty to allow of the rapid progress of vegetation, yet, towards its close, the country begins to glow with the beauties of Spring, and to display the richness of verdure, and the profusion of flowers, which make that season so delightful. The hawthorn clothes the hedges with its multiplicity of fragrant blossoms; the freshness of its green leaves, and the snowy white of its flowers, affording a contrast that is peculiarly pleasing to the eye. The orchards present

"One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms;"

the sunny banks are gay with the bright blue flowers of the speedwell, and with numerous other little blossoms, which are scarcely noticed except by the practised eye of the botanist, but which all contribute to form the hues of that varied mantle with which the earth is covered. In some of our woods two very lovely and fragrant flowers may be met with—the lily of the valley, and the sweet-scented woodruff. The upright meadow crowfoot gives a golden hue to our pastures, which is diversified here and there by the pink blossoms of the meadow lychnis, or ragged-robin, and the more delicate ones of the lady's smock, or cuckoo-flower. The curious-looking "Arum," or cuckoo-pint, is now in perfection, and is frequently plucked from its enveloping sheath for the amusement of children. Its broad leaves form an agreeable contrast with those of the hedge-geranium, the mouse-ear, scorpion-grass, etc. The cow-

slip now attracts universal notice, and gives employment to the numerous groups of little folks who seek their pastime in the pleasant fields.

The months of May and June may be reckoned the most prolific in wild-flowers, for towards the close of the latter month the hay-harvest commences, and the pastures are shorn of myriads of blossoms, so that a comparative dearth of flowers ensues. As it would be quite impossible to name all the more important plants now in blossom, we shall direct attention to a few special favourites.

To begin with a modest, inconspicuous plant, but one that is so fragrant, and that preserves, and even increases, its fragrance so much in a dried state that it only requires to be known to be generally appreciated. The Sweet Woodruff (*Asperula odorata*) grows wild in dry, mountainous woods, and is also occasionally admitted into gardens, where its creeping roots spread and increase to a considerable extent. The leaves of this plant are a bright green, lanceolate, and grow light in a whorl round the stem. The regularity with which they form this whorl likens them to a the rowels of a spur; therefore, the plant was called "Wood-rowel." Small flowers, of a pure white, appear in May, and are fragrant chiefly at night. These flowers are very numerous, and appear in panicles, generally three together. The fruit is rough, with ascending bristles. While drying, and for a long period afterwards, the whole plant has a delightful scent, which has been compared to new-mown hay, to bitter almonds, and to heliotrope. This scent is peculiarly agreeable for perfuming clothes, etc., and is said to be occasionally used in flavouring wine. There is another kind of Woodruff, that is very likely to be mistaken for the former, though its blossoms rather later; it is the Small Woodruff, or Squinancy-wort, (*Asperula cynanchita*.) This species is perennial, whereas the Sweet Woodruff is an annual plant. The flowers are white or bluish coloured, growing in tufts at the end of the stalks. The name of Squinancy-wort was given because some ancient herbalist recommended the plant to be used outwardly, as well as inwardly, for the cure of the squinancy, or quincy. The botanical name *Asperula* is derived from *asper* (rough), in allusion to the unevenness of the leaves.

The Cranesbill and Storksbill families, best known as the Geranium tribe, are very common and pretty little plants. The most attractive species in the Cranesbill family is, perhaps, that very beautiful rose-coloured flower called Herb Robert (*Geranium robertianum*), now to be seen in blossom. The stems of this plant, as well as the leaves, are tinged with red, while the rosy petals are marked with white veins. The Meadow Cranesbill (*Geranium pratense*), is a very handsome plant, with large blue flowers marked with white veins; but, beautiful as it is, it cannot boast so rich a colouring as Herb Robert, nor does it better repay a close inspection. The common Dovesfoot Cranesbill (*Geranium mollia*), a soft, downy plant, with rose-coloured flowers, growing very commonly both in waste and cultivated ground. The Jagged-leaved Cranesbill (*Geranium dissectum*), which may be known from the last by the shape of the leaves, and the Dusky and the Shining Cranesbill may also now be seen. Several of the genera belonging to the Borage tribe now give us some of their earlier species. Among these, the common Comfrey (*Symphytum officinale*) is by no means despicable. It grows very commonly in ditches or on the margin of rivers. The roots of Comfrey are mucilaginous, and have been used for coughs. The young roots are sometimes eaten as asparagus, but they form a very poor substitute.

Perhaps most persons that have spent their youth in the country have delighted in gathering Wild Hyacinths (*Hyacinthus non-scriptus*) from the woods and sheltered spots where they grow. These flowers now put forth fragrant bells abundantly, and enliven the thickets with their cheerful blue colour. They resemble too much the Hyacinths of our gardens to need description. Hyacinths belong to the Asphodel tribe.

Nothing can be more common than the large purple Mallow (*Malva Sylvestris*). It is a way-side weed that seems to defy the dust and mire with which it is assailed, and to flourish where many a less hardy plant would immediately pine away and decay. Children know the plant well; for the striped blossoms are succeeded by a small green fruit, which they call "choeses," and which are by no means unpleasant to the taste. The mallow has an erect, branching stem, and roundish leaves, divided into about five shallow lobes. The flowers spring singly from the bosom of the leaves, and consist

of five large petals, which are at first curiously twisted together, but when fully blown, spread out very widely. But it is the ripe fruit or "cheese," which presents so beautiful a structure as to cause us to linger over this very common plant. Dr. Eindley compares the parts, when cut through with a knife, to a vegetable star, and says that the kaleidoscope itself can produce nothing prettier except in colour. "Only compare a vegetable cheese," he remarks, "with all that is exquisite in marking, or beautiful in arrangement in the works of man, and how poor and contemptible do the latter appear! Not only when seeing it with the naked eye, are we struck with admiration at the wondrous perfection and skill with which so obscure a point in creation is constructed; but, when we behold fresh beauties constantly revealed as the microscopic power is increased, till at last, when the latter reaches its limit, we find ourselves still regarding a lovely prospect, the horizon of which recedes as we advance. Nor is it alone externally that this inimitable beauty is to be discovered; cut the cheese across, and every slice brings to view cells, and partitions, and seeds, and embryos, arranged with an unvarying regularity, which would be past belief did we not know, from experience, how far beyond all that the mind can conceive is the symmetry with which the works of nature are constructed." Among the prettiest of the numerous interesting plants that make their appearance this month, may be mentioned, the common Fumitory with tubular rose-coloured flower, tipped with black, growing in fields and in loose soil generally. There are the different kinds of Vetch and Clover, some of them extremely beautiful; the delicate Cuckoo-flower, profusely adorning our meadows, and softening the prevailing brilliancy of March marigold, and buttercups; the showy Iris springing up in marshy places; the pale Honeysuckle throwing its fragrance around from copse and hedge-row; and, more conspicuous than all, more characteristic than all, the Whitethorn, the Hawthorn, or May, full of buds and snowy flowers, pouring out a delicious perfume, and looking upon us, as it were, with its thousand meek eyes, to invite our celebration of the "Merry month of May."

The "grateful and obsequious Marigold," as George Wither, writing in 1635, calls it, blooms in May. The property of closing the petals at sunset, which is possessed by this plant, in common with others belonging to the same class (*Syngenesia*), has attracted the attention of several of our poets. Browne, in his "Pastorals," and Shakespeare in his "Winter's Tale," allude to the circumstance; and Chatterton mentions—

"The Marybuds, that shutteth with the light."

Virgil thus notices the marigold in the second eclogue of his "Bucolics":—

"Cassia and dill are added to the store,
With cowslips, marigolds, and many more,
In order wove, a garland to complete,
Adorned with every flower and every sweet."

Gay, in his burlesque "Pastorals," asks,

"What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name,
The richest metal joined with the same!"

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," quaintly accounts as follows for the yellow colour of the marigold;

"Jealous girls these sometimes were,
While they lived or lasted here:
Turn'd to flowers still they be,
Yellow, mark'd for jealousy."

The marigold is a native of the south of Europe, and was introduced and cultivated here about the year 1573. Its botanical name of *Calendula*, is supposed to have been derived from *calenda*, the Latin for the first day of every month, and to have been given to it on account of its long continuance in blossom. Gerard describes five sorts of marigold, which were known to him before the year 1597; but it would seem that they differed from each other only in consequence of accidental difference of soil or culture, and were not distinct species; for he says: "All these five, which formerly had so many figures, differ nothing but in the bignesse and littleness of the plant and flowers, and in the intenseness and remissness

of their colour, which is either orange, yellow, or of a straw colour." The common species (*Calendula sativa*), he observes, was so much used in Holland, that "the yellow leaves of the flowers are dried and kept throughout Dutchland against winter, to put in broths, in physical potions, and for divers other purposes, in such quantities, that in some grocers or sellers of spices' houses are to be found barrels filled with them, and retailed by the pennie more or lesse, in so much that no broths are well made without dried marigolds." The custom still prevails in Holland, and marigolds are greatly valued by all ranks of persons in that country. The flowers of this plant were formerly esteemed of use in various complaints, such as jaundice, measles, small-pox, etc., and patients suffering from pestilential fever were sometimes tormented with a plaster, made with the dry flowers in powder, lard, turpentine, and resin, applied to the breast, which was said to "strengthen and succour the heart infinitely." The leaves were likewise used in salad, and were said to be a proper food for persons of a scorbutic habit. The principal medicinal use of the herb, however, appears to have been as an alleviation of ague, and we have testimony of its usefulness in this respect at this present day, when taken frequently in the form of tea. The petals, or rather the yellow florets which compose the ray of this flower, have an aromatic smell, and when chewed are found to be warm and somewhat pungent in taste; hence they derive their sudorific virtues, in which they are said to be scarcely inferior to saffron itself. The resemblance between the colour of marigold and saffron in the dried state is sufficiently near to allow of the former being used as an adulterant to the latter. Nothing can be more common or familiar than the marigold, and the provision which is made for its propagation will ever cause it to be so. The seeds are numerous, and sow themselves every year, even if the ground is frequently disturbed; so that where marigolds have once been there they will appear again and again, unless care be taken to eradicate them ere the seed is perfected. These self-sown plants, however, gradually degenerate and become smaller and weaker than those which are produced from annual sowings.

Towards the close of this month, except in seasons of peculiar severity, the trees have put on much of their clothing. Of these the aquatic are the earliest—as the poplar, willow, and alder; next, the lime, laburnum, horse-chestnut, sycamore, and elm; and then the beech, oak, ash, and other trees. Of the latter, however, many present a wintry appearance until the warm weather of June has fully set in, and then the young and lively green foliage, particularly that of the "Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak," looks still more beautiful, from being contrasted with the deeper hues of elms and other trees, which have for some time been in leaf.

"Rich in streaming gold," the Laburnum (*Cytisus laburnum*) is one of those beautiful productions of Spring, anticipated by the poet, in looking forward to the season when the trees

"Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost."

This graceful tree is not a native of this country, but is found in a wild state in the woods of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, etc., while *Cytisus alpinus*, a tree very near resembling the laburnum, is found chiefly in the Alps of Europe. There are about thirty species of the genus *Cytisus*, all hardy papilionaceous shrubs, inhabiting temperate regions, bearing ternate leaves, that is, leaves growing in threes, and with only one exception (*Cytisus purpureus*) yellow flowers. The Laburnum is an early blossoming tree, putting forth its "golden chains" at the latter end of this month, and presenting, with its numerous and long branches of pendant yellow flowers, a very showy appearance. This brilliant livery does not long adorn the tree, for the lawn or parterre soon receives showers of blossoms shed from its branches, and the long seed-pods are shortly found in their places. This tree might be cultivated as a timber tree with great advantage, for its wood is exceedingly tough and elastic, and whenever very hard and compact timber is required in small pieces, it is now used as superior to most other sorts of wood. The Romans valued it next to ebony, and in some of its qualities it is even to be preferred to that wood. Its natural colour is likewise good, and by the application of lime-water it may be rendered almost black. The Laburnum is one of those leguminous plants which yield poisonous seeds. In the latter has been discovered


an active and deleterious principle, called "Cytism" or Cytisine," which is described as being a bitter, brownish-yellow, neutral, uncrystallizable substance, of which small doses killed various animals, amidst retchings and convulsions, and eight grains taken by a man in four doses brought on giddiness, violent spasms, and frequency of the pulse, lasting for two hours, and followed by exhaustion. It is said that even a garland of the flowers, if worn for some time, will occasion head-ache. The tree is a very hardy one, growing in almost any soil, but when young it is often spoiled by the gnawing of hares and rabbits, which feed on the bark in Winter, when other supplies of food fail. When it is desired to plant Laburnum on a large scale, the seed-pods should be collected, and dried thoroughly in an airy loft, then threshed, and the seeds preserved in bags or boxes till Spring. February is the month for sowing the Laburnum.

Such are a few of the facts and fancies of

"Fair enjewell'd May,
Blown out of April,"

as Herrick has it. Pity it is there should be so much of truth in the Spanish aphorism, "It is not always May!"

MAY.

 PEN, sweet flowers, your eyes,
Earth's awake,
Rain droppeth from the skies,
The songs of throbbles rise,
In field and brake.
Come church-yard marigold,
Flower of the sun,
O pansies bloom,
O lilies break the fold,
Unbosom one by one,
And come!

Shy daisies of the mead,
Quick, be up.
And let your lids be red,
Round every yellow head,
And dew-charged cup.
Puce honeysuckles blow—
Blow in the grass;
Mint, from the gloom,
Breath out your odorous woe,
As nymphs and shepherds pass,
And come!

Primroses, moist and pale,
Sun the hedge,
Spread sunshine down the vale,
Climb over park and pale.
The brooklets sedge
Is dark without your light.
Naiads do cry,
And bitterns boom,
Thro' all the gray day-light,
Till the sweet sun doth die,
Come, come!

May is upon the earth,
And above,
The swallow leaves the north,
Crickets sing on the hearth,
The world is love.
The furze is heaped with fire,
White thorns are gay,
Flowered is the broom,
The larks repair their choir.
For 'tis the month of May,
O come!

UNDER THE PESTLE.

EXTRAORDINARY prejudices have been current, from time immemorial, against the medical profession. There are people whom you cannot persuade to regard medicine otherwise than as a science of pure experiment, without fixed laws and data. Since Macbeth threw "physic to the dogs," down to last December, when the *London Review* roundly asserted that the profession knew in reality nothing of the operative process of medicine on the system, the poor doctors have been exposed to all sorts of ill-natured affronts on their skill and reputation. A worthy dramatic author gives us this morceau of dialogue between a dying father and a fond son

"Son—You are very weak this morning, sir."

"Dying father—Very weak, my child."

"Apprehensive son—Shall I call in the physician, sir?"

"Dying father—No, thank'ee, I can die without the assistance of the faculty."

If medicine be, in fact, a science of experiment, our ancestors took care that in the event of unlucky results, the speculist should not altogether go unpunished. At Dijon, in 1836, Ducatiana tells us

a physician was fined by the bailiff fifty golden franks besides being imprisoned, for not having completed the cures of some persons whose recovery he had undertaken. We are half inclined to think that just at present, when quackery is so prolific in promises of health to the weak and debilitated, the Dijon precedent might be acted upon with some profit to a large share of sufferers. Fine and imprisonment are bitter enough in their way, but what will the reader think of the following mode of rewarding "the friend of the family." M. de St. Foix tells us that in the sixth century, the beautiful Austugilda, Queen of Gontran, King of Burgundy, begged, as a dying request of her husband, that her two physicians should be slain and buried with her. Her majesty's wish was granted, and the three were laid in one tomb. From grave to gay leads us to notice the origin of the singular advice frequently given to persons whose health is deranged at morning from the effect of over indulgence on the previous night. "Take a hair of the same dog that bit you," is the jocular remedy, and it is thus explained. In 1719, M. Le Clerc, Conseil les Medecin du Roy, published "A Medical Essay on the Cure of Hydophobia," and at page 103, we find this passage: "*Pour la cure de la playes, metter dessus du poil du Chien qui a mordu. C'est la remede de Paré.*" In the chivalrous ages, and indeed for a considerable period after, royalty and nobility did not think it beneath them to practise medicine. In the old romances, the knight's wounds are generally healed by princesses or ladies of high birth. In one of our oldest ballads, a knight dies for a lady, and when she unclasps his vizor and recognises him, she falls dead upon his shield. Smollet, in the fine body of foot notes with which he enriched his translation of "Don Quixote," dwells upon the custom. Indeed Cervantes, who was well up in all the canons of chivalry, delights in placing his hero in ludicrous situations, when he mistakes the attentions of serving-maids and innkeeper's wives for the well-merited offices of ladies of rank. Buchanan says the Scotch nobility were most skilful in the curing of wounds. Of James IV. he writes, that "he was very skilful in the management of bruises."

Montague, who has an incurable habit of snarling at every thing, thus rebukes the vagaries of the profession in his own day. "Are you out of sorts, that your physician has denied you the enjoyment of wine and of your favourite dishes? Be not uneasy, apply to me and I engage to find you one of equal credit, who shall put you under a regimen perfectly opposite to that settled by your own adviser; for so very fantastical is the practice of physic," adds our humorist, that I have seen a man starve himself until he actually fainted from mere inanition to get rid of a disorder, and afterwards be bitterly ridiculed by a different physician from his own, for having by his painful abstinence actually increased the disorder he had hoped to cure at the cost of such severe self-denial."

In 1393, the profession fell into so low an esteem in France, that the regular practitioners were superseded in their attendance on



the unfortunate Charles VI. of France, by a magician. Magic had its votaries then as well as now, nor was all the intelligence that surrounded the court, able to resist its entrance. Mad. de Lussan says that the prince's cure was entrusted to an impostor, named, Arnaud Guillen, who undertook, "on the payment of ten thousand crowns, and a patent of nobility, to restore the king by the influence of magic." Whether this man's process in any way resembled that of Mr. Hume, we do not pretend to know, but one thing is plain, that he had enough ability to persuade every one about the king that he was in possession of the great secret of health, which he pretended to derive from a book entitled, "Samagorad." This book, the scoundrel asserted, had been given by the Almighty to Adam to console him for the death of Abel, whose melancholy end the patriarch bewailed with tears for better than a century. Preceded by a great flourish of trumpets, Guillen came to court. His nostrums, however, failed with the king, and a conspiracy was set on foot to assassinate him. In this emergency the fellow gave out that he had discovered a charm which oppressed the king's understanding, and it was too powerful to give way before his spells. At last, the common sense of the courtiers prevailed with his majesty, who ordered the pretender to be expelled the kingdom. Nevertheless, his story obtained credit, and the people learned to look on the king as one tormented by the malice of an infernal enemy. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence, died of a disease which it was said might have been cured had not Leoni, a celebrated physician of the place, depended too much on the efficacy of nature to work out her own remedies, and forbade the king the use of drugs. A rival professional first made this conjecture public, and with such success that the friends of the prince clamoured for Leoni's death. Piero, son of Lorenzo, a youth, who, when he was only seventeen had the reputation of being the most expert wrestler in Italy, undertook to avenge his father's death. Happening to meet Leoni, who was old and infirm, near the brink of a deep well, he contrived to hurl him into it. The unfortunate victim to his skill was speedily rescued, but the shock was too great, and when brought up it was found that life was extinct. Marville quaintly observes that no persons are so liable as physicians to quit their profession for other walks, and he gives a long list of celebrated men who abandoned medicine for poetry, history, etc. His theory is that, medical men read so much that their attention is ultimately diverted from the healing to the amusing professions. By the way, John Keats was an apothecary, and left the counter for the muse. Posterity will have no reason to regret the change, for if Keats persisted in following medicine, it is rather probable the literature of his country would never have been enriched with Endymion and Hyperion. Painters, it is notorious, are frequently in the habit of exchanging the brush for the pen. A hundred instances of this might be quoted. Thackeray was an artist for years. Could any canvas come up to "Vanity Fair?"

Jacques Coetier, a physician, was one of the very few persons about court who could combat the violent temper of Louis IX. The secret of his influence with the king lay in the restless pertinacity with which he lectured his royal patient on the horrors of death, of which the latter had no small dread. Coetier's brusque manner frequently offended the monarch, who threatened to disgrace and banish him. The physician's reply was characteristic:—"One of those days," said he, "you will send me packing, I suppose, as I have seen you act by your other servants; but, mark me, if you do you shall not live eight days after my departure." This line of argument had a potent effect on the king, who always kept him about his person, and was never tired of showering favours on him. Coetier, indeed, appears to have been an able and conscientious man, who did his best to alleviate Louis' sufferings. To assuage his melancholy, he contrived to have rural dances performed under the windows; and, when the king became too feeble to follow the chase, Coetier collected cats and huge rats, and amused the king by letting him see the animals attack and worry each other. For a long time the opinion prevailed in France that the Jews alone had preserved the true arcana of medicine; and Francis I. had such faith in the popular belief that he implored his old rival and enemy, Charles V., to send him a Hebrew doctor. The Emperor despatched a converted Hebrew physician, but him Francis would not confide in. He repeated his request to the court of Constantinople, for an "obstinate, unbaptized Israelite." This request was granted, and, the Jew, with the help of ass's milk, effected the monarch's

cure. In an old French work, known as "Les Nouveau Cours de Cheneil," it is stated that the valuable qualities of antimony were first discovered by Sasilus Valentinus, who used to fatten his pigs by mixing certain proportions of it with their food. As an instance of professional fairness, it is related of the celebrated Dr. Anthony Storck that, before recommending the meadow saffron-root, he tried it on himself to such an extent that his life was despaired of. Meanwhile he discovered a neutralizing agent, and, having recovered, he afterwards administered the saffron with great success. Andrea Buccio, of Florence, has been justly styled the "Italian Radcliffe," for his astonishing penetration as to the seat and character of diseases, and his blunt way of healing his patients. On one occasion he was called in to see a woman of quality. Having felt her pulse, he asked her how old she was? "Four score," replied the lady. "And how long would you live?" asked the physician, quitting her hand, and rushing from the house. We turn again to Montague, to notice a crumb of comfort which he has in store for people afflicted with gout, ague, and rheumatism. "These," he says, "are symptoms of a long life; just as heat, cold, rain, and hail, are attendants on very long journeys."

In the original edition of the *Spectator*, which was first printed as a newspaper, one of the then popular quacks thus advertises his wares:—

"An incomparable pleasant tincture to restore the sense of smelling though lost many years, a few drops of which being snuffed up the nose infallibly cures those who have lost their smell, let it proceed from what cause soever. It admirably cures all obstructions in the olfactory or smelling nerves, comforts and strengthens the head and brain, and revives the smelling-faculty to a miracle, and perfectly cures so as to cause the person to smell as quick and as well as anyone in the world. Price 2s. 6d. a bottle; sold only at Mr. Payne's toyshop, at the Angel and Crown, at St. Paul's Churchyard, near Cheapside, with directions."

Also.

"An admirable confect which assuredly cures stuttering and stammering in children and grown persons, though never so bad, causing them to speak distinct and fine, without any trouble or difficulty; it remedies all manner of impediments in the speech, or disorders of the voice of any kind, arising from what cause soever, rendering those persons capable of speaking easily and free, and with a clear voice, who before were not able to utter a sentence without hesitation. Its stupendous effects, in so quickly and infallibly curing fluttering, stammering, and all disorders of the voice, and difficulty in delivery of the speech, are really wonderful. Price 2s. 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborn's toyshop, at the Rose and Crown, under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street."

"Loss of memory, or forgetfulness, certainly cured, by a grateful electuary, peculiarly adapted for that end: it strikes at the prime cause, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness, makes the head clear and easy, the spirits free, active, and undisturbed, corroborates and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, such as thought, judgment, apprehension, reason, and memory, which last, in particular, it so strengthens as to render that faculty exceeding quick, and good beyond imagination; thereby enabling those whose memory was before almost totally lost, to remember the minutest circumstance of their affairs, etc., to a wonder! Price 2s. 6d. a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's, at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard, with directions."

To the preceding advertisements, we add another from the same paper, which prescribes for a complaint, more certain and more palatable remedies for the which may be found at the hospitable tables of this country.

"An assured cure for *leanness*, which proceeds from a cause which few know, but easily removed by an unparalleled specific tincture, which fortifies the stomach, purifies the blood, takes off fretfulness in the mind, occasions rest, and easy sleep, and as certainly disposes and causes the body to thrive and become plump and fleshy, if no manifest distemper afflicts the patient, as water will quench fire. It is also the best remedy in nature for all chronic diseases that take their rise from a bad digestion in the stomach, which this specific tincture infallibly rectifies, and thereby cures. It is pleasant to taste, and is sold only at Mr. Payne's toyshop (as before) Price 8s. 6d. a bottle, with directions." In a pamphlet published by Sir Stephen Theodore Jansen, Bart., in 1767, the respectable author affirms that a morbid substance, "which had

lodged seven or eight years in a building at Southampton, infected some hundreds of persons, one half of whom miserably perished."

The anecdotal literature of medicine would fill whole libraries; we have culled the foregoing from some of the oldest sources extant, but the mines are not half exhausted. As a pendant to this paper, may be quoted the following epitaph on an unlucky physician—

"Hac sub humo, per quem tot jacuere jacet."

Which may be paraphrased—

"Interred lies our doctor, we must not deplore him,
He's but where he sent all his patients before him."

AN APPEAL TO LENORA.

THE day is dark, the clouds are low,
The winds beat on the pane,
And over half the city spreads
The sombre world of rain.

Refuse me not, oh! dearest one,
Let blessed sympathy
Incline your heart, and mind, and soul,
To look and pity me.

Perhaps on days for ever gone,
Days which no changes steal,
From the hot records of the brain,
You felt the woes I feel.

Perhaps, like me, fate lowered on you,
And friendship false did prove,
And shelterless from sun and rain,
The earth was void of love.

Thou knowest well the human woe
That throbs but will not speak;
The burning pain that will not send
A tear drop to the cheek.

The nights that pass in ghastly dreams,
The days that big with woe
Pass on like tents of thunder cloud
O'er those who weep below.

And knowing this and knowing all,
Of suffering and wrong,
I knelt me down at those dear feet,
And in my hope am strong.

You, you alone of all I know,
Doth keep the sovereign balm,
Which fills my heart with blessedness,
And fills my breast with calm.

Lenora, O Lenora, love,
Let skies and tempests frown,
Let lightnings leap from roof to roof,
Across the wintry town.

If you be merciful the worst
That storm and rain can do
Will fall upon this weary frame
As gently as the dew.

Then hear me, maiden, say not nay,
O fairest be not paired,
As one hath writ: "the quality
Of mercy is not strained."

O, by that sweetly marble brow,
And eyes of sunlight mellow,
Look pity on this wretched one,
And lend him your umbrella!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

IN the reign of King Cormac, A.D. 220, there lived in the Emerald Isle a very hospitable farmer, whose name was Buiciodh Burghach. It is recorded of him in the old chronicles, "that so great and extensive was his hospitality that he made it his common practice to keep a mighty big cauldron always boiling over a beautiful turf-fire." This very extensive cauldron, though always kept in a state of bubble, bubble, boil, was at all times and seasons come-at-able, without toil or trouble, by every hungry passer-by. It was brimfull of the good things of this life, which, unfortunately, all flesh is *not* heir to; and every one who came near his hospitable dwelling was relieved free of all cost, had a hearty welcome to boot, and no questions asked as to whether the applicant was destitute and in want, old or infirm.

Now, the lands of this farmer and great grazier abounded in cattle of all kind. It is a fact upon record that he had at one time in his possession more cows than any dairyman that ever went before, or came after him. Burghach was a boy in high favour with the tip-tops of the times; for the nobility and gentry of Leinster, with their entire families and retinue, would often visit him to take pot-luck; and some of them there were (the *spalpeens*) who were not above spunging upon him for a precious long time. Hospitality has ever been the pride of an Irishman; but this extravagant display of it, as the reader may well suppose, very soon impoverished the means of the warm-hearted Burghach, for, in the course of a very few years, he was left with only seven cows and one bull, which is little enough, in all conscience, for an Irishman.

With this small remnant of his stock he privately removed one night, taking with him his wife and his beautiful foster-child, Eithne; and, after wandering about for some time, he at last settled upon the borders of a magnificent wood, in the county of Meath, near which was situate the princely palace of the great King Cormac. Here he built himself a snug little cabin with the loose stones and sods of turf which he found looking out for an owner. When the finishing-touch was put to it it was a perfect picture of a cabin:—

"It was white without, *clane* and warm *icidin*;
Tioth, a comfortable crib for man to dwell in."

Now, it happened that one fine spring morning, early, Prince Cormac, with a splendid retinue, went out to divert themselves with a hunt in the wood; and the prince having, like Fitz-James or Scotland, left his followers far behind, he at last found that he was all *alone* by *himself* in a most lonely spot. Well, after wandering about for a long time, and to little purpose, good fortune at last directed him to the comfortable cabin of Burghach, and there he chanced to spy the beautiful Eithne, who was warbling a ditty whilst milking her cows, which, if rendered into English, might have ran as follows:—

"In the sweet spring time, when the days were fine,
And the lark from his bed rose early,
A smiling lass, through the waving grass,
Tripp'd light on the dew-drops pearly;
A youth there said, 'Will you go with me,
My love to share, and my bride to be?
Sorrow and want shall ne'er reach thee,
And you'll ne'er regret the day that we
First met in the morning early—
First met in the morning early."

"Oh! I'm too young, sir, to trust man's tongue,
When he woos in the morning early;
And sore afraid,' this maiden said,
'That you may not mean me fairly.'
But the youth to gain her heart was bent;
Though she strove to go—faith, she never went;
And at last she fondly blushed consent,
Which gave his heart most sweet content,
On a fine spring morning early—
On a fine spring morning early."

The fair Eithne had two vessels before her, in which she used to separate the thin milk from the richer and more substantial; for when she began to milk a cow, she disposed of the first part of the milk into one vessel, and the latter part, or the *strippings*, she poured into the other; which method she observed until she had gone over the whole seven, and when she had finished, she took up her vessels and carried them home. The prince followed her at a most respectful distance; for he could not help admiring the maiden for her sagacity and the niceness of her care, and was perfectly charmed with the modesty of her looks, and the fine shape and beauty of her person.

The fair Eithne did not remain long in the cottage; for she soon made her appearance again, bearing in her hands two empty vessels and a bowl, with which she tripped lightly over the green sward to a spring which was bubbling near at hand. She stooped over the brink of the spring, and, laded with the bowl, with the water that was near the surface she filled one vessel, and into the other she poured the water that was laded from the middle of the spring, which was cooler and clearer than the rest. When her vessels were full she returned home.

Cormac never took his eye off her, for he was as much struck at the elegance of her behaviour as at the soundness of her judgment.

Eithne soon made her appearance again; for, being the Cinderella of the establishment, she was obliged to perform all the menial drudgery. This time she appeared with a reaping-hook in her hand, and she had not proceeded far before she came to a spot which abounded with rushes; here she began to work, and when she had reaped a handful of them, she separated those that were long and green from those that were short and withered, and laid them in different heaps; which distinction she used until she had cut as many as she designed to carry.

The youthful prince, no longer able to control his inclination to converse with this fair being, rode gaily to her; and may be she wasn't struck with surprise and astonishment as seeing such a gallant chieftain in a place so unfrequented! The prince by the courtesy of his address and the kindness of his manner soon removed all her fears, assuring her that though she was alone, it would be unworthy the character of an Irishman to offer the slightest freedom to a maid so innocent and beautiful.

We are not aware that he had ever kissed the "*blarney-stone*;" but this we do know, that he perfectly bothered the heart of the poor little Eithne, when he praised her beauty, which, he said, "was more fit to garnish the court of a king than to be wasted amidst woods and wilds, like the neglected primrose."

"And now, my fair woodland flower," he said, when she had somewhat recovered from her surprise, "pray explain to me your reason for separating the milk, the water, and the rushes; for it's a notion I have, my pretty one, that there is some favoured swain for whom you wish to preserve the best of every thing by itself, and to distinguish by particular marks of your favour and esteem."

The maiden, with a blush rising in her face, which loveliest roscint never rivalled, answered, with native and becoming modesty, "That the person upon whom she always bestowed the choicest and best that she could procure, was one to whom she owed the best service of her life, and that to please him was her duty and most anxious care."

"Him!" said the prince; "and who may the fortunate youth be for whom so lovely a maiden cares so much?"

"His name is Burghach," replied the damsel.

"What! the noble, generous, warm-hearted farmer, who was eaten out of house and home for his hospitality?"

"The same, sir," replied the maid.

"Then your name, my sweet wild rose-bud, must be Eithne, and you are the daughter of the brave chief Dunlaing, who fell so nobly in his country's cause; and, if I mistake not, you are the foster-child of the good herdsman and his honest spouse."

"Sure, and you're as good as a witch," replied the pretty Eithne, looking sadly puzzled; "what you say is the true thing, however you came to the knowledge of it."

"Well," continued the enamoured youth, "Burghach has carefully tended his sweet wild flower, which shall be translated to a richer soil. I know, fair maid, your family and your fortune, and am so charmed with your modesty and the beauty of your person that I am vain enough to wish you mine."

"Men were deceivers ever—"

"I scorn to use deceptive arts to win so fair a maiden to my pleasure. Will you be mine, sweet maid—mine by the holy tie of wedlock? Come, make good the words of your own sweet song, and—"

"Fondly blush consent
On a fine spring morning early."

"Sir," she replied, "though a poor maid may justly be ambitious to be mated upon advantageous terms, yet I retain a duty to my good foster-father; so that I would not presume to dispose of myself without his consent to the greatest king in the universe—no, not even to our good King Cormac himself."

The prince applauded her resolution, and requested to be conducted to the cottage of the herdsman; and when he saw him he informed him of his design, and the sincerity of his passion, and engaged, upon the honour of a prince, to remove Burghach out of his solitary retirement, and bestow wealth and lands upon him suitable to the goodness of his heart, if he would consent that the beautiful Eithne would become his bride.

The private conference was soon brought to a close, and may be Burghach was not overjoyed at his good luck; not only on account of his lovely charge, but because he loved his prince, and knew that he would make the maiden happy.

Never in the palace of Tara did the harp sound more sweetly than when its chords were struck to celebrate the nuptials of the great King Cormac with Eithne, the lovely wild-rose of Meath.

THE SWALLOWS.

(FROM BERANGER.)



SOLDIER by the banks of Maur,
Bowed under exile's weary chains;
Cried: "Wandering birds ye come once more
From my dear native plains.
O swallows, whose dim pinions streak
With kindling gleams the sun's advance,
Bright birds, dear birds, will ye not speak
To me of my dear France?"

Have ye brought hither one fresh leaf,
From that green vale where I was born?
Where shine and shade alike are brief,
At eve or happy morn.
Beside the stream, where the lilies grow,
My mother's hut stands cheerfully;
Of that poor mother, gray and low,
Will ye not speak to me?

Perhaps your little nests were made
Under our vined and red-tiled eaves,
Even there, my mother's prayers were said,
In the gloom of the laurel leaves.
She, dying, thought she heard my feet
Haste down the brown road anxiously,
And listened, till her last heart's beat—
O speak of her to me.

Is my dear sister married yet?
Often I see in dreams at night
The village groups with bounding feet
Dance at her joyous marriage rite.
My old companions where are they?
With whom I fought for Liberty,
Under the grave stones, clay to clay,
Oh speak of them to me.

Perhaps the stranger's foot has crushed
On their poor tombs, Faith's offering,
Perhaps the foreign knaves have burst
My sister's heart, my sister's ring.
O swallows, swallows, tell them not,
When back ye fly o'er land and sea,
The bitter sadness of my lot,
But — speak of them to me."

THE NATURALIST IN CLARE.



A recent meeting of the "Natural History Society of Dublin," some very interesting notes on the natural history of the west of Clare, by one of the corresponding members, furnish us with *materiel* for a brief notice of a portion of Ireland hitherto so little explored by, or known to, the naturalist. The principal reason of this is its remoteness, as railway communication with other parts of the country only extends as far as Ennis, and the crossing of Galway Bay depends entirely on the weather. Yet this terra incognita, with its limestone mountains and towering sea-cliffs, presents objects of interest in almost every branch of Natural History, and good accommodation can be had at Miltown Malbay, Lahinch, Ennistymon, Lisdoonvarna, and Ballyvaughan, places conveniently situated for the researches of the explorer. As the geological structure of a district has much to say to the welfare of its fauna, we may mention that this western side of Clare is composed of carboniferous limestone on the east, and the superincumbent shales and girts of coal-measures on the west. The line of boundary runs in an extremely tortuous course from the coast at Roadford on the north-west, to the Shannon

east of Killadysart on the south. In the southern portion of the county the limestone occupies the low ground and the coal-measures the high; but at the northern side, in the Burren district, the limestone rises into hills upwards of 1,000 feet in elevation, with terraced sides, the remarkable appearance of which at once stamps this district as being peculiar from any other in Ireland. The limestone is traversed by numerous joints, which cross each other and form fissures, which render the extensive bare and flat surfaces of the rock somewhat like that of a glacier. These fissures are the nurseries of many rare and beautiful plants. The hills are intersected by numerous valleys, glens, and deep gorges, with bold and precipitous cliffs. The aspect of the coal-measure district is much more dreary and monotonous, its form being that of an elevated and irregular plateau. The junction between the two formations is generally very conspicuous all along it, a coal-measure shale forming an abrupt escarpment overhanging the limestone. In the neighbourhood of Ennis several castles (which were evidently strongholds) are situated at intervals on or very near the line, so that in former days it was probably recognized as a boundary of property. We will now return to our subject, taking the bats first. Almost all the caves in Burren are the mouths of subterranean watercourses, discharging after great floods in wet weather, and consequently not at all suited for the hibernation of bats. Not long ago our informant learned that bats are seen flying about in the summer evenings in the most unfrequented and exposed parts of this Irish desert. The puzzle was, where did they hibernate? He came upon a cave

on the 23rd of last January, the entrance of which is a conical hollow, about ten feet deep, in the flat surface of the rock, all festooned with ivy, ferns, mosses, marchantia, etc. Arrived at the bottom of this he perceived a small horizontal passage, and, lighting his candle he entered, and with little difficulty found himself in a spacious chamber hung with fine stalactites, and with still finer stalagmites rising from the floor. It was tolerably dry, and after a long search he found one specimen. The Hedgehog, the Irish name for which is *granioge*, is very common over the coal-measure district, but very scarce on the limestone. The Badger and Stoat are very abundant on Burren, south-west of Ballyvaughan. The latter has been found at an elevation of more than 500 feet above the sea. The Marten appears to be now becoming very rare in Burren, where it was once very common, the skin some years ago being worth twenty-five shillings. The Otter is very abundant in the lakes and rivers of Clare, particularly at Inchiquin Lake and the Ennistymon river. The common fox is plentiful all through the wild parts of Clare. The varying hare (*Lepus Hibernicus*) occurs in great plenty over this district. Along the coast they are very fond of grazing close to the sea in the spring of the year. Amongst the more remarkable birds met in the district, may be mentioned the sea eagle, which formerly built in a precipitous cliff called Kinalia, near Glen Columbkil, and also used to frequent the cliffs of Moher. It is seldom if ever seen now. The raven, very common near the sea, a white variety, has been shot at the cliffs of Moher. The chough, also very abundant; the golden oriole, specimens of which were shot some years since at Roxton, near Corrofin, and some fifteen years ago a small flock of them was seen on some crags near Ennis; the common bittern, shot several times in the county; the American bittern, killed near Ennis, and the American night heron, shot near Corrofin.

In conclusion we may observe that Burren at one time possessed more mammals than it now does. The heads and antlers of the red deer have frequently been found at Inchiquin Lake, near Corrofin, as also those of the wild ox. Mention of the wild ox of Burren is made in an old Irish poem, translated by Mr. Curry, and mentioned in a paper read by Dr. Wilde, before the Royal Irish Academy, in May, 1859. Fin Mac Cumhail was made prisoner by Cormac MacArt, King of Erin, who, however, consented to liberate him when a ransom of two of every wild animal in Ireland, a male and female, were brought before him on the Green of Tara. Cailte MacRonain, the foster-brother and favourite of the celebrated Irish general, undertook and accomplished this task within twelve months, and in this poem is said to have related to St. Patrick the result of his mission. Among the animals he mentions "two wild oxen from Burren." A foot note in the paper says—"Burren a wild district in Burren, county Clare, in which herds of cattle were very likely common at the time referred to. In the Leabhar-na-g-Ceart we read of '1,000 oxen from Boirinn' being part of the tributes of Cashel to the kings of Erin."

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ON THE WATER.

"It is very dark, sir!" said he, with a tone as if of warning against the perils of going out to row at such a time. This was said to me by a boat-master, as he stood on his own raft or landing-place, at half-past eleven o'clock, one July night of last year. I was sitting in my boat adjusting the various articles necessary for making a night of it, looking to the thowles, the sitting mat, and sculls, before venturing out alone upon the silent river in the blackness of night. He held a lantern, the wick of which stood steady in the windless air, and scanned with no little interest my various preparations. The interest he expressed was genuine and unaffected, for a better-hearted fellow never owned a boat; indeed so strongly was he opposed to my

present excursion, as to have stated plainly that no gig of his should go out on such an errand. "But she's (the boat) your own, and your life's your own, so I can't help it, but if you'll take my advice you'll not go to-night; besides, it's as dark as pitch, and you can't

see nothing." He thought the journey dangerous, and did not "see the fun of it;" in fact probably thought it preposterous that any but an experienced waterman should even think of such a thing, much less expect to do it in safety; for he it understood that every waterman is profoundly sceptical of the rowing powers and skill of anybody but himself and his own pu-

pils. Having rowed at night often before, I did not think it dangerous, and had, moreover, a becoming reliance on my own skill and strength. The "fun of it" is what I have to tell you, good reader.



from being self-deceived and a fellow victim in delusions he practised upon others. His gracious way of allaying the terrors, so flattering to himself, which were excited in the minds of his neighbours by these pretensions would strongly fortify their claims to respect. Nor were the lower orders only his gulls, as is evident from his having been employed to avert the mischief of an obvious incantation discovered when the image of the Queen Elizabeth was found in Lincoln's Inn Fields, "stuck full of pins" (doubtless not more than her Majesty herself was at times, to judge from her custom). This terrible omen was rendered insignificant, as Dee admits by himself, "in a godly and artificial manner," and to the great satisfaction of her Majesty and the council.

Let us leave the wizards and their dupes while I slip darkling along on the bosom of this river which floweth stealthily past their dwellings as of old, but now knoweth them not. The black mist hangs yet on the land, although seemingly more lightened by the lightning. I feel my way through it cautiously, the grim, hungry water hissing spitefully past, like a snake baffled of prey. The narrowing stream just shows its banks on either hand, but for any character or clear object discernible it might be the Nile or the Mississippi I am rowing upon. Here comes something at any rate, which will assure me against its being the Mississippi. A dull, rolling sound of large oars pulled heavily in a heavy boat mingles itself with irregular voices, the echoes of which shatter against the banks above as water against a cliff. A nearer approach shows a large boat, or shallop, bearing lights under a curtained canopy, beneath which are seated, at a table, a party of pleasure, now returning home. There are many ladies, one or two of whom seem asleep, and others restlessly talking with their companions of the party. One has nestled into a corner, and with hands on lap and chin on breast dozes her head, gently moving with the motion of the boat. Another rests her elbows on the table, and with hands supporting her face listens to the languid talk that passes between the others, three of whom are discussing a knotty point. Their voices, confused and half-inarticulate, reach me. One lies asleep at length on the benches of the boat. Here a gentleman whispers guardedly to his next neighbour, a lady, her face, down-looking and smiling, expresses pleased attention. The steersman seems more to heed the inmates of the cabin than his duty at the helm. All look exhausted, for the hour is late and their progress necessarily slow against the tide, which favours me. I lie off a bit and gaze at them, they unconscious of one so near; and I see into the cabin, and catch their half-heard voices. The whole incident, from its suddenness, strangeness, and look of luxurious languor and fatigue, is startling and picturesque. Slowly they labour by, passing on to the beat of their own oars, and casting a light on the black waters on either side, solemnly glide away, leaving me surprised and struck as a man might be who, rowing on the Tigris in old times, met Haroon-er-Raschid and his companions booning for Bagdad.

They had left the river still as before, the roll of their oars was out of hearing, only the light flashing down the reach betrayed their whereabouts as it shone upon trees and banks, making these start into existence swiftly, and as swiftly pass away,—when a low soft thrill filled the air, the beginning of which, to the ear was not. It was music that seemed to creep enroachingly, wrapping all in a vibrant circle of faint sound, that shrilly climbed and swung into a shiver of sorrow—an out-drawn strain as if the grief of all the land found utterance in one long sigh, melodious to pain, dolorous, protracted, sad, and ending on the verge of death with adieu—adien—adien—a death involved in murmurous, creaming silence.

They passed and left me darkling, startled, lonely, with an excited fancy that nigh compelled me to conceive this the Nile and that the barge of Cleopatra, sliding gently down the immemorial stream, wafting by music a slow farewell to Antony. A low wind that sings softly from the south brings those conceptions. Were it moonlight it were more in keeping yet; then I might be a boatman of Egypt, entranced with sound, resting on mine oar, whose blade glistens with silver, and drips a broken line of dimples upon the lighted stream, while far to south blazes low Canopus, master of the Nile, whose bright trail alone holds place against the long track the moon has drawn, she all the while lighting the eastern hills with an opal glory, the hills whose yon sides behold the Arabian gulf, and salute the morning even before Memnon. Silence did not disenfranchise me, but left me dreaming still, and only changed the theme of fancy.

Many forms and ways of river-life float before me, thus music-trammelled in the dark; ways in which men have passed their lives upon the waters, from the time when they first floated on an ox-hide down the stream of ancientest Oxus—till now when I myself, not less a dream, peradventure, than the past, float here stilly in the gloom. The slime-daubed basket of the Assyrian, and its loin-girt owner, rows past me. The Tungoses are here in a hollow tree chanting strange hymns to diabolic gods, as their heavy paddles wound the water. The high-stemmed Chinese slips on, pushing oar, gondola fashion, and the gondola herself, queen of pleasure-boats, glides stealthily past, darkening the dark water with a blacker shade. The Red Indian's birch canoe, lighter and swifter than any boat but my own, shows its double prow marked with lines of red and white. The half-frozen rivers of the north furnish their Esquimaux canoe and its master, who sits a perfect centaur in adaptation to his vessel, wielding a feathery two-bladed oar with both hands. Loiter by the mat-sailed Chinese flower-boat, laden with blooms that weigh upon the air half sickly. The double-prowed Red Indian boat is not more fantastic to my eyes than the double-bodied South Sea perigna—two boats covered with one deck. Past goes the heavy Scandinavian bark, the hollow trunks of two trees conjoined. This is in tone with my English blood, and the conception takes definite form and place, holding me a part of it. Let the Thames roll by while fancy bears me on to the distant Saxon river as it rolled two thousand years ago. Where am I now, but embarked with some remote ancestor of Saxon blood whose companions track down the stream to reach the far-off Baltic Sea?

A sound of oars again, but hard and strong in mightier hands than those that languidly heaved the shallop past. I am lying back covered with a skin, for the night is cold and clear. We slide from time to time beneath overhanging rocks, whose sharp, lofty summits stand stark against an immensity of blue gloom arching overhead, and studded here and there with steadfast stars, that shake beams of light between my half-closed lids. The mighty shoulders of a sleeping comrade press my own; his studded baldric lies athwart him like a snake. Beyond the stooping figures of the rowers, who rise and fall in cadence, appears the large form of the helmsman, seeming to move self-sustained after us, and immense in his white-skin coat of ox hide, rears himself gigantically against the trees and stars, now darkling and solid against the one, then a white spectral gliding attendant upon us in the shadows of the other. Music mixed itself inextricably with my dream, for one chanted with hollow voice a song of vengeance upon some—Romans he styled them—who shore the honey-coloured locks from the head of a maiden whose birth-place was far off, and afterwards sold her for a slave at Byzantium. Some one said to me, "Sing, Frith, sing to us;" and it seemed I sang to them something of dawn over the ice-fields, the snow, and the dark north, and the grinding flight of sledge-keels over the hardened sea.

The breathing of the rowers deepened, and came quick and hard as my voice caught them, and those who had erst been sleeping, rose upon an elbow to listen, repeating the burthen of my song. The chanting slowly ceased. Then one sat up and told us how he and others had crossed the sea westwards for seven days, with the wind following them, as angry Thor followed Loki for the slaying of Balder, when they came to an island, whence they sailed three days more in the same direction, and came to a bright land they called Greenland. Thence they turned southward, and ever hearing of new lands as new appeared, bore onwards many months to a country which grew hotter as they advanced. He had seen, he said, a large creature with a shield upon its back, and a breast-plate upon its stomach, that went upon its hands, and had the head of a snake; told us how going up a river for three weeks they found it nothing but mud, that slowly moved among gigantic rushes, almost impassable for their immense growth, haunted by enormous frogs, whose croaking was like the rattling of a heavy-laden wain. Then he spoke of a huge leech that came into their boat one night, and fastening upon a sleeping man, so sucked him, that when day broke he was no bigger than a dried fish. There some one grunted disbelief, and although he named the man, whom some of us had known, the teller gained no credence. The voices of my dream destroyed it, and instead of the starry sheep on the Saxon river, I awoke to find a sightless night, wherein was not even moonlight, however obscured and dim, or "damned with monstrous bars" of lowering cloud, but brooding overhead sullen gloom, a time for

hopeless death. The very stream seemed dead, Lethæan, and mournful, murmuring a slow rhythm, like a dirge, with dolorous rise and fall, a sad and irregular cadence.

Once more I rouse the dull echoes with the pulsing oar, till the leaping boat flies like a bird of night, whose instinct guides it unerringly over the gloomy river—

“Deepe, darke, uneasy, doleful, comfortlesse.”

Now, while speeding along, I could recall a thousand things connected with rowing in the dark, from the Egyptian Charon, whom the Greeks styled an infernal minister, in their clumsy confounding of theology with fact. With this might go the moonlight journeyings of the Greek troops to Troy, when the immemorial heroes reclined back, while some recounted the varied phases of the siege; the watch of Mohammed's sailors upon the Bosphorus, when they sat down before the doomed city of Constantine, and guarded the place against relief by sea; Columbus pacing his deck, in that marvellous quest for the unknown world, when men, and faith, and oceans and winds seemed warring against him. The tracking of unsearched rivers by the Spaniards, when El Dorado was the goal, was not more lonely and dark than this voyage of mine, although upon water that I know so well. I myself, in years past, have traversed the waters of this stream many a night, with friends, some of whom are now no more, but all of whom have left a pleasant memory with me; upon all these I might enlarge fully did the time permit. I might even dilate upon the voyages of busy Mr. Pepps, from Mortlake to London, a thing he thought venturesome, and thus record one, just a hundred and ninety-three years ago. “July 12, 1665.—Returned from Hampton Court—and so away to my boat, and all night upon the water, and home by two o'clock, shooting the bridge at that time of night.” Going through Old London Bridge “at that time of night” was, indeed, a dangerous exploit, notwithstanding the heavy wherry the good diarist used. Pepps used the river often, as was the custom of his day, and seems to have had great delight in doing so, nor always found himself in peril, as he states on the day previous to the above that he left Mortlake, “and all night down by water, a most pleasant passage.” All these times have passed, and it matters little, but to please the fancy in conceiving how the Londoners, in Henry the First's time, according to Fitzstephen, enjoyed themselves upon this stream by day, but had a great respect for it by night, never crossing it after dusk, even at Lambeth Ferry; or how Queen Elizabeth had moonlight parties with Essex and Raleigh; or how, again, Mary of Modena stood shivering and weeping on the very spot Fitzstephen names at Lambeth, stilling the cries of her infant, afterwards the first Pretender, when the wind blew, and the chill rain drifted, and her attendants came not to aid her in flight. Those miserable hours must have chilled the heart of the hapless lady, and dwelt long in her mind.

These things are all for the fancy, which grows active here in the darkness. I pace the water for an hour or two, most like a discontented spirit, up and down the short reaches restlessly. I am lying still and quiet in the little bay by Chiswick church, whose short tower is barely seen. This place has its memories also, for here lie buried Oliver Cromwell's daughter, Mary, Countess of Falconberg, and a much more notable person; the greatest of English humourist painters, sturdy William Hogarth. Sir John Chardin, the traveller, and Charles II.'s Duchess of Cleveland, lie here; so here may be truly said, “The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” While I linger here the land-mist has cleared off greatly, and there is an uncertain light about the sky, and the stars, seen through the tender haze, shine like powdered diamond dust, faint and palely brilliant. A little vagrant wind, that has lost its way in the great hollow vast, whispered past me, returned again and again, touched my cheek inquiringly, and flitted fitfully about.

From the church-tower comes a dead throb of the clock's warning to strike, and soon the sounds—one, two!—sing solemnly. The notes, mightily significant of bygone time, laid a burden upon the vibrant air, beneath which it shook, shuddering from shore to shore—sighed in ever-widening and incommensurable rings of sound that spread like a rippling circle, and died hollowly away. There is no more suggestive theme for imagination than the booming of a bell. How many generations have been carried from the little hamlet here to their graves while the solemn sound was heard! How many times have these been joy-bells or sorrow-

bells! How many bridals and how many births have they announced with the same voices! How often, when the woods were all about this place, must the lonely watchers have heard the sound broken among trees! How often sick men, in close chambers of death, have counted stroke by stroke, and thought to hear no more! By these bells man is born and dies, comes to his work and goes to rest.

Barnes and Mortlake were not the only parishes on this water which were infested with dealers in the black art; though Dee and Kelly were considered Satan's prime agents. The books named contain in one place an entry of the expenditure of eleven shillings to the parish constable, “for conveying away the witches;” let us hope it was only across the water, which would, the old superstition had it, destroy their spells. It is a comfort for me to know they were conveyed away, as this present is the very hour for their pranks, to which I might well be a victim. As it is, I have yet seen nothing worse than an owl or a bat or two, familiars, doubtless, who wander masterless since the payment of that eleven shillings. Money well spent it was indeed.

The heavy church-bell that had rung two was followed by a tinkling and a querulous shower of petty clock-striking in every house; this is kept up for a few minutes, stragglers in the rear of time, rattling out their tiny notes breathlessly, and with a sudden distinctness that must have startled themselves. I go off again for a lonelier part of the river, the gray, light haze clearing more and more, until, after rowing with bent face for a few minutes, I suddenly look up, and find myself under a vast dome of glittering points—stars; the hollow of God's own crown, that arched from horizon to horizon, stretched measureless above, and seemed to overawe the world with beauty. A thousand and a thousand thousand stars crowded the canopy of darkest azure, black with depth unsearchable, yet wherever the eye rested, lighted with stars, that broke its deepest depths with light-dust, and revealed world on world in incomprehensible multiplicity; worlds like motes of dust in the sunbeam; jewels on the robe of God, that he has woven for himself, out of eternity, which here and there lie thicker in the folds that stretch over the firmament. The border of that great garment I saw not, but my soul and utmost being felt prostrate before this wonder of the universe, and strove to kiss the hem humbly in ecstatic adoration. Glory to God!—the unworried thought that formed itself within my brain was *me*, a stricken atom, made only to adore and live for ever in the thought adoring. If the river had opened beneath me for death, I could have died only with this thought. I had seen the glory of glories, the robe of God, and now I could die, a soul overborne with prayer and praise. Praising that I had been made to pray, and praying for a heart of gratitude, that I should have beheld the perfections of His handiwork, and should testify to his glory.

How long the spectacle absorbed me I cannot tell, but in time thin veils, like folded gauze, were formed here and there across the heavens; and the stars shone through streaks of lucid mist, which thickened to small clouds, and broke up the awful dome. I was still gazing, when the boat touched gently upon the bank, and swung, grating her keel in gravel, awaking me. Then I took the oars again, and rowed thoughtfully home, under the still and starry night. The clouds and I journeyed together, for an hour, before a mild western breeze, until they were drawn into a light, fleecy mass, like softest flower leaves, laid line over line, a canopy for all below, except, when to windward, a broad clear space was kept like a dark bend in which the low-lying stars gathered paler and paler minutely. Why did they pale? Their broad and purple setting grew azure and paler blue, faded through all grades of cerulean tint, until the sweet grayness of pure silver was attained. Amethystine red of faint wine-hue followed and held place awhile. The canopy which erst was light on dark, became dark on light, and its edges began to glitter, as burning charcoal glitters in a wind. Silver-gray and amethystine wine-red yielded to green, and I saw the stars—a golden hue they had—hiding themselves within a mist of light. The mist of light grew concrete and buried them within its bosom. All this time the canopy was steadfast, drawing a sharp edge against the wind and extending right over the plain from north to south. It was laid ply over ply, like armour or innumerable petals of a gigantic flower. It was God's own flower, indeed—the dawn—the dawn! that parted itself, expanding leaf after leaf, and fell away into a rose of sun!

CLOUGH-I-STOOKAN.

W A N our last number we gave a view of the Bridge of Carric-a-Rede, in illustration of a tale related in connection with the coast of Antrim. As our limits will not permit us to give a minute description of many things well worthy of observation along a coast where of the sublime and stupendous, the wonderful and the grand, the tourist will find no deficiency, on our front page we give a view of Clough-i-Stookan, a huge limestone rock, at one period supposed to be the most northern point of Ireland. Oral history states, that in olden time all the rents of Ireland were paid at this place, and that the last Danish invaders embarked from here. Clough-i-Stookan presents one of the most curious and extraordinary objects that can possibly be conceived, the varied view which meets the eye attracting general interest and admiration.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



T HIS eminent artist was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723. He was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds and Theophila Potter, his wife, and was the tenth of eleven children, five of whom died in their infancy. His father was obliged to eke out the small emoluments of his living by teaching a grammar school, and in this Joshua is supposed to have received the first rudiments of knowledge, amongst the rest, of the classics, though he did not during his after life give many evidences of classical learning. At a very early age he showed, like many other great painters, a strong inclination for art. His first attempts at drawing were from copies done by his sisters, and prints that he chanced to meet with amongst his father's books, particularly those in Dryden's Plutarch; but his greatest store lay in Jacob Cutt's book of "Emblems," which his mother, a native of Holland, brought with her from that country. When but eight years of age, he met with the "Jesuits' Perspective," and read it with such diligence and attention that he made himself complete master of it, and never after required any further instruction in this important part of an artist's education. He soon put the knowledge he thus acquired into practice, by making a drawing of the Grammar School at Plympton, which, being raised on stone pillars, afforded a good subject for illustration. He next began to sketch portraits of the members of his own family, and at last meeting Richardson's "Treatise on the Art of Painting," his vocation became fixed. His admiration for Raphael now became so great, that the master appeared to him "superior to the most illustrious names either of ancient or of modern times, a notion which he loved to indulge in all the days of his life."

He did not long continue to copy, however, but soon began to paint, and progressed so rapidly, that in a very short time he made his master jealous. There was an old woman in the house, a servant, and Reynolds painted her so well, that Hudson foresaw his fame and began to fear him. The portrait was placed amongst others in Hudson's gallery, and was so much admired and praised by visitors, that the artist came to the conclusion that, now that his pupil was his rival, he should get rid of him. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, a pretext for taking this step accidentally presented itself. Reynolds had been ordered to take a picture to Vanburgh's, the drapery painter. The evening came on wet, and he postponed his task until the following morning, which was quite time enough. Hudson, upon hearing this, dismissed him on the spot. He then removed to the house of his uncle, who lived in the Temple, and wrote his father an account of what had happened. From him he received directions to go home to Devonshire, which he did, after a stay of two years in London. He was accustomed in after life to congratulate himself upon this change in his position, as he thought he had acquired from Hudson all that was positively good in his teaching.

His talents were now sufficiently displayed to warrant the brightest auguries as to his future success in the profession upon which he

had entered. He would never acknowledge, however, that he possessed any peculiar qualification for art, any more than for any other pursuit. He placed unbounded reliance in application and strength of will, and believed that these qualities would stead a man in any profession. In genius, in the sense of peculiar fitness for a particular occupation, he had no belief whatever. He thought that the same abilities which make a man a good lawyer or doctor, would make him a good artist. We doubt very much, however, whether in his opposition to the popular notion, that a man may be a genius in one thing, and a blockhead in every thing else, he did not run into the opposite extreme, of utterly condemning taste and inclination in the choice of a profession.

The next three years of his life were passed in Devonshire, partly in idleness, and partly in the desultory pursuit of his art. He was very much in the society of the country gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and, as far as field-sports and good dinners went, was kindly treated; but he always lamented the want of the opportunity for acquiring greater knowledge of the world and of men which would have been afforded him had he been residing in London. There can be no doubt, however, that one who kept his mind fixed so constantly and firmly upon the one great object of his life, success in his vocation, must have been laying up stores of knowledge and experience, from observation merely, in greater abundance than he himself dreamed of.

He did not, however, during this period, altogether neglect his pencil. He produced many portraits, which Northcote says were undoubted very fine, particularly one of a boy reading by a reflected light; and it is said, that when Sir Joshua saw some of these thirty years afterwards, he lamented that in that long interval he had made so little progress in art. He studied some of the works of William Gandy at Exeter, which made a great impression upon him. Some of them he thought equal to Rembrandt's; and he carried with him to Italy a deep recollection of their peculiarly solemn and forcible effect. He took great pleasure in repeating one of Gandy's observations: "That a picture ought to have richness in its texture, is if the colours had been cream or cheese, and the reverse to a hard and husky, or dry manner." In two years after he left Hudson he lost his father, on Christmas-day, 1746. He was a man of very fair learning, great innocence of heart, and was greatly beloved by his neighbours. To Joshua he had been invariably kind and affectionate beyond measure, and it must have been a great consolation for him to know that the care and anxiety which his son's education had cost him, had not been thrown away.

When Reynolds was two-and-twenty years old, he and his two youngest unmarried sisters took a house in Plymouth, and he began to devote himself to portrait painting. Many of his works of this class, however, are in the common-place style of Hudson, his master, and all other artists of the period. It was their invariable practice to paint portraits with one hand thrust into the unbuttoned waistcoat, and the other holding the hat, in order to avoid the insurmountable difficulty of drawing the hands correctly. There is a story told of Reynolds, that one of his sitters requested to be taken with his hat on his head; but what was his wife's astonishment on the picture being sent home, to discover that he had another hat under his arm. While in Plymouth, a young lady of great beauty, named Miss Chudleigh, who afterwards became famous as Duchess of Kingston, sat to him for her portrait, and he gained some notice also by painting some of the Abercorn family. His fame now began to spread beyond the limits of his own county, and he acquired the friendship and patronage of the third Lord Edgumbe, and Captain, afterwards Lord, Keppel. He paid another visit to London, and resided in St. Martin's-lane, where he mixed largely in the society of artists. But his darling wish was to pay a visit to Rome, as he longed to gaze upon all the glories of art which it contained. It was not easy to accomplish this, but an unexpected opportunity of gratifying his desire was soon afforded him.

In May, 1749, his friend Captain Keppel was appointed commander of the fleet on the Mediterranean station, for the purpose of chastising the Dey of Algiers for his insults to British merchantmen, and he invited Reynolds to accompany him in his ship, the Centurion. Reynolds gladly accepted the offer, and they set sail on the 11th of May, 1749. Keppel displayed the greatest kindness towards him, and did everything to gratify his curiosity at every place where the ship touched. On the 24th of May he went ashore at Lisbon, and there witnessed a bull-fight, and many grand re-

ligious processions. On arriving at Algiers, he went ashore with the commodore, and was introduced to the Dey, who treated them with the greatest civility. The Algerine dispute having been satisfactorily arranged, the Centurion sailed to Port Mahon, in Minorca, where he took portraits of most of the officers of the garrison, and was received with great cordiality by General Blakeney, the commander, who entertained him every day at the Government House. His stay at Port Mahon was prolonged by a disagreeable accident. As he was taking an airing on horseback, the animal took fright, and threw him over a precipice. His face was severely injured, and part of his lip so much bruised that he was obliged to have it cut away. Three months afterwards he proceeded to Rome.

After visiting various other parts of Italy, Reynolds returned to England in October, 1752, and after a hurried visit to Devonshire, came to London, and established himself in St. Martin's-lane, as a professional artist. The boldness of his attempts, the freedom of his conceptions, and the brilliancy of his colouring, called down upon him the indignation of all the older artists, who looked upon him as an intruder, and an impertinent innovator; just as the old Austrian generals were enraged at Buonaparte's beating them contrary to established rule. None declaimed against him more loudly than his old master, Hudson.

In the year 1764, he first became connected with the famous literary circle which met in London in the latter part of the eighteenth century, the bon-mots of which have been so faithfully recorded by Boswell. He chanced to meet with the "Life of Savage" in Devonshire. He was delighted with the book, and longed to know the author, and shortly after met him at Miss Cotteral's, in Newport-street. He rose in Johnson's estimation to a place which he never afterwards lost, by the utterance of one shrewd remark. The ladies were lamenting the loss of a friend, recently deceased, to whom they had been under great obligations. "You have, however, the consolation of being relieved from the burden of gratitude." They were shocked at the selfishness of this suggestion, but Johnson took Reynolds's part, and, on going away, accompanied him home. A friendship was thus commenced which continued ever afterwards.

In the year 1758, Reynolds was making most money. His charge for a head was at first five guineas; he afterwards raised it to twenty; and he himself stated, that at one period his time was worth five guineas an hour. In the year 1760, the idea of an exhibition of the works of British artists was at length carried into execution, and in it those of Reynolds played a distinguished part. In the following year he purchased a fine house in Leicester-square, and furnished it gorgeously, adding a splendid gallery for the exhibition of his works. It was here that he received all the scholars, wits, and writers of the age. Of these re-

unions Allan Cunningham draws a delightful picture. "His table was now elegantly furnished, and round it men of genius were often found. He was a lover of poetry and poets; they sometimes read their productions at his house, and were rewarded by his approbation, and occasionally by their portraits. Johnson was a frequent and a welcome guest; though the sage was not seldom sarcastic and overbearing, he was endured and caressed, because he poured out the riches of his conversation more lavishly than Reynolds did his wines. Percy was there, too, with his ancient ballads and his old English lore; and Goldsmith, with his latent genius, infantine vivacity, and plum-coloured coat. Burke and his brothers were constant guests, and Garrick was seldom absent, for he loved to be where greater men were. It was honourable to this distinguished artist that he perceived the worth of such men, and felt the honour which their society shed upon him; but it stopped not here—he often aided them with his purse, nor insisted upon repayment.

Until the year 1768 there is little in Reynolds's life differing so much from the ordinary routine as to call for remark. Surrounded by the wisest and ablest men of the age, in the enjoyment of ample

fame and wealth, his life flowed on in a smooth current.

In his sixty-fifth year, he lost the sight of his left eye, suddenly, while painting a likeness of the Marchioness of Hertford. He laid down his pencil, and never raised it more. This affliction preyed greatly on his mind. Though he several times afterwards appeared in public, he never was the same again. At last came the end. An enlargement

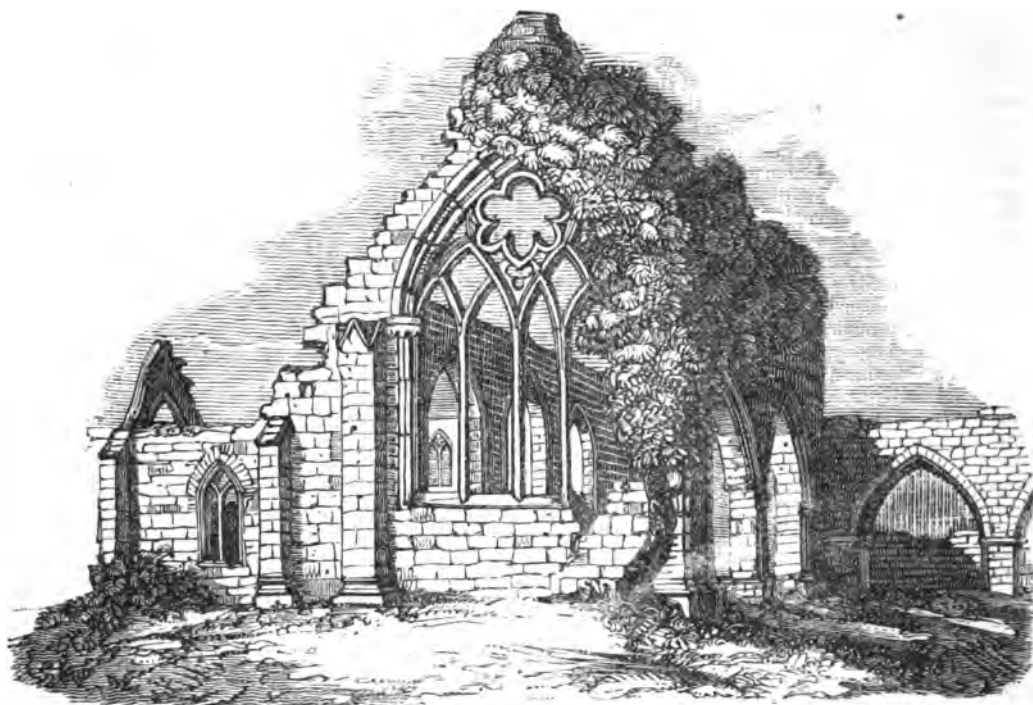
of the liver, which bade defiance to the physician's skill, totally prostrated him, and on the 23rd of February, 1792, he died. He was buried in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and accompanied to the grave by many of the greatest of the land. He lies by the side of Sir Christopher Wren, and in the body of the church a statue, by Flaxman, has been erected to his memory.

CASTLEDERMOT.



THE ruins of the Abbey of Castledermot, county Kildare, are extensive and interesting. Its pointed arches are beautifully turned, and the noble and picturesque window, of which we give a representation in the above engraving, arrests the attention even of the passing traveller as he journeys forward. The aspect of the contiguous Round Tower, is also picturesque in a high degree.

The town of Castledermot lays claim to much higher antiquity than the city of Dublin, having been the residence of the ancient kings of Leinster, bearing the names of Dermot.





LOUGHREA.

THE town of Loughrea is situated on the shores of Lough Rea, county Galway, and was chiefly remarkable for its monastery, founded by Richard de Burgh, about the year 1300, for the order of Carmelites. After the dissolution it was granted to Richard, Earl of Clanricarde, ancestor of the present proprietor. A castle was erected here by the Earl of Ulster, at an early period, and the town, from its situation in the approach to Galway, was deemed of so much importance that it was fortified. According to the census of 1861, it contains 548 inhabited houses, and a population of 3,063. The neighbourhood of Loughrea abounds with pleasingly diversified scenery. The lake, which is about one mile in diameter, has three small islands of picturesque appearance, and its shores are enlivened by some pretty cottages, and embellished on the south and east with hills of beautiful verdure.

Of the Carmelite monastery to which we have alluded, there are still very extensive remains, and also of the old castle built by the De Burghs, which was for some time the residence of the Clanricarde family. There was anciently an hospital for lepers in the town, but little of its history is recorded, and

even the site of it is unknown. On the summit of Monument Hill, near the town, is a circular enclosure, in which are seven stones, some of which are still standing erect, and others lying on the ground. In the centre is a small tumulus of earth, and near the base of the hill are vestiges of a circular entrenchment, within which are the remains of a Cromlech.

A CHAPTER IN FRENCH HISTORY.

IN the east of Paris stands the Place Royale. It is a square some five or six acres in extent.

The houses present a uniform appearance externally; they are large, and contain magnificent apartments—magnificent as to size, that is to say. For it was a gay square once, and, for a long time too, a very fashionable square, and so much so, indeed, as to render the surrounding neighbourhood fashionable.

The case is different with it now. Says a French author before us: "They are past, those days, when the Place was thronged by counts, marquises, and dukes, all scented and pomaded, each with his frills of lace and his embroidered coat, his sword by his side, and his hat with a flowing feather under his arm; they are past, those days, when it was the favourite lounge of laughing and perfumed young abbés in fair perukes, the favourite resort of court ladies in velvet masks, toying with the elegant little mirrors they carried, and sweeping the ground with their long silk trains." They are past indeed, those days, and the contrast which the Place affords in the present is great: "Here there is a drinking-shop, there the office of a professional letter-writer; here a small haberdasher hangs out wares more commonly second-hand than new, there a cobbler displays a row of clouted boots and shoes. The Hôtel Nicolai is occupied by a wood-merchant; the Hôtel Villedieu by the district municipality; the Hôtel Richelieu by a mercer, a tobacconist, and an attorney; the Hôtel Rohan by a wine merchant; the King's Pavilion by a dealer in old furniture." The last person of any note who lived in the Place Royale was M. Victor Hugo; he however, did so till not very long ago. What formerly was the Hôtel Guéméné belonged to him, and perhaps still does; at all

events he was in the occupation of it when he was driven into exile. The French term "hôtel," we need scarcely remark, is not confined in its application to a place of entertainment for travellers, but is also employed, as here, to designate the town residence of a princely, or noble, or rich personage; its English equivalent in this sense being "house," as "Northumberland House," for instance.

So much for the Place Royale; which, indeed, we have been led to mention here, chiefly from the desire that the reader who knows modern Paris, or may consult a map of it, might be guided to the situation of the Hôtel St. Paul and the Hôtel des Tournelles, every trace of these having long since disappeared. The Place, in fact, is built on the very site of the latter; the other was in the immediate neighbourhood. Both were Royal Palaces, and it is mainly to show what a royal palace was, four or five hundred years back, that we have chosen them for the subject of this article.

The buildings and grounds of the Hôtel St. Paul became royal property by passing into the hands of Charles V. of France on his first acquisition, however, in the locality was made about the year 1360, when he was only Regent. The ground immediately adjacent to the Hôtel was of great extent, including within its outer wall upwards of twenty acres. The palace itself, however, was far from being of corresponding dimensions; indeed, according to our present idea of a palace, it could scarcely be considered a palace at all. It must rather have resembled a village; better still, it was like a farm-yard on a great scale. There were many distinct buildings, in general, not above two storeys high; some of them were connected with each other by galleries, but the majority stood isolated, with gardens and orchards round them. There were stables for horses, there were dove-cots for pigeons, there were dens for lions; there were the ovens and the buttery; there was the falconry; there were ponds for fish, there were yards for poultry; there were barracks for the royal guards and men-at-arms; while round all these confused and heterogeneous dependencies ran the outer wall we have mentioned, flanked with many towers. The royal apartments stood on the side nearest the Seine, which bounded the whole on the south. They consisted of a grand dining-hall, a council chamber, a reception room, a study, a wardrobe, an oratory, a chapel, and a great bed room; the last requiring indeed to be a pretty large chamber, if it was to be in proportion to the bed, that being ten or twelve feet wide, like the great bed at Ware. The Queen, the Dauphin, and the Princes had each a separate lodging, similar to that of the King, as the number and appropriation of the rooms, but on a smaller scale.

The adornment and furniture of these regal habitations would now be considered, in many respects, very poor and scanty, but in others sufficiently splendid. The portion of them most highly decorated was the chimney, an immense, projecting, and overhanging structure, in which a whole party might seat themselves to hear the winter tale told by the *trouvère*, or the romance chanted by the minstrel. It was delicately carved by the sculptor, the painter coloured it elaborately with vermilion, and blue, and gold. The keys of the time were also of high workmanship, the locksmith of the fourteenth century expending almost as much pains on his productions as does the goldsmith on his in our day. But nearly every thing else was in a very rude state, and what we should consider comfort was altogether unknown. The walls were generally only white-washed; for, though they were sometimes relieved by armorial bearings, and other designs in finer colours, tapestry and hangings of silk or gilt leather were not introduced till later. The floors were of variously-coloured tiles; in winter they were thickly strewn with straw. Great bunks, opening sometimes with doors, and sometimes with a lid, served instead of our presses and chests of drawers. The seats were of different kinds. There were chairs, meant only for persons of the highest rank, and therefore placed on the elevated dais—things of solid wood, and almost immovable from their weight, with very high backs, on which almost always a coat of arms was blazoned. There were benches some twenty feet long, carved perhaps with no little skill, but hard and irksome, though sometimes rendered places of honour by being placed on a platform with a step or two. There were forms of a smaller and portable size, over which, by way of luxury, carpets would be thrown. Finally, for the Queen, but for her alone, there was something really like an easy chair, it being stuffed with hair and covered with red leather of Cordova, and ornamented with gilt nails and silk fringes. In the chief bed-rooms were *dressers* (*dres-*

soirs), a kind of sideboard with several shelves, on which glittered vessels of silver, and gold, and crystal, vases, and ewers, and basins, and pots for sweetmeats and preserves. The bed, which was raised high from the floor, had curtains of silk or brocade, coverlets of ermine fur lined with light cloth, sheets, then called in French *shrouds*, of gauze or starched crape, and two or three huge square pillows. Beside the bed stood a table, on which was placed the *cas de nuit*—that is, a small tray of eatables in case of nocturnal appetite. We may remark that in great French houses this tray was generally provided within the last hundred and fifty years. Louis XIV. had his regularly.

To sum up in one word, the interior of a king's palace five centuries ago, was a very true expression of the spirit and manners of the age; it was a wonderfully incongruous mixture of magnificence and meanness, of minute attention to small things, and of total indifference to greater; of coarseness and refinement, of taste and barbarism, of luxury and discomfort. As the image Nebuchadnezzar was in his dream prefigured, by the diversities of several metals and the miry clay which composed it, a variety of successive kingdoms, so perhaps might the strange habitation of Charles V. be taken to symbolize the contemporary state of the French monarchy, and of French society generally in his time.

But, let us now, in imagination, rebuild this palace, and repeople it as it was peopled early in the fifteenth century; premising, that in doing so, we shall chiefly follow a trustworthy French author, whom, however, we shall not name, seeing that, though his name is no secret, he chooses to write under an assumed and rather affected title.

The *jacquemart* of St. Paul's parish church strikes noon, and noon is the dinner hour in these old times. The gates are shut, and guard is mounted by the royal archers, clad in leathern jerkins and iron caps or "pots," their bows on their shoulders, and their arrows at their girdles. For no one must intrude while the king dines, were it only because of the silver plate now produced; there are bold thieves about. It was but yesterday that a woman was buried alive—oh, the good old times!—for having stolen an enamelled box belonging to the queen, that Isabel of Bavaria. Let us enter the dining-hall:—The king is already in his great chair at the middle of the horse-shoe table; the banquet is served, a banquet composed of dishes as enormous as they are curious; the pastry rises in fortresses bristling with towers, or undulates in the form of hills and valleys, or takes the shape of statues; the flesh-meat is in profusion, and every joint appears with an accompaniment of game. To see those quarters of beef and mutton half-buried under plovers and woodcocks, pigeons and ortolans, one would say that a feast had been prepared for ogres and giants. Look at that peacock, it might be supposed still alive, and, unpeacock-like, swimming in a lake—the lake is of green sauce—so well has Master Taillevent, the chief cook, preserved intact the golden plumage, the proud head and neck, the brilliant tail. Do you scent the rose-water? Everything, soups and meats, vegetables, and sweets, is bathed in it. Sweets? Yes, and twenty kinds of them, too; for they are in great request, and, though America has not yet been discovered, so that we have no sugar, honey supplies the place of it. There is honey even in the wine, which, warmed and spiced, has become hippocras. Pages bring cups of gold; the grand butler tastes the beverage, to prove that he has not poisoned it, as the chief baker and the grand steward taste the bread and the viands. A grace before meat has been said, and another will be said after; but also, during the repast, a clerk of the chapel-royal reads aloud from the Scriptures, or it may be that to-day Master Salmon, the king's secretary, will deliver the moral reflections he has made on questions which his majesty has deigned himself to propound. There are no women present, not one; "and thus," says our author, maliciously: "the silence of the guests is complete;" for the men, if perchance they do not very attentively listen to the clerk, think that teeth alone, and not tongues, should be in use at present.

Dinner at last is over, and the party leave the table and the hall. Horses are now caparisoned for riding, or for the tilt-yard; or arms and armour are furnished, or the falcons are hooded for hawking, or dogs are coupled for coursing. The queen and her ladies are in her private chamber embroidering and spinning, and talking gaily of the next tournament, and of what knight was the best lance at the last. The king, accompanied by his fool, to amuse him, convenes his councillors, dictates his ordinances, regulates the general

affairs of his realm, or he shuts himself up with his clergy, and seeks absolution for his sins; or, in his treasury, looks over his jewels and other precious things, like him in the nursery rhyme, who

"Was in his counting-house counting out his money;"

or, in his library, he turns over some heavy manuscript bound in wood and velvet, with clasps of silver. In the last case he perhaps reads a page or two, but his chief attraction is found in the illuminations, due to the pencil of his painter, Gringonneur, who, however, is occupied at this moment in colouring a pack of cards, which "devil's books," it is said, were first published in this reign. The king, be it observed, possesses no fewer than eight hundred and fifty volumes, an enormous collection, the greater part of which is kept in the *Tour de la Librairie* at the Louvre. The greater part of it is now in England probably, the Duke of Bedford, when regent in France for our Henry VI., having purchased, in 1427, the whole then, together, for the sum of twelve hundred livres.

So much for an imaginary sketch of those times. Let us now review the real history of two old palaces and their neighbourhood.

The king whom we have seen at table in the Hotel St. Paul, was the unfortunate Charles VI. In that palace, on the 20th October, 1842, after many years of great suffering, he died. It will be remembered how, when hunting in the forest of Mans, he was suddenly accosted by a wild-looking being, whose appearance and address had such an effect upon him, that ever after his mind was unsettled—a thing not much to be wondered at considering the superstitions of the age—and that he, as well as others, took the fellow for an apparition. The truth of the matter probably is, that the apparition was nothing more than a hired instrument employed for political purposes, just as it is probable that the pretended St. John, who, about a century later, appeared at Linlithgow, to James IV. of Scotland, to warn him against entering on his proposed war with England, was simply an instrument in the hands of the sagacious party who anticipated a disastrous conclusion to that war, and whose foresight was soon proved by what issued on the field of Flodden.

It was not, however, only mentally that the unhappy Charles suffered. For the last ten years of his life he had never once been allowed to leave this Hotel St. Paul, not even at any lucid interval; and here, abandoned by all, friends, children, and wife, he actually suffered physically at times from wanting the mere necessities of life. "With the howlings of his insanity were often mingled groans extorted by his hunger." It is to be hoped, for the honour of England, that this was not the case latterly, and that the Duke of Bedford, who had installed himself in the Hotel des Tournelles, on the other side of the way, showed more humanity to the deserted prince than his own family and subjects had done. He at all events showed due respect to the royal corpse, accompanying the funeral of Charles to St. Denis "in a black mantle, and as chief mourner," English archers acting as a guard of honour, and the banner of England waving beside the *flour-de-lis*.

Fourteen years later, Isabel, of Bavaria, the bad wife of this poor king, died in the same Hotel St. Paul, unwept and unhonoured by any one. Here, too, in 1515, died Louis XII.; but for him the people wept, and his memory they honoured. "Would we had again the time of the good King Louis!" they would say with a sigh afterwards, and till Henry IV. came. Nor was this wonderful. "Under the administration of this king," says a recent writer, "France prospered; the treasury was always full, the obligations of the state were punctually met, the taxes were reduced, justice was reformed, and the small thenceforth had recourse against the great."

This was the last king who cared for the old palace. His successor, Francis I., began to dispose of it only four years after his father's death, by selling off part of the buildings it contained. By the year 1551, the whole property was alienated from the Crown; and the adjacent Bastille, one reason for the construction of which had been the defence of the royal residence, frowned in vain on the work of demolition that immediately commenced. In a few years all its walls had been levelled, all its ditches and ponds filled up, all its "pear-trees, apple-trees, cherry-trees, and vines" uprooted; and a maze of streets, covering all the space it had occupied, and some of them, such as the *Rue des Lions*, still suggestive, by their

names, of the ancient scene, were ere long crowded with a population forgetful of the Hotel de St. Paul.

We turn to its neighbour, the Hotel des Tournelles, so called from the number of small towers upon its outer wall. It dated from about the year 1390; but it was to the Regent Bedford it was indebted for its fortune, good or bad as it may be considered, of becoming a favourite residence of French royalty. The duke enlarged and beautified it so much that Charles VII. and his successors generally preferred it to its opposite rival. The crafty and superstitious Louis XI. was wont to occupy it as often as he ventured to exchange the security of Plessis-les-Tours for the uncertainties of Paris; and here that false mirror of chivalry, Francis I., held his glittering and vicious court. It was not so large as the Hotel St. Paul, though its enclosure contained "twelve galleries, two parks, and seven gardens;" and there is less to be said of its own history than of the events which happened in its immediate vicinity. To these, then, we shall confine ourselves.

It was in the Rue St. Antoine, under the windows of the Hotel des Tournelles that, in 1559, the famous tournament was held in which Henry II. lost his life. He received in his right eye a splinter from the lance of the Count de Montgomeri, or "Mum-degrumbi," as some writers call him (whose family, by the way, we believe was connected with the ancestors of that modern joustier the late Earl of Eglintoun), and died next day of the wound, after having had the goodness to pardon the Count for the accident. His queen, however, the too celebrated Catherine de Medicis, was not so magnanimous; she persecuted Montgomeri relentlessly; and, in his absence, for he contrived to escape at the time, had him condemned to death, and executed in effigy, as the assassin of her husband. Relentlessly, we say, for it was not till fifteen years had elapsed that he at last fell into her hands: he was taken, after a desperate resistance, in the time of Domfront, tried, and we need scarcely add, condemned; then he was frightfully tortured, and finally beheaded. It would seem almost impossible, from all the circumstances, that there could have been any foul play on his part at the tournament, yet the suspicion of treachery and design was common enough at the time; and the notorious astrologer, Nostradamus, patronized as he was by Catherine herself, narrowly escaped being burned as a wizard, for having distinctly foretold the violent death of the king; or rather, perhaps, for his supposed connexion with a presumed conspiracy to effect it. As a curiosity, we may translate literally the obscure quatrain which was thought to prophesy the occurrence:

"The young lion will overcome the old,
In battle-field, by single duel;
In golden cage will thrust out his eyes;
'Two wounds in one; then to die; a cruel death."

The "golden cage" was explained—after the event of course—to mean the gilded helmet which the king wore; and altogether the lines were held by the credulous to be remarkably explicit. So easy is it to find fulfilment for an impostor's predictions, provided only they be sufficiently vague, and all but intelligible nonsense.

But the tourney of chivalrous times, "the gentle passage of arms," was not the kind of encounter for which the immediate vicinity of the Hotel des Tournelles acquired a bad celebrity; it was as being a chosen spot for duelling, and for duelling in its worst shape, that it was for a long time notorious. Here, for instance, in 1578, three favourites of Henry III., whose infamous names we shall not mention, met in mortal combat three other courtiers well worthy of such steel as theirs. And mortal, indeed, that combat was. Two of the six, these two being boys of eighteen, were killed on the spot; a third died of his wounds next day; and a fourth about a month after!

The still more celebrated duel took place on the same scene, in which Bussy d'Aunboise was killed; and for being concerned in which, Montmorency-Bouteville and his cousin Count Deschappelles, were beheaded six weeks after, at the common place of execution. This happened in 1627, under the administration of Richelieu, who had resolved to put down duelling by the strong arm of the law. Whether the Cardinal merits unreserved praise for his sternness towards the duellist nobility, or whether, especially in this case, he was influenced by private or political motives, remains a question. This, however, is certain, that by his inflexible severity duelling in France then received somewhat of a check; and it might be well

perhaps, for that country, in the present day, if, on higher principles than his probably were, his enactments, or at least the spirit of them, were revived.

Only for about fifty years did the Hotel des Tournelles survive its neighbour the Hotel St. Paul: under Henry IV. the last remnant of it disappeared, to yield its site, as in the other case, to the plans of street-builders and architects. As we have already said, the degraded Place Royale now occupies a portion of that site, and the quarter is very different in these days from what it was in days of yore. Still, royalty has not altogether deserted the quarter; the Place, which at the revolution had its name changed first to 'Place des Fédérés,' and afterward to 'Place des Vosges,' regained its old dignity in 1814, and saw a new statue of marble erected in it to replace the former one of bronze, which the revolutionists had removed, and probably converted into sou pieces. The present statue, like the other, is of Louis XIII., that feeble king, who was a good confectioner, a good gardener, a tolerable barber, and a passable cook; who could compose music a little, and paint a little—and do several other things a little; so that, according to an epitaph proposed for him—

"He would have had a hundred virtues as a valet;
He had not one as a master."

The circumjacent district, the "Marais," as it is called, from having once been a marsh, is one of considerable industry; and though one would think that peaceable and timid folk would think it rather two near the politically inflammable Faubourg St. Antoine; it is also a favourite retreat of the retired tradesmen, the small annuitant, the quiet families who have seen better days, and some richer people of the old school. Its industry is chiefly applied to the production of what are called *articles de Paris*; that is to say, bronzes, mirrors, time-pieces, jewellery, toys, and the like; cabinet-making, and especially cabinet-making of the finer kind, also employs many hands here, amongst whom there is a large proportion of Germans.

Our subject has been two old palaces; our object, leaving the reader to moralize on the pictures for himself—has been to exhibit, first, some striking contrasts which old times present to new, and secondly, some odd incongruities which existed in the old times themselves. With one more instance of the latter, we shall close; it relates to the Bastille, which, as will have been seen, may almost be considered to have formed part of the Hôtel St. Paul.

That the Bastille was a fortress and a state prison, and what kind of a fortress and prison it was, are things generally known. Farther, that as being a fortress, and the citadel of Paris, it should occasionally be chosen as a place of deposit for the royal treasures, will seem to have been natural enough, even should the fact be new. But that such a place as the Bastille should ever have been deliberately selected for the scene of extraordinary festivity, may perhaps be new to some, and must, we should think, seem unnatural indeed. So it was, however, in 1518, under Francis I.; we have an account of a magnificent banquet given in the Bastille by that monarch, on which occasion the walls of the inner court "were covered with cloth of his colour," and "twelve hundred torches made the night seem like the day."

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

SONGS of our land, ye are with us for ever,
The power and the splendour of thrones pass away;
But yours is the might of some far flowing river,
Though Summer's bright roses or Autumn's decay.

Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,
And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand;
Ye bring us bright thoughts of poets and sages,
And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,
The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,
But far in the future the power of their numbers
Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,
Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned;
It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only
Her breathings are heard in the song of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true hearted,
Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain:
They show us bright shadows of glory departed,
Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.

The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,
And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand;
But ye are still left, when all else hath been taken,
Like steams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,
With power over ocean and desert afar,
Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,
And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star.

With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,
And visions that passed like a wave from the sand,
With hope for their country and joy from her banished,
Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring time may come with the songs of her glory,
To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice,
But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,
And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.

It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

SELF-MADE.



PERHAPS in the history of successful men, born poor and surrounded at every step with the difficulties with which poverty besets genius, there does not exist a more extraordinary biography than that of James Ferguson. Many men have succeeded in educating themselves into fame by the positive force of abilities which could not be kept down, and the culture of which rested mostly with themselves. Of this class were Kirke White, and John Keats, who died, while yet a boy, after giving the world a fragment of a poem, whose life must be coeval with that of the language which it enriches. But Ferguson was a man of different stamp and calibre. They set to work with their brains, and the machinery was ready to hand; he had absolutely to produce the tools with which he dug and picked his way into eminence. His story may appear marvellous to those who are constantly finding apologies for inaction in the unfavourableness of the conditions by which they are surrounded; we shall hear him relate it himself, such as he penned it a few years before the termination of a career whose brilliancy was only equalled by its usefulness.

James Ferguson was born in the year 1710, a few miles from Keith, an inconsiderable village in the north of Scotland. His father was a very poor man, who rented a few acres of miserable land, and had to make a hard fight for his own and his childrens bread, with the world. Without means to send them to school, he did not neglect to educate them as best he could. In the evenings the family used to assemble round the fire, and then the old man, weary after his day's toil, would teach them to read and write on pieces of slate, for books were a luxury even then, and Scotland had not yet laid the foundation of her cheap literature. James was the only member of the little group who shot up to a boy without acquiring the means of reading, and as he soon became ashamed of his ignorance he put all his energies to the test, to master the difficulties of an old spelling-book, given him by

a kind friend. The task was difficult and disheartening, and he felt inclined to give it up when an old woman, a neighbour, came to his aid and helped him out of his embarrassments. His father was astonished, in a short time, to hear him read and spell correctly, and as a reward for his industry contrived by sheer economy to send him to the Grammar-school of Keith for three months. "This," says Ferguson, "was the only education I ever received." His taste for mechanics arose, he tells us, from an old accident. The roof of the house was decayed and sunk in, and he was astonished to see his father raise it with the aid of a prop, lever, and upright spar. For a moment he contemplated his father's physical strength with the mechanical power he had called into requisition; but a slight examination convinced the boy-philosopher that he was wrong, and he sat down patiently to find out the mysteries of the plane and lever for himself. In the course of his inquiries he invented a rude lathe, of which he produced correct diagrams. These he carried to a gentleman, proudly imagining, like the country gentleman that came up to London with the discovery of a comet which had been blazing away for nights over Lancashire, that the knowledge was new to everyone but himself. He was quickly undeceived; but the disappointment, instead of depressing, served to stimulate him, and gave his mind a wider and deeper range. Meanwhile his father, who was growing infirm, saw with regret that he could not afford to let his son's time pass in experiments, for bread is a prime necessity in the homes of the poor, and science had to yield to necessity. James was then to throw by his machines for the herding of sheep and oxen. As he was frequently obliged to sit out all night, he began to study the stars, and in this way acquired an amount of astronomical knowledge, which seems almost incredible under the circumstances. A few years passed away, and he entered the service of a worthy farmer named Glashan, an intelligent man, and one to whom he owed the great encouragement he received. Glashan was amused to see his servant lie down, wrapped in a blanket, in the open fields at night, and holding between his eyes and the stars a thread on which were strung a quantity of beads. Surprise, however, gave way to admiration, when he saw him map out the position of his beads, each representing a star, upon a sheet of paper. When James explained to him that his object was to define the positions and distances of the stars, this good man warmly espoused his cause, and in order that he should not lack time to follow his studies in the spare-time, often did his duty on the hills and moors at night. "I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man," is Ferguson's remark in relating this part of his life. Business brought the lad into contact with a Mr. Gilchrist, a gentleman of some scientific attainments, and to him he showed his rude star charts. Gilchrist was astonished by those performances, and in his turn amazed James, by telling him that the earth was round. He did him good service also by lending him maps, and furnishing him with drawing materials, none of which lay idle in the busy hands of his protégé. Whilst engaged with them, "Glashan," he says, "gave me more time than I could reasonably expect, and often took the threshing-fail out of my hands, and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen."

Ferguson finishes a map and takes it, always securing his master's concurrence in every step, to Mr. Gilchrist. As he passes by the grammar school, he sees "a genteel-looking man," a Mr. Cantley, painting a sun-dial on the wall. As he stops to observe him, the schoolmaster comes out and asks what Ferguson has got under his arm. The boy exhibits his maps, with which the others are vastly delighted. Mr. Cantley offers to teach him to make sun-dials, and Ferguson leaves him with a deep sense of his gentlemanliness and intelligence, and a strong wish to cultivate his acquaintance further. At Mr. Gilchrist's he meets with a Mr. Thomas Grant, to whom he is introduced. Mr. Grant looks over his maps, takes a great interest in the boy, and offers him a home in his house, where he shall have the benefit of the instructions of his butler, Mr. Cantley. As Ferguson "had conceived a high opinion" of the latter, he accepts the offer, and when his term of servitude with Glashan has expired, he goes to Mr. Grant, where every attention is shown him. Mr. Cantley, the butler, he pronounces "the most extraordinary man I was ever acquainted with, or perhaps ever shall see, for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music on every known instrument, except the harp; understood Latin, French, and Greek; let blood extremely well; and could

even prescribe as a physician upon any urgent occasion." This is indeed an extraordinary list of accomplishments for a butler in a country gentleman's house, in the north of Scotland. Moreover, Cantley was self-educated, and his pupil goes to the length of saying, that with great propriety "he might have been termed, God Almighty's scholar." Under the care of this prodigy, James rapidly acquires a knowledge of several useful branches of learning; and he is beginning to study geometry, when Cantley leaves Mr. Grant for a situation in the household of the Earl of Fife. The pupil is inconsolable, and cannot be prevailed upon to stay after him; so he returns to his father's house, where he is made a present of Gordon's Geographical Grammar. There is no figure of a globe in it, he tells us, although it contains a description of globes, and their use; and by a careful study of their details, he succeeds in making one for himself. It is necessarily rude—a lump of wood coated with paper; but it is the first he ever saw, and he is "ravished with delight" to find that with it he can solve his most perplexing problems. Problems, however, will not feed hungry mouths, notwithstanding they may stuff speculative brains; and once more the iron poverty drives him from home into the service of a miller. This new venture turns out badly. The miller is fond of tipping, and spends the best part of his time in the public-house, leaving to James the almost undivided labour of caring the mill. The boy, too, is almost starved, and when locked up for the night is glad to eat oatmeal moistened with water. Globes and theories he will not abandon, so at the end of a year he leaves the miller to his tipplings, and enters the service of Dr. Young, an iron-fisted, Jew-hearted physician. Dr. Young tells the lad that he will do a score of fine things for him, and the latter, with the natural credulity with which youths listen to the worst impostors, becomes his labouring-man. He is kept hard at work, and is "never shown a book," becomes disabled from over-toil and exhaustion, and is bled by his master—a singularly humane way of restoring a sinking constitution. At the end of three months he resigns his place, and is refused his wages by his scoundrel of a master, on the plea that he had not fulfilled his half-year's engagement. James tells us that at the time he left this skin-flint Sangrado, he had been working for a fortnight, as much as possible, with one hand and arm, being unable to lift the other. Again, he returns home to lie down ill for two months, and have the recovery of his left arm despaired of. Dr. Young, that ornament of his profession, knows that he is suffering, and that his is the only professional aid within reach; but that individual does not concern himself with the case for a moment, and our hero is very bad, when glorious Cantley comes a distance of twelve miles to his bedside, and helps him on his legs. He is very weak, he tells us, has lost all appetite, and confines himself to a draught of milk once a day.

Eye and brain, however, are as active as ever, and to amuse himself he makes a wooden clock, which kept time pretty well. His materials are not the choicest, for the bell is the neck of a broken bottle, yet it strikes clearly enough, and he is rejoiced with the success of his experiment. All at once, a new question perplexes him, he wants to know how a watch goes without weight or line, and regrets it never occurred to him to ask Mr. Cantley. One day he sees a gentleman riding past the house, and out he goes and begs he will let him examine his watch. The stranger is charmed with the lad's ingenuousness, and puts it into his hands. The spring-box and chain puzzle him greatly, and he cannot understand how the spring operates until the stranger tells him to twist a piece of whalebone closely round his finger, and then allow it to uncoil. This clears up the mystery, and rich in his new knowledge, he sits down to make a wooden watch, with a whalebone spring! The watch, when finished, like the perpetual motion, professed to have been discovered by Mr. Dundrarry, won't go with the balance on, though when that is removed, the wheels run quickly enough. As he is teasing his invention to remedy this striking defect, a clumsy neighbour comes in, takes the watch in his careless hands, drops it through sheer inattention, and then walks on it in the effort to pick it up. Old Ferguson, always a preacher of forbearance, is sadly put out, and threatens to beat the neighbour, even James confesses that so mortified was he by this disappointment that he never afterwards attempted to construct that great novelty in the manufacturing world—a wooden watch with a whalebone spring. All his trouble, however, does not go waste. He takes his clock, globe, and maps to Sir James Dunbar of Durn, trudging seven miles

with his burthen afoot, and interests that gentleman so much that he is commissioned to clean all the clocks in the house. He succeeds satisfactorily, and "then begins to pick up some money in that way about the country," making Sir James's house his home by the special invitation of the owner. On the piers of the gate were a pair of stone globes; Ferguson looked at them, and here is his own account of what he did: "On one of them I painted with oil colours a map of the terrestrial globe, and on the other a map of the celestial, from a planisphere of the stars, which I copied on paper from a celestial globe belonging to a neighbouring gentleman. The poles of the painted globes stood towards the poles of the heavens; on each the twenty-four hours were placed round the equinoctial, so as to show the time of the day when the sun shone out by the boundary, where the half of the globe at any time enlightened by the sun was parted from the other half in the shade, the enlightened parts of the terrestrial globe answering to the like enlightened parts of the earth at all times. So that whenever the sun shone on the globe one might see to what places the sun was then rising, to what places it was setting, and all the places where it was then day or night throughout the earth." We believe those ingenious globes are still preserved at Durn.

Lady Dipple comes to visit Sir James Dunbar, and a windfall drops into the lap of our poor astronomer. Her ladyship is taken with the globes, and employs James to draw patterns (in his humility he will not say designs) for needlework on aprons and gowns. The aristocratic example is, of course, followed by the ladies of the neighbourhood, and he is getting rich, so numerous are his commissions. His father shares his good luck—another instance of the many eminent men who have not forgotten their parents with their poverty. All the while he cannot leave off star-gazing and measuring the celestial distances with the old bead-string. He even constructs a celestial globe for himself, marking the tracks of the planets with an accuracy, which subsequent experience confirmed. So real to him is his experience that he sometimes imagines he sees the ecliptic in heaven, "among the stars, like a broad circular road for the sun's apparent course," and further, he fancies the paths of the planets to resemble the narrow ruts made by cart wheels, sometimes on one side of a plain road, sometimes on the other." There also comes to Sir James's a Mr. Baird, son-in-law of Lady Dipple, who invites him to come to his house where he shall have free access to his library and all facilities of drawing. Thither he goes for eight months, and learns to paint portraits with some fidelity; and there he finds it is much easier to draw from the life than from any picture whatever, as nature is more striking than any imitation of it. Lady Dipple thinks he will make his fortune as a painter; Mr. Baird thinks the rural gentry ought to subscribe a sum sufficient to start him in Edinburgh, but the project fails. Her ladyship is annoyed, but offers him bed and board in her house for one year, which she subsequently extends to two, if he will go to Edinburgh. He sets out for the metropolis, and carries an introduction to Mr. John Alexander, the painter, who disinterestedly offers to teach him to paint

in oils, if he will serve him for seven years, and induce his friends to maintain him for that period. He goes to Dr. Keith, to whom he makes an open breast of his difficulties. The doctor advises him to draw in Indian ink on vellum, sits to him for a portrait, and sends him with it, and a letter of recommendation to the Lady Jane Douglas. He is well received, and paints her and her mother's portrait, in the identical room in which Napier invented his logarithms, and which the Lady Jane tells him he may use as often as suits him, if he thinks the association would inspire him. Business begins to pour in upon him, and he is rapidly accumulating his earnings, by an art which supported him professionally for six-and-twenty years. On a sudden he gets a violent inclination to study anatomy, surgery, and phisic, which drives all thoughts of astronomy away for a season, and under the impression that he was qualified to act as a medical practitioner, he settled down near his father's place to heal the population. He brings with him a good store of medicines and plasters, but they do not sell—he obtains no practice, and, at the end of a few months, he goes to Inverness, where he resides as a painter for a year-and-half. Then the old passion for astronomy seizes him again, and, after considerable labour and trouble, he projected the Astronomical Rotula, which was engraved by Cooper, of Edinburgh, and published by subscription. This invention continued to be a standing, remunerative property, until 1752, when the style was changed, and it lost its total value. He next begins the construction of Orreries, the machinery of which is entirely modelled on his own designs; of two or three he makes presents, the others sell and attract general notice from their simplicity and perfection. The Royal Society opens its arms to him, and one night he goes down with the president, Martin Folkes, to exhibit a machine showing the moon and the earth's path in the heavens. Thenceforward his life, as a scientificist, is an unbroken success. "It is now thirty years," he says, "since I came to London, and during all that time I have met with the highest instances of friendship from all ranks of people both in town and country, which I do here acknowledge with the utmost respect and gratitude; and particularly the goodness of our present gracious sovereign, who, out of his privy purse, allows me fifty pounds a year, which is regularly paid without any deduction." Soon after he is elected a member of the Royal Society, and enjoys an honour which was thought worthy of being conferred on Newton—admission without initiatory or annual fees. George III. delights to honour him, and he is an occasional visiter at the palace, where the king converses with him upon scientific subjects. It is generally thought he is poor, and mammon, appreciative of merit, loads him with presents, anonymous and professed, but on the 16th November, 1776, he dies quietly, and, to the astonishment of all, bequeaths £6,000 to his family. Such is an outline of the career of James Ferguson, who raised himself by application as much as by talent from the position of a herd-boy to the private guest of a great monarch. We have written in vain if the moral of his life is not enough obvious already.

THE END.

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